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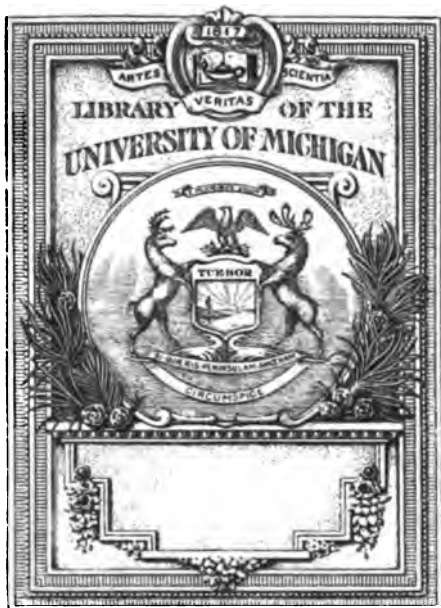
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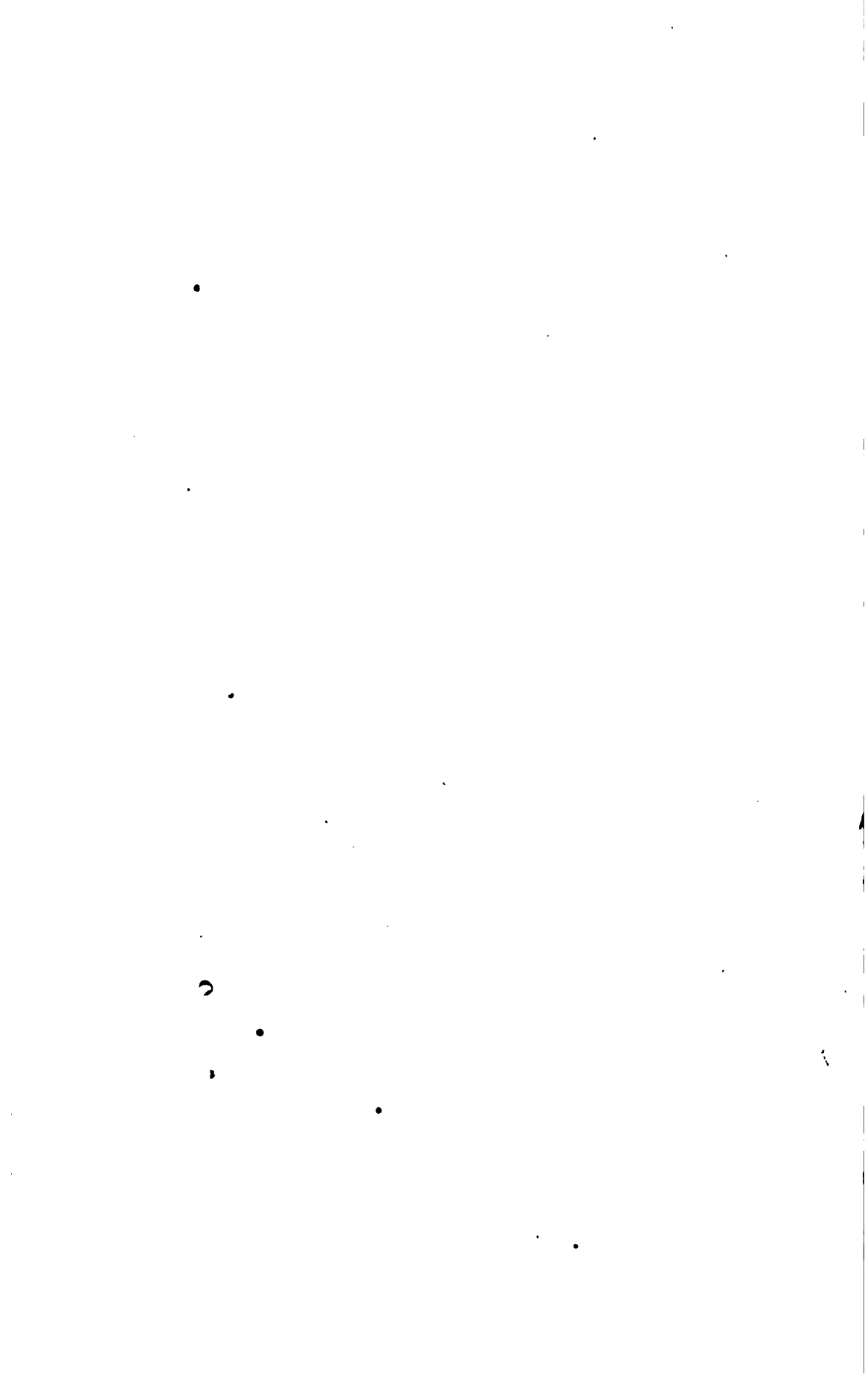
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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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FOR OCTOBER, 1844.

ART. I.—*Nunziatura in Irlanda di Monsignor Gio. Batista Rinuccini, Arcivescovo di Fermo, negli anni 1645 a 1649, pubblicata per la prima volta su' MSS. originali della Rinucciniana, con documenti illustrativi, per cura di G. AIAZZI, Bibliotecario della Medesima.* Firenze, 1844. (Mission of Monsignor Gio. Batista Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo, as Nuncio to Ireland, from 1645 to 1649, published for the first time from the original Manuscripts in the Rinuccinian Library, with Illustrative Documents. By G. AIAZZI). Florence. 1844.

THE publication before us, though interesting and important in a high degree, can scarcely be said to contain any direct and positive addition to the amount of our historical knowledge. The memoir,* or historical account of his mission, presented by the nuncio to the pope after his return to Rome, which occupies a small part of the present volume, has, we believe, already been published; and several of the letters have been quoted by Carte and Birch, and through them, or directly, by many other historians. The bulk of M. Aiazzi's publication consists of the original despatches sent by Rinuccini to Cardinal Panfilio, nephew and minister to Innocent X., and to Panfilio's

successor, Cardinal Panzirolo; with some less confidential letters to Cardinal Mazarine, Queen Henrietta Maria of England, and other persons of rank and importance. To these the editor has added the original instructions given to the nuncio, the bull from which he derived his authority, and some very curious extracts from the occasional directions forwarded to him from Rome. His own contributions are confined to a short preface, and a somewhat meagre and unsatisfactory biography of Rinuccini. It does not appear whether all the extant despatches have been published. The nuncio refers to many additional letters and documents not included in the collection; but it is probable that several of his despatches were intercepted by the parliamentary cruisers, or otherwise lost. Those which remain form a narrative of his mission, which is nearly continuous, and evidently more authentic than the memoir, naturally coloured as it was by a wish to justify himself, and by the influence of events, which, when the letters were written, could not have been foreseen. In Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion of 1641,' in the 'History of the War,' by Richard Bellings, secretary to the Confederated Catholics, and in 'Rinuccini's Despatches,' the cases of all the principal parties to the complicated negotiations and conflicts of the time, who shared in hostility to the English Parliament, will be found to be fully stated.

The unmingled eulogy with which the editor speaks of the conduct and character of Rinuccini, is principally remarkable as a proof of the little change which two centuries have produced in the spirit of Italian Catholicism. To the north of the Alps these

* The longer Latin work commonly quoted as the 'Nuncio's Memoirs' is, as M. Aiazzi informs us, not the composition of Rinuccini himself. It appears to have been compiled several years after his death with the assistance of the documents which he had left. M. Aiazzi says that the handwriting is not that of an Italian, and he is inclined to attribute the work to some learned Irishman—a supposition calculated in some degree to diminish its value.

letters will produce little change in the opinion which has long been entertained, that the uncompromising bigotry and encroaching spirit of the nuncio was one of the principal causes of the overthrow of Ireland and of Catholicism by Cromwell. In blaming the Irish for their final disobedience to his counsels, M. Aiazzi has contrived to add a new charge to the many which may be brought against that unhappy nation. It is not often that they have been accused by a foreigner of deficiency in hatred to England, or lukewarmness in their abhorrence of heretics. Yet, while the reprobation of Rinuccini's policy by Irish and English historians is well founded as far as the interests of Ireland were concerned, it is from a very different point of view that his personal and political merits must be considered. He was not an Irish statesman, but a servant of the pope; and his mission was not intended to promote the general interests of the country, but to establish the supremacy of Catholicism, and of its representative the Apostolic See. To the Irish it might seem expedient to return to the protection of a tolerant Crown, under a composition with those Protestants who shared their hostility to the growing power of the Puritans; but Rome knew no degrees in heresy. Between the public exercise of the Catholic worship with the exclusion of all opposition, and the utter ruin of the church and nation, the nuncio allowed no alternative. In his individual character, as well as in the measures which he adopted, it seems to us that he affords a remarkable illustration of the strength and weakness of ecclesiastical diplomacy. Like private individuals who enter into general politics with objects exclusively religious, the agents of Rome have always had the advantage of definite objects to pursue, of disengagement from the conflicting motives of secular statesmen, and, above all, of an external and arbitrary rule substituted for the law of conscience. On a large or small scale, religious politicians are generally more unscrupulous, and, beyond the limits of their chosen principle, more unprincipled than other men. In his obedience to the instructions of Rome, in his determination to advance the cause of Catholicism, Rinuccini never wavers; but neither does he hesitate to make false assertions to suspected allies, nor shrink from conniving at the cruelty and rapine of the army which support his cause. In the decline of his influence he shows the contingent weakness of those who stand, as ecclesiastics often do, apart from general human interests, while they actively engage in particular enterprises. They almost always prefer immediate success to ultimate

security, they misunderstand the secular instruments with which they work, and sooner or later they undergo the suspicion which justly attaches to them in their isolated position, of joining in the game of human life with the intention of playing unfairly. The nuncio's piety, according to the Roman type, appears to have been genuine, and his energy and the rapidity with which he acquired a knowledge of the affairs of Ireland were very remarkable. He spoke Latin, which was his medium of communication with the Irish, with fluency and eloquence. The short Italian memoir of his mission is written with peculiar force and spirit, but the style is so much more animated than that of his letters, that it may be doubtful whether it was of his own composition. His adversary, Bellings, says, that the open and familiar Irish took great offence at his reserved and ceremonious manners. It is certain, however, that the common people retained their devotion to him to the last, and it is probable that the assumption of dignity natural to a high-born minister of Rome, was well calculated to win their reverence.

Urban VIII. had employed the Abate Pier Francesco Scarampi as his agent in Ireland for about two years before his death in 1644. His successor, Innocent X., on receiving an application for aid from the council of the Confederated Catholics, determined, against the wish of their more moderate leaders, to send them a minister with the high rank of nuncio. He first selected Luigi Omodei, afterwards a cardinal; but in consequence of the remonstrances of Mazarine against the appointment of a prelate who, as a Milanese, was a subject of Spain, he substituted Giovanni Batista Rinuccini, the son of a Florentine patrician, and a favourite of the grand ducal house of Medici. The nuncio had been educated at Rome and at different Italian universities as a canon lawyer, and at the time of his appointment he had for twenty years held the Archbishopric of Fermo, from attachment to which, he had in 1631 refused the metropolitan see of Florence. He received his instructions early in the year 1645, and passing through Florence, Genoa, and Marseilles, he arrived in Paris about the middle of May.

It would not have been consistent with the policy of the court of Rome to engage in Irish affairs with any more limited object than that of establishing the undisputed supremacy of Catholicism. The event proved that the purpose was unattainable, but it was not strange that it should be entertained by a power which had so often achieved greater victories, under circumstances apparently more unpromising. From the

time when the popes, renouncing the policy of founding principalities for their families, had resumed their proper position at the head of Catholic Christendom, the counsels and the wealth of the Holy See had prevailed over Protestantism through the greater part of Europe. In less than a century the widely-scattered sparks of the Reformation had been trodden out in Spain and Italy, the French throne had been shaken by the Catholic League, and the Huguenots reduced to be content with a precarious toleration. From the south and from the east of Germany, Protestantism had been pushed steadily back, till Austria, Bohemia and Bavaria were free from its contagion, and it seemed probable that, but for the connivance of Urban VIII. at Richelieu's resistance to the ambition of the House of Austria, the opponents of Rome might have been driven beyond the Baltic and the British Channel, or forced, like their brethren in France, to exist as a dependent though hostile republic, in the heart of a powerful Catholic monarchy. Innocent X. was, according to the frequent custom at Rome, disinclined to the policy of his immediate predecessor, and suspected by the French court of an undue bias to the Spanish interest. He professed, however, entire impartiality, and while the continent of Europe, where the war was drawing to its close, no longer offered opportunities for spreading the orthodox faith by arms and policy, Ireland seemed an open field. The two great powers were themselves engaged by promises to support the Catholic cause, and to the crown of England the pope owed no friendship, and did not now profess hostility. The Irish were poor and religious: the pope, though not the richest prince in Europe, had the greatest command of ready money, and of spiritual treasures he possessed an inexhaustible supply. It seemed probable that the confederates, divided as they were in wishes, in interests, and in blood, would find unity and power in obedience to the head of that religion which was their only common bond. The real motives and the actual strength of the component factions of the great Catholic body could not be fully known by a foreign court, and even now the true state of Ireland at the time is involved in much obscurity and confusion.

It is probable that the government of Ireland has never been conducted in a manner so favourable to the interests of the majority of the inhabitants, as under the vigorous despotism of Strafford; but his arbitrary and illegal interference with titles to land, and his successful attempts to curb the power of the principal families, had caused deep dissatisfaction among the old English inhab-

itants, who formed the chief support of the English dominion. The just discontent of the nobility and gentry was only increased by the policy, in many respects opposite to Strafford's, of his Puritan successors, the lords-justices Parsons and Borlase. The Catholics, who formed the vast majority of the aristocracy, as well as of the people, were threatened with the immediate enforcement of the dormant penal laws; and when the old Irish of Ulster, whose chieftains had been dispossessed of their lands by James I., took the occasion of the universal ferment to rise in that insurrection, of which the provocations have been so falsely extenuated, and the atrocities so much aggravated, by puritan historians, the only object of the lords-justices was to multiply forfeitures by adding to the number of compulsory rebels. The English of the Pale, suspected, insulted, and threatened, were compelled to arm themselves against the government, which, as they justly asserted, was itself disposed to hostility against the king. At first they acted independently, but they were soon compelled to ally themselves with their old enemies the Irish, and to form, in conjunction with them, a provisional government for the confederacy. In May, 1642, their general assembly, consisting of all the peers and Catholic bishops of their party, together with trustees from the counties and boroughs, elected as members of parliament, but disclaiming the title as an encroachment on the royal prerogative, met at Kilkenny, and appointed a supreme council, to act as the executive government. Measures were taken for raising a revenue, commanders-in-chief appointed for the four provinces, and agents sent to request assistance from the Catholic courts of Europe. They professed undeviating loyalty to the king; and when the civil war in England had broken out, Charles early saw the importance of securing their alliance and aid. In 1643 he recalled the obnoxious justices, and soon afterwards appointed the Marquis of Ormond, the most powerful and popular nobleman in Ireland, to govern what remained of the kingdom as lord-lieutenant, with a commission to treat with the confederated Catholics.

The position of the marquis was singular. His predecessors had not avowedly thrown off their allegiance to the king, and although, as lieutenant-general under their administration, he had preserved the loyalty of the greater part of the army, he was not as yet engaged in professed hostility to the parliament. The assembly of the Catholics swarmed with his friends and dependents, and the majority were eager to submit to his government. The Scotch settlers in the

north, with an army from Scotland under Monroe, occupied the greater part of Ulster, and were known to adhere to the parliament. Lord Inchiquin commanded under the lord-lieutenant in Munster, where he held the principal towns. In the western part of Leinster, in a great part of Munster, and in nearly the whole of Connaught, except the towns of Loughrea and Portumna, the supreme council was sovereign; but the Earl of Clanricarde, the first Catholic nobleman in the kingdom, still held those towns for the king and his lieutenant, in defiance of the threats and censures of the clergy, and although the rank of commander-in-chief of the Catholic army of Connaught was at all times ready for his acceptance. His vast feudal power and personal weight had great influence in determining the council to agree with the lord-lieutenant on a cessation of arms preliminary to a peace, which took place in 1643, and was at first rejected only by the Scotch of Ulster. On the failure, however, of an expedition of the confederate army to the north, coinciding in time with the advance of Leven's Scottish army into England, several of the English garrisons declined the cessation, and soon afterwards, in consequence of a slight imprudently offered him by the king, Inchiquin drove the Catholics out of the towns which he occupied, and declared against the royal cause, or, in the language of the time, in favour of the king and parliament. In the meantime the assembly advanced a considerable sum to Ormond, and enabled him to send 4000 men to the assistance of the king in England. The negotiations for a final peace, however, proceeded slowly. The Catholics demanded the abrogation of the penal laws, and further securities for their religion, which Ormond did not think himself at liberty to concede; less, perhaps, from a doubt of the sufficiency of his power, than from a belief that when the civil war in England was at an end, the king would be unwilling or unable to abide by the agreements that might be made. Scarampi, by direction of the pope, opposed all concessions of religious claims, but all parties were unwilling to recommence the war: the cessation was renewed from time to time, and the general state of affairs was little altered from 1643 till the appointment of Rinuccini.

The nuncio was forbidden, by his instructions, to linger in France, or to engage in any negotiations there, except with the Queen of England. Yet he spent four busy months in Paris, and with Henrietta Maria he never had an interview. By the end of August the patience of the Roman court appeared to be worn out; he was ordered

to hasten instantly to Ireland, and sharply and repeatedly censured for his delay. Many writers have accused him of insolence in refusing to visit the queen; and Bellings asserts that, in violation of his duty, he was intriguing for the office of nuncio to the court of France. The despatches show that Mazarine expressed a similar suspicion, which, as Panfilio somewhat strangely reminds Rinuccini, he must know better than any one to be unfounded. In excusing himself, the nuncio dwells on the disappointments and delay which he experienced in obtaining a vessel for his passage, on the difficulty of obtaining audiences of Mazarine, and on other impediments, which, however real, would certainly not have detained him if he had been earnest in the wish to prosecute his journey. We are, however, inclined to acquit him of neglect or disobedience. In his apologetic memoir, it is remarkable that he passes slightly over his residence in Paris, as requiring no justification; and from his letters it is evident that he was directed to engage in more than one negotiation with the French court. His conduct may be justified on the very probable supposition, that he had secret directions in addition to the ostensible instructions now before us, which it might be necessary to communicate to a suspected colleague at Paris. The pope was, as we have stated, on unfriendly terms with Mazarine, who had recently succeeded to the power, and also to the policy, of Richelieu. He was also engaged in disputes with the family of his predecessor, the Barberini, and distrusted their adherent, the Cardinal de' Bagni, who had been appointed by Urban nuncio to the court of France. Rinuccini was ordered to persuade Mazarine to send a minister to Rome; and it is probable that he may have been allowed to feel the ground towards the recall of Bagni, who was not only a Barberinian, or, as Bellings writes, a Barbarian, but devoted to Mazarine and France, as he afterwards proved by the important services he rendered them in the arrangement of the peace of Westphalia. When the French nuncio complained that Rinuccini had brought no letters for him from Rome, and when the cardinal of France intimated that no new appointment of a nuncio would be recognized, the papal secretary explained and apologised, and Rinuccini, like royal diplomatists in general, was left to bear the censure, which could not decorously be applied to his court.

With respect to the Queen of England, his justification is more complete. When he left Rome, Charles was at the head of an army and master of a third of the kingdom:

in June the battle of Naseby put an end to his prospects of victory. Henceforth it was hoped, that instead of admitting the Catholics as allies, he might rely upon them as on his sole dependence. In his letters also to the queen, which the parliament seized and published, there were passages which showed a disposition to deceive the Irish. Rinuccini offered to visit the queen publicly as nuncio, knowing that she could not so receive him without a violation of English law, and an acknowledgment of the insurgent government to which he was accredited. He was expressly ordered by Panfilio to object to a private interview, on the ground that he could not uncover his head to a queen, while it seems to have been known that the queen could not receive him without that mark of respect. Their indirect negotiations could not lead to any result. The queen wanted aid for her husband, and wished to take refuge herself in Ireland. The nuncio would grant no assistance, except on terms offensive to the king's adherents in England, and he shared the determination of his court to avoid the embarrassment of the queen's presence on the scene of his mission. They took leave of each other by message with mutual politeness, and with permanent feelings of mutual hostility.

It was not till the middle of October, 1645, that Rinuccini at last set sail from Rochelle on board the *S. Pietro*, a frigate which he had bought at Nantes. He was accompanied by the Secretary Bellings, who, as the nuncio says, had been so much alarmed at his appointment that he could not speak for two days; he also brought with him, or sent a few days before him, arms and ammunition for 2000 or 3000 men, and from 15,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* in money. His account of the voyage is highly edifying and entertaining. They had been three days at sea, when they saw a vessel in chase of them, which proved to be that of Plunket, an active partisan of the parliament. The pressure of the danger, he says, caused an incredible change in our vessel. The Irish, and especially Signor Bellings, took to their arms, and resolved to fight to the last—employing themselves meanwhile in clearing the decks, getting the guns loose, and putting the non-combatants out of the way in a corner. The archbishop himself was in bed hopelessly sick—the Italians of his suite engaged themselves (*'con molta edificazione'*) in prayer. After chasing them for 100 miles, Plunket gave up the pursuit—the proximate reason being a fire which broke out in his cook-room, the final cause a gilt image of St. Peter, which com-

bined on board the ship which bore his name the functions of figure-head and tutelary deity. It had, indeed, already occurred to the considerate Italians, that the circumstance of meeting with the *S. Pietro* in the Loire, 'was an augury that the Head of the church, on whom all missions depend, and who inspired our lord his holiness to set on foot and arrange this of mine, had also willed to conduct it to an end; and to show, when occasion offered, how weak are the forces of Hell in comparison with the authority of the Keys.' It is painful to think that subsequently *S. Pietro*, or his image, brought the nuncio into serious difficulties; for the ship having been employed by himself or his agents in a privateering or piratical speculation, and having brought a Spanish prize into Rochelle, the agent of Spain in Ireland seized upon the goods and money of the mission as a compensation, and it was only with great difficulty that Rinuccini secured the ship itself for his return to France. On the 21st of October he landed on the coast of Kerry, at the mouth of the river Kenmare, in the midst of marvellous coincidences and pious associations. On that very day, the church of Fermo was wont to celebrate the feast of St. Mabilia, whose scull was one of its treasures—the saint was one of the 11,000 virgins,* and 'we believe' (*'per alcune non leggiere congetture'*) that she was an Irishwoman. Still more fortunately on the 22d the same church celebrates the martyrdom of St. Philip, Bishop of Fermo, 'and therefore I am bound to believe that my great predecessor has thought fit to conduct me himself to the post appointed me by the vicar of God.' The Irish regretted the inconvenience of landing on a desert shore, instead of at Waterford; but the worthy prelate was pleased with the opportunity of first declaring his apostolic mission to shepherds, and of taking up his residence in a stable. A few days afterwards he arrived at Kilkenny, where he was received with every mark of respect by the supreme council, and the whole of the Catholic body.

The peace with Ormond was still uncompleted, but within a few months the state of the negotiations had been greatly affected by the arrival in Ireland of the Earl of Glamorgan, son of the Marquis of Worcester, and afterwards first Duke of Beaufort. The extraordinary powers in virtue of which he tendered to the Catholics concessions hitherto unprecedented, have been recorded and

* We presume, from the privilege of having a day to herself in the calendar, that St. Mabilia held high rank in this celebrated female army.

discussed by every writer on the history of the time. It is enough to say that he produced letters with the king's sign manual and under his private signet, by which Charles promised, on the word of a king and a Christian, to make good, to all intents and purposes, whatever he should perform; 'and although you exceed what law can warrant, or any powers of ours extend to, as not knowing what you have need of, yet it being for our service, we oblige ourself, not only to give you our pardon, but to maintain the same with all our might and power.' From subsequent events there can be no doubt that the king had privately agreed with Glamorgan that he should be at liberty to disavow him, if necessary, and that the use of the private seal, and the irregularity of the entire transaction, were intended to leave a loophole to escape from any concessions inconvenient to fulfil which the agent might find it expedient to make. By virtue of his commission Glamorgan, who was himself a zealous Catholic, undertook to secure to the Catholics the abolition of the penal laws, and the possession of all churches not actually occupied by Protestants. The confederates were to send 10,000 men under his command to the assistance of Charles in England, and Glamorgan was to bind himself by oath not to act with his army, till the king had actually secured the performance of the treaty. The engagements on both sides were to be secret, even from Ormond himself; and although no man could fail to see the insecurity of an arrangement, in which the agent and servant of one party was the only guarantee for the performance of the stipulations required by the other, the eagerness for peace, and the difficulty of concluding it, were so great, that the agreement had been made two months before Rinuccini's arrival, and a vote passed by the assembly, for levying the 10,000 men. To add to the complication and difficulty of the transaction, when the Archbishop of Tuam was killed at the siege of Sligo in the month of October, the Scotch found on his person an account of all that had passed, and shortly afterwards transmitted it to the English parliament.

The Catholics were now in the anomalous condition of an alliance with the king through his private agent, and of suspended hostility with him in the person of his lord-lieutenant. It seems impossible that the promoters of Glamorgan's treaty can have intended it to take effect before the conclusion of peace with Ormond; but the advocates of peace could now point to the secret conditions in favour of religion as a security for the claims which the viceroy refused to concede. Their opponents, who had with

difficulty opposed a treaty which made no mention of religion, were in some measure disarmed, though not satisfied, by the apparent acceptance of their demands by the king; but the division of opinions lay deeper than the immediate occasion, and the minority had forces in reserve far more than proportionate to their strength in the assembly and the council.

The nuncio threw an additional weight into their scale. He had been made personally responsible for his opposition to the peace; but his instructions from Rome were clear and decided. He was ordered to obstruct a peace with Ormond, except on condition that the church should be secured in all its splendour, and that all future viceroys should be Catholic; and the want of sufficient security was represented to him as a sufficient reason for discountenancing Glamorgan's negotiation. In his original instructions he had been told always to associate the interests of religion with the maintenance of the king; but the royal cause was less than a secondary consideration in the place of the Vatican. His high dignity, and the supplies which he brought, had sufficient influence with the council to induce them to delay the conclusion of the treaty. In the meantime he employed himself in calculating his strength, and making himself acquainted with the condition of the different parties.

The assembly being formed on the model of a parliament, represented the rank and property of the kingdom, which were for the most part in the possession of the old English inhabitants. United as they were for the present with the old Irish, and connected with them by religion and by language, their wishes and objects were nevertheless wholly different. They had risen against intolerable oppression, and they had no choice but to fight to the last against the popular party in England, which included all the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland in hatred so indiscriminate, that it had lately caused an act to be passed forbidding quarter to be given to any Irish papist. But their loyalty to the king had never been shaken, and as far as the laity were concerned, it is probable that no class in the three kingdoms was so free from bigotry and religious animosity. When the restoration of the ancient church was in agitation, the tolerant and moderate spirit of the old English gentry was strongly supported by their unwillingness to restore the impropriations of church property which their ancestors had not scrupled to receive from sacrilegious kings. It was in vain that the nuncio promised them fair compositions and easy confirmation of their titles—knowing that the rights of the church were immortal,

while her agreements and promises were subject to contingencies, they were contented to abide by their wrongful possession, and by the security of English law.

The indigenous Irish had refused or had been unable to obtain any benefit from the secularised church property; their devotion to Catholicism was a more active principle, and they too had titles to enforce. Six entire counties had been confiscated by James I., on the plea of Tyrone's imputed rebellion, and victory alone could restore them to the owners, as neither king nor parliament would ever consent to dispossess the intruding colonists. Neither did they owe or feel attachment to the English crown. For four hundred years from the conquest they had borne to the English the relation which the Red Indians of the present day bear to the Anglo-Americans; and since they had ceased to be outlaws they had supported a long civil war, and suffered the penalties of a rebellion which possibly never took place. They had commenced the present war alone;* they formed the greater part of the population and of the soldiery; and they saw with anger that their confederates directed their policy without sharing in their feelings or objects. Their interest and their habitual feelings of reverence alike led them to seek support against the government, and guidance for themselves, in the powerful body of the clergy.

The priesthood have sometimes been indiscriminately classed with the old Irish, as the determined opposers of peace; but Rinuccini's letters show sufficiently the difficulty which he found in uniting them in opposition to Ormond. His instructions and his disposition tended to changes within the church, as well as to external action for the restoration of its power. He had to establish the canonical jurisdiction of Rome; to procure the reception of the decrees of the Council of Trent; to reform and regulate the monastic orders; and, above all, to restore the splendour and publicity of the ecclesiastical ceremonies. In every point he came in collision with interests and habits, which confirmed a widely spread feeling of opposition to his more important political measures. The older bishops, he complains, 'accustomed to perform their few functions in secret and without inconvenience or interference, make small account of the splendour and magnificence of religion, foreseeing that it may involve them in great expenses, and always doubting whether they will be

able to maintain it, either through new arrangements of the kingdom, or through the necessary diversion of their revenues to the necessities of war. Consequently they display almost a repugnance to submit themselves to the proper dresses and ceremonies, being almost all in the habit of celebrating the offices as ordinary priests, and of performing, for example, the sacrament of confirmation not only without mitre and vestments, but almost in a secular dress; and, therefore, they also would not be unwilling to satisfy themselves with the concession by the king and the marquis of the free exercise of their functions even in secret, so as to save as they believe the substance of the faith, and not to involve themselves in any difficulty.' The regular clergy were still less to be depended upon. As missionaries they were in possession of various ecclesiastical privileges, which were in danger from the immediate interference of Rome; and as through the operation of the penal laws they had been prevented for the most part from residing in their convents, and from observing the monastic dress and rules, many of them had lived as chaplains in the houses of the nobility and gentry, and had adopted the habits and opinions of men of the world: a large proportion retained the hereditary loyalty of the old English families to which they belonged, and the Jesuits, who were most strongly opposed to the nuncio, may perhaps have been influenced by the preference of French to Spanish interests, which so long characterized their order. The regulars were still more unwilling than the older bishops to restore the splendour of the Catholic ceremonies: and it was long before the nuncio could introduce the custom of bringing the consecrated elements in procession from the churches to the beds of the sick; for even the common people preferred the ease and privacy of the spiritual consolations to which they were accustomed. The nation, he complains, is the idlest and most careless in Europe, partly from the coldness of the climate, and partly from its long subjection to England: 'whence it comes that being accustomed to content themselves with a mass celebrated in their cabins, and to live on what the soil produces without labour or exertion, they have imbibed a coldness of spirit, and accommodated themselves contentedly to the conditions of the time.' Nevertheless the great majority of the clergy were on the side of religion and war, and for the present the delegated majesty of Rome overawed the dissatisfied portion of their body.

One further source of dissension remained in the reciprocal jealousy of the four provin-

* 'Of the whole hundred that were designed for seizing the castle of Dublin, there was not so much as one person of British blood, extraction, or name, amongst them.'—*Earl of Castlehaven's Memoirs*.

ces, and the determination of each to serve only under its own independent commander. In Connaught Thomas Bourke had been appointed to act as lieutenant-general, in the hope that the head of his name, Clanricarde, would soon consent to assume the command. The earl had recently combined his forces with an expedition sent by Ormond to drive the Scotch out of the west, and although he still held himself apart from the confederates, he was virtually the head of the Catholic army of the province. In Munster the Earl of Castlehaven commanded for the council, but cultivated the most friendly relations with Ormond, whose brother, Richard Butler, a Catholic, and a member of the assembly, had married his sister. An experienced officer and a gallant soldier, he had done service to the cause of the confederates, though the siege of Youghal* had lately miscarried from the jealousy which had arisen between himself and the general of Leinster, Thomas Preston, brother of Lord Gormanston, the most powerful of the nobility of the Pale. After thirty years service under the Spanish government, Preston had been invited to Ireland early in the war to assume the command, to which his experience and connexions so strongly recommended him. The result was not fortunate. In 1642 he had been defeated under circumstances little creditable to his skill by Ormond at Kilrush, and the loss of the battle of Trim at a later period than that of which we are speaking inflicted a heavy blow on the Catholic cause. He seems to have had an indecisive character, and he was alternately swayed by his inclination to Ormond, combined with the loyalty natural to an old family of the Pale, and by the reverence for the clergy and for Rome, which he had perhaps learned in the service of Spain. The motive which could most safely be calculated upon as influencing his actions was jealousy against his abler rival, the general of the Irish of Ulster.

* The Archbishop of Fermo may be pardoned for writing the name of this town *Jochel*, but in general he displays a true Roman contempt for tramontane orthography, which sometimes makes it difficult to understand him. *Mintros*, for instance, is the equivalent for *Montrose*, and *Plemusk* is substituted for *Plymouth*. The familiar patronymic of *Jones* appears in the disguise of *Gioun*, a name which suggests thoughts rather of a courtier of Haroun Al Raschid, than of an officer of Cromwell. The apology of his editor, who very properly abstains from correcting his errors, is amusingly untranslatable. 'Sapendo bene gli esperti, che nelle vecchie scritture anche di dottissimi uomini, è raro che non ti occorran storpiature nei nomi forestieri, dei quali anzi si compiacevano talvolta addolcir l'asprezza italianizzandoli.'

The celebrated Owen O'Nial had, like Preston, learned the art of war in the service of Spain and Austria. On his arrival from Flanders, in 1642, he had easily superseded his kinsman, Sir Phelim O'Nial, in the command of the Irish of the north, and he was never afterwards shaken in his power. It was to him that the discontinuance of the more barbarous cruelties of the earlier insurrection was chiefly owing; but the nature of his forces made him a formidable and unwelcome guest, when he lay near Kilkenny to intimidate the opponents of the nuncio in the council, or when he sought to extend his quarters in Leinster, where he had influence through a marriage connexion with the family of Fitzgerald. His wild army of creaghts and wood-kerns had the strength and weakness of half-disciplined savages. They would serve without pay, and live on the most meagre food; but when opportunity offered they compensated themselves with plunder, and dispersed, like the Scotch Highlanders, after a victory, to enjoy the spoils in their homes. Their commander, the most skilful officer then engaged in Ireland, had at the same time the art of securing the affection of his rude followers. He preferred attaining his object by manœuvres to fighting, and he is called by Rinuccini the Fabius of Ireland: perhaps a modern writer might add that he possessed something of Souvaroff's genius for command. The general of Ulster was the right arm of the party of the clergy, but his own first object was the restitution of the forfeited lands in the north. Though not the lineal heir of Tyrone, his followers looked upon him as the chief family of the O'Nials; nor was their enthusiasm ever raised to a higher pitch than when the sword of the banished Earl of Tyrone was sent to him from Rome with the blessing of the pope.

The nuncio had no hesitation as to the object which he was to pursue; he determined to prevent the peace or to break it by every method of power or influence which he could derive from his temporal or spiritual resources. He saw, as he afterwards declared, that in the solemnity of his first entrance into Kilkenny, the applause of the old Irish was given to the minister of God, of the old English to the treasurer of a prince. He wished to give the whole of the supplies which he brought with him to the army of O'Nial, and when he was compelled by the general feeling of the council to allot a share to Preston, he was urgent that the commanders should unite their forces and proceed at once to the siege of Dublin. He argued that it would be easy, when the

Protestants* were disposed of, to drive the Puritans out of Ireland with their concentrated forces, and that then, under a Catholic viceroy, the Irish might send supplies which would turn the scale of war in England and Scotland in favour of the king. With Glamorgan who presented him with autograph letters from the king to himself and to the pope, which evidently were intended to lead to a hope of the royal conversion, the nuncio, justly appreciating their sincerity, used such arguments of spiritual persuasion, and offered such hopes of advantage of the cause of the king, that that feeble diplomatist was from this time but half in earnest in the advancement of the secret treaty. One of the main arguments used against the peace with Ormond, was a negotiation which Sir Kenelm Digby was carrying on at Rome on behalf of the Queen of England. The nuncio urged upon the council the necessity of waiting for the terms to which the pope himself should have consented, and the impropriety of concluding a treaty which might be found incompatible with the decision of the head of the church. The majority of the confederates, however, were well aware of the futility of negotiations conducted by a secret agent of a queen consort, herself unauthorized to treat, and some of them even suspected that the very existence of the negotiation was a fiction invented by Rinuccini. The correspondence now published shows that on this, as well as on other occasions, the nuncio was unjustly suspected of disobedience, and that the court of Rome received credit for liberality, which it in no way deserved. The treaty was actually drawn up, and it is constantly spoken of in the despatches from Rome.

At the commencement of the year 1646, the arguments against the peace received an unexpected accession of strength. Lord Digby, or Digby Eretico, as Rinuccini politely calls him, in distinction from Digby Cattolico, the queen's agent at Rome, having become acquainted with Glamorgan's treaty in consequence of the acquisition by the parliament of the papers found on the Archbishop of Tuam, accused him, with real or professed indignation, of high treason to the king, and persuaded Ormond to arrest him on occasion of a visit which he paid to Dublin. When it is considered that Charles about the same time found it necessary to disavow Glamorgan, that that nobleman was in possession of abundant powers in the hand-writing of the king, and that he showed

no alarm or embarrassment when arrested, it is impossible to doubt that the whole transaction was meant as a blind to the English Protestants. To complete the proof of collusion, Glamorgan was, a few days afterwards, liberated on bail, and allowed to return to the Catholic head-quarters at Kilkenny.* The leaders of the peace party were, no doubt, informed of the true circumstances of the case, and pursued their course with so little change of purpose, that on Lady-day a treaty with Ormond was signed, containing no provisions for the maintenance of the Catholic church; it being understood that Glamorgan's secret treaty supplied all the ecclesiastical securities which were necessary. As a concession to the nuncio, who still urged the disrespect which they were committing towards the apostolic see, it was agreed that the treaty with Ormond should not be published till the first of May, to allow additional time for the arrival of the promised treaty from Rome. The council was not aware that the nuncio had already, in February, induced a secret conclave of bishops to sign a protest against the treaty, which was to be kept in reserve, and afterwards used as occasion might require. It is unfairly urged against him by Clarendon, that he consented to the powers given to the Catholic commissioners to treat with Ormond; it seems, on the contrary, that he steadily opposed a peace, except on the terms that all the concessions he required, including the appointment of a Catholic viceroy, should be granted; or otherwise that Ormond should lay down his office, and make terms individually with the council, as a simple peer of the realm.

For the present the nuncio seems to have thought it useless to attempt more than a postponement of the publication of the treaty. He now turned his mind to the prosecution of the main war with the Parliament, and divided his money and arms between O'Nial, who undertook to act against the Scotch in the west of Ulster, while Ormond pressed them on the east, and Preston, who, in the absence of an enemy in his own province, consented to serve under Clanricarde in Connaught. Rinuccini himself joined the army under Lord Muskerry, the president of the council, a loyal subject and an adherent of Ormond's, though the head of an old Irish family, who was now besieging the castle of Burnatty on the Shannon, which had recently been given up to the Parliament by its owner, the Earl of

* The name of Protestants was then exclusively applied in Ireland to the members of the Anglican church.

* The whole account of Glamorgan's transactions will be found in Leland's History of Ireland, or, with the additional advantages of dates, in Lingard's History of England, vol. x.

Thomond, head of the O'Briens of Munster. The fortress was not taken till the middle of July, and the nuncio contrived further to delay the publication of the treaty till the 1st of August.

The present was the crisis of the cause of Ireland, and the conduct of Rinuccini determined its ruin. In the midst of the general satisfaction he retired from Kilkenny to Waterford, summoned a synod of the clergy, both secular and regular, and after a formal examination of the treaty clause by clause, declared with the consent of the bishops, and of every separate order except the Jesuits, who by their Provincial remained firm in their opposition, that the peace with Ormond was null, as containing no security for religion, and that all who had hitherto concurred in it, or should hereafter adhere to it, were *ipso facto* perjured and excommunicate. O'Nial hastened with his victorious army to Kilkenny, to support the cause of religion; Preston, who had at first caused the peace to be proclaimed in his quarters with every demonstration of joy, allowed the influence of the nuncio and his own private enmity to Bellings to withdraw him from the cause of Ormond; the herald who proclaimed the peace in Waterford was insulted, his colleague at Limerick was slain; the lord-lieutenant himself, who came to Kilkenny by invitation of the council, was forced to fly with a scanty train to Dublin; and the Catholic congregation of the bishops assumed the government of Ireland under the presidency of the nuncio, and committed the members of the council who had chiefly promoted the peace to prison. In his memoir Rinuccini complains that they still defied his power, and when they received news of any disaster suffered by the congregation, drank to the losses of religion in great beakers of beer—*'facevano con bicchieroni di birra brindisi infausti alle perditione della religione.'*

In his memoir to the pope, Rinuccini seems to insinuate that he was taken by surprise when the treaty was published, although it is clear that he had known for many months that it was signed, and notwithstanding that he confesses in a despatch written in June, that his schemes for delaying the peace are exhausted, and that he has not ingenuity to contrive means of opposing it any longer. An accurate examination of the despatches will afford some clue to his moderation during the spring, and his violent proceedings in August. After repeatedly promising the council to produce the treaty concluded at Rome by Kenelm Digby, and showing them the heads of a supposed protocol, on which he asserted

that it was founded, he found that they were determined to treat it as non-existent, and that some further resource was necessary. By promising to Glamorgan the succession to the vice-royalty he had persuaded him to disavow his own powers to negotiate; and when O'Nial's great victory over the Scotch at Benburb on the 5th of June had secured him a preponderating military power, he seems to have been ready to act at once. On the 20th of June he writes to the Queen of England a letter of devotion to her cause: on the 3d of July he suggests to Panfilio the establishment of a foreign protectorate over Ireland, to be undertaken by France or Spain, or, according to his own wish, by the pope himself. On the 17th of the same month he communicates private offers from Don Eugenio (Owen O'Nial), and from Preston, to march at once upon Dublin, and he acknowledges his inclination to accept them—*('gran tentazione ho sentito in questo negozio.)'* But a difficulty had arisen in an unexpected quarter. The Queen of England and the French court were suspicious of the nuncio's proceedings, and the personal jealousy of Bagni, the French nuncio, led to the betrayal of some imprudent expressions in Rinuccini's despatches. Lord Digby went to Paris to enforce the opposition, and obtained a considerable sum from Mazarine for the joint use of Ormond and the confederated Catholics. It was even generally reported that the pope was about to recall his minister and disavow his proceedings, and in the uncertainty whether France would still farther interfere, the nuncio thought it unsafe to add new cause of dissatisfaction to those which had so long existed between Paris and Rome. A few weeks of inaction removed his doubts, and determined him to adopt the course which he had so long meditated.

He instantly took measures for the siege of Dublin. O'Nial advanced with his victorious army through the north of Leinster; Preston marched from Connaught to join him, and they took up positions at Lexlip and Newcastle, about six miles from Dublin, while the nuncio pressed on their operations from his quarters in the neighbourhood, and baffled to the utmost all attempts at negotiation. By the advice of Castlehaven, who with Clanricarde had now joined the lord-lieutenant, Ormond had wasted the country for some miles round before he retired into Dublin; and consequently the Catholic armies were distressed for want of supplies, as well as impeded by the usual jealousies of the generals. Preston in particular was unwilling to serve against Clanricarde; and, to add to their difficulties, a

parliamentary squadron appeared in the bay, and a premature report arose that Ormond had admitted the common enemy into his fortress. The effect produced on the generals is strikingly described in the memoir. 'One day while the council was urging an advance, and all were assembled to discuss it, some one tapped at the door of the room, and Preston suddenly rose to open it—having heard three or four words from the person without, he returned gasping, and said that the English were already in Dublin. In a moment Don Eugenio and the others, as if a serpent had stung them, sprang up from their seats, and thinking each man for himself, departed from his companions. The generals signalled by cannon-fire that every man was to return to his post, and the councillors in the utmost alarm mounted the next morning for Kilkenny, and never drew bit till they came, like fugitives with an enemy at their heels, into our quarters.' The nuncio soon followed them, and Clanricarde, informing Preston of the falsehood of the report, commenced a negotiation with him on Ormond's behalf, which ended in the signature of a new treaty. It was agreed that Preston's army should unite itself on a given day with a detachment which Clanricarde led out of the gates to join it. But in the meantime the nuncio had prevailed over the general's unsteady mind, so that Clanricarde found a letter of excuses instead of an army of allies, and with loud indignation ('prorotto in molte maledicenze contro di lui') returned disappointed to Dublin. The despatches make no mention of a simultaneous negotiation between Ormond and O'Nial, in whose honour and firmness the marquis placed deserved confidence. The Ulster general sent his nephew to Kilkenny to persuade the congregation to an accommodation, but they had the audacity to detain the messenger in custody till the period allowed for the conclusion of peace was past. In the summer of 1647, Ormond, finding the impossibility of sustaining a double war, gave up the capital to the troops of the parliament, and retired for the time to England.

The nuncio's power had culminated when he retired to Waterford, and from this time it rapidly declined. All moderate men were offended with his presumptuous violence, and all loyal subjects united with the vast following of Ormond to destroy his alien and anti-national government. Even O'Nial's support discredited him, since the Ulster army were considered by themselves and others the troops of the pope, and the ravages of the wild creaghts were generally

connected in the minds of men with the influence of the nuncio and his court. The government by the congregation of the clergy was in its nature provisional and temporary, and a new assembly which it was found necessary to summon showed early symptoms of alienation from the extreme Catholic party. Confirming the declaration of the nullity of Ormond's peace, they nevertheless acquitted the commissioners who had concluded it, and released the members of the old council who had been imprisoned for supporting it. Glamorgan, now Marquis of Worcester, whom the nuncio had appointed to succeed Castlehaven in the command of the army of Munster, was irregularly superseded by Muskerry, and the change was ratified by the council. The general inclination for peace was stronger than ever, and it was proposed that the queen and the Prince of Wales should be sent for from France to unite all loyal subjects against the parliament. The nuncio had always feared the influence of Henrietta Maria, and he did not shrink from declaring that it was his duty to oppose the reception of a heretic prince: a strange doctrine to be announced by a minister accredited to the subjects of a heretic king, that prince's father, whose throne he had the most direct and positive instructions to support. But we must again acquit Rinuccini of individual presumption. The severest censure he had received from Rome since his arrival in Ireland, had been addressed to him in consequence of a clause in the oath drawn up for the clergy, during the secession to Waterford, in which their allegiance to the king was reserved: '*paci nos non datus esse consensum nisi pro religione, et pro rege, et pro patria.*' No nuncio, he was told, must ever consent to any declaration by which it appears, or by possibility may appear, that the apostolic see applauds or assents to a declaration of Catholic subjects in favour of the defence of the estate or person of a heretic king. The nuncio admitted his error, and contrived to suppress all the copies of the oath.

The party of the malecontents was strengthened by the bad success of the war. On the 8th of August, 1647, the Leinster army under Preston was defeated at Dungan Hill by Colonel Michael Jones, governor of Dublin, who was only prevented from afterwards marching on Kilkenny by the masterly tactics of O'Nial. In November, Lord Taaffe, who had succeeded Muskerry in Munster, was routed by Inchiquin at Knocknoness, and the second in command, the gallant Alaster Macdonnell, better known as Colkitto, or the left-handed, refusing

quarter, was slain.* The Confederates were every day reduced to depend more and more on the army of O'Nial, a contingency not unwelcome to the nuncio, till he found that their fear and dislike of the general of Ulster made them more than ever anxious to relieve themselves from the burden of the war. Their prospects of success in negotiation were increased by the growing discontent of the Presbyterians and the moderate party in England and Scotland, with the rising dominion of the Independents founded on the support of the army. Ormond, the constant object of the nuncio's deepest hatred, arrived in Paris to support the royal cause; and early in 1648, Inchiquin himself, either from disinclination to extreme measures, or from resentment against Lord Lisle, the parliamentary lord-lieutenant, who had attempted without success to supersede him in his command, declared once more for the king, and at the same time protested against the continuance of the nuncio's power. Among the bishops, however, he had recently acquired an addition of strength. On his arrival in Ireland, he had found thirteen vacant sees, and had recommended candidates for appointment by the pope, who were selected for their support of the ultra-Catholic cause, and for their devoted obedience to Rome. At the end of 1647, the nominations arrived from Rome, for the most part in pursuance of his advice, although the Archbishopric of Tuam was given to de Burgh, a moderate prelate who was attached to the policy of Clanricarde, the chief of his name. The new bishops were admitted to vote in right of their sees, though Muskerry observed to the Bishop of Ross, the only candidate in whose favour the recommendation of the supreme council had not been obtained, that the pope of his own authority could confer no temporal barony in Ireland, and, therefore, no seat in the legislature. For the most part they supported the nuncio's measures, and they had a principal part in delaying the negotiations for peace.

But the resistance of the war party was now hopeless. We find Rinuccini still actively intriguing, but without rational hope or distinct plan. At one time the scrupu-

lous prelate, who had doubted whether he could open the letter from the heretic king, or enter into negotiations with his heretic son, inclines to support a plan which O'Nial was meditating of a league with the bitter Scotch Presbyterians of Ulster. Somewhat later, however, he is of opinion that the alliance with heretics cannot be justified even by the object of hostility to Ormond. Again, we hear of constant negotiations with Winter Grant (Dr. Leybourne), the queen's agent in Ireland, whom he in vain solicits to procure the appointment of a Catholic viceroy; the scheme of a foreign protectorate is renewed, and money is eagerly and uselessly demanded from Rome. He loses by degrees all hopes from the assembly, and meditates recourse once more to the thunders of the church and to O'Nial.

The truce with Inchiquin, which soon followed, decided the nuncio's course. As in the case of the treaty of 1646, he summoned a council of bishops, and procured from fourteen of them a condemnation of the truce, and a conditional power to excommunicate the favourers of it in conjunction with four specified bishops, or in default of their attendance, with four to be selected by himself. About the 10th of May he left Kilkenny secretly, and joined O'Nial, who lay with a small army at Maryborough in fear of an attack from the combined forces of Preston and Inchiquin. His next halting place was Athlone, where, on the refusal of the four authorized bishops to join him, he summoned four of his partisans in their room, and by their concurrence published a solemn excommunication against the author of the truce, and laid all parts of the kingdom, where it should be accepted, under an interdict. He then retired to Galway, where he remained for several months, observing the course of affairs. At first he thought that his measures had been successful—2000 zealous Catholics deserted from Preston to join the orthodox army of O'Nial; many cities and individuals applied submissively to be relieved from the interdict; and as he states, probably with some exaggeration, the great body of the clergy, and three-fourths of the population, still adhered to his cause. But all the strength lay with the minority, and there was a division among the bishops, which was fatal to his claim of wielding the whole authority of the church. The council forbade obedience to the excommunication, and they were supported in their resistance by eight bishops, by some of the monastic orders, and by the canon lawyers, who had been consulted in anticipation of the event. It was alleged that the excommunication and interdict were void, as found-

* There is some strange confusion as to the death of Colkitto. In a document headed 'Relazione della battaglia di Trim (Dungan Hill) fra l' esercito Cattolico ed Inglese,' purporting to be enclosed in a letter to Cardinal Panzirolo, dated 29th of August, 1647, the death of Alexander Macdonnell, who was then alive, and had not been engaged in the battle, is related. It is again described in nearly the same words in an account of the battle of Knocknones, where he really fell, dated 26th of November. The former paper was probably written some time after the ostensible date, by a secretary or other attendant of the nuncio.

ed on civil matters, as having been published without the consent of the delegated bishops, and as exceeding the powers of a nuncio, except by express authority from the pope, or by the additional commission of a *legate a latere*, to which Rinuccini could not pretend. An appeal to Rome was tendered to him, with a demand that he would suspend the sentence till a decision could be obtained : but the suspension was haughtily refused, and all friendly intercourse broken off. In the course of the discussion the Archbishop of Tuam demanded to see the terms of the bull from which the nuncio claimed his authority. 'Ego non ostendam,' was the answer ; 'Et ego,' replied the archbishop, 'non obediam.' We cannot pretend to a confident opinion as to the question of ecclesiastical law. The bull by which Rinuccini was appointed is voluminous and apparently liberal in its powers, but much of the contents have the appearance of what lawyers call common forms, and we can find in it no authority to excommunicate or impose interdicts except in connection with the exercise of ordinary jurisdiction over individuals or bodies in *sacramentum animarum*. There is, however, a clause which expressly authorizes the nuncio to act upon the mere recital of his powers without exhibiting the original, and which therefore seems to justify his refusal to produce them when required by the archbishop. The result of the appeal was a remittal of the sentence to the nuncio for reconsideration, a measure probably equivalent to a disapproval of the expediency of the measure, avoiding a decision on the question of law. The court of Rome might perhaps, among other motives for evading a reversal of the judgment, be influenced by an unwillingness to countenance even indirectly the objections to the sentence arising from the illegality of the whole proceeding by statute law, which in the minds of the lay nobility, and even with some of the clergy, had weighed more than any arguments against its canonical validity. From time to time the nuncio had from the first been irritated by the dislike of foreign jurisdiction and the reverence for English law, which he found rooted in the minds of Irish statesmen ; and even though he succeeded in establishing a court for ecclesiastical purposes, he was often thwarted with doubts as to the sovereignty of the pope, and scruples as to an infringement on the deep-rooted loyalty to the king, opinions which he can refer to as grievous and shocking, 'massime acerbæ,' or 'cose orribili.'

In January the indignation produced by the trial and death of the king made all attempts to separate the new confederates

hopeless. Ormond had resumed the government with the concurrence of almost every party, though O'Nial still held aloof, and soon afterwards joined the English in despair. Even the northern Scotch were converted to royalism, though it naturally appeared that they hated the papists and malignants more than they loved the king ; and Sir Charles Coote, who commanded for the parliament in Connaught, declared his disapprobation of the execution of Charles. The intimation of the lord-lieutenant that the nuncio must leave the kingdom, was soon followed by his departure. He sailed from Galway in the same vessel which had brought him to Ireland, and arrived safely in Normandy, where he found that France was in universal confusion from the commencing troubles of the war of the Fronde. His interviews with the disaffected chiefs, with Longueville in Normandy, and Condé at Dijon, seemed to have roused the ancient suspicion of Mazarine, and Bagni again looked with an evil eye on the neighbourhood of a possible successor. On his arrival in Rome, he was, according to some writers, ordered to confine himself to his diocese, though his present biographer asserts that he was offered a high post near the person of the pope, as the reward of his faithful services. Not long afterwards he retired to Fermo, where he died in 1653.

The events which followed his departure showed that he had not been the sole cause of Irish dissension. Thwarted by the clergy, disobeyed by the factious cities, constantly suspected, insulted and calumniated, Ormond struggled in vain to uphold the cause of Ireland. It is gratifying to remember that he placed implicit trust in O'Nial, when that gallant chieftain joined him in consequence of the hostility he met with from his English allies ; but his death, which soon followed, and that of his chief adviser, and successor in command, Ever Mac Mahon, Bishop of Clogher, who having been the ablest assistant of Rinuccini, became for the sake of his country, the faithful ally of Ormond, broke up the army of Ulster, which had so long been the mainstay of the war. After the suicidal refusal of Limerick to admit a garrison from his army, embarrassed by the declarations against popery extorted from the young king in Scotland, and at last excommunicated by the clergy, the lord-lieutenant retired from Ireland, in the hope that his deputy, Clanricarde, might, as a Catholic, be better obeyed. But not even the progress of Cromwell and Ireton could bring the Irish to unity, nor was there now any hope of victory. Clanricarde, faithful to the last, kept the war

alive in the west and the north, till, in pursuance of the king's express commands recalling him from a useless struggle, he made terms for himself, and the troops immediately under his command, and was allowed to retire to the continent. The subsequent treatment of Ireland by the conquerors does not belong to our present subject.

Notwithstanding his errors and ill-fortune, there is much in Rinuccini's career which is not unworthy of respect. We see nothing to censure in the direction of his wishes to the absolute triumph of the Catholic cause untainted by heretic assistance, nor was he wrong in his judgment that the confederates had within themselves sufficient material resources to ensure an unaided victory. His error consisted in obstinate blindness to the community of feeling and interest between the Catholic and Protestant aristocracy. The leaders of the confederacy, Muskerry, Mountgarret, Castlehaven, and Taaffe, were identified by a thousand points of connection with Ormond, and in the presence of a common enemy were not likely to be kept apart by the single difference of religion. A prudent statesman would have discovered from the first the impossibility of entire success: a reasonable man would at least have acknowledged it after the breaking up of the siege of Dublin. But the nuncio was, in modern language, a statesman of principle, so firmly bent on an imaginary object, as to be incapable of falling back on a practicable alternative. It was in his power to cement a league, which for the time could have driven all invaders into the sea, which might possibly have changed the fate of England, and, at the worst, might have yielded on favourable conditions. The Catholics, forming the bulk of its strength, would have been too formidable for neglect, and could have forcibly claimed the gratitude of their allies. But Protestants would have been allowed to ring church bells in Dublin, and private masses would have been said in houses, and monks might have walked beyond their cloisters, unaccompanied and out of costume: The image of order and pomp in the nuncio's mind would have been disturbed, his conscience would have accused him of partaking in the unclean thing. He preferred to accomplish all at once without reference to expediency, and consequently without hope of durability. Because he had held aloof from heretics; because he had taught Waterford and Galway to imitate the splendour of Italian processions; because he had planted the tree of Catholicism in full leaf and flower as he loved to see it, he felt sorrow without remorse when it withered and died, when

masses and processions were abolished, and priests and monks were hung like bandits—*'liberaverat animam suam.'* Such are statesmen of so called principle, and of religious principle in particular. Yet in comparison with his Protestant contemporaries of the same occupation, the nuncio rises high in our respect and esteem. He had all the bigotry and intolerance of a priest, but he had also the activity and talents of an Italian: when we think of the Scotch divines who superintended the morals of Charles II., and promised victory to Leslie, and argued about Providence against the conclusive logic of Cromwell, we are inclined for the time to look upon Rinuccini as a wise man, a statesman, and a general.

In reading the narrative of the war for its intrinsic interest, most men would sympathize with the Catholic cause, and regret its final defeat. An Englishman may pause before he wishes that Cromwell should have failed in subduing Ireland, recollecting the great power which would have accrued to the crown, and which might have afterwards enabled the Stuarts to crush in the bud the opening destinies of England. But there can be but one opinion, that if it could not be exclusively Protestant, it would have been better for Ireland itself to become Catholic, while Catholicism was still allied to loyalty. It is unpleasant to remember that two centuries have done little to increase the healthiness of her condition; new causes of dissension arising where old divisions have grown over with time. The old Irish and the old English have become nearly indistinguishable, but the fury of religious hatred has not abated, and the power of the priesthood has been strengthened. In the time of Charles I. the landed gentry and the great nobility were for the most part of the religion of the people, and, sharing their feelings, had it in their power to mitigate their virulence. The land is now in the hands of Protestants, whose loyalty may be undoubted, but who can no longer secure the adherence of their dependants. It is not improbable that the people may still retain something of their old feeling of attachment to the crown; but under our modern constitution the crown has ceased to be a substantive power, though its share in the government is weighty. On the other hand, the feeling of England has become friendly to the people of Ireland, on whom the change may perhaps produce a beneficial effect, if it is ever suffered to penetrate to their knowledge. A more valuable security against the worst of evils for Ireland is the great increase of the relative strength of the imperial government. The thorough

amalgamation of England and Scotland, and the great development in modern times of the available resources of civilized states, has made Ireland, notwithstanding the increase of its population, more incapable of open opposition than it was in the seventeenth century. With peace there is always hope, though proposed remedies for Irish evils have hitherto been generally based on unattainable conditions. When it is proposed to establish a strong Executive, to substitute the Catholic for the Protestant church, it would be as easy and as useless to propose at once the results which such measures are intended to accomplish. The government which should take the first step would array against it the majority in Ireland and a great party in England; and if it was found that the first step was intended as the foundation of the second, the indignation of the remaining population of both countries would swell the opposition to overflowing. We by no means here intimate that either measure is desirable. It is enough, with the example of Rinuccini before us, to advise men to attempt what is practicable.

ART. II.—*Was ich erlebte: aus der Erinnerung niedergeschrieben.* (Events of my Life.) VON HEINRICH STEFFENS. 7ter und 8ter Band. Breslau. 1843.

HENRY STEFFENS, by birth a Norwegian, now a professor in Berlin, is well known to the literary and scientific world as a natural philosopher, and a novel writer of no vulgar mark. In the present volumes he has given us personal memoirs of his share of the great European movement made by the Germans against Napoleon in the years 1813 and 1814; and the value of the contributions thus made to the history of that important period, cannot, we think, be better expressed than in the following words of the author himself:

"Generally speaking," says he, "there is no literary undertaking more difficult than a genuine historical account of the wars of modern times. Since the art of war has become a regular science, the narration of wars assumes a character only too like the exposition of a fixed system; and as the battles themselves, whatever motives may influence them, are at bottom combats of military principles rather than of moral agents; so the account of them is apt to reduce itself to a mere dry detail of *manœuvres* and counter-marches, of advancing and retreating armies, of the quantity of ammunition taken, and the number (often not at all to be depended on) of killed, and wounded, and taken prisoners:

or it takes the shape of a regular scientific exposition, which annihilates all that is living and characteristic, and commands a sort of general interest only when something external and accidental interferes to modify the action of the scientific principle. In works of this kind, whatever is purely human appears as a disturbing element, and, where it cannot be altogether omitted, is only tolerated. The individual man, just because in his greatest moments he contains something mysterious and unfathomable, is rejected as incompatible with the ordered rigour of the system; every irregular outburst of vital poetry is inadmissible. Even that which is purely accidental, and beyond the control of human measurement, and which, were it let alone, might assume a character of sublimity, is often forced to appear on the historical stage as the result of a plan that, in fact, did not exist till after the victory was gained. In the narrations of Herodotus and Thucydides again these opposing elements interpenetrate one another, and are essentially one. Men are placed before us in earnest struggle for all that makes human existence valuable and forces the heart of man to feel strongly for man; and this living centre of interest, amid all the formal machinery of military circumstance, is never lost sight of. I have, accordingly, determined to relate my experience of German history, within my own narrow sphere, simply as I experienced it, with every personal feeling and relation as it arose within me or stood before me; and this method of treatment is likely to be satisfactory even to the already well-instructed reader, just in proportion to the disrespect shown to everything merely personal by the modern historians. I have no inclination, of course, to detract from the high merits of those who have treated these matters systematically; but the simple narration of a man of letters, who took part in the struggle, when already advanced in life, will not be without an interest of its own."

These remarks express a feeling to which not Coleridge only and Carlyle, among recent British spokesmen, have given strong utterance; but which must have been felt, more or less, by almost every person of sentiment in these times who has read or attempted to read modern history. A good battle, well described, now and then may possess a pictorial and an artistical value, even when it wants a true human interest; but a series of battles, minutely described, can have merely a scientific interest to those by whom they are minutely studied; and are to the general reader (especially where plans are not supplied) wearisome, and, except as an external result, valueless. Most cordially, therefore, do we agree with the professor as to the value of merely personal details as a supplement to the ponderous military and diplomatic records of modern history; and there is no English reader of Alison's ninth volume of 'European History'—not to speak of German—who will not willingly concede to Steffens the old man's privilege of talking copiously about

himself, when himself is merely the introducer of such names as Gneisenau, and Scharnhorst, Marshal Blücher, and the Baron von Stein.

The two volumes which contain these patriotic reminiscences are the seventh and the eighth of a series, to which our readers have been already (No. lxi.) introduced. When noticing the first six volumes, we purposely eschewed all matter of a political nature, and confined ourselves, for the sake of unity, to a few gleanings of literary particulars, such as we thought might be interesting to the student of German literature. In the present supplementary notice we shall, for the same reason, reverse the procedure, and, excluding the literary and philosophical passages, confine ourselves to what is purely political and patriotic; *military* we can hardly say, for the professor, with an instinct of good sense which does him credit, in these pages systematically avoids giving any opinion on matters which his speculative genius never fitted him to understand. The purely military reader, therefore, will expect nothing from the 'Erlebtes:' to him Clausewitz, and other sources, are open; while, on the other hand, those who love from the side-glances and chance-aspects of war, which the formal historian ignores, to supplement their ideas, not of military science, but of human nature, will find in the warlike professor's reminiscences some food convenient for them. At the same time we are forced, as honest critics, to repeat here the general censure which we already passed on the previous volumes, 'Es ist breit! gar zu breit!' When will the Germans learn to select and to arrange their materials, and to bring them within the compass of an ordinary English reader's patience? There are some of Tintoretto's pictures at Venice, where whole walls are so figured over with the swift impressions of a quick fancy and a ready hand, that the spectator for very multitude of objects can literally see nothing. Thus Steffens wears the ear with a continuous hum of small voices till it becomes utterly unfit to receive a distinct notice of a truly strong and heroic articulation. This voluminosity, however, is a vice not so much of Steffens, as of Germany; and we must even bear with it, on condition that those Germans who choose to indulge themselves in it will at the same time supply the truly German book-virtue, which is its antidote, an accurate and comprehensive index.

When we fix our eye on the war of 1813, in Germany, the first thing that strikes us is its singularly popular, and because popular, *personal* character. It is remarkable how

much of the purely human and individual comes here gallantly and triumphantly into the foreground, casting not court and cabinet merely, but even diplomacy and tactics, strangely into the shade; inspiring them, at least, with a poetic soul that does not belong to them, and dressing them in a free and natural garb that seems borrowed rather from the pages of Homer than from the War-office of a modern ministry. As in the stout conflicts of the 'Iliad,' the 'strong Diomedes,' and the 'lusty-roaring (*βονυ αγαθος*) Menelaus,' the delicate Aphrodite, and the furious Ares, gods with mortals in one sublime fray struggle face to face and hand to hand, with all the freedom of a school-boy scuffle, unconscious of rank and file, and of all the perplexing detail of tactics and strategies; so the hot hussar, Marshal Blücher, the old man with a young heart; the glowing poet, Körner, with the sword in one hand, and the lyre in the other; Fichte, the philosopher of the iron will, and Jahn, the white-bearded prophet of gymnastics and Germanism, all come forward here, in the broad fullness and intense energy of their personal character, fighting as free men, not as professional soldiers—a group of most motley consistence, and most marked individuality, bound together for a season by the strength of one common feeling—the feeling of love to fatherland and hatred of Napoleon. It is in vain, therefore, that a historian shall describe the liberation war in the same fashion that so many other wars of ancient and modern times may be described, by a detailed account of the campaign, and a skilful exhibition of the military movements. These form the principal matter in many wars, and therefore, may justly claim the principal place in the historian's narration; but in the liberation war, the moral soul and popular character are the principal thing; and whoever has not known and valued this element, whoever has not brought it dramatically and prominently forward, has gilded the skeleton of the matter only, and brought forth a dead book. We make these remarks here to show more distinctly the proper value of such personal memoirs as those of Steffens, Arndt, Varnhagen, &c., in regard to a war of this kind, even when they furnish us with such merely incidental gleanings, and fragmentary personal notices, as those which we can gather from the present work. There is, no author who furnishes us with fewer tangible and available independent facts of the war, than Henry Steffens; but there is none, if we except Arndt, in whom its inspiration glows more fervidly, who may be regarded as a fitter exponent of that moral power which God

raised up in Germany, to overthrow the physical force dynasty of Napoleon.

We may commence our extracts by a few remarks of the professor on this very point—the peculiarly popular and national, moral and human, character of the war.

“In this war the matter at issue was not the mere supremacy of this or the other ruler, but it was truly a mortal struggle for national existence; as little could it be called a war to maintain the balance of power. There was no balance of power to fight about: it had long ago vanished. It is not from the wars of the French revolution that we have to date the disturbance of the balance of power in Europe. So far as Germany was concerned, our true subjection dates from the peace of Westphalia: since then the predominance of France was decided: and the struggle that followed afterwards, if we except the wars of Frederick the Great, though here and there favourable, exercised no permanent influence in restoring Germany to its true position in Europe. The truth is that a nation, when morally conquered, can never pursue any external success to its legitimate consequences; political or military triumphs are mere delusions; and however humbling to France were the events that clouded the last days of Louis XIV., however weak that country appeared under Louis XV., the French still remained morally the masters of Europe. Germany, in particular, seemed altogether to have given up its right of thinking for itself: and in this unhappy country there was no higher honour than clumsily to imitate the French. At the courts of German princes the most worthless adventurer from Paris stood in the highest estimation; friseurs, ballet-dancers, and all sorts of cattle from the banks of the Seine, could make their fortunes among the higher circles of Germany, provided they only condescended to take office under the German barbarian. Nowhere in history had such an example of national self-abnegation been seen: of a voluntary subjection to foreign influence in a manner that could not but seem to signify to Europe a corresponding moral inferiority in the people thus forward to pass sentence upon itself. It was not till the victory of the encroaching enemy was complete, till decisive measures had been taken to choke every germ of national and independent spirit violently in the bud, that the original strength of the people began to show itself, and to start up with elastic impulse against the weight that oppressed it. The war was not of that kind, which, being engaged in at the mere external word of a master, is carried on by indifferent or unwilling combatants: it was a war that each individual honest mind in the country had determined on for itself, before a public declaration was made in the name of the community. As in the moral conflicts of the individual, the enemy makes one deceitful inroad after another, and argues his own case so plausibly, that the wavering soul is driven from one strong position to a weaker one; and now the invader seems to have obtained a firm footing in the stranger territory, when, at last, the decisive question presents itself, whether a rescue of the moral man be yet possible, or an unconditional surrender must be made? then the intended victim suddenly recognizes the enemy in all his hatefulness, and pierces with an eagle eye through every

possible mask he can assume; so in the political existence of the German people a critical moment had arrived: the question was put to all, stern, clear, decided: it was felt by all that nothing but an answer equally stern and decided could suit the emergency. It is well known, indeed, that a great part of Germany was still in league with Napoleon, that (as in the unhappy times of the thirty years' war), reduced and controlled by France, Germans fought against Germans; but there was an element of German feeling now alive that was utterly unknown in the seventeenth century. The relations of the old German empire were too perplexed to allow anything like a national German feeling to assert itself; now, however, circumstances had brought out this feeling in great potency: the contrast between France and Germany was no longer doubtful. Napoleon's historical significance is based mainly on this, that, not merely externally by his conquests, but internally in every German bosom, he dissipated those fair Gallic delusions that had been accumulating and deceiving us for centuries, and thereby compelled every German to put to himself the question, whether he was prepared to surrender all claims to a separate national existence, or would not rather make one strong determined effort for self-preservation? This political crisis, assisted by a general popular regeneration, restored Germany to its station among the nations, and delivered Europe from the otherwise unavoidable danger of French ascendancy.”

Such were the grand moral elements of the war, a war containing on a vastly greater scale all that renders the memory of Marathon sacred to the Greeks, of Bannockburn to the Scots. It is quite characteristic, therefore, to find Germany, at this period, shaking itself free, as by some new Heaven-imparted instinct, from those numberless strings and trappings of merely official authority through which it is wont to manifest its political existence. Our patriotic professor goes about at Breslau so early as December, 1812, and fired at once with sympathy for his captive friends at Cassel, with prophetic glimpses of the fatal precipitation of Napoleon from Moscow, and with copious potations of champagne, spouts politics vehemently before ‘high persons,’ alias councillors and privy councillors, nothing fearing; nay, becomes preacher and prophet, and disturbs the serenity of the fashionable ‘salons’ by denunciations against the pettifogging mercantile spirit of the present age, and instituting insidious comparisons between modern Berlin and Breslau and the ancient Hanse towns, between living Rothschilds and Goldschmidts, and the Fuggers and Pirkheimers of an age when the German *Kaiser* was, in Europe, what now the French *Empereur* only aspires to be. This was significant enough of the things that were soon to be: but after the full amount of the Russian catastrophe became plain; after Napoleon had reseated himself on his

stead of pride at Paris, and proclaimed to Europe in his vaunting phrase that he was nothing the worse of his fall, but rather the better; after Frederick William had left Berlin, as if at a safe distance from French observance, to brew wrath for the maturity of the long expected revenge at Breslau; after a proclamation had been issued to the Prussian youth, to prepare themselves *en masse* for a great struggle, and all was ready for the combat, only that the enemy was not yet publicly named; then in the face of native bureaucratic decency on the one hand, and French diplomatic propriety (in the person of St. Marson who had followed the king to Breslau) on the other, Henry Steffens, professor of natural philosophy in a provincial university, able to contain his fire no longer, took upon himself to declare war from the *cathedra*, in his own name, and in the name of the brave Burschen, against Napoleon. 'Meine Herren'—with these words he concluded his morning lecture,—'Gentlemen, it was my intention to have addressed you again in continuation of my present subject at eleven o'clock; but a subject of greater importance has presented itself on which it will be my duty on that occasion to speak. The king has issued, or is on the point of issuing, a proclamation, calling on the Prussian youth to arm themselves for the defence of their country. On this proclamation I mean to address you. Let this be known to your friends. The ordinary lectures delivered at that hour may be neglected: but that is of no consequence. The more of you that can come the better.' The strangeness of this announcement, the delivering of a political harangue from the *cathedra* of a German university, would have been enough at any time to have secured a numerous audience; but on the present occasion, excited as the public mind was, a universal ferment was the consequence. Before the half of the announced interval was expired, the lecture-room was crowded. The walls were scaled, the windows were besieged, the doors stood agape; on the corridor, on the stairs, in the street, the eager crowds were swarming. The situation of the professor with his swift-racing pulse, and fierce-heaving billowy soul, during these two hours, was such as only such a German at such a time could understand.

"I felt myself stirred like a deep ocean in the inmost depths of my nature; now at length and under such circumstances was I to be disburdened of the mission that had lain on my conscience for five long years like lead. By God's grace I was to be the first that should publicly announce to my country, that now the day of rescue for Deutsch-

land, for Europe, was come: I was shaken in my inmost soul fearfully. In vain did I seek to bring order into my careering thoughts; I could mark out no definite plan for what I was to say: but spirits seemed to whisper to me, and promise me assistance; I longed for the end of this tormenting solitude. One only thought possessed me with the power of inspiration: 'How often hast thou lamented,' said I to myself, 'that thou hast been cast into this far corner of Germany; and this very extreme point has now become the centre of a great European movement that shall possess, that shall inspire, all; here, even in this little Breslau, is the starting point of a new epoch of history; and to the giant thoughts that are rolling in the bosoms of these thousands of thy countrymen, thou art now called to give voice.' Tears started from my eyes; I fell on my knees; and a prayer restored my composure. Thus prepared I made my way through the crowd, and mounted the *cathedra*. What I spoke I cannot now say; even at the end of the address, had I been asked to do so, I should in vain have endeavoured to recover the stream of thought and expression that had passed from me. It was the oppressive feeling of years passed in silent unhappiness that had here found an utterance; it was the warm feeling of the congregated throngs of fellow patriots that rested upon my tongue. What I spoke aloud was the silent word of all, and even because it was an echo of what was passing in the soul of every hearer, did it make a mighty impression. I concluded my address with a declaration that I had resolved myself to lead the way, and utter no words that were not to be followed by a deed; I had determined to join the volunteers. This said, I left the room, and was again in the solitude of my study. 'Das ist nun gethan,' said I to myself. 'This thing is done now,' and I breathed freely and was happy."

With such a vehement spirit of patriotic prophecy, Henry Steffens may well stand (after Fichte) as the European representative of the academic element—in Germany not the least noticeable—in the great struggle against Napoleon. The military element in the same struggle, so far as Germany is concerned, is expressed by Blücher and Scharnhorst; while the civil element finds its exponent in that strong wielder of the modern Agrarian axe, the Baron von Stein. Of these men we have already (in the notice of Arndt's reminiscences, No. lxi.) given some masterly sketches from the bold brush of Stein's secretary: of inferior value, but not, therefore, worthless to the historian are the following lines from Steffens:

"Blücher was in every view an incorrect phenomenon (eine incorrecte Erscheinung), but it was just in this incorrectness that his greatness consisted. He represented in his own character the altogether incommensurable nature of the present war; and for this very reason it is that, on a superficial consideration, it is as easy for his one-sided eulogists, by excessive praise of him, to cast all the other distinguished heroes of the war into the

shade, as it is for his enemies to represent him as a mere empty phantom. The severe moralist, indeed, will find much to blame in Blücher, but he was not the less in his own person the intensive moral centre of the war. As placed against a man like Napoleon, the bold handler of a new system of tactics, Blücher cannot be viewed as a great constructive genius in war; at the same time it cannot be denied, that in the capacity of a military leader he has gained himself immortal honour. In his discourse he seemed quite careless, and used every random word; his common talk was that of a rude, uncultivated officer of hussars, not of a great general; at the same time there were moments when, with the most perfect command of language, he broke out into strains of genuine military eloquence, such as no general of modern times has surpassed. He was, in fact, in everything, in deed as in word, the man of the moment, but as such of unfathomable depth. The manner in which the moment seized him was quick and strong, and in this way he could suddenly fall into fits of despair, during which he considered everything as lost; but this despair was with him a state of mind that vanished as quickly as it came, and seemed to serve only to give an additional spur to the great purpose of his life. This purpose was nothing less than the annihilation of Napoleon: the most decided hatred of this tyrant was united in his mind with the strong innate conviction that he was the man on whom this destined annihilation was laid, and feeling thus, he acted everywhere not so much on a well calculated plan as with the security of an instinct. In this respect he was as a soldier the exact antipodes of Napoleon. As this extraordinary man turned every phase of the revolution to his own account, and from his earliest years knew how to command and to mould external circumstances, now in a narrower, and then in a more extended sphere, and with the utmost skill, out of the wild irregular deluge of the revolution, shaped the course of a regular and mighty river, which seemed in its wide-sweeping flow destined to annihilate all traces of distinct nationality among European men: so Blücher stood forth as his adversary, with a character exactly the reverse; no man of calculating ambition, but a character strong in natural instinct and healthy vigour, full of youthful enthusiasm beneath grey hairs, and in his seventieth year. He came forward on the great European stage as if commissioned by Heaven for this purpose, to teach men that the most far-reaching schemes of the scheming are vain, wherever God has stirred the hearts of the nations deeply to act the mightiest epoes of which humanity is capable."

These remarks tally admirably with that passage in Arndt's reminiscences,* wherein he describes the physiognomy of Blücher as expressing two diverse and adverse characters, the upper region the character of a god, the lower region that of a mortal. As described by both what a fine Homeric strength and fire is there in that old hussar! not a modern alim gentlemanly hero at all, but a genuine old Greek, *λασιονισι σθηθεσσι*, with a

shaggy bosom, and raging with a wild warlike instinct, like to a flesh-devouring lion, or a wild boar whose strength is indomitable.'

*Ζυν ῥ' ἐπεσον, λαιουσιν ἰοικότες θροφυοισιν
Ἡ σὺσι κηφοισιν τῶντε σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδρον.*

Or as the modern song has it:

"At Lützen impatient he headed the van,
Like a strong young lion, the old veteran;
There the Teut first taught the hot Frenchman to bleed,
By the altar of Freedom, the stone of the Swede."

How different, and yet how marked with every best German element is the character of Scharnhorst! a man with less of a healthy popular breadth, but more of meditative profoundness, more comprehensive slowly to scheme and to combine, but less effective suddenly to strike. Scharnhorst, as he is described in the following passage, and by Arndt, is a fine specimen of German manhood, full of silent thought, energy, and endurance; but in the external of manner careless and even awkward, in expression slow, and, it may be, somewhat formal.

"Scharnhorst in his exterior was anything but a soldier, he looked rather like an academical man in uniform. When I sat beside him on the sofa, his calm style of talking reminded me of a certain famous professor. His attitude was then one of the greatest ease and carelessness—crouching forward often in that peculiar fashion which is so often observed in bookish men; and when he spoke, his expressions were those of one quite absorbed in the subject of his meditation. This was always a subject of importance; and though he spoke with the greatest slowness and deliberation, his discourse had an irresistible power of attraction, and gained, after a short time, not only the interest but the entire confidence of his auditors; nay, commanded them so completely, that even the most passionate person, although opposed to him in opinion, was forced to follow the flow of his discourse with silent attention. His opponents felt themselves compelled by sheer force of reason to yield up the shallowness of their own opinions to the thoroughness and comprehensiveness of his; and even when they could not prevail on themselves to adopt his views, they had not the courage to give a free utterance to their opposition.

"We read of a papal legate who was sent from Rome to Paris to negotiate a matter with Napoleon at a time when the emperor was making demands on the pope, which his holiness had resolved absolutely to reject, and this negotiator, it is said, by the sheer obstinacy of his opposition, brought the emperor to perfect desperation. After a prolonged interview Napoleon suddenly left the chamber of audience in a rage, and ordered the legate to remain till he came back. He shut the door as he went out, and not returning again till the evening, thought that weariness and hunger would by this time have made the legate more conciliatory; but when, after a short apology, the interview was

* 'F. Q. R.,' vol. xxxi.

resumed, the churchman, without taking any notice of the apology, recommenced the conversation at the very point where it had been interrupted, and continued to talk coolly on as if no break had taken place. Something after the same manner, though under infinitely more sublime circumstances, did Scharnhorst behave. Whatever, after ripe deliberation, he had resolved against Napoleon, this he never gave up; the calm obstinacy of his character commanded the whole struggle even when he seemed to yield; the victorious adversaries felt this, and feared their enemy most when he seemed vanquished.

"In this constancy, indeed, of a great national feeling, the future destiny of Prussia, when overwhelmed by the greatest weight of external evils, seemed to rest secure and wait for the expected moment of a triumphant development; this was the last moral fortress that never yielded, of which the governor knew the perilous condition, and saw with ever-open eye the approaching dangers; but he saw, also, the strength of his position, and the unconquerable fidelity of those whom he set into activity, whose whole being he controlled and guided, whom his presence continually inspired, not with a consuming fire of passion, but with the calm, penetrating, and cherishing light of life. In this way the war against France had continued even under the aspect of the most complete subjection: The people armed themselves in all quarters, under the eyes of the enemy, and Scharnhorst, who represented the national conscience, was, of all men, most deeply shocked when he saw himself forced by circumstances into the position of siding, externally, with his sworn enemies. Thus conscience in good men always speaks the louder the deeper they sink: and the greatest fall produces the keenest remorse, but at the same time the most decided power of a renovated life.

"There were few who knew the full extent of what Scharnhorst did for Germany. His activity was greatest in secret; not, however, that there was any aspect of timidity about it, it was on the contrary strong, silent, and unconquerable. But it was only the great generals and soldiers of the highest cast who knew perfectly what he was, and looked to him constantly as to the living, unvarying, central point of the struggle. And thus even beyond the bounds of Prussia, in the mightiest states of Europe abroad, as well as among the traitorous friends of the enemy at home, his influence where it was not seen was felt, and known secretly where it was not publicly acknowledged."

Scharnhorst, it is well known, fell at the very commencement of the great struggle which he had been so long silently preparing, in the battle of Lützen, or Gross-Götschen as the Germans call it. Had it not been for this circumstance British gossip might have been as familiar with him as it is with the stout old hero of the Katzbach, and his moustaches. There is another name still to complete the triumvirate; a name that England knows less than it ought, but whom Prussia can never cease to look up to with even greater gratitude than to Blücher. It is the Baron von Stein, the emancipator of

the Brandenburg boors, the promulgator of an Agrarian law more bold than any that the Gracchi ever conceived, the most radical reformer and bloodless revolutionist that modern history has to name. The following extract exhibits, most characteristically, the remarkable German, who did more for fatherland than any of her most devoted patriots, and yet was never weary of flinging rudely in her face, as a matter of reproach, that faculty by the exercise of which she stands proudly pre-eminent above all other nations—the faculty of speculation. Stein was an Englishman in mental character more than a German; and thus far, certainly, he was right; the moment called aloud not for a thought but for a blow, not for a Schelling and a Görres, so much as for a Blücher and a Stein.

"Those who knew Stein, knew also that the only way to meet him was with a decided front, otherwise one was sure to be overwhelmed. He attacked me, too, on one of his favourite themes; but I was happily prepared to meet him, and the more stoutly I gave him battle to-day, the more did he seem inclined to renew the combat to-morrow. He, the mighty man of the direct deed ('der mächtige Mann der unmittelbaren That'), who pierced through the moment there, as it lay before him, and commanded it, was, or at least was wont to express himself as, the enemy of all speculation, and attacked me with the most pitiless energy, as the representative of German metaphysics. I accepted the challenge. I was several times invited to dine with him at Dresden: I and Maurice Arndt were the only guests. 'Your constructions *à priori*,' said he, 'are mere words, a pitiful school jargon, and made for no purpose so much as to cripple every deed that is worth the doing.' 'Your excellency,' replied I, 'will be pleased to observe, that though I were given to construct systems *à priori* (which qualification, however, I deny), I, at least, construct them in a practical direction; how otherwise would I be standing here now in this uniform before you? But the endeavour to bring one's whole experience, both of inward emotions and outward facts, under the category of what may properly be called *knowledge*; the striving to give an intellectual unity to the complex phenomena of which the thing called our life is made up; this is not an arbitrary product of one mind or the other, but it is a national and truly German tendency; and if my friend Schelling, at the present moment, commands the public mind in Germany, he does so only because he commands the domain of speculation.' 'Yes, I know well enough,' said Stein, 'I know our German youth is incurably infected with this fever of empty speculation; the German has an unfortunate instinct that leads him to grope in abstract corners; and it is for this reason that he never understands the present moment, and has, accordingly, always fallen an easy prey to the cunning aggressor from without.' 'Tis quite true,' retorted I, 'that our students are given to speculation; but all the young men did not follow me to the war; and I should wish you to inquire, whether the greatest speculators are those who

have stayed at home, or those who are here with me. I guess all the incurably infected have come with me. Or what public men have come more boldly forward on the present occasion, than that Castor and Pollux of our philosophical world, the twin arch-speculators, Fichte and Schleiermacher?—Your excellency will forgive me for saying it, but it is possible that the tendency to useless abstract speculation may assist even where an outward war is carried on against it; and yourself, at this present moment, might certainly be judged a most unpractical person to overlook in your estimate of the moral materials before you in Germany, a thing, which, whether you approve it or not, is and must be an essential element of the national mind.' This was plain enough, and the baron looked a little angry at first, but speedily recovering his composure, replied with a smile, 'After all, the fault is with myself, a practical man, and speculating by the ell here with a mere speculator about speculation.' "

In this direct-hitting, thoroughly practical Prussian baron, we seem to recognize the type of the new phasis of the German mind, whose first appearance dates from this very era of the Liberation war. Before that era, whether in the artistical voluptuousness of Goethe, the vast intellectual mensuration of Kant, or the wild and brilliant careerings of Richter, we find everything in German literature, only not what is directly practical and political. The year 1813, however, with its terrible severity of battle, and glorious but dearly earned laurels, gave a definite, practical, and political direction to the lawless bickerings and random undulations of the German soul; the cosmopolite became a patriot, the artist a historian, and the philosopher a politician. This change in the national caste of thought brought along with it naturally a change in the style and expression of the national literature; the formal and academic, the involved, unwieldy, and perplexed, yielded to the clear, the direct, the vigorous, and the flexible, in language. The Breslau 'Naturphilosoph,' when he doffed the gown and donned the cloak, indicated unconsciously to himself a change from the speculative to the practical, which the whole nation was destined to make; and if the new character be as yet only partially adopted, and imperfectly sustained by the general mass, this is but natural, and was prefigured also in the first martial experiments of the professor. 'Aller Anfang ist schwer,' says the proverb; 'a new trade is always difficult.' Of this, the following account of Steffens' doings at the battle of Lützen affords characteristic evidence.

"On the evening of the 1st of May I sat, anxious, and full of expectation, alone in a hut; although I felt a deep interest in the issue of the

approaching contest, I was by no means in good spirits, and must, alas! confess that what disquieted me was something purely personal. I had been violently taken out of my former narrow sphere, and transplanted, as it seemed, into a wider one; but my present position, unfortunately, was one of which I was utterly ignorant. Yes, to that moment I had during my whole life been absolute master of my own occupation, now I had to submit to the thought of another as an instrument to carry it into execution; but in the first place, I knew not what that thought was, nor what peculiar sphere of activity it would shape out for me; and in the second place, even when set in motion, I knew not whether I might not prove more a hindrance than a help in a situation so strange to me. To act cheerfully as an instrument in the hands of others, the individual must, at least, know his relation to the whole of which he is a part; but I felt myself suddenly, and in a moment the most critical for the cause I had espoused, transported into the midst of a bustling activity of which I knew neither the scope nor the detail: everybody was busy around me, I alone had nothing to do: no one spoke to me, for to me no one had anything to say. There is something terribly humiliating in such a situation; the accumulated patriotic longings of years had now worked themselves up to a climax, and nevertheless seemed destined, on the very verge of the perfect deed, to end in powerlessness. I paced restlessly up and down the little room, when a horse at full gallop stopped before my quarters. Its rider hastily entered, and delivered into my hands a letter from Scharnhorst; I expected an order. Has he at length, thought I, succeeded in getting me some definite employment for this important day? Between hope and fear I unsealed the letter.

" 'Lieber Steffens,' said he, 'I am sorry that I must ask back from you the horse which I lent you; and I lament much that you will thereby be put out of condition for taking any share in the impending battle. It is the horse on which I am accustomed to ride on critical occasions; you must, therefore, be content to wait, in the rear of the army, the expected good issue of the battle.' I delivered him the horse, and my situation was now more comfortable than ever. One thing was plain, I must appear upon the field of battle, otherwise I would have been perfectly affronted, and have felt myself incapable of showing my face with any honour in the future course of the war. I had heard the name of the village in which the Jäger battalion of the guard was quartered: there was a full mile between me and it; I lost no small time before I could find a guide, and when I arrived daylight was fast approaching. The commander of the battalion was asleep, but I caused him to be roused, and adjured him to put me in a condition to get a horse. He complied, and I was led to a boor, who, however, at first stoutly opposed the requisition. At length, however, he yielded, and produced the animal! It was a sorry bay, an old, lean, broken-down cart-horse; the haunch bones stood out like two steep rocky walls—the ribs could be counted. I swung myself into a miserable saddle that the boor drew out of a lumber-room, and bestrode the deep-hollowed backbone of the brute; it required great exertion to set the stiff legs in motion; hard and stubborn, it had

long lost all feeling for bit and bridle. Never did Prussian knight appear more laughably and strangely mounted. The valise which had hitherto been carried by the guide, was now strapped on behind me; but I had much ado before I could stimulate the unwieldy beast into a trot. In the meantime I was utterly ignorant in what direction the field of battle lay. The day began to dawn, and I discovered some troops in the distance; in my ignorance I could not tell whether they were the enemy's men or our own; but I rode up to them, and reached a wide field, sloping gradually upwards. Here I discovered Prussian infantry forming a long front. How it happened I cannot say; but before I knew, my horse was standing in front of the line, and directly in the way of the advancing troops. A noble-looking officer, who could not but be surprised at the sight of so strange a cavalier, came with an angry look towards me, and cried out, 'Was Teufel haben Sie hier zu thun?' (What the devil business have you here?) In Altenburg General York had been pointed out to me—and full of terror, I now recognized him; I was unable to answer a word; but I have a dim recollection of endeavouring, for some minutes, in extreme desperation, to make the stubborn brute move from the spot. How I at length got out of the way I don't know. When on a future occasion I made the personal acquaintance of this great general, I informed him under what circumstances I had first encountered him, and he was vastly delighted. After much riding about and interrogating, I found Scharnhorst. 'Keep close by me,' said he; and Lieutenant Greulich, one of his adjutants, had the goodness to give me the horse of one of his baggage-waggons. It was now about mid-day; the battle commenced, but I had no idea whatever of the position of our own or our enemy's troops. The roar of the cannon was heard in all directions; but the enemy, posted probably behind the village of Gross-Görschen, I could nowhere discover.

"I rode beside Gneisenau, among the officers who formed the escort of Marshal Blücher. The enemy stood in front of the village; a cavalry attack on our side took place, and I was all at once in the midst of a shower of balls. Prince Henry's horse was shot beneath him. The attack was repulsed. How I at first came into the attack—how I again got out of it, I never knew. Only one thing I remember—the impression which the grape-shot of the enemy made on me. I felt as if the balls were coming from all directions towards me in thick masses—as if no one could possibly escape—as if I were in the midst of a violent shower of rain, and yet somehow or other was not wet. At the same time, I cannot say that I was in the least affected by fear; the whole affair seemed to me rather strange and curious than terrible. Gneisenau was quite in his element; almost merry. After the attack I received from him a commission to General Wittgenstein; what it was I don't exactly remember: but now began the dark side of that day for me. I rode on; I looked round about me; a heavy cannonade from the enemy was going on in all quarters. I did not know where I might find Wittgenstein. Everything about me appeared in confusion, and covered as with a dark veil. I felt a mysterious quaking; a strange undulation shook my inmost frame, became more apparent; it was evident that I was

under the influence of the cannon fever; however, I found Wittgenstein, executed my commission, and returned to Gneisenau. Here I found everything in motion. Every man had his appointed employment, and knew his relative position, only I was without any definite occupation, and no one concerned himself about me; thus situated, the feeling of my powerlessness overcame me, and I was conscious that I must appear in my present place as a supernumerary spectator. I heard that Scharnhorst had been carried away wounded from the field of battle. Gneisenau had disappeared; the others were strangers to me, and I quickly found myself alone, with the balls of the enemy whistling around me."

One is almost tempted, in reading this, to agree with Görres, who, when Steffens met him at Coblenz, after the battle of Leipzig, did not scruple to express his disapprobation of the professor's military recreations altogether; for, 'der Gelehrte,' said he, 'ist verpflichtet sich für sein geistiges Werk zu erhalten.' (It is the duty of the man of letters to spend and be spent only in the cause of letters.) And to the same purpose Schelling would frequently add a postscript to his letters to Steffens, 'Wozu und warum solien wir uns in die Verirrungen der Welt hineinstürzen? Ist doch unser Reich nicht von dieser Welt.'—(Wherefore, and for what purpose, should we plunge ourselves into the perplexities of this world? Our kingdom is not of this world.) But the benefit which an academic man like Steffens conferred on his country, by taking part in the military movement of the times, consisted not so much in the amount of his individual services in the field, as in the moral influence of his presence and example. The presence of so many distinguished volunteers was, to the professional soldier, a continual living remembrancer, that in this war not a common point of international policy, or the mere military point of honour, but the dearest interests, the very existence of fatherland, was at stake; and when we bear in mind how gallantly the raw militiamen at Dennewitz carried the day over the experienced French soldiery, we shall, perhaps, be inclined to think that even the most unmilitary Professor Steffens, on his scraggy Rosinante, stumbling on before the front line of General York's advancing columns, was not there altogether without a purpose.

ART. III.—*La Peste di Milano del 1630; libri cinque dal Canonico della Scala, Giuseppe Ripamonti, Istoriografo Milan-*

ese; 'volgarizzati per la prima volta dal originale Latino. (The Plague of Milan in the Year 1630. In five books, by Joseph Ripamonti, Canon of La Scala, Historiographer of Milan. Now translated for the first time from the original Latin.) Da FRANCESCO CUSANI: con Introduzione e Note. 4to. pp. 400. Milano. 1841.

It is surprising that this history of the tremendous pestilence, which almost depopulated Milan in 1630—just thirty-five years previous to the memorable plague-year of London—should have been suffered to remain till this time locked up in the barbarous and turgid Latin of the old canon of La Scala, its contemporary narrator. It is surprising, because this is one of those tales of terror and of marvel, which can never fail to excite the imagination, and, therefore, to command the interest of a very large body of readers. Combining the startling strangeness and the minuteness of detail by which fiction arrests our sympathies, with the absorbing interest inseparable from the constantly recurring consideration, that 'these things really were' the story is eminently calculated to find popularity among those who read merely for amusement. As long as the poet's '*mentem mortalia tangunt*,' remains true, the circumstantial historian of any of those great calamities that, from time to time, have desolated cities, and wiped out the distinctions and inequalities of ranks and classes by the overwhelming influence of one common terror, will not want an audience. But there were circumstances attending the pestilence which ravaged Lombardy in the seventeenth century, which may be reasonably deemed to render its history well worthy of the attention of other readers, than such as seek merely for amusement. The ethical and the political inquirer may both find phenomena in the story of Milan during that fatal year suggestive of much speculation and thought.

It might have been supposed, therefore, that some one would have ere this undertaken the task which Signor Cusani has now accomplished. But in this case, as in so many others of late years, it has been the novelist who first directed the attention of the reading world to the neglected and forgotten treasures of history. For we cannot but suppose that had Manzoni never written his celebrated novel—'*I promessi Sposi*'—the old canon's striking history would have still remained shrouded in the repulsive garb in which it pleased him originally to clothe it.

In the vast, and indeed almost boundless

continent of history, there are large tracts forgotten, neglected, unexplored, unknown to the generality of the world, till some adventurous genius—some historical Columbus—pushes forward his discovering voyages into the unknown void, and lights up an entire new world of history by his genius. There have been heroes since, as well as before, the time of Agamemnon, who have perished, '*caruerunt quia vate sacro*.' And in our days the '*vates sacer*' who has rescued many from oblivion has been the novelist. That which Homer did for those who fought and fell around the walls of Troy, Virgil for his favourite pious Æneas, and Tasso for '*il gran Capitano*,' Godfrey, and the other iron-cased worthies who accompanied him to the Holy Land for the want of better amusement at home: Walter Scott has achieved for the Scottish covenanters—heroes of a far more genuine sort; '*sit obiter dictum*;'—and Manzoni for the world of Milan during the first half of the seventeenth century. It is the novelist only who has attempted to popularize history hitherto; whilst its own professed teachers have, for the most part, so written their lifeless accounts of kings and courts, and battles and soldiers, as to render them distasteful and unprofitable reading to the multitude. A dawn, indeed, of better things in this respect is beginning to appear. Historians are beginning to discover that Mr. Brown, and Mr. Smith, and Mr. Jones, and Mr. Tailor, may be much interested by being told of the mode of life, habits, and condition of the Browns, and Smiths, and Jones's and Tailors of past times. Nay, and the more sharp-sighted among them are even beginning to comprehend that it is far more important to us all—Howards, Tancarvilles, and Courtenays included—to know, could we but get at it, how these past Browns, Smiths, Jones's, and Tailors lived, moved, and thought, than to have it accurately ascertained how many blockhead barons knocked their hard numskulls against each other on any given occasion.

We think, then, that history manifests a tendency to improvement, and, like many other things, is moving on the way towards being more like what it ought to be. In the meantime, those portions of history only have become essentially popular, which some historical novelist has lighted up by his genius. As soon as an era, or a detached episode, has been thus brought before the public eye, and the world of readers are beginning to have something like a definite idea of the shape and nature of the period or the incident in question, then comes the historian with his detail of facts, and, taking

advantage of the interest which has been excited, offers his work as 'illustrative' of the narrative of the novelist. This, as it may perhaps seem, somewhat inverted arrangement of parts, has been observable not unfrequently of late years. And it is thus that we consider ourselves and our readers in some degree indebted to Manzoni for the curious work before us.

Not that we would be understood by any means to undervalue Signor Cusani's labours, or to detract from the importance of his contribution to the history of his country. Old Ripamonti's history might, for the generality of the world, have as well not been in existence as have remained in its original lumbering Latin in a few copies mouldering on the shelves of public libraries. But Signor Cusani has not confined his good work to the mere translation of the canon's volume. In the shape of preface, notes, and appendices, he has collected from various contemporary writers all that could contribute to the formation of a complete picture of the epoch in question. And a very curious and extraordinary picture he has produced. It may, perhaps, be doubted whether Signor Cusani might not have done better had he made all the materials in his possession the groundwork of a new fabric of his own. A more agreeable book might, doubtless, have been thus produced. The materials might have been presented to the reader's mind in a more orderly arrangement, and more artistically grouped, and a stronger effect would have been produced. But there is one reason—whether or no it may have occurred as such to Signor Cusani himself, we know not—that reconciles us to the course he has adopted. And this is, that not the least interesting matter in the volume is the character of the old Milanese historiographer himself. It would have been a pity to lose this; and it is hardly likely that a new history of the plague, by Signor Cusani, would have enabled us to estimate it as satisfactorily as the republication of his own work.

In a word, then, it should seem that old Ripamonti was 'a liberal.' Now a liberal canon, living and writing books at Milan in the seventeenth century, under the domination of Spain, must be allowed to be in some sort a curiosity.

If there were no men intellectually in advance of the age in which they live, it is clear that there could be no social progression; that it would be a stand-still world, instead of a world which at a slower or faster rate does undoubtedly constantly progress. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that there should ever be such men; as ne-

cessary as that there should be a forlorn hope to mount first the breach over which the main body of the army are to follow. Society, in its onward march, must thus have its forlorn hope of bold spirits, who will advance in the van of the mighty host, unscared by the darkness and uncertainty of the future across which they must find the way. It is in both cases—in the besieging army, and in the advancing society—the post of honour, this forlorn hope. But it is equally in both cases the post of danger. It is ever a post of danger—at some periods of the world's march more than at others; but always dangerous. At the period, and in the country in which Ripamonti lived, it was especially so. And accordingly he paid the penalty of having outstripped his contemporaries sufficiently to have got rid of many of the prejudices and absurdities which still bound them. But Ripamonti was not made of the stuff from which martyrs are fashioned. Unlike 'the starry' Galileo, who persisted in his assertion, that 'the world goes round for all that,' the worthy canon would have renounced all heresies at the first sight of the rack, and have professed himself thoroughly convinced by that puissant argument of the justice of the opinions held by his good friends, 'the inquisitors;' while he contented himself with laughing in his sleeve at absurdities which it was imprudent to laugh at openly.

Signor Cusani has prefixed to his volume an account of the life and writings of Ripamonti, which gives the key to several sly expressions in the course of his book, of which the irony and covert satire might not otherwise be understood. For though he had tasted of the tender mercies of the Inquisition in the shape of a long imprisonment in early life, and though the general tenour of this work is carefully calculated to suit the temper of the people and the times for which it was intended, he cannot resist the temptation of suffering his real opinions of men and things to peep out here and there.

The 'Introduction' to the volume before us, in which Signor Cusani gives us those facts of his author's life to which we have alluded, and also sets before us the condition and position of Milan at the period of the history, is, we are told, extracted 'from an inedited treatise on the principal Historians and Chroniclers of Milan,' by himself. From the year 1537 to 1705, Lombardy lay in a lethargic state under the leaden dominion of Spain. 'An epoch,' exclaims Signor Cusani, himself living under another foreign rule not less oppressive or detestable—'an epoch fatal, and of bitter memory for Lombardy!' Unfortunate Italy! Thus much, at

least, her change of rulers has availed her, that the tardy retribution of history, while the historian is compelled to bide his time respecting the present race of tyrants, may strike with its justice the dynasty which preceded them.

"Kings," continues Signor Cusani, "distant, and so much the more difficult of access, that to get to Madrid, it was necessary to pass through France, almost always at war with Spain, or to cross other Italian states to embark at some port of the Mediterranean. Governors, representatives of the sovereign, strangers to the laws, to the habits, and to the language of our people, eager to satiate their ambition and avarice, plundered rather than governed the country delivered over to their power for three years. A senate composed in a great measure of Spaniards, which judged as irresponsibly as God himself; a privy council of state, a senatorial magistrate, sixty decurions, a captain of police, an ordinary and extraordinary magistrate, all powers acting independently, each in its own sphere, frequently jostled and were in collision with each other in the exercise of their ill-defined powers. To the briskness and activity natural to the Lombards succeeded the sly gravity, the pride and indolence of the Spaniard. Hence the nobles abandoned commercial pursuits, considering them dishonourable to their family; manufactures declined, arts and studies were neglected, public works suffered to go to decay. In a word, our country languishing in a slow atrophy, from being flourishing and wealthy, became sterile and dead from the total cessation of agricultural and manufacturing industry, and the want of civil energy."

Thus writes Signor Cusani of the state of Milan under the Spanish rule. The picture is a striking one; and it represents accurately enough the condition of the country during that period. But having written thus far, the poor Italian author seems to have been struck with fear lest his lamentations over the misfortunes of his country under the tyranny of strangers in a former age should prove distasteful to the conscience-stricken jealousy of her present oppressors. He hastens, therefore, to add in the next paragraph:

"To attribute, however, the decadence and ruin of Lombardy exclusively to the dominion of the Spaniard, as many writers have done, appears to me a fault of exaggeration. And, truth to tell, those disorders were in good part the consequence of the confusion of ideas and passions, general among the nations of Europe, who having recently emerged from the middle ages, began to establish their governments on new principles."

What wretched trash is this! And what chance has history in the hands of writers, whose haunting dread of the jealous watchfulness of their masters is such that they must needs endeavour to take the sting out of plain and self-proclaiming truth by subjoining such senseless balderdash. Where

was it ever seen yet throughout the wide field of human history, that decadence and death followed as the consequence of progress? Did the 'confusion of ideas and passions' produce such results in the other European nations at the time of their emerging from the medieval period? We have not the least doubt that Signor Cusani knows all this quite as well as we do; and we have pointed to the passage only to indicate the miserably fettered condition of the Italian who would attempt to write history.

• The two principal events, which break the dead monotony of this period of a hundred and seventy years, are the pestilence of 1576, and the pestilence of 1630. Amid the death-like stillness, which resulted from the crushing weight of a foreign despotism, beneath whose chains neither industry, arts, nor letters could move, pestilence can still walk abroad; and the absence of all healthy social movement, furnishes the historian with the sole vicissitudes on which his melancholy narrative can dwell. There are also two leading characters, which stand out in relief during this same period. They are two priests;—the Cardinal Archbishops Charles and Frederick Borromeo. The first since canonised, and to the present day the favourite saint of Milanese popular devotion, held the see of Milan during the first of these calamities; and Frederick his cousin and successor, occupied the same position during that of 1630. Of the two visitations of pestilence the last was incomparably the most severe, and its ravages the most extensive. But of the two men, whose names and memories are respectively connected with the two events, the elder was the greater.

The Cardinal Archbishop Charles Borromeo was in truth a Christian priest, such as have been, it may be hoped, many priests; but such as have been, most unquestionably, but few cardinals. To the most enlarged philanthropy he added a spirit of genuine charity enlightened beyond the light of his age. He was truly the father of the fatherless, and the friend of the friendless; and his large patrimonial as well as ecclesiastical revenues were ever appropriated to the wants of his fellow-citizens. When, after his death, Rome placed the name of Charles Borromeo in the list of her saints, she did but confirm that which the popular voice had already declared. And it may be safely asserted that had her canonisations been always based on grounds as respectable, the honours of her calendar would not stand where they do now in the estimation of mankind.

The consequence of the large space which the memory of this good man occupied in the minds of the people of Milan has been that

the pestilence of which he was the hero, and whose calamities he alleviated, is the only one that has lived in popular tradition and in the memory of the people. 'The plague of 1576 has in the popular traditions swallowed up and united to itself that of 1630. The incidents and circumstances of the latter are uniformly referred by the people to the preceding calamity; and the historians of the populace, who transmit from generation to generation the tale of such events as seem to them the most worthy of preservation, speak but of one plague of Milan, that one which is inseparably connected with the deeds and memory of their beloved Saint Charles.

The greater calamity has been forgotten, that the greater man may be remembered. It is a striking instance of popular gratitude, and may serve to show how profoundly veneration and love for the real benefactors of humanity strike their undying roots into the popular mind.

Not that Frederick Borromeo was, as it should seem, either a bad man, or a negligent pastor, or niggardly of his exertions or his money in the emergencies of the great catastrophe of 1630; but he does not appear to have possessed the art of conciliating the affection of the masses in the same degree as his greater cousin. And then he had the misfortune to follow and be compared with one, whom the love of the populace, as violent and unmeasured as its hate, had already surrounded with a magnifying halo of admiration and gratitude.

Although the memory of the great pestilence of 1630 seems to have perished from among the people of Milan, or rather to have been absorbed by the fame of that which preceded it in 1576, the memorials of it preserved by history are far from scanty. Besides the history by Ripamonti now before us, there exists in the Ambrosian Library at Milan a MS. in the handwriting of Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, entitled '*De Pestilentia quæ Mediolani anno 1630 magnam stragem edidit.*' The cardinal has set forth in this writing principally the facts of which he was himself a witness, the measures which he caused to be adopted, and his opinions on the progress of the calamity.

Alexander Tadino, one of the first physicians of his day, and first medical officer to the Board of Health at Milan during the plague, wrote, in Italian, '*An Account of the Origin and daily Events of the great contagious, poisonous, and baleful Plague, which arose in Milan and its Dutchy, in the Years 1629 to 1631.*' It is a 4to volume of 150 pages, printed in 1642; and contains, according to the testimony of Signor Cusani, a mass of

historical, medical, and statistical particulars, which cannot be found elsewhere. He has availed himself to a considerable extent of Signor Tadino's work in his notes.

Pio della Croce, prior of the Cappuchins at Milan, also wrote a history of the plague, especially for the purpose of recording the services rendered by the Cappuchins during its ravages. He wrote fifty years after the event, and appears to have availed himself of a chronicle or contemporary journal kept in the monastery.

Finally the public archives at Milan, and the collections of many private families of the city abound, says Cusani, in edicts, accounts, letters, and documents of every kind respecting the plague, in such plenty, that the historian is only embarrassed by the necessity of selection.

It is well that there exists such abundance of testimony, that every assertion almost of any of the writers on the subject can be corroborated by the evidence of more than one witness; for some of the facts recorded are of a nature to startle the credulity, even of the least sceptical reader of history.

Ripamonti's first book—his history is divided into five—treats of the condition of the city previous to the commencement of the contagion, of the scarcity which preceded it, and of the first spread of the pestilence.

Milan, says Ripamonti, reckoned at one time 300,000 inhabitants, and it contained 200,000 immediately before the pestilence of 1630. Tadino says, that the population of the city was then 250,000. Bonvicino calculates it, in the year 1288, at 200,000; and Morigia says, that in 1590 there were 264,000 inhabitants. But all these assertions are to be received with much suspicion—a remark which may equally be applied to all the statements of Italian chroniclers and historians, which have for their object the exaltation and glorification of their own native city. The narrow spirit of that spurious patriotism which limited its sympathies and its benevolence to the extent of the tiny territory of each independent city, was too powerful among the citizens of the rival republics of medieval Italy, to permit their historians to be very truthful expositors of the greatness and magnificence of their own cities. Nor did this rivalry by any means cease with the independent existence of the cities between which it arose. The old antipathies and prejudices were transmitted from generation to generation; and most unhappily continue to the present day to exist, to a degree which will yet, it is to be feared, form the greatest impediment to the progress of the country towards renewed and regenerated national existence.

But we are touching here on a large and most important subject, which cannot be treated of in the limits of a digression. It is one which has begun to occupy the serious attention of the most elevated and enlightened among the numerous and increasing band of Italian patriots, and which demands the earnest consideration of all those who mourn the present degradation of fallen Italy, and look forward with hope to its resurrection. On some other occasion, therefore, we may, perhaps, endeavour to ascertain the real state of popular feeling in Italy in this respect at the present day, and the amount of progress which has been made towards a more healthy and hopeful sentiment of nationality. But we must now return to Milan and the seventeenth century.

We do not believe Messieurs Ripamonti and Tadino, when they assert that the population of Milan, previous to the pestilence of 1630, amounted to 250,000, or—as the more moderate of the two calculates—to 200,000 souls. ‘And that’—as Signor Cusani well remarks, in a sort of ‘excursus’ which he has written on this especial point of the population of the city and the amount of the mortality—‘and that when the Spanish dominion had for a century past ruined manufactures and commerce.’ Signor Cusani has taken a good deal of trouble in the investigation of this point. The record of the census of the population which Ripamonti states to have been taken during the period of scarcity which preceded the plague, has apparently perished; for the most persevering search among the various depositories of public archives in the city has failed to discover any such document. But our author’s labour was rewarded by the discovery of a register of deaths kept regularly year by year and month by month, from the year 1452, with important marginal annotations respecting the various epidemics and contagions that at different periods increased the number of deaths. From this register it appears that the number of deaths in the four years preceding the scarcity were as follows :

Years.	Deaths.
1625 . . .	4181
1626 . . .	3482
1627 . . .	3157
1628 . . .	3513

which gives an average, in round numbers, of 3,600, as the yearly mortality. Now, assuming, says Signor Cusani, the yearly deaths to be four per cent. on the population, and adding two per cent. for deaths in the hospitals and in the convents not registered, it would result that the population of the city at that period was from 140,000 to

150,000 souls ; a result which other facts concur in pointing to as a tolerable approximation to the truth.

It is probable that some corresponding deductions should also be made from the magnificence of the worthy canon’s glowing description of the riches and splendour of Milan and its citizens at that epoch.

“The dwellings and the attire of the citizens,” says he, “were such as to evidence princely wealth. The great imitated regal splendour. The merchants and bankers had become so rich, that abandoning commerce, and careless of further gain, they began to be ambitious of power, and many aspired to deck their names with crested arms, things unthought of by their obscure ancestors. The middle classes were emboldened to occupy the stations deserted by their superiors; the lowest populace were no longer clothed in rags; and every husband thought little of his wife, unless she wore silk brocaded with gold. Clothes of simple silk were henceforward left to the beggars. The habit of wearing rings, gems, and ear-rings of great value, began to be considered vulgar ostentation; and the noble matrons, to whom such ornaments had become annoying, gratified their pride by dressing with the utmost simplicity, as if to distinguish themselves in this manner from the plebeian dames.”

This last trait of Milanese manners in the seventeenth century is curious enough. Of a surety there is nothing new under the sun; and least of all is novelty to be expected in any of the various manifestations of the darling vice of that pride, which is ever urging its votaries to find out fresh means of demonstrating, that they ‘are not as other men are.’

But mind was as flourishing as matter in those happy days at Milan, according to our chronicler. In literature, says he,

“The poor vied with the rich, stimulated, not as the latter were by the love of glory, and the desire of augmenting their ancestral nobility, but by the love of gain, and by the hope of reward in a city where literature obtained the pre-eminence with the powerful. In fact, the liberality of our princes towards literary men was ever such”—(this is a sop thrown by the sly old canon to his patrons)—“that the children of the poor had as much opportunity of instruction as those of the rich; and the entire city appeared a temple consecrated by the muses.”

Such, according to our author, was the prosperous condition of the city, when the desolating calamity which he is about to record burst upon it. After the close of the wars between Charles V. and Francis I., which had, among many other results, determined the fate of the duchy of Milan, Lombardy had the rare felicity of reposing in peace for near a hundred years. The blame of disturbing this peace is thrown by Ripamonti on Henry IV.; though his am-

bitious plans were all cut short, says the pious canon, 'by the hand of God.' But the more immediate cause of the disasters which fell on the Milanese, was the Duke of Savoy, who took it into his head to invade the territory of Mantua; thus, says Ripamonti, disturbing the peace of Italy, and giving the worst possible example to the other princes of the peninsula. The King of Spain forthwith interposed, and marched an army of German troops into Lombardy to protect the weaker party. It is once again, as ever, the old 'Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.'

The passage of these troops on their way southward through the duchy of Milan is described by our historian, as in itself a desolating calamity. Ill disciplined under all circumstances, and totally unrestrained by any attempt on the part of their leaders to protect the unhappy inhabitants from their outrages, their march through the Milanese resembled rather that of a victorious army through a country avowedly given up to plunder, than that of friendly troops through the dominions of their own master. The line of their passage was marked by desolation. The helpless inhabitants of the villages on their line of march fled from their dwellings at the approach of the advancing army, and left their all to be plundered, or consumed by the locust host on their passage,—a work of destruction so thoroughly accomplished by the plunderers, who marched at the head of the army, that those who followed, enraged at finding nothing to satisfy their cupidity, gratified at least their anger and brutality by ill-treating the already ruined inhabitants.

The result of these miseries, increased by the unlucky coincidence of a deficient harvest, showed itself in a scarcity of corn, so great that the price of wheat shortly rose to a hundred lire (equivalent to about 5*l.* 8*s.* of our present money) a bushel. Rye was seventy lire a bushel, and millet sixty. These last particulars are recorded by the circumstantial and accurate Tadino, first physician to the Board of Health. The consequences of so tremendous a scarcity of the primary necessities of life soon made themselves felt and seen in a still more fearful form within the walls of the thickly-peopled city, than in the surrounding country. All commerce, all employment, ceased; for every man applied what capital he had to the purchase of food for his own needs. The classes of the people whose daily bread was supplied by their daily labour, thus finding that supply cut off, filled the streets in gaunt and famine-stricken crowds; and were the first to perish by starvation. But the dis-

tress gradually, though with appalling rapidity, crept upwards in the social scale. Soon the shops were closed; and numbers of those, who had been used to all the comforts as well as the necessities of life, were compelled to join the wretched and squalid bands, who wandered through the streets in restless misery, imploring the morsel of bread necessary to prolong their miserable lives yet a few hours. The only difference, says Ripamonti, between the old beggars and those thus added to their band, was that the latter suffered more from being less used to misery, and less inured to the humiliation and disappointment of repulse. The mass of suffering thus exposed to the public eye throughout the city, soon began to be increased by the influx of starving peasants from the surrounding country, who deluded, says Ripamonti, by the name of Milan, and their idea of its inexhaustible riches, fancied that famine could never dare to approach the metropolis, and thought that they should find there the food that their own fields no longer supplied.

And soon the streets of Milan the wealthy began to be encumbered with the corpses of the dead, and the skeleton-like bodies of the dying.

"I myself," says Ripamonti, "saw while walking with some companions along the military road which skirts the walls, a woman lying dead with a bundle on her back and an infant slung at her breast. She had been induced, as it seemed, in the impossibility of finding ought to sustain life, to go out of the city, carrying with her her baby, and a few of her more valuable possessions. But death had overtaken her, and she fell, a few paces only from the city-gate. A handful of herbage half masticated, protruded from her mouth, and stained her lips and face with its green juice;—a fearful proof of the extremity of her suffering. The child was wailing on the corpse of its mother."

And similar cases, adds the historian, were of daily occurrence.

It is almost inconceivable that it should have been possible to preserve any social order whatsoever among a starving multitude thus perishing within the walls of a thickly-inhabited city! Powerful, indeed, must be the coercion which can induce men to perish quietly of starvation with food before their eyes which is reserved for their wealthier fellow-citizens! Such is the almost incalculable force of the habits of social life. In truth, the populace seem to have been singularly enduring under the extreme pressure of their misfortunes. Once, indeed, a tumult broke forth, senseless as the risings of the people, who rise not till stung to madness, unhappily almost ever are. The popular indignation was directed against the bakers. It was imagined that the high price

of bread was caused by their determination to secure enormous profits. On St. Martin's day, in the year 1628—the year in which the famine began—a multitude suddenly assembled, apparently without any preconcerted plan, and marched to attack one of the principal baking establishments of the city. The bread intended for the consumption of the day was first seized on and instantly devoured by the half-starved multitude. Had the tumult ceased here, there would, at least, have been nothing astonishing in the act; and it is surprising, on the contrary, that bread could have been at all sold peaceably to the rich amid the famished poor. But as soon as the bread was in a few moments swallowed, the crowd rushed into the house and commenced a general destruction. The whole stock of flour and meal was carried off or destroyed. A large quantity was wasted. 'The streets,' says Ripamonti, 'by which the plunderers passed as they went and came, were as white with flour as if it had snowed;' and a wretched crowd, too far gone towards the extremity of starvation to be capable of more active violence, endeavoured to scrape up the food that thus strewn the streets. The rioters heaped all the contents of the house into a huge pile, to which they set fire. 'As if,' says Ripamonti in his absurd way, 'it were a holocaust to Ceres, to the famine, and at the same time to the saint whose festival had witnessed the deed. They threw the books of the baker, and everything of a combustible nature that they could find, into the fire; and would have also thrown in the baker and his men if they could have laid hands on them; but fortunately they had escaped.'

As may be supposed, the violence of the rioters did not stop here. The most dangerous quality of mob violence is its natural and invariable tendency to grow, in extent and intensity, till like a conflagration it soon becomes impossible to quell it. The mob next rushed to the house of the 'Vicario di provisione,' one of the principal magistrates of the city, and began to attack it, in order to put its owner to death. A body of Spanish soldiers were marched down from the citadel to protect it, but were afraid to attack the people, who were in much larger numbers. However, the Grand-chancellor Ferrer, a venerable old man, and beloved by the people, went fearlessly in among them, and succeeded in quieting them for a time, or at least diverting them from their immediate object. They returned to their attack on the bakers; and having sacked another of these establishments, were about setting fire to the house, to the great peril of the

neighbouring buildings, and indeed possibly of the whole city. The manner in which this catastrophe was averted is curiously characteristic of the age and of the people. A worthy man of the neighbourhood, seeing the imminency of the danger, got as quickly as possible to the top of the house, and let down by a rope a crucifix, with some candles attached to it, immediately in front of the door, and before the faces of the rioters who were about to fire it. A miraculous interposition in favour of the devoted house! No mistaking *now* God's will that the baker's house—at least that particular baker's house—should not be burned. Miracle! Miracle! The clergy took advantage of this sudden revulsion of feeling;—came forth in procession with candles, crosses, and other such holy paraphernalia; and the progress of riot is stayed for a while.

The magistracy, however, have got a hint that the people have borne as much as can be borne quietly. Something must be done, and done quickly; while this lull in the popular tempest lasts. The frightened magistrates meet. Large sacrifices in the way of almsgiving have already been made; but it is evident that a portion of such food as there is in the city must be given to those who have not the means of purchasing it; for if not they will take it, and much else besides! So the council come to a hurried decision, and issue an edict by which bread is commanded to be sold at as cheap a rate as in times of the greatest plenty, and the city will bear the loss. Dr. Tadino assures us that the tariff thus fixed cost the city no less a sum than a hundred thousand crowns. The exultation of the populace at the news of this edict was exuberant. And notwithstanding their joy was turned into suspicious terror before long, by a report originating, no one knew how, that poison was mixed with this cheap bread by order of the magistrates, yet not the less did the starving multitude rush to the bakers' shops, and devour the food, which, if it were poisoned, as they suspected, would but change the manner of their death from the slow process of inanition to one more rapid and less painful.

But the fearful condition of the city demanded other precautionary measures, than this one of alleviation, which must of necessity from its nature be but temporary. It was determined that the multitude who thronged the streets unprovided with any means of supporting themselves, should be received into the lazaretto, and maintained there at the expense of the city. This lazaretto was an immense building, which had been erected by Francesco Sforza when

Duke of Milan. It formed a large hollow square ; and contained, according to Ripamonti, 365 wards, each with accommodations for ten persons. Tadino, probably with greater accuracy, says that it consisted of 288 wards, of which 213 only were in a condition to be used, the remainder never having been finished. A portico, or kind of cloister, ran round the four sides of the interior square ; and the space thus inclosed was filled with rows of temporarily erected straw-covered huts, to increase the amount of accommodation.

It may seem extraordinary, but it is well attested, that it was with the greatest difficulty the starving multitude could be brought into this asylum, where food and shelter were provided for them. So powerful is the love of unconstrained liberty to those who are accustomed to it ! A few miserable wretches came in of their own accord ; but by far the greater number were brought in by force. Two soldi were allowed by the magistrates to the constables for every person forcibly brought to the lazaretto.

Nothing in the municipal habits and customs of past centuries, and other nations, strikes us, accustomed as we are to the highly complicated mechanism of our own social polity, more strongly than the extreme and childlike simplicity of the means by which they endeavoured to accomplish their objects. Fancy filling a hospital or workhouse, destined to relieve the needs of a greater number than it could possibly accommodate, by the same process that country beadles in agricultural parishes adopt for the extermination of sparrows ! So much a head for every one brought in ! and brought in neck and crop ! willy nilly !

The lazaretto was, as may be easily imagined, soon filled to overflowing. This building, capable of properly accommodating, according to the largest computation, 3650 persons, was within a few days crowded with between 13,000 and 14,000 starving wretches, who were to be fed at the expense of the city. The pecuniary sacrifices which were made by the municipality were certainly enormous. The city treasury was before this calamity notoriously and proverbially rich. At its conclusion the municipal coffers were not only empty, but the city was very deeply in debt. Accordingly Ripamonti, the salaried historiographer of the city, loudly praises the munificence and provident activity of the magistracy. ' We are apt to admire times of old,' says he, ' and neglect that which is admirable in our own. But I think that no people or ages could show better institutions, than those which our magistrates adopted upon this

occasion for the maintenance of a crowd of poor in a narrow space.' But unfortunately other accounts of the condition of the lazaretto can hardly be considered to bear out the historiographer's assertion. It was discovered after a while that those who furnished the lazaretto with provisions, adulterated the bread with injurious substances to increase their profits. The water provided for drinking became corrupt. The straw in the rooms became rotten, and was *never* changed ! It was an unusually hot season, and no rain had fallen for three months. The result of this state of things may be easily anticipated. Contagious fevers were shortly generated in the lazaretto : and this closely packed mass of human misery and squalid filth remained pent up within its walls, and fermenting beneath the hot southern sun, till the foul heap might have generated pestilence itself, and have inoculated with it the entire community. It is recorded that the stench in this fearful lazar-house was such that on one occasion the visiting magistrate fell in a dead swoon from the effects of it, and was obliged to suspend his visits. The magistracy became alarmed at the progressing contagion, the increase of deaths in the lazaretto, and the disorder and despair of its wretched inmates. The physicians Tadino and Settala had from the first opposed this scheme of bringing together as to a focus this immense mass of filth and misery, and had predicted the result ; but the ' practical men' had refused to listen to the warning voice of science. And now they found themselves compelled to come to the determination of undoing as quickly as might be what they had done. The gates of the lazaretto were thrown open, and the miserable, yet now rejoicing, crowd burst forth, bearing with them into every corner of the city a hot stream of contagion and disease.

Is it possible to conceive a city better or more effectually prepared for the reception of the plague than was now unhappy Milan ? The dread visitor was at hand. Fearful half-muttered rumours began to be heard of cases said to have occurred at villages on the route by which the German troops had passed. All communication between these places and Milan was forbidden. But the interdiction seems to have been very carelessly observed. For on the 22d of October, a certain soldier named Antonio Lonate, coming from Chiavenna, entered the city, bringing with him, says Tadino, ' many clothes, bought or stolen from the German troops.' He fell ill almost immediately on his arrival ; was carried to the hospital, and at the end of four days died, with buboes on his breast and arms, a most decided case of

malignant plague. Every inmate of the house in which he had lodged on entering the city died within a few days, and the fatal house was shut up.

There was now no longer possibility of doubt. The plague was in Milan. But for a little while there was an anxious, a dreadful, and almost breathless pause! Might it not be hoped that, all the cases hitherto having occurred in the same house, the contagion might not have spread beyond it? Vain hope! Very soon other cases happened here and there unconnected, apparently, with each other. The panic was extreme. Then a week or so would pass without any new cases being heard of. And the people again began to hope, and flattered themselves that they had been unnecessarily alarmed. Then would come a fresh outbreak, and renewed terrors, and self-reproaches for not having been sufficiently careful. Then another lull. And thus for a while the insidious enemy made but a very gradual progress, and that by alternate fits of aggression and remission.

There is a curiously striking similarity between this part of Ripamonti's account and the corresponding portion of Defoe's well-known narrative. The reader will remember his description of the alternate hopes and fears of the Londoners, as the alternating increase and decrease in the weekly mortality led them for some time to doubt whether the dreaded enemy had indeed made good his footing among them. The extreme reluctance of the people to believe the fearful truth, that pestilence was among them, was also, as at Milan, according to Ripamonti, so in London, according to Defoe, encouraged by a portion of the medical profession, who, against all evidence, persisted in denying the contagious nature of the disease, and the identity of its symptoms with those of plague. In Milan the popular feeling on this point rose to such a pitch, that the physicians, who were known to maintain the opinion that plague was in the city, among whom of course were all the most eminent men, were on several occasions hooted and outraged in the streets. And the celebrated Ludovico Settala, at that time considered one of the first physicians in Europe, while making his round of visits in the city, carried in a litter—for he was then eighty years old—was attacked by the mob and would have been killed had he not found opportune protection in a house at hand. And yet a long life of the most active benevolence, spent among the poor as much as among the rich, had previously endeared him exceedingly to the people.

It soon, however, became impossible for the most obstinately incredulous any longer to shut their eyes to the fearful truth. The now steadily and incessantly increasing mortality alarmed the boldest, and startled the most careless. The magistracy issued the most stringent regulations to circumscribe, as much as possible, the spread of the contagion. The steps taken were in most respects similar to those adopted thirty-five years afterwards in London. As soon as ever a case was known to exist, not only the sick person, but every inmate of the house, was transported to the lazaretto, now once more opened for this purpose; or, if they preferred it, were confined to the house. The doors were fastened up, guards were placed to every house, and health officers were appointed to visit, at least once a day, every dwelling thus treated. 'The measures,' says Tadino, 'were admirable; but through the avarice of the subaltern officials, and through the overwhelming violence of the plague, they were badly executed. The most strict regulations were made for the interment of the dead in the speediest manner. Large trenches were dug, as deep as the water would permit; and on every stratum of bodies was thrown one of quick lime.'

All that could be done, however, seemed totally unavailing to stay or even to check the progress of the contagion, and the deaths, already alarmingly numerous, still regularly increased daily. Abandoning, therefore, all hope of aid from human means, the now thoroughly frightened people insisted that, as a last hope of staying the plague, the body of St. Charles should be carried in procession through the city. This St. Charles was the Cardinal Charles Borromeo, of whom we have spoken at the beginning of this article, and who, for his good deeds and admirable government of the city, especially during the former pestilence, was held in the highest reverence by the people. An excellent, and unfortunately unusual, title to sainthood! but which caused the good cardinal to be almost as mischievous to the city as a saint as he was profitable to it as a living man. It is but just to the science of that day to record, that the medical men protested vehemently against this scheme of a procession, and predicted its probable results. There is reason to believe that the Cardinal Frederick Borromeo was also sufficiently enlightened to anticipate no good from carrying his cousin's bones through the streets. But of course his position forbade him to say so. So the wish of the people was acceded to, and a procession was ordered.

Our good canon, Ripamonti, had already once in his life undergone an imprisonment of five years in the dungeons of the inquisition; charged with atheism and neglect of his religious duties. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he avoids with a burned-child-like caution, saying anything in his writings that could offend the popular prejudices of his day. He relates accordingly all the preparations for this procession with the utmost gravity and propriety. Yet all his caution has not sufficed to prevent two or three little gleams of covert irony from glancing through the grave decorum of his narrative, which sufficiently indicate, to a congenially-minded reader, that the writer is laughing in his sleeve at the absurdity of the thing. Thus he tells us, that 'The body of St. Charles, or rather all that remained of it from the voracity of time, *which destroys even the hardest metals*, was laid in a coffer covered with white silk, with little windows in the sides of it, through which was seen the consumed figure of the saint, all the more venerable to the eyes of the devout than if it had been untouched.'

The people of Milan were overjoyed at the prospect of the procession. They had the greatest hopes that it would be the means of stopping the plague and saving their lives. At all events it secured them one more festival, and one more spectacle before they died: so the preparations were made on the grandest scale. The time allowed for these was short, the fourth day from that on which the procession was determined on having been fixed for it. All Milan, therefore, was in a state of the most active bustle, night and day, during this time. Triumphal arches were raised, the streets were lined with tapestry and silk, and, in the words of the historian, 'emblems, verses, and hundreds upon hundreds of inscriptions in gilt letters a foot high,' were seen on all sides. Altars were raised at every corner, and balconies erected in front of the houses, in which bands of music and singers were placed. In short, Milan assumed the appearance of a city devoted to pleasure and festivity. The light and easily excited people seemed almost to forget the melancholy purpose of all these preparations in the bustle and activity attendant upon them. And it would be difficult to conceive a more shocking contrast than was presented during those days by the external appearance of the city decked for its fête, and the scenes passing in the interior of those gaily decorated houses. Corpses were shoved out of the way to make room for garlands, and the business of interring the dead was suspended, that all hands might be

employed on the pious upholstery which was to win God's favour and interposition.

The day came. It was the 11th of June. The procession took place and lasted twelve hours. It was attended by almost the whole city. Every human being that could crawl out of his bed helped to throng the closely packed streets; and, of course, the result was exactly what might have been expected. Ripamonti tells us that, 'The prayers turned out vain; and the pestilence, as if excited by the vociferation of the supplicants, increased the more and became more infuriate.' What else could have been anticipated from thus bringing together for twelve hours in one hot closely-jammed mass all the contagion lurking among the population of the entire city?

Redoubled consternation took possession of the people. Some said that the sins of Milan were not yet sufficiently chastised; and others maintained that it was evident from the failure of the procession that not even God had power to quell the pestilence. Eight days and nights the body of St. Charles remained exposed to the veneration of the public in the cathedral, which was during all that time crowded with votaries. And still the mortality kept increasing, as if, says Ripamonti, the only answer to their prayer was death. The deaths averaged, during July and August, 1700 a day. The lazaretto was horribly, loathsomely crowded. Great numbers of houses were empty, and whole quarters of the city appeared silent deserts. The dead could no longer be buried fast enough; and pestiferous corpses might be seen lying in the streets waiting the cart, which should carry them to the enormous, yet insufficient pits, which had been dug outside the city.

In the meantime the disorder and licence which prevailed in the city increased the public calamity. It might, perhaps, have been expected, viewing the matter *a priori*, that the hourly contemplation, and visible propinquity of death, would lead men to turn their minds the more to that life, which they profess to believe awaits them after death. Thus preachers, unwisely in our opinion, substituting a principle of terror for one of rational preference for good, endeavour to excite the devotion of their hearers by continually representing to them the uncertainty of life, and presented unceasingly to their imagination the certain propinquity, and, perhaps, immediate vicinity of death. And it cannot be doubted that this kind of exhortation, though little calculated, as we think, to lead the mind to a deliberate decision of the will in favour of virtue, does yet produce in its hearers a tendency to recur

with frightened faith to the prescriptions of their spiritual guides; just as the man, whose life has passed in the indulgence of unhealthy habits, runs to the physician at the visible approach of death. It is, therefore, curious that the actual and palpable presence of death among men, and its unmistakable imminence over each individual, should not produce the same effect. It is notorious that it brings about a diametrically opposite result. And this fact alone should 'give pause' to the operators of fear-born 'conversions,' as they are termed, and cause them to inquire a little further into the true nature of the effects they succeed in producing.

The imagination of men will, of course, be variously affected according to the variety of their temperaments. Solomon Eagles has his prototype and pendants, as well as that company of reckless libertine carousers who held their meetings in the inn at Aldgate, so admirably described in Defoe's truthful fiction, doubtless well remembered by our readers. The immortal pages in which Boccaccio describes the similar effects which followed from similar causes at Florence, will also be in the remembrance of many. At Milan the disorder and evils produced by the reckless libertinage of those, who were eager to put the confusion of society to profit, in order to pass what might remain to them of life in what they deemed enjoyment, were such as to reflect great discredit on the governors of the city, notwithstanding their historiographer's testimony in their favour.

Each of the carts appointed for carrying forth the dead was attended by two 'monatti,' as they were termed. The origin of the name is doubtful, some supposing it derived from '*monos*;' ('alone,' 'solitary'), because they were not permitted to associate with any one; and others assigning other etymologies. These monatti seem to have been entrusted with most imprudently large powers and authority. It was their duty not only to carry the dead to the pits outside the city, but also to convey the sick to the lazaretto. And for these purposes they appear to have been armed with authority to enter any house, for the purpose of finding the dead and the dying. Of course the hired performers of these dangerous, horrible, and loathsome duties, were necessarily chosen from the lowest class of the populace. And, of course, if they were not brutes when selected for this function, their offices soon rendered them such. The most shocking accounts of the horrors perpetrated by these men in the houses into which they were thus empowered to intrude, are given by Ripamonti, and all the other historians of

those dreadful days. Some of the atrocities recorded are such as it is impossible for us to transfer to these pages. But it is easy to imagine that such powers entrusted to such agents must have led to the most deplorable abuses. Robbery, and extortion on threat of being forthwith bound and transported in the midst of a heap of pestiferous wretches to the fearful lazaretto, were among the most venial of the crimes perpetrated by them. But the evil did not stop even here. The lawless license thus put to such profit by these monatti served as a hint to others. And various gangs of debauched and shameless young men adopted their costume,—fixed around their ancles the bells, which were the distinguishing mark of these dreaded officials, and which were intended to warn all the healthy to keep at a distance from them,—and wandered through the town, entering under the pretence of being 'monatti' whatever house they chose. Robbery to an immense extent, and many other most scandalous excesses and outrages, were perpetrated by these abandoned scoundrels.

Even in the execution of the duties to which they were appointed, the 'monatti' seem to have proceeded with the most reckless and unchecked cruelty and indecency. In the following passage P'o della Croce vividly describes the miserable condition of the city, and the horrible sights that daily afflicted the eyes of the continually diminishing number of survivors.

"A fearful spectacle," says he, "to see, was in those days the once so proud but now wretched city of Milan! Houses were desolate, families extinct. The shops were shut; all traffic had ceased; the tribunals were closed; the churches abandoned; the streets empty. And none were to be seen in them, but the ministers of death, who conducted the wretched plague-stricken from their houses to the lazaretto. At every hour the huge dead-carts were creaking through the streets, the more horrible to see from their hideous load being heaped on them in a confused mass. The 'monatti,' who conducted them, hardened in heart and blunted in feeling by their horrible office, came forth from the lazaretto singing, with feathers in their caps; and with an audacity that seemed as if they thought themselves exempted from the dominion of death, they entered into the infected houses, which they treated more as if they were enemies come to plunder, than as friends to bring aid. These men would seize the pestiferous bodies of the dead by the head, by the legs, or however it might chance, and carry them out on their shoulders like a sack of grain, and load them on the cart, flinging them on the heap in utter carelessness of the heads, legs, and arms hanging over the sides."

The shocking picture is fully confirmed by Ripamonti and others.

It might be thought that the unfortunate

city needed no further aggravation of its miseries to fill its cup to overflowing. But in the excess of their superstitious ignorance the Milanese found the means of increasing the terror and misery of their condition. Many of our readers will have heard probably in the pages of Manzoni,—the only Italian novelist of our time, who may be said to have acquired a European reputation,—many will probably through him have heard of the ‘untori’ or ‘anointers,’ and of the ‘Colonna Infame,’ which was erected to perpetuate the memory of their crimes. It is a dark page of human history; at the same time a most curious one, and it ought to be an instructive one. Signor Cusani has taken great pains to throw light on that part of Ripamonti’s narrative which relates to this extraordinary subject; and the result of his researches is contained in three appendices to the second book of his author’s history, which unquestionably give a more intelligible account of this mysterious matter, than has before been accessible to the public. Perhaps the entire annals of history do not furnish another equally humiliating picture of the evil workings of superstition, ignorance, and prejudice.

Shortly after it had become certain to the most incredulous that the plague was in the city, and that the mortality was rapidly increasing, a report began to spread abroad among the people that the plague was purposely caused by the acts of certain evil-minded persons: and that this was effected by *anointing* the walls and other substances with certain secret poisons, which infected all that touched them. The idea was not then a new one. The plague had before and elsewhere been attributed to human agency. And perhaps it is natural to men in the helplessness of such a calamity to endeavour to affix the responsibility for their sufferings on some object which they can pursue with their vengeance, and on which they may wreak their resentment against the unseen power that afflicts them. Thus even in our own days the populace of Paris, when smitten with the cholera, turned on the medical men with an accusation of poisoning the people. But here, at least, the notion was transient, and confined to the lowest people; and though morally, it was not physically impossible. In Milan the belief that the plague was caused by ‘anointers,’ spread through the city with inconceivable rapidity, and soon became all but universal. The absurdity and monstrous impossibility of the thing did not prevent even the physicians and men of science from partaking in the general delusion. The magistrates from the first exerted themselves to the utmost to

discover the persons guilty of disseminating the contagion by anointing persons and things. And the records of the legal proceedings which resulted from their perquisitions, are the principal documents which disclose the particulars of this very singular delusion.

It was on the morning of the 22d of April that, some persons going into the streets, at daybreak, first observed certain stains along the walls, as if they had been anointed with some white and yellow unctuous matter. The increase of terror and dismay was shocking. And the minds of men, excited by the general panic to the highest pitch of nervous irritability, and augmenting reciprocally their fears by exchanging the most monstrous reports, suspicions, and assertions, were ready to receive with implicit credence the wildest impossibilities. It was said, and very generally believed, that emissaries of the prince of darkness were employed in this truly devilish work of anointing the walls for the purpose of spreading the plague. Some asserted that the devil himself had established a sort of emporium in Milan for the preparation and dispensation of the poisonous matters used by the anointers. And a story was current, ‘most satisfactorily attested,’ of course, of a man who had been requested to get into a carriage which he had seen standing in the space in front of the cathedral, and who had then been driven to a certain house in the city, and made to enter, the interior of which he described, ‘in a style equal,’ says Ripamonti, ‘to that of Homer’s description of the cave of Circe in the *Odyssey*.’ In this house he had an interview with the devil, who promised him enormous treasures if he would become ‘anointer.’ But he refused, and in an instant found himself transported back again to the spot where he first had seen the devil’s carriage. Ripamonti says that he had seen an engraving, executed in Germany, representing the devil sitting on the box of a carriage, with an inscription stating that he appeared thus to the Milanese.

Several proclamations are extant in the archives of Milan which were published by the magistrates in the hope of discovering the perpetrators of the crime. The first is dated on the 19th of May, 1630. And it is remarkable that in this it is stated that ‘certain persons have anointed the walls with unctuous matters of white and yellow colour, *which have much alarmed the people, who suspect that this has been done to spread the plague,*’ etc., etc., a reward of two hundred crowns is offered to whosoever shall give information leading to the detection of such persons, together with a free pardon,

if such informer should be an accomplice. But in a subsequent proclamation of the 14th of July, in the same year, it is stated that persons 'have anointed the walls with poisonous ointments *with the diabolical intention of spreading the plague.*' And a reward of a thousand crowns is offered, together with a pardon, and the pardon of any three other criminals. The tendency of the most absurd belief to propagate itself from mind to mind, and to gain strength from the number of its asserters, each of whom believes *because* all the others do, is here curiously illustrated.

Very few minds seem to have been able to resist the current of the popular delusion. Among these few there seems reason to think that our historian was one. We have already said that he was in many respects in advance of his age; but after the lesson he had had in his younger days, he took very good care not to differ from the received popular credence too openly.

It was not long, as may be easily supposed, before the magistrates obtained the information for which they offered such high bribes. An unfortunate wretch, one Piazza, was arrested on the information of some women, who declared that they saw him, from their windows, very early one morning, smearing the walls with ointment. This Piazza was a sort of visitor of infected houses, under the board of health, and apparently a kind of inspector of the 'monatti.' Having declared himself wholly ignorant of what was laid to his charge, he was subjected for four days to all the most horrible refinements of torture, which the practised ingenuity of the judicial tormentors could suggest. He was also promised a pardon if he would reveal the names of his accomplices. On the fourth day, his judges had, in the words of Ripamonti, 'After having in vain dislocated every limb, ordered him to be taken down from the rack from weariness, *as also from clemency,*' and he had been re-conducted to his cell, when he suddenly cried out that a barber had given him the ointment. He then proceeded to name one Giacomo Mora, whose shop stood on the spot where the 'Colonna Infame' was afterwards erected. The barber was forthwith arrested, and his premises strictly searched. Various crocks and pots and pans, containing substances such as barbers are in the habit of compounding for the purposes of their business, were found. They also found an ointment, whose component parts the barber told them, and which he had composed as a remedy against the plague. The story of Piazza was a tissue of absurdities, which it is almost incredible that the judges could have believed for an instant. Mora declared that he had never

seen Piazza in his life. He was submitted to the torture, and confessed himself guilty; but instantly retracted his confession as soon as he was taken down. He was again placed on the rack with the same result; and this was repeated several times. Till at length in hopes of death, as the only mode of escape from his tormentors, he declared that his project was to exterminate the city, and that he had composed the ointment with which the walls were smeared.

During the proceedings in the case of Mora other anointers were arrested; and one Baruello voluntarily gave himself up on the same charge. This last declared that he and all the other 'anointers' worked under the direction and instigation of a great leader, who was the projector of the whole scheme. In giving this evidence he only fell in with the popular opinion, which had already conceived this idea. Yet it was not till the miserable man had been several times tortured, that he declared that this leader of the conspiracy was Don Giovanni Gaetano Padilla, son of the governor of the fortress of Milan. He was at that time with the army before Mantua; but was immediately arrested and brought to Milan. He succeeded in most clearly proving an alibi, showing that he was at Mantua during the whole period to which Baruello in his evidence referred the interviews and other acts said to have been done by him in Milan. Yet it was not till after a very long and protracted examination and re-examination that he was at length set at liberty in 1632.

As for Baruello he escaped the gallows by dying of the plague: the others were executed. Several persons dying of the pestilence confessed in their last moments that they were 'anointers,' and the material of their crime was in many instances, says Ripamonti, found concealed about their persons.

It is needless to detain our readers with the minute and prolix accounts which have been preserved of all the absurdities, which these wretched victims of their own, or others' fanaticism, declared in evidence to their judges both voluntarily and under the influence of torture. Many new victims were accused by them; and as this portion of their declarations was at least intelligible, every name which fell from their lips was eagerly caught, and its utterance was an unfailing sentence of torture and death. The utter nonsense and absurd puerilities which they uttered, and which were gravely received and recorded by the judges, remain as a permanent proof of the extremity of irrational folly to which the mind may be led by terror, and the force of an epidemic fanati-

cism. Some gave long histories of incantations and orgies, at which supernatural events had taken place, and devils had taken part. Many gave various, and all equally monstrously absurd accounts of the substances used for anointing. Nothing was too gross, too monstrous, for the people, the judges, and even for the physicians, headed by the learned Tadino, to believe. The whole story furnishes one of the most curious and most humiliating cases of human infatuation on record.

But, perhaps, the most singular part of this very extraordinary page of history, is the fact, which seems incontrovertibly established, that stains, such as were described in the magisterial proclamations, did really exist and were repeatedly seen by many persons in various parts of the city. The question arises, whence came these stains, and for what purpose were they made? It is a very difficult question. Some modern writers have suggested that the anointments were the work of some ill-advised and thoughtless humcrists, who raised a laugh for themselves at the expense of the public credulity. But Signor Cusani well observes, in his second appendix to Ripamonti's second book of his history, that even if we could suppose any one to have been sufficiently foolish, and indeed wicked, to have thus amused themselves with the terror and calamity of their fellow-citizens by playing off so bad a joke once or twice; yet that taking into consideration the very universal belief in the mortal nature of these ointments, and still more the fury of the populace, and the certain and dreadful death that awaited any one who should be detected in such an act, it seems hardly credible, that the extensive anointings, which history proves to have existed, can be attributed to such a cause. But Cusani does not destroy this first hypothesis without offering another, and, in our opinion, a far more probable one, in its place. The notion that the plague might be thus caused and spread, was not, as has been already said, a new one. And the idea having once taken possession of the popular mind, Signor Cusani suggests, and we think with great appearance of probability, that those who had an interest in the continuance of the plague might have adopted this means of prolonging their gainful trade, with the most perfect conviction of its efficacy. Piazza, the first arrested on the charge of 'anointing,' was, it will be remembered, an inspector of the infected. These men and the 'monatti' were very highly paid, and moreover made large profits by the opportunities of plunder which their position afforded them. The reader

has already seen what sort of character these men generally bore and deserved. And it will be seen from the following passage of Tadino, both that they were deemed capable of such a deed, and that they were, in fact, suspected of wishing for their own purposes to prolong the pestilence.

"The 'monatti,' and attendants," says he, "perceiving the great licence they enjoyed, and the profit they made from their thefts, purposely let infected clothes fall from the dead-carts in the streets, during the night, in order that being picked up by the cupidity of the passers by they might thus be the means of disseminating the plague."

It is extraordinary that this idea having been once generated, it should not have guided the tribunals in their investigations on the subject, to a nearer approximation of the truth.

As to Baruello, who accused himself, and as to some other miserable wretches, who with their last breath declared that they had been guilty of anointing, it is probable that their minds had become partially unsettled on a subject, respecting which, indeed, the sanest of their fellow-citizens were possessed by such a singular monomania. The extraordinary effects of this nature, which may be produced on the minds of individuals by the prevalence of any epidemic popular delusion, is no new fact in the history of human nature. And the reader will, doubtless, remember the confessions, incontestibly sincere, and in many cases perfectly voluntary, of supposed witches during more than one period of access of the popular terrors of this sort.

Again, it is possible that the promised pardon and reward may have, in some instances, operated to produce a lying confession and some of that farrago of absurdity which was given in evidence by the confessing witness. If so, such speculators on the good faith of the magistrates found that they had made a terrible mistake. For not one of those who came into their hands in this matter of anointing escaped torture and execution, except such as slipped through them by the operation of that far more merciful executor, the plague. One of these unfortunates, at the place of execution, a few minutes before his death, said that he could reveal an excellent specific against the plague. Strange as it may seem, this man, who was about to be hung for composing ointments for the dissemination of the plague, was eagerly listened to, and his receipt was taken down at the gallows, and was afterwards extensively used, under the name of 'Hanged-man's Ointment.' The receipt has been preserved.

It consists of sundry harmless ingredients, such as olive oil, rosemary, vinegar, etc.

The history, or at least the name, of the 'Colonna Infame,' is probably familiar to our readers. It was raised on the site of the shop occupied by the unfortunate barber, Giacomo Mora, and remained there till the year 1778. It bore sundry long inscriptions declaring the facts which it was designed to commemorate, and was always regarded by the populace with abhorrence and execration. In one sense it most justly deserved its name; for it perpetuated from generation to generation the gross ignorance, puerile superstition and dreadful cruelty of the population of Milan and its rulers in the seventeenth century. At length, after it had existed 140 years, the authorities of Milan began to comprehend that this was its true signification; and it was contrived that its neighbours should present a petition for its removal, on the ground of its being in such a state of dilapidation as to render it unsafe. On this pretence it was taken down, after having for a century and a half, 'like a tall bully, lifted its head, and lied'—not more grossly than a certain other *colonna infame*, some half century its junior, which is still suffered to proclaim its lying tale, and perpetuate the 'infamous' bigotry and folly of its builders.

Ripamonti's third book is devoted to recording the sayings and doings of Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, during the plague, and his opinions respecting it. The cardinal appears to have applied himself without shrinking to the duties which his position imposed upon him; and the observations and opinions, which the historian has handed down to us as his, are those of a sensible, and, for the period, well-informed man. Among various anecdotes which the cardinal has preserved in his manuscript account of the plague, and which Ripamonti has extracted in his third book, is one, which evidently suggested to Manzoni the incident of Renzo's seeking safety on one of the dead-carts. Speaking of the 'untori,' and of their execution, the cardinal says:—

"One of them, caught in the fact of anointing, and about to be carried off at once to the gallows, happening to see a dead-cart passing, with the 'monatti' standing on a heap of pestiferous corpses on it, ran, and with a spring threw himself into the midst of the pestilential mass of bodies, as if that were a secure asylum, where none dare to lay hands on him. But assailed by a shower of missiles he was killed by them, and carried off on the same cart forthwith to the burial trench."

The fourth book of his history is devoted by the historiographer to recording the mea-

sures taken by the board of health during the period of plague, both as regards the regulations adopted for the city in general, as well as the special government of *lazzaretto*. Much good sense, and also much absurdity, may be found in this record. Both are entertaining and instructive. The fifth book, with which the worthy canon closes his history, contains a parallel between the principal great contagious pestilences, which are recorded to have smitten various nations, and that which he has been relating. This is rather too superficially done. A more careful and detailed comparison of the recorded facts of the most noted of these calamities, might have made it a very interesting part of the work.

He begins with saying, "that the plague at Milan, and that recorded by Thucydides to have ravaged Athens, were as like one another 'as two eggs.' They supposed that an enemy had poisoned their wells. And we added to the horrors of our position, by the belief that the plague was spread by the arts of wicked men. They carried through their city the image of the false Isis. And we bore through our's the body of Saint Charles."

Does the reader agree with us in thinking, that here, among other passages, our good canon's heterodoxy peeps out a little? If we are not much mistaken, he attributed as much virtue to the Athenian specific as to that of the Milanese.

Towards the end of September, *when the heat had ceased*, the Dominican fathers announced to the city, that the bells of their convent had suddenly began ringing of themselves in the night, and that a superhuman voice had been heard to pronounce the words: "I will have mercy on my people, O mother." From that time the plague began gradually to diminish, and great riches flowed into the treasury of the Dominicans' Madonna, who had so evidently been the cause of the blessing. The corporation voted her a splendid silver lamp. By the beginning of 1631, the city was nearly free from contagion, and on the 2d of February was officially announced entirely so.

The same basis of statistical calculations which led Signor Cusani to the conclusion we have mentioned regarding the population of Milan, has enabled him to fix the amount of mortality during the pestilence, with great apparent probability of accuracy, at 86,000. The survivors would then be about 64,000. An amount of mortality amply sufficient to prostrate for many a year the energies of the most vigorous and flourishing community.

- ART. IV.—1. *De l'Origine et des Mœurs des Sicks*. Par M. BÉNET. Paris: 1841.
 2. *Le Journal des Débats*, for 1844.
 3. *Journal of a March from Delhi to Peshawur, and from thence to Cabul, including Travels in the Punjab*. By Lieut. WILLIAM BARR, Bengal Horse Artillery. London: 1844. Madden and Co.
 4. *Delhi Gazette*, for 1843-4.
 5. *Agra Ukhbar*, for 1843-4.
 6. *Bombay Times*, for 1843-4.
 7. *Bengal Hurkaru*, for 1843-4.
 8. *Calcutta Star*, for 1843-4.

ONE of the most important questions connected with our Indian empire, which yet remain to be determined is, 'What is to be done with the Punjab?' The inquiry will be prosecuted in a very different spirit by two classes of individuals both equally likely to engage in it: first, persons who have resided in an official capacity in India, and ought therefore while there to have rendered themselves familiar with its relations, internal and external; second, politicians and statesmen who, without having resided beyond the limits of the mother country, have applied themselves diligently to the understanding of its entire political system. These, for the most part, accustom themselves to take comprehensive views of Eastern affairs, as they are included within the general scheme of our policy, but without descending to that network of minor relations which constitutes, nevertheless, the principal characteristic of the subject; those, on the contrary, become immersed and entangled in these relations, and seldom rise to the level of general views. It sometimes happens, moreover, that persons whose business it is to follow out certain investigations, neglect to do so while the opportunity is within their reach; and afterwards when they come to be interrogated on the point, and compelled to supply evidence of their own neglect, grow confused and angry, and seek to set up a show of mystery to conceal the nakedness of their memories, and the barrenness of their understandings. This reflection will often be forced on those who endeavour to obtain clear views of what ought to be done or left undone in the present juncture, from men who should be masters of Indian politics.

Another element of difficulty in topics of this kind is introduced by party spirit. When Lord Palmerston was in the Foreign Office the principle which regulated all our external relations was simple and intelligible: it was the resolution neither to do nor to suffer injustice, to sacrifice no right of our own, and not to invade unprovoked the

rights of others. At present it is hard to say upon what principle we act. With moderation in our mouths, and repudiating the doctrine of conquest and aggrandisement, we grasp at everything, but, for want of knowing how to take or hold, generally fail in our attempts. Meanwhile the theories set afloat by the expounders of ministerial wisdom are extremely odd. The object to be aimed at, they say, is peace, but in order to secure it we are to submit to all those insults and injuries which victors usually heap upon the vanquished. To us, therefore, under Tory domination, peace brings nothing but the fruits of an unsuccessful war. And this effect is produced equally in all parts of the world, in India from a demoralised and feeble enemy, no less than in Europe from a powerful and well-appointed one. The fallacy which lurks in this view of public affairs ought, however, to be obvious. There is an old adage amongst us which says: 'short reckonings make long friends;' and this is equally true in politics as in the economy of private life. Between nations as between individuals, if the object be to preserve peace, resentments ought not to be hoarded up, but upon the heels of every affront, of every aggression, of every, the minutest offence, representations and complaints should immediately follow. In this way misunderstandings will be cleared up as soon as they occur, and petty grievances will not be suffered to accumulate, until by their number they become great. Again, your enemies or neighbours, for they mean the same thing, perceiving you to be always on your guard, and always ready to right yourself, will be the less inclined to take liberties with you; and thus your standing on punctilios, and showing what is termed a disposition to wrangle about the merest trifles, will operate beneficially upon your relations with foreigners, will preserve that peace which a yielding and conceding policy would speedily endanger. However, the question we have just now to consider, though lying within the precincts of the pacific category, is so peculiar a modification of it that it requires to be considered on special grounds. We must not regard the subject as a thesis on which it may be permitted to speculate ingeniously without much caring at what results we arrive. On the contrary, it is a matter to be treated conscientiously as one which touches nearly the happiness of many millions of men, and involves, more or less directly, the interests and glory of this great empire. The cutting of the Gordian knot rests not indeed with us, but it is our duty nevertheless to argue precisely as though it did, since to

influence public opinion is to aid in creating that power which ultimately controls both governors and governments.

In arguing on the destinies of the Punjab we are always met first by the remark that, whatever may be the vices or offences of the Lahore state, it is not for our interest to enter upon a war which must end in its dissolution and annexation to our empire. But wherefore? The reason is pre-eminently Machiavellian: because it is politic to maintain within the natural limits of our own dominions a state necessarily inimical to us, whose existence may keep awake our vigilance and maintain, at the same time, the discipline and courage of our Sipahis. But this policy is too subtle and recondite for practice, and appears better suited to the closet than the cabinet. For, to come at once to the Sipahis, such a state would only afford them exercise by bringing its forces into contact with them. But in the case of any Indian state, now existing, to do that, would be at once to compass its own destruction, since none of them could survive a contest with us. In this point of view, therefore, they are perfectly useless. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that they who put forward this strange doctrine are among the most violent opponents of the conquest of Sind; and that too, as they pretend, on moral grounds. But if in politics there be anything immoral, it is surely the maxim that we should systematically uphold on our frontiers, or even within the heart of our territories, small states apparently independent, upon which we may from time to time flesh our swords. No account can, in this system, be made of the inhabitants of such state, or, if regard be at all had to them, it must be to render them as demoralised and miserable as possible, since to do otherwise would be to endanger our own interests. In the affairs of Sind, for example, if we choose to contemplate the matter from a higher level than that afforded by party spirit, our Indian government had three questions to consider: first, whether we had a just cause of quarrel with the Amirs; second, whether it was for our interest, supposing the quarrel to be just, to pursue it to extremities; third, whether, in case of success, we could secure to the Sindians a better government than that of which we deprive them. These questions being answered in the affirmative, nothing remained but the mere consideration of temporary expediency into which it is not necessary that we should now enter.

† The same position again reproduces itself in our relations with the Punjab. If it be innocent towards us, nothing that can

possibly take place within its own frontier would, perhaps, justify our interfering with its internal arrangements. But, if it have supplied us with a *casus belli*, our only remaining inquiry must be whether the independence of the Punjab, or its annexation, be the more desirable to us. Now of what possible service to us can the Lahore government be, especially in its present temper and state of distraction? In war it could not furnish us assistance, or, if it did, the troops which it supplied, instead of an advantage, would prove an injury; their want of discipline, their insubordination, in one word, their demoralised and bandit-like character, rendering it impossible that they should co-operate with our forces without corrupting them. This was shown on all occasions in Afghanistan. Afraid to meet the Afghans themselves they incessantly laboured to extend their own terrors to our Hindustani soldiers, and, generally, succeeded so well that it was found necessary to compel them to encamp at a considerable distance from us and to expel them from our lines as though they had been so many enemies. And now, recently, in time of peace, they have been exhibiting a disposition to carry on the same game. They have passed the Sutledge under various pretences, insinuated themselves into our cantonments, and by a variety of arts, familiar to all officers who have commanded in India, have diffused the spirit of insolence, disaffection and mutiny through several regiments of the Bengal army. Hence repeated desertions of men in shoals, and hence that refusal to proceed to Sind, made about the beginning of the present year, by more than one regiment, which excited at the time no small uneasiness in the public mind. Ample proofs of these facts are in the hands of government, and constitute, if anything can, a ground of quarrel with Lahore. It is known that agents of Heera Singh, residing at Ferozepore, were supplied with immense sums of money for the purpose of corrupting our Sipahis, and either inducing them to desert into the Punjab, which many of them in consequence did, or of urging them by whole regiments into mutiny, in which also the acts of these agents were successful. The emissaries engaged in these transactions were completely detected. It was proved that they acted under the direction of the Sikh authorities. The surplus of the funds placed at their disposal, amounting to seventeen lakhs of rupees, was seized. Would any state save Great Britain hesitate for a moment to punish an ally that had been guilty of such perfidy? Nor is this the only occasion on which the Sikh rulers have

suffered their hostile feelings to manifest themselves. They have been lavish in supplying proofs of their bad faith. When the British forces were advancing upon Gwalior, the Lahore government, ignorant of our vast resources, and still more ignorant of our character, obviously flattered itself with the hope that we were about to encounter fresh reverses of fortune. It came, therefore, secretly to an understanding with the Maharratta state that in case of need it would co-operate with it; but false equally to its clandestine and to its open ally, it dishonourably held back in order to take advantage of events. Had our army suffered the slightest check the Sikhs would, unquestionably, have assailed us in our moment of difficulty. Infantry, cavalry and artillery were pushed towards the frontier; and thus our force, sent against the Gwalior rajah, was, without knowing it, placed between two fires, the one blazing openly above ground in the van, the other kindled treacherously by professing friends in concealed hollows on our rear.

One of the evils arising from the separate existence of the Sikh state was experienced during the expedition to Afghanistan. Had our territories then extended to the banks of the Indus, the prudence of the enterprise would have been more obvious, since the basis of our operations would have rested on our own frontier, and not on a shifting and uncertain ally, who might at any time refuse to support it, or even, in certain extremities of fortune, have assailed us as an enemy. Half the nervous excitement experienced by the Indian government had its source and origin in this peculiarity of our position. We felt that we were never sure of the Sikhs, and never could be, and that a single act of treachery, on their part, might have embarrassed, or rendered nugatory, the most judicious calculations and arrangements. We depended much on the influence of our reputation, on the magic of our name in Asia, and the event proved that our dependence was not altogether vain. But it was, nevertheless, an anomalous policy, a policy which could only have been conceived by extremely bold statesmen, who did not rest their reasonings on general principles, but on an exception to those principles which their own personal acuteness enabled them to discover. In one word, they relied on the character of Ranjit Singh, and so long as that extraordinary man lived, or, at least, retained the energy of his mind, the reliance reposed in him might not have been wholly misplaced. Nevertheless, in the course of 1839, circumstances occurred which strikingly illustrated the danger of

confiding implicitly in his friendship. By treaty he had undertaken to grant our forces a free passage through his dominions, to supply us at the ghâts of the several rivers with boats, and to provide that no obstacle whatever should be opposed to our speedy passage. On the arrival, however, on the banks of the Sutledge, of a body of troops, destined to act against the Affghans in the Khyber Pass, not only was the use of the boats on the ferry refused at the outset, but the detachment was detained there several days, until messengers could bring from Lahore an order for their passage from the maharajah. Again, throughout the whole march across the Punjab, numerous obstacles were thrown in their way as much as possible to obstruct their movements, so that double the necessary time was consumed in reaching the points of destination. At Attock, they were positively refused admission into the city, while the most galling insults were offered them by Peshora Singh, an illegitimate or adopted son of the maharajah. Now this might have happened at a critical moment, when the fate of all the British beyond the Indus hung suspended on a single thread, when the loss of a single day might have proved fatal. Of this Ranjit Singh was by no means ignorant. His policy, therefore, notwithstanding any profession he may have made, was obviously at bottom hostile to us. He must have rejoiced in any calamity that should have befallen our arms, and would have been among the foremost to take advantage of it, could he have persuaded himself that our sway in India was drawing to a close. He co-operated with us through fear, and it is quite obvious, that had an invading army from the west made its appearance on the banks of the Indus, the least prospect of gain to himself would have purchased his co-operation against us. When discussing with the officers of our mission, in 1838, the probability of a Russian invasion, Ranjit professed the utmost readiness to lend us the aid of his troops to cut up the enemy, because his mind was running upon the immense amount of plunder which, as he supposed, must fall into the hands of the victors. When informed, however, that the Muscovites were poor, and would consequently have very little to lose, his ardour appeared at once to evaporate.

But though the justice of extending our sway over the Punjab should be unreservedly granted, some, perhaps, will still argue against the expediency of the measure. They perceive no advantage in the spread of our power. Our Asiatic empire would not, they think, be consolidated by it, nor would

our influence in Europe be augmented. And then look, say they, at the expense! What an increase would be required in our Indian army! What a vast prolongation of our frontiers! What a multiplication of new and untried relations! In the human body, any attempt to check the growth of an individual before he has reached the limits prescribed by nature to the development of his system, would be universally acknowledged to be attended with much danger. It is the same with the body politic. No artificial check to the increment of states can ever be put in operation without imminent peril, because more violence is required to obstruct the natural progress of things than to urge it forward to its legitimate goal. Now, up to this moment, our dominions in India lie far within the circle of their natural dimensions. They are scattered about in patches, discontinuous, with a boundary line deformed by unseemly indentations. And the political system resting on this geographical basis is necessarily imperfect also. In other directions our eyes need not at present turn, but the Punjab, lying between us and the Indus, is felt on all hands, and acknowledged where men are free to divulge their sentiments, to be a thorn in our side occasioning a fretting sore, which under certain circumstances may, as we have seen, prove dangerous. Besides, many positive advantages would arise from the possession of the Punjab. Fewer troops than now occupy, and that too necessarily, the left bank of the Sutledge, would suffice to guard the line of the Indus, and keep the whole region of the Five Rivers in tranquillity. But if a more imposing force were required, the revenues of the Punjab, nearly four millions sterling, would amply suffice to maintain it. With regard to the principal Hill Chiefs, including those whose territories project far into Central Asia, it is a well known fact that for the last twenty-five years they have felt and expressed their desire to live under British protection. Our sole enemies in the kingdom of Lahore and its dependencies would be the Sikh army, and those few civil functionaries who cluster about the minister. The people themselves have experienced quite enough of the evils of anarchy and military rule to sigh for our mild and equitable sway. They have no interest in the quarterly revolutions that desolate their country, no partiality for the confusion that fills up the intervals. What they want is exemption from civil war, with protection for life and property, and permission peacefully to pursue their avocations, whether manufacturing or agricultural. In traversing the Sutledge, therefore, we should not,

as appears to be commonly supposed, have to do with a hostile population. The Mohammedans, now liable to be hanged for dining on beef, would hail us as their deliverers; the Hindus, now scarcely less fiercely persecuted, would recognize our supremacy with equal joy. No overwhelming force would, therefore, be necessary to reduce or occupy the Punjab, the annexation of which would carry us once more to the mouth of the Khyber Pass, and enable us to exercise a powerful influence over Affghanistan, and in the very heart of Central Asia. We should then once more be in possession of a point whereon to place our lever for moving all those wild and turbulent populations which occupy the interspace between the Chinese and Russian empires, and are obviously destined, at no distant day, to receive law from some civilized power. Other occasions, however, will occur for prosecuting these inquiries: we now return to the subject more immediately before us.

We have above alluded to the condition of the Punjab under Ranjit Singh. At present the whole circumstances of the case are greatly changed. For who now rules in the country, and what is the nature of the policy pursued there? To understand this it is necessary to look back over the series of events which, crowding tumultuously upon each other, have precipitated the kingdom of Lahore from an extraordinary height of grandeur to a state of disorganization and poverty hard to be conceived or credited.

When Ranjit Singh died, in the month of July, 1839, the Sikh army was seventy thousand strong, and there were, it is said, forty millions sterling in the public treasury. Of the forces a large proportion was organized and disciplined after the European fashion, though it be exceedingly erroneous to suppose that it ever approached to an equality with the Company's infantry. The irregular horse was numerous, well-appointed, and possessed by a spirit of audacious self-confidence. The park of artillery was large and formidable. For the creation of much of this force Ranjit was indebted to certain French officers, who, having quitted Europe on the death of Napoleon and from time to time afterwards, wandered eastward through Persia and Turkestan until they at length found themselves in the Punjab. Two of these at least are said to have travelled at the Emperor of Russia's expense, and always kept up, it is probable, an intercourse with the court of St. Petersburg. But by whatever motives they might have been actuated, or in whose service soever they were politically engaged, they faithfully discharged their military duties to Ranjit Singh, and

brought his army to a state of efficiency that might, in some respects, be compared to that of the Mahrattas under another set of French adventurers. Most persons foresaw that numerous alterations would take place in the Punjab on the death of Ranjit Singh, because it was scarcely to be expected that he should be succeeded by a prince equally capable of swaying the power which he had called into existence. His successor was an idiot. This unhappy individual, Kurruk Singh, being wholly incapable of managing anything, of necessity abandoned the lead in public affairs to the minister bequeathed to him by his father. But, however harmless or unimportant he might be, he still occupied the Guddee, and prevented others from sitting on it. A fever, therefore, came opportunely to deliver the ambitious and impatient spirits in the state from this impediment to their projects, and his son Nao Nehal Singh did not outlive the ceremonies of his father's funeral. An ingenious piece of mechanism was contrived. He was placed in a howdah on the back of an elephant, with a son of the minister Dhyan Singh by his side. The royal beast moved forward through the multitude, and arrived at a street where there existed a gateway. The exit was narrow. There was a pressure. The elephant, thrusting its huge bulk against the sides of the gateway, loosened the superincumbent beam, which came down with all its weight exactly upon the head of the unfortunate prince, striking also the son of Dhyan Singh in its fall, and occasioning the death of both. In the East, when a crime has been committed, you must wait to observe who steps forward to pluck the fruits of it, before you can form any conjecture respecting its affiliation. Even then a cloud of mystery will sometimes continue to darken the transaction. In the present instance, the person most level to the aim of suspicion was Shere Singh, and if he really compassed the tragedy at the gateway, we may discover the grounds of that otherwise unaccountable hatred with which his powerful minister, Dhyan Singh, ever continued to regard him. It may not be worth while to dwell on the difficulties which beset Shere Singh at the outset. He had to contend against the friends of a Ranee, who was, or pretended to be, with child. These obstacles were ultimately removed, and Shere Singh was acknowledged the undisputed sovereign of Lahore. Any one reasoning theoretically on human nature would undoubtedly conclude that a man who, like Shere Singh, had exhibited an insatiable appetite for power, would afterwards, when in possession, delight in its exercise. But

Oriental despots are rarely skilled in the art of wielding authority. Once possessed of it, therefore, they hasten to delegate it to another, whilst they, its nominal possessors, devote themselves to the enjoyment of amusement and pleasure, which they might have tasted with the additional zest of innocence, could they have been content to forego the vanity of being called sovereigns. Shere Singh once on the throne suffered all the offices of royalty to devolve on Dhyan Singh, and betook himself to the bottle and the chase. Ranjit Singh himself could drink when it suited his purpose, but his revelry was rather politic than otherwise, because it seems generally to have been undertaken for the purpose of discovering the inclinations of his guests. In this way he seems to have made Sir Alexander Burnes transparent, together with many other individuals, whom it is unnecessary to enumerate here. But Shere Singh was a genuine unsophisticated sot, who drank for drinking sake. His minister has generally obtained credit for very great if not transcendent abilities. We doubt the justice of his claims. That he was shrewd and clever may be admitted; but it is impossible to acknowledge him to have been a great statesman with the facts before us that he embarrassed the finances of the country, neglected the army, over which his son, Heera, held the chief command, and at the same time omitted to provide against the ill-effects of its resentment by distributing it over distant points of the empire.

A law by this time appeared to have established itself in the affairs of the Punjab, according to which the excitement of a periodical revolution seemed necessary to the health of the state and the comfort of those who managed it. There had now been a somewhat too long cessation from intestine troubles. The rule of Shere Singh was becoming antiquated; for he had been nearly three years on the throne. A plot was consequently formed for delivering the country from the perils of stagnation. At its head were the minister, Dhyan, and a discontented prince commanding a portion of the army named Ajeet Singh. These formed part of a school of politicians not extinct perhaps in Europe, but most widely prevalent in the East, where they act with an ingenuous frankness truly wonderful. Several of these statesmen have acquired what is denominated an European reputation, and it may not therefore be a work of supererogation to present the public with a sketch of their characters.

No doubt the fame in store for them will, at any rate, be short lived; but if we can

impart temporary vitality to the imperfect records we possess of their acts and idiosyncrasies, it will suffice for political purposes. It should be remarked at the outset, that the court of Lahore, and all who frequented it, received from Ranjit Singh much of the peculiar impress which they exhibited. He modified their principles and opinions, and exercised a powerful influence over their tastes and manners. His spirit, therefore, may still be said to survive in the Punjab, operating variously for good or for evil, according to the quality of the mental channels through which it flows.

Two only of the Sirdars who rose to distinction under the old Lion of Lahore, could be said, in the European sense of the word, to possess any education. Of those the first was Lena Singh Sindanwallah, a man of considerable natural abilities, who understood a great deal of mechanics, and had applied himself to the study of astronomy, according to the Ptolemaic system. He was master of the ordnance, and an adept in the casting of shrapnell shells, a store of which Ranjit Singh had been always anxious to possess since his interview with Lord William Bentinck at Rupar, in 1831, when he first became acquainted with the use of them. Lena likewise understood the practice of gunnery, and exhibited great skill in the adapting of carriages to howitzers, fitting them for vertical fire. His conversation often turned on abstract subjects; he would, for instance, strenuously resist the doctrine of the earth's motion, and bring instances to prove his argument, saying: 'If the earth move, and you are moving on its surface in a ship, the stick you throw into the water should move parallel with you, but it remains behind, therefore,' and so on. This chief was distinguished among the Sikhs for his gentlemanly appearance and manners. He was dignified and quiet in his demeanour, expressed himself clearly and concisely, and undoubtedly stood highest among the Sirdars, in the estimation of Ranjit, after the minister. He was not, however, much employed out of his own departments save in complimentary missions. There was a jealousy between the minister and him, which accounts for his siding with Ajeet Singh.

Ajeet Singh, who has not without reason been denominated the arch-murderer, was a man so remarkable for beauty of countenance that he appeared to be modelled after a Greek statue. His large dark eyes were full of intelligence, his forehead was spacious and lofty, and over his round handsome chin curled a black beard, imparting to his countenance an air of peculiar man-

liness. But there was in his expression a ferocity indicating itself chiefly through the form of the mouth, which often startled those who beheld him. He had read some of the Goolistan, and on occasions, when the sayer of fine sayings, Fakir Aziz-ud-din, had talked himself hoarse or dry, this chief used in a clumsy way 'to make the rose of friendship bloom in the garden of esteem, and connect the hearts of inclination with the chain of fidelity.' He was the nephew of Uttur Singh, an old and influential chieftain, remarkable for being a violent anti-English partisan, and expressing his sentiments on the subject with bluntness and energy, even in public durbar. Ajeet Singh possessed, as has been observed, some literary accomplishments, and being a favourite with the maharajah, and of his own blood, with prepossessing exterior and tolerable address, he was on several occasions put at the head of political missions wherein the real agent was Fakir Aziz-ud-din. He always appeared to have an infinite opinion of himself, and the small amount of knowledge he possessed, however useless it may have been, conferred on him some consequence among his ignorant countrymen. This perhaps inspired him with the belief that his talents were adapted to the management of public business, more especially for that of diplomacy. His residence at Calcutta, after the death of Ranjit, as agent for the Ranees Chund Koor, is still remembered. His diplomatic talents on that occasion were, however, employed to no purpose; he therefore re-ingratiated himself with the durbar, and his bold, busy turn of mind soon connected him intimately with those who sought to compass the downfall of Shere Singh. They who counted on him as a passive instrument discovered their mistake when too late. He cut off his enemies and rivals with ruthless imperturbability, sparing neither age nor youth, nor even the infant at the breast. Caught at length in his own sanguinary toils, he perished in the confusion which he had himself created.

Rajah Dhyani Singh has, on all hands, been regarded as a remarkable man, for the country in which he lived. He was the second brother of the three chiefs of Jumboo, and served Ranjit Singh in the capacity of first minister. He always stood very high in his master's favour, and, in some respects, deserved the rank he held. He was active, able, and intelligent, possessed unbounded influence over the Sikh people; and, but for his impatience, might, in all probability, have been ultimately sovereign of Lahore. He was devotedly attached to his master, Ranjit, whom he treated with a degree of

respect that was singular and even affecting. While his son, Heera Singh, occupied a silver chair near the maharajah, Dhyān Singh either stood or sat on the ground somewhat behind Ranjit, with his shield at his back, and his sword across his knee, like a soldier as he was. He was never seen without them. The shield was an ordinary one of rhinoceros' hide, the sword a plain close-handled talwar. His dress was plain and manly, consisting of a green silk quilted chupkun, except on state occasions, when he dressed very splendidly in armour, the present of Louis Philippe of France. His features were highly intellectual and expressive of a thoughtful cast of mind, but bearing a look of strong determination. He seldom smiled, and when he did, it was sadly. He spoke little, but it was always well and to the purpose. As may be supposed, he was shy and reserved with Europeans; but no one could be long in his company without perceiving his superiority to most about him. He was considerably above the middle height, well made, save in the singular deformity of a double thumb on both hands from above the second joint. In his habits of business he was indefatigable. Orders were given to wake him at all hours of the night, in the event of important despatches arriving. He rose altogether above the excesses common at the court of Lahore.

Gholāb Singh, the elder brother of the minister, is a man of unprepossessing appearance, heavy and sinister looking. His character, however, has been misrepresented, or misunderstood, by most of those who have spoken of him. If he does not possess that perfect acquaintance with business for which his brother, Dhyān, was remarkable, he can scarcely be said to be his inferior in natural abilities. He has always kept aloof from the durbar, and lived much among his own subjects in the hills; first, because he has been greatly dreaded at Lahore; and, secondly, because he has been himself apprehensive of treachery. He has been accused of extreme cruelty; and, it has been said, that a British officer, travelling through his territories in 1839, arrived at a village where a hundred of the inhabitants had recently been flayed alive for non-payment of all demands of revenue. Cruelty such as this is perfectly in keeping with the character of Asiatic princes, who seem often to excel in it in proportion to the greatness of their genius. Timour and Jenghis Khan were prodigies of cruelty, yet their mental energy was so great, that it enabled them to shake the whole of Asia; and Gholāb Singh, though neither a

Jenghis nor a Timour, has yet displayed, in the midst of difficulties and dangers, a degree of foresight, circumspection, and intrepidity, by no means common in any part of the world.

Heera Singh was, in his early youth, more like a Delhi beau than a Sikh. He looked as unlike as well could be his father's son, in manners, dress, and style; but there was a strong family likeness of feature between them. He was undoubtedly of superior intelligence. Under the cloak of petulance and frivolity, he concealed considerable shrewdness, and his confident manners and licence of tongue enabled him to say much that had sense or meaning in a tone of careless indifference. His father, no doubt, depended greatly upon him, and he was early schooled under the most able masters of the East in that science which among them passes for the science of government. He has been thrown, at the age of barely three-and-twenty, into a position of singular difficulty. Whether he will prove equal to its exigencies, remains for time to show, though every fresh mail which arrives from India supplies fresh proofs of his ability and successful policy. An anecdote is related illustrating the extraordinary influence which, even in early youth, he exercised over the mind of Ranjit Singh. On one occasion, when the annual tribute had arrived from Kashmēr, consisting of shawls, arms, jewels, &c., to the value of upwards of thirty thousand pounds, and was, according to custom, spread upon the floor for the inspection of the maharajah, the youthful favourite addressing the prince, observed petulantly, 'Your highness cannot need all these things; give them to me.' To which Ranjit, with equal coolness, replied, 'You may take them.'

Such, at the period of which we are now speaking, were the political leaders of the Punjab, all ambitious, all intensely selfish, but capable some of them of occasional acts of self-devotion, and a generous disregard of personal interest. Shere Singh had apparently alienated from himself the minds of most of these men, partly, perhaps, by insults, but more by the mere fact of standing in their way. In himself, he was not entirely destitute of good qualities. He could bear and forbear. When Dhyān Singh reproached him, in open durbar, with his neglect of business, drunkenness, and other excess; instead of giving way to the impulse of revenge, by which most princes, perhaps, would have been actuated, he honestly confessed his faults, and promised amendment. But the minister, conscious of the intemperateness of his own proceeding, and arguing like Calchas, that they who possess superior power will be sure, in the long run, to dis-

cover some means of avenging themselves, readily entered upon machinations for extirpating the seeds of such vengeance. It was, in one word, agreed between Ajeet and Dhyan Singh, that the maharajah should be cut off, after which they might settle between them the plan upon which public affairs were to be conducted. There are five versions of the history of this conspiracy, but that which appears to be best authenticated is this: the maharajah was invited to witness a review of the troops upon a large open space, near the centre of which stood a summer-house. In the window of this the prince took his station, while the troops developed themselves and went through their evolutions. Some discontent, it is said, was expressed at the manner in which, whether purposely or not, the soldiers of Ajeet Singh performed their duty. Their commander, nevertheless, approached the summer-house for the purpose of offering the customary present. The maharajah stood at an open window about seven feet from the ground. Ajeet Singh galloped up and held forward a double-barrelled rifle as if for his master's inspection, turning, seemingly by accident, the muzzle towards him. Shere Singh held forth his hand to receive the present, but the conspirator, at that moment pulling the trigger, lodged the contents in his forehead. The maharajah fell back and expired. The news of the assassination spread rapidly: there was some desultory firing between the troops and his immediate followers; but the assassin having previously secured the army by boundless promises, there was no apprehension of a mutiny. The maharajah, however, had left one son, Purtab Singh, who, though extremely young, was married and had one child. This youth met the assassin of his father as he was returning to the city, and by him was immediately put to death. Ajeet Singh then proceeded to the Zenana, and with an infant not twenty-four hours old extinguished the house of Shere Singh.

It now remained to come to a settlement with the minister, and the scene which ensued, as it is described by one who was in Lahore at the time, is worthy of the most sanguinary days of the French Revolution. The two conspirators leaped into a carriage to discuss, as they drove along, the partition of the government and the reward which each of them was to reap from his guilt. They were both ambitious, both grasping, both passionate and impetuous. They argued the matter; each put forward his own claims in their fullest extent; they grew warm; they quarrelled; they menaced each

other; and Ajeet Singh, to cut the matter short, at length drew out a pistol and blew out his companion's brains, the carriage still driving on at its usual pace through the streets of Lahore.

Ajeet Singh was now master of the field. He had despatched his rivals one after another with more than dramatic rapidity. There are many, however, capable of committing daring crimes; but the number is small of those who even in appearance and for a season can derive advantage from them. Ajeet retired to the palace to ruminate possibly on his own grandeur, and also to reflect on the means of maintaining it. In the camp, outside the city, he knew there were those who would envy him his position and would probably attempt to dispute it with him, among whom were the brother and son of Dhyan, Suchet and Heera Singh. It is not to be supposed, therefore, that the temporary master of the palace and city of Lahore lay on a bed of roses. He had yet to make good his pretensions against formidable rivals, and, as he was remarkable for nothing but villany, as soon as the troops advanced against him he fell. Then began another system of manœuvres. There were still several great political leaders in the Punjab; Heera Singh, son of the late minister, Suchet and Gholab Singh, his uncles, and Lena Singh Majiteeah, a man of respectable abilities and much integrity of character. Who then among all these was to be maharajah? They determined to set up a puppet, under whose name they might between them govern the country, and command the necessary leisure and opportunity for plotting against each other. The individual they selected to play the prince was Dhulip Singh, a child six years old, said, but without any appearance of truth, to be the son of Ranjit. Heera, through the influence he possessed over the army, and in virtue of the wisdom which he might be supposed to inherit from the late minister, was suffered to seize the reins of government, while Lena and Suchet remained nursing their discontent in the capital, and Gholab held aloof at Jumboo, doubtful, it would seem, whether to support or overthrow his nephew.

The position of the new minister was beset with difficulties. He had worked himself up to the summit of power by an admixture of boldness and intrigue, but as he was not supposed to possess commanding talents his immediate downfall was predicted on all sides, and it required, indeed, great skill to balance himself steadily on that 'bad eminence.' According to one account, which, however, must be grossly

exaggerated, there were about the capital, immediately before the assassination of Shere Singh, 100,000 troops. Most of these, and especially the Sikhs themselves, were discontented and mutinous on account of the long arrears of pay due to them. On the removal of the sovereign they felt that they were the real masters of the country, and, like the Prætorian guards of Rome, conceived the project of paying themselves; not, indeed, from the coffers of the state, but from the property of private citizens. They dispersed themselves, therefore, through the capital, and casting aside all the restraints of discipline, betook themselves to plunder and the perpetration of every species of excess, so that Lahore, during eighteen hours, resembled a city stormed by the enemy. The same thing, or worse, happened at Amritsir, for here the fanatical Akalees, resembling in manner and temper the assassins of Persia, resolved to enjoy one intoxicating draught of mischief, and carried terror and confusion into every family. Throughout the whole Punjab the same scenes were here and there enacted on a smaller scale. The soldiers, deserting their ranks in gangs, became freebooters, and subsisted by the plunder of travellers, villages, and hamlets. Society appeared to be resolving itself into its original elements. At the same time rumours were circulated that the English were concentrating their forces and advancing towards the frontier. This intelligence in the actual posture of affairs was advantageous to Herra Singh, since it aided him considerably in recalling the troops to a sense of duty and ridding himself of the presence of a part of them who were pushed forward to the Sutledge, ostensibly to protect their country from invasion. It may, nevertheless, be much doubted whether the minister himself gave implicit credit to the report. He had duly notified to the governor-general the accession of Dhulip Singh, and probably felt secure that so long as his own unruly countrymen should abstain from committing acts of aggression on our territory there would be nothing to fear from us. In other quarters the sources of uneasiness were multiplying. Sawun Mull, it was said, not altogether, perhaps, without probability, was plotting against the Khalsa. The Afreedes were putting on a threatening aspect; Dheria Khan distinctly stated his intentions to Tej Singh, Sikh governor west of the Indus, to plunder the merchants if a sort of tribute were not paid him, while news was received that Mahommed Akbar, with an army of Affghans, was advancing upon Peshawer. Nor was this all. Gholab Singh had not yet explained his inten-

tions, and was expected daily to descend from the hills with a veteran army of twenty or twenty-five thousand men, to claim his share in the direction of public affairs. The situation of the minister was eminently critical. Surrounded on all sides by the most threatening elements of disorder and danger, he had little on which he could place reliance, but his own genius and powers of intrigue, assisted by the experienced courtier and conspirator, Pundit Jelah Ram. The ability which Heera Singh exhibited in these difficult circumstances has never been fairly acknowledged. He had, however, extraordinary obstacles to surmount, formidable enemies to contend with, an incessantly renewing web of intrigue to unravel, endless conspiracies to crush, and above all, a licentious and discontented army to pacify and wheedle into co-operation with him. Up to the present moment, however, he has succeeded in effecting all this, and whatever may have been the means he employed, however profound his treachery or hypocrisy, or however unscrupulous his villany, still the fact remains undisputed, that Heera Singh has been able to keep his head above water in one of the most troubled seas in which a statesman ever floated towards power. Let this much be granted to him, though he be our enemy.

Among the embarrassments of the minister, not the least delicate, perhaps, was the illness which seized the youthful maharajah, almost immediately after his accession. Everybody knows with what lavish liberality, that which Father Paul denominates 'Italian physic,' is distributed in Oriental durbars. As soon as Dhulip Singh fell sick, therefore, his mother, the Princess Chundkoo, obviously suspected that poison had been administered to him, or would be administered in the guise of medicine. She watched, accordingly, with trembling anxiety over her son, and though to all appearance the progress of the disease could not otherwise be arrested, refused, on his behalf, all the potions prescribed for him by his physicians. To her maternal fears poison seemed to lurk in every cup. All the great Sardars of the state reasoned with her in vain. She expected the first draught the maharajah should swallow would be his last, so that Heera Singh was compelled to take upon himself the highly invidious and dangerous task of forcibly administering the prescribed medicines to his prince, fully conscious that if death ensued he should be universally regarded as a poisoner. From this peril, however, he did not shrink. He seized the boy in his arms, and in the presence of the whole council and despite the

protestations of the pale and trembling mother, forced the potion down his throat. Chundkoor's exhibition of maternal tenderness on this occasion may excite in the reader's mind a desire to know something of her history. She is the daughter of Moona Singh, a Zemindar of the Jatooogl tribe of Gujranwalla, and an officer in the Goorchera corps, raised by the father of Ranjit Singh. This prince, then a youth, contracted a friendship with Moona Singh; and, afterwards, when firmly seated on the throne of the Punjab, beholding accidentally the beauty of his friend's daughter, or learning it from report, became, though somewhat advanced in years, a suitor for her hand. Contrary to custom he himself broke the matter to her father, who, having a due respect for forms, reproved him for speaking on the subject 'with his own mouth.' Upon this Ranjit employed a confidential person to communicate his wishes. He succeeded in his object, and the attachment of the maharajah to his new wife, for the first six months after their marriage, was the topic of general observation. In due course it was announced to the maharajah that the ranee was *excciste*, the news being accompanied by a request that some separate habitation might be allotted to her. This was duly complied with, and an order issued to Rajah Dhyan Singh to supply the ranee with everything she might require. On the birth of Dhaulip Singh the rajah received further instructions to take both the mother and son to the hills, and to spare nothing in making them comfortable in every respect. The boy remained from that time under the care of Dhyan Singh, until brought to Lahore to serve the ends of that wily chief.

Suspicion, when once thoroughly roused, generally exaggerates the villany of the persons suspected. It was so in this case. It was not poison but wholesome medicine that Heera Singh administered to the maharajah, whose health was, accordingly, in due time, restored. Not so the health of the state. That proceeded every day from bad to worse, though the minister, in the midst of enemies and conspirators, held on his way triumphantly. His uncle Gholâb had not yet paid his threatened visit to the capital, but the other uncle, Suchet, who was present, became daily more closely invested by a host of poignant apprehensions. He well knew the minister to be his enemy, because he felt conscious of cherishing unmitigated hostility towards him. There could be no mistake on that point. He went seldom to the durbar, and when he did, was always attended by a host of followers, and armed to the teeth. It may be here worth while to de-

scribe the appearance of this handsome chief, called Malek Adhel by the ladies of Sir Henry Fane's camp, when he repaired on great occasions to court. His age at the beginning of the troubles did not exceed thirty-four. His dress was magnificent:—a helmet, or skull cap, of bright polished steel, inlaid with gold, and a deep fringe of chain mail, of the same material, reaching to his shoulders; three plumes of black heron's feathers waving on his crest, and three shawls of lilac, white and scarlet, twisted very round and tight, interlaced with one another and gathered round the edge of the helmet; on his forehead he wore a cheleuk of rubies and diamonds. His back, breastplate and gauntlets, were of steel, richly embossed with gold and precious stones, and worn over a rich, thick-quilted jacket of bright yellow silk. With magnificent armlets of rubies and diamonds on each arm; a shield of the polished hide of the rhinoceros, embossed and ornamented with gold, a jewelled sabre and matchlock, and his long and glossy black beard and moustaches, he looked the very *beau ideal* of a Sikh chief.

Another enemy of the same class soon discovered himself. This was Lena Singh Majiteeah, who, reasoning with himself, that if the minister's own uncle did not consider it safe to proceed unarmed to the durbar, much less would it be safe for him, against whom Heera had equal causes of enmity, with less powerful checks to his malignity; he always appeared at court armed *cap-à-pie*, and attended by a formidable retinue. When the minister remonstrated, observing that this was setting a bad example to the Sirdars in general, Lena Singh, after appearing once more in armour by way of defiance, absented himself altogether, and either separately or in conjunction with Suchet began to meditate new plots. The soldiers, meanwhile, were becoming so much the enemies of the peaceful population, that the general wish among the industrious classes was to behold the British make their appearance to put down their military tyrants. The minister also lived in constant dread of the army, to diminish and disperse which was the main object that occupied his thoughts day and night. It behooved him, however, not to suffer his secret to transpire. He therefore appeared to be in much need of the troops, filled them with promises, and took many active steps for the purpose of creating the impression that they were soon to be engaged in active service. The powder manufactories were put in operation, balls were cast, large quantities of arms were collected on various points, and the minister appeared

frequently among the troops, addressing to them speeches, soothing in part, and in part calculated to excite apprehensions of an enemy whom it was not thought prudent to name. While these measures were taken to amuse the troops, the jewels of the crown, together with as much as possible of its other movable treasures, were little by little despatched secretly to the hills, where they were placed under the care of that able and astute politician, Gholab of Jumboo. The character of this chief is understood but very imperfectly yet. At the critical moment to which events have now brought us, he had some weighty reasons which deterred him from immediately making his appearance at the capital. He took a strange way to justify his absence. Instead of saying he was detained by weighty business, or preserving silence, and allowing the world to conjecture his motives, he pretended to be mad, and raved with much dramatic effect for some time. Meanwhile the administration of Heera Singh presented a singular aspect at Lahore. He took little or no pains to conciliate public opinion. Shere Singh, when assassinated, left behind him a widow, in possession of a valuable jaghire or estate, besides a large amount of personal property. Of the latter she was immediately deprived by a creature of the minister, who shortly afterwards confiscated the jaghire, leaving her altogether without the means of subsistence. And when persons represented to him the condition of this unhappy princess, he paid no attention to them. His thoughts apparently were absorbed in providing for his own personal safety. He dreaded and detested the Sikh soldiery, and imprudently suffered it to appear that he placed more reliance on the Hindostani troops, and even publicly announced his intention of forming an Afghan body-guard of five hundred men. The conduct of the Sikh army justified his dislike and his apprehensions; for the soldiers threw off entirely the restraints of discipline, left their quarters as often as they pleased without leave to visit their friends, or go whithersoever else their inclinations prompted them, and when the minister remonstrated with their officers, he was informed that the men were entirely beyond their control. Towards the industrious classes of their countrymen they behaved as towards an enemy, plundering the shopkeepers and the merchants, and boasting while they did so that they could place whomsoever they pleased on the Guddee. Occasionally Heera Singh took some steps which he thought calculated to mitigate their aversion for him by adroitly endeav-

avouring to direct it against another. He caused it to be reported in the camp that the Maharajah Shere Singh, a short time before his death, had placed nine lakhs of rupees in the hands of Suchet Singh for the purpose of discharging the arrears of the army; and added, that by assailing that chief with violent menaces they might succeed in extorting the money from him. Partial success attended this manoeuvre. For if the minister failed to diminish his own embarrassments, he at least contrived to render his uncle the associate of his difficulties.

From time to time, while these affairs were in progress, news reached Lahore that the powerful hill chief, Gholab Singh, was on his march. A thousand surmises respecting his intentions were circulated. Some believed he meant to overthrow the minister and assume the reins of government himself; others, that at the head of his hardy mountaineers, it was his design to attack the Sikh troops and cut them to pieces; while others framed and circulated other conjectures equally calculated to fill the public mind with alarm. Day after day messengers preceded his advance, deepening the excitement by the intelligence they brought. If Rajah Heera Singh entertained any particular fears, he kept them to himself. The other chiefs were obviously under the influence of strong terror. Gholab, aware probably of the real state of things, did not hurry his movements in the least. His designs were altogether inscrutable. As he approached the capital at the head of his troops, all the principal Sardars went forth filled with uncertainty to meet him. Nothing seems to have been discoverable from the manner in which he received them. He entered the city, and desiring the chiefs to meet him next day on the grand parade, withdrew for the night. In what state of mind the several competitors for power passed the interval, may, without much difficulty, be conceived. Suchet, though the great hill chief was his brother, did not on that account experience the less uneasiness. Nor did Heera Singh look forward to the morrow without dread. What tended considerably to augment their apprehensions was the threatening aspect of the hill troops, who, sullen, haughty, and overbearing, seemed in conjunction with their chief to be meditating some desperate exploit. They seized on every opportunity to evince their dislike and contempt for the Sikhs, perpetrating the most provoking and insolent acts, and in the excess of their wantonness cutting down the trees in the neighbourhood of Lahore, which, considering the scorching heat of summer in that vicinity, was almost

to render it uninhabitable. When the rajahs and the other leaders were at the hour appointed assembled on the parade, Gholab addressed them in these words: 'Sirdars, I have served the Maharajah Ranjit Singh since I was sixteen, and from that day to this I have endeavoured to discharge the duties imposed upon me with honesty and fidelity. It is my desire that the name of that ruler shall be maintained in this kingdom, and to effect this purpose it is necessary that we should all, notwithstanding the late disturbances, unite together and faithfully discharge our duty to the present maharajah. Should you think proper to follow my advice, no change shall be effected in the position of any of you; but those who may refuse to accede to my proposal, will yet live to beg their bread from door to door.'

This sententious and significant harangue produced a powerful effect both on the commanders and on the troops. All professed the most unlimited obedience to the rajah, and the whole aspect of public affairs appeared for the moment completely unruffled. Still the minister's secret projects developed themselves without intermission. According to his views there were too many chiefs in the Punjab. But as he could not openly proceed to diminish their number, he had recourse to the Venetian method recommended by Father Paul, who observes that it is much better to take off a troublesome adversary by poison or secret assassination, than to encounter the noise and scandal of a public execution. The Sirdar considered most obnoxious was Lena Singh, and the method adopted for his removal was extremely curious and characteristic. Let it not be imagined, however, that hatred was the only motive to this enterprise. There was another. Lena Singh possessed great wealth, and vast and productive jaghires, some of them lying in the rich plains between Multan and Lahore; and these, the minister believed, in the actual posture of affairs, might prove highly useful to himself. Under this impression he hired four assassins, with whom he entered into a written engagement to pay them large sums of money so soon as his enemy should be put out of the way. It happened, however, that intelligence of this plot reached Lena Singh, who immediately strengthened his bodyguard, and took such other precautions as he judged necessary to protect his life. His servants and dependents received strict orders to admit no person into his presence, without first ascertaining that he was unarmed. This somewhat disconcerted the wily minister, but by no means induced him

to desist from his undertaking. He invited to a secret conference the youthful brother-in-law of his intended victim, and by promises of rich jaghires and other advantages, subverted his easy integrity, and prevailed on him to undertake the murder of Lena Singh. It may here be observed that there is nothing which a native of Hindustan covets with such passionate eagerness as the possession of land. Rank, honours, jewels, money, sometimes fail to purchase his co-operation in crime, but he seldom resists the prospect of a jaghire. He would, in fact, to secure it, consent to do business with Mephistophiles. At least, this was the case with the youth whom Heera Singh desired to employ as his instrument on the present occasion. The contract was drawn up, signed, sealed, and delivered to the assassin, who, concealing it together with a pair of pistols about his person, proceeded towards the palace of his brother-in-law, reckoning confidently upon being admitted unsearched. The honest lad reckoned, however, without his host. Lena's servants having received strict orders, resolved to make no exceptions, and accordingly on examining the person of the young Sirdar, discovered the pistols. He was immediately disarmed, and dragged before his brother-in-law, who not only reproached him angrily, but also administered a sound beating; upon which, the young man, bursting into tears, confessed the whole truth, and in proof of what he had stated, produced the written contract with Heera Singh. It may perhaps be argued that the existence of such a contract is extremely improbable, and so no doubt it is. But as the most artful and jesuitical politicians have sometimes perpetrated the most unaccountable blunders, it is within the limits of probability that Heera Singh may have thus committed himself.

It will be recollected that the Maharajah Dhulip Singh was a child of six years old. His habits, manners and amusements were suitable to his age. He was paraded about, indeed, as a state puppet, surrounded by scheming and profligate politicians, and liable at any moment to be made away with to further any temporary interest of theirs. From several circumstances which have transpired, he would seem to be in himself an interesting child. One day he observed, in durbar, that the elephant on which he rode was growing thin and that he desired to have something to fatten him; upon which the munificent minister ordered that a rupee's worth of sweetmeats should be given to the animal! The little fellow was often fond of being charitable, and occasionally distributed five or six hundred rupees

among the poor, scattering silver and copper coins by handfuls. Sometimes, however, the urchin's amusements were not quite so innocent; for elephants, excited by rage, were made to fight in his presence, on beholding which he expressed himself much gratified. He has a body-guard composed of children of about his own age, who, when he proceeds to view the troops or take the air, accompany him, scampering hither and thither, now before, now behind, and indulging in all those frolics which are natural to children. The little maharajah, on one occasion, was so highly delighted with these infant troops that he earnestly requested the minister to make them some present, upon which a number of the confiscated horses of the Sindanwallahs, Ajeet and Utur Singh, with other branches of their family, whose jaghires lay near the holy city of Amritsir, were given them. But Chundkoor, the mother of the prince, has never been lulled into a fatal security by these smiling appearances. Filled with anxiety and suspicion, she watches incessantly over her child. Nor is affection the only quality for which she is distinguished. She obviously possesses a superior understanding and extreme firmness of character. From the beginning of the troubles it appears to have been her desire to escape, with the youthful maharajah, from Lahore, and to take refuge with him in the Company's territories. As a preliminary step to this movement, affecting to be under the influence of a superstitious presentiment, she endeavoured to obtain the consent of the ruling Sirdars to remove her son to Amritsir, observing that destiny seemed to have decreed that no Sikh prince should reign at Lahore. Both Gholab and Suchet endeavoured by argument and ridicule to quiet these fears, but without success. On one occasion, when the former, quitting the council, came to the dwelling of the maharajah alone, Chundkoor obviously apprehended that he was come to bring the tragedy to a conclusion; or, at least, for the purpose of perpetrating some act which might be fatal to the interests both of herself and her son. Gholab expressed his desire to have an interview with the maharajah, at first without explaining for what purpose, but afterwards, when informed that he was asleep and could not be waked, he observed that it was absolutely necessary, because his signature (seal) was required to an instrument constituting Heera Singh minister of the Khalsa. The mother's first objection to this arrangement was admirable. She said, if roused from his sleep he would begin crying and that it would be difficult to pacify him. Being further urged, she ex-

pressed her mind freely, and remarked that her son was not of an age to sign such instruments, but that when time should have ripened his understanding he might choose his own minister. This resolution of hers no representations of the hill chief could shake; so that, annoyed and baffled, he returned to the council, which, when it broke up, the minister quitted in great dudgeon.

It seemed to most persons that some unusual project was now in agitation. The Ranee felt that she and her son were surrounded by enemies, and stood in fact on the edge of a precipice, down which the slightest accident might precipitate them: Under these circumstances she seems to have come to a secret understanding with her brother Jowahir Singh, though ostensibly they were not to act in concert. Their scheme was desperate and full of danger. Jowahir Singh came to the palace of the maharajah, and feigning an anxiety to amuse him, contrived, apparently against the wish of the Ranee, to take him out somewhat late in the evening. Traversing the city rapidly, he passed the gates and proceeded across the plain towards the camp. He went first to the quarters of a regiment under General Avitabile, where the Sipahis on guard expressed their astonishment at his highness's visiting the lines at so late an hour. To this Jowahir replied that the minister having laid a plot for murdering the maharajah, he had managed to prevent the execution of such a deed, and had now brought him to be placed under the care of the army. The officers of the regiment were summoned forthwith, and having themselves questioned Jowahir Singh, he, in addition to his former statement, informed them that Heera was anxious to make way for another son of Ranjit Singh, and implored of them to take the young prince under their protection. He terminated his disclosures by saying that whatever was resolved on must be done quickly, for if time were allowed the Sirdars in the city to deliberate, the hopes of the troops would be frustrated. The officers requested the maharajah to descend from the elephant, led him into a tent, and having no confidence in the assertion of Jowahir Singh, sent a message secretly to the minister to apprise him of what had happened. Meanwhile the uncle was not permitted to remain in the tent with his nephew, but was confined in another place, where a guard was stationed over him. Rajah Heera was not a little astonished at the message he received, and sent back the bearer thereof to the officers, denouncing Jowahir Singh as a rogue and a liar, and desiring them to keep him

safe and send him in a prisoner; also to escort the maharajah to his palace with due honour. He then posted troops in every part of the city, and ordered the gates to be closed, and on no account opened without an order from himself. He placed two pieces of cannon in front of his own house, apprehensive of an attack on his person. The whole town was alive during the night. The officers had no sooner received Heera Singh's answer than they sent off Jowahir Singh under a guard, but kept the maharajah in the large dome injured by lightning, surrounded by Avitabile's troops, not knowing exactly how far they might trust Heera Singh. The maharajah had not been long alone before he desired to see his uncle, and on hearing that he was not there began to cry. On Jowahir Singh appearing before the angry and vindictive minister, he ordered him to be heavily ironed, together with his brother and the officers of his palace; and on learning the maharajah's anxiety to see his uncle, sent some of the female attendants to wait on him. Next morning, accompanied by his friends and an escort of hill suwars, he proceeded to the cantonments, and having placed the maharajah on the elephant beside himself, returned to the city by the Delhi gate.

The picture of these extraordinary movements, all of them of a revolutionary character, can be only rendered interesting by minute touches. We are describing a very peculiar state of society, every change in which is fraught with instruction, but derives its chief importance from its bearing upon our own position in India. Every step taken by the rulers of the Punjab postpones or hastens the period of our interference, and therefore cannot be viewed by us with indifference. We should otherwise be far from indulging in these elaborate details, which can only in particular circumstances have a political signification. It has already been seen that Chundkoor, the mother of the maharajah, is a woman of no ordinary abilities. At an interview which took place between her and Gholab Singh, on the evening of the following day, 9th of September, she exerted those abilities to obtain the liberation of her brother, and combated so adroitly the arguments and objections of the hill chief, that, backed by the remonstrances of some of the sirdars, she at length succeeded. Suchet Singh seized upon this occasion for giving vent to his hatred of the minister. Instead of employing argument or entreaty he seemed determined to refer the whole to force, and in open durbar threatened to cut him down if he refused to

liberate his prisoner. Gholab, throughout these transactions, played the part of a peacemaker. Now he soothed the irritated feelings of his brother, and now he sought to appease his nephew's resentment. With both his eloquence had much weight, his character more, and at length, after numerous attempts, he succeeded in persuading Suchet Singh to withdraw his troops from the capital, and retire towards Ramnuggur. The speculations to which these movements gave birth were extremely wild on both sides of the Sutledge, the prevalent opinion being that the three great rajahs were dealing hypocritically with the Khalsa, with the design of robbing the state of all its treasures, and afterwards of abandoning Lahore, to set up a rival government in the hills. These suspicions were invested with some degree of probability by the fact, that the Jumboo family did not belong to the Sikh sect, but were of the Brahminical persuasion, together with a majority of their subjects. There was, therefore, between them and the army and people of the Khalsa a strong sectarian hatred, which rendered each party extremely well disposed to malign and misrepresent the other. As was to be expected, society became daily more and more disorganized. In one part of the country the soldiers were depressed by ill omens, and therefore disaffected towards the government. Elsewhere they based their discontent on the irregularity with which their pay was dealt out to them, and in the capital a hundred causes concurred to enrage them against the minister. On one occasion they proceeded with lighted matches towards his house, and were only by accident prevented from accomplishing their plan of vengeance. The feeling of dislike was propagated rapidly throughout the whole Sikh population, who received joyfully every rumour that made against Heera Singh. At an obscure village, some distance from the capital, a strange character made his appearance, affecting to be devoutly inspired, and urging in proof of it a miracle which he pretended to have wrought. Out of his forehead sprang an ear of wheat which grew and ripened on that strange soil, and he had beside a purge, which, like that of Fortunatus, was unceasingly supplied with gold. A rabble of Sikhs soon gathered round him, and his appearance was understood to bode no good to government. The orders which Heera Singh gave respecting this equivocal personage, when a knowledge of his acts had been forced upon him, were those of an able statesman. Should he prove to be a divinely-inspired person,

he directed him to be treated with all due respect; but if an impostor, he was to be seized and brought before him.

These elements of discord and confusion multiplying on all sides inspired the peaceable and industrious classes with dismay. They could discover no end to the troubles of the state, respecting which they might at length have become indifferent had they not been sufferers by every vicissitude. Earnestly, therefore, did they look for British interference, and if that boon were denied them they were even prepared to hail the invasion of the country by Dost Mohammed Khan, being ready to submit to any prince or any government for the sake of enjoying internal tranquillity and something like security to life and property. But their cup was not yet full. Other revolutions were in store for them, and probably still are, for the state of the Punjab must go on from bad to worse till the Company finds itself compelled to interfere in order to prevent the relapsing of all that part of the country into utter barbarism.

Immediately upon the occurrence of the events above related, the Sikh troops, by threats and tumults, compelled the public enthronement of the maharajah, shortly after which two new competitors for the supreme power appeared in the persons of Kashmeera and Peshora, illegitimate sons, it was said, of Ranjit Singh. The latter of these chiefs, while governor of Attock in 1839, displayed extremely hostile feelings towards the British, and Kashmeera Singh likewise in past years cherished similar feelings. Now, however, their enmity was concentrated against Heera Singh, through whose machinations it was reported their jaghires had been confiscated. An attempt also, it is thought, was made to seize their persons, but they escaped to Sialkote, a large town towards the foot of the hills, the fort of which they garrisoned with their friends, while efforts were made in their favour throughout the Punjab. Even the troops in the capital, obviously in their affections, sided with them, and at length made, on their behalf, propositions to Heera Singh which he could not accept without descending to a far lower level than he had been accustomed to occupy. Probably, indeed, he would have found it difficult to preserve his life. Be this as it may, he parried with infinite skill the blow aimed at his authority, distributed large donations of money, with still more lavish promises, and made what the preparations were in his power to meet the gathering storm. One of his uncles, Suchet Singh, secretly supported, he could not doubt, the cause of the insurgent princes,

whose forces rapidly increased. Sialkote is a large town, or rather city, about eighty miles north-east of Lahore. The pettah, or town, though extensive and populous, is not defended by walls, but there is a citadel, apparently of considerable antiquity, which overlooks and commands the whole. Shortly after the occupation of this fortress the two princes were assisted in their design by one of those events which rarely occur save in romance: they discovered a large hidden treasure, collected, perhaps, for a different purpose by some of the ancient rajahs of the place. The coins appear to have been silver, equal in weight to three rupees and a half. But the princes, through generosity or carelessness, issued them to the troops as three rupees, which had the effect of rapidly multiplying their forces, though the principal gain is said to have accrued to the bankers. Soldiers flocked from all parts to Sialkote. Among these were the Ramgol battalion, which, having mutinied for lack of pay at Peshawar, had marched through the whole Punjab to Lahore, none daring to attack them; and, after filling the capital with dismay, proceeded to join the insurgent princes in the north. These took up their quarters in the town. We have already observed that Suchet Singh secretly supported the cause of Kashmeera and Peshora, while his brother Gholab, on the other hand, adhered to the minister, and despatched a considerable force to lay siege to Sialkote. The struggle that ensued was diversified by numerous incidents, among which the most remarkable, perhaps, was the arrival of two thousand Nagas proceeding on pilgrimage to Haridwara, who observed that the act of aiding the sons of Ranjit Singh was equal in virtue to bathing in the sacred river. A fakir, too, remarkable for his sanctity, made his appearance at the fort to encourage the besieged by his predictions. Supernatural events were, likewise, believed to have occurred, all prognosticating success to the sons of Ranjit Singh; a warrior, mounted on a green horse, was beheld by the garrison, riding to and fro for hours together on the ramparts, and a singularly brilliant meteor, resembling the false dawn of the Persians, was beheld during the night in the east, and mistaken for the rising sun. Encouraged by these omens, the army of the besieged swelled rapidly, while the hill chief and the minister continually poured fresh forces into their camp. The whole Punjab was big with expectation, and along the entire line of our own frontier, everybody looked with anxiety towards Sialkote. At Lahore, circumstances became every day more and more menacing to the minister. The sol-

diers, exasperated and alienated by his policy, uttered perpetual threats of revenge, observing that, sooner or later, they would inevitably punish him; and that, should he endeavour to escape their hands by drowning himself, they would drag him from the river to inflict a more lingering death! At other times, the troops gave out, that as soon as the affairs of Sialkote had been settled, they must proceed to inquire what had become of the Koh-i-nûr, or mountain of light, the valuable bracelets, the fifteen chairs of state, each worth fifty thousand rupees, the many hundred gold and silver saddles, hundreds of pearl necklaces, the lakhs of gold mohurs, and the immense number of shawls, with other valuables, which Rajah Heera Singh had presumed to remove from the Toshekhkhana and taken to Jumboo. Nor did they confine themselves to threats. A secret negotiation was opened between the principal officers of the army and Rajah Suchet Singh, who was assured that if he would descend from the hills, and suddenly make his appearance at the capital, the troops would all rise in his favour, and procure for him the post of Wezeer, which, by a written engagement, signed by the mother of the young maharajah, had been promised him after the death of Shere Singh. This circumstance, which only transpired accidentally, explains the unappeasable hostility between the uncle and nephew. Suchet, confiding in the promises of the army, left his mountain hold, attended by a small body of followers, not exceeding, according to some reports, five hundred men. This affair, however, was not conducted so clandestinely as to escape Heera Singh's knowledge. He immediately applied himself to counterplot his uncle, and distributed immense sums of money through the camp, conjuring both officers and men to stand by him, and promising, should they prove faithful at this perilous moment, to grant them whatever gifts or favours they should ask. Professions of loyalty were, of course, not wanting on the part of both officers and men. But the minister placed so little reliance on their fidelity, that he was filled with alarm and apprehension, and remained awake all night, conferring with his friends, or making preparations to repel any attack that might be made on him. Meanwhile, Suchet Singh arrived at the cantonment, and had an interview with the officers of several battalions. These informed him that he had come two days too late, that the soldiers had taken an oath to the minister, and that there was now no moving them from their purpose. They counselled him, therefore, to return with all speed to the hills to escape the vengeance of

his nephew, who would, doubtless, pursue him with the most relentless fury.

Finding all representation and entreaties useless, Suchet Singh observed that, although they had deluded and betrayed him, he would still fight the Sikhs with those few among his followers who might remain faithful. Even to these, however, he gave the option to go or remain as they pleased, upon which, it is said, one half of his small band at once deserted their chief. With the remainder he retreated slowly towards the old gardens of the Shalimar. Heera Singh, well informed of what had taken place, now went forth in pursuit of his uncle with an army of twenty thousand men, and a large park of artillery. Suchet, had he been so disposed, might certainly have effected his escape, but perpetual disappointment appears to have rendered him weary of life. He threw himself, therefore, into an old mosque, upon the crumbling walls of which Heera's artillery immediately began to play. The balls fell like hail upon the dome and minarets. The cannonading continued for upwards of an hour, and was heard distinctly in the capital, where the utmost anxiety necessarily prevailed. Suchet, observing, probably, that the building was about to fall in and bury them in its ruins, rushed out, sword in hand, surrounded by his followers, and endeavoured to cut his way through the Sikh ranks. He killed numbers with his own hand, and his minister, an athletic and powerful man, did still more execution; but, at length, overpowered by numbers, both fell. Most of their followers also shared their fate, and Heera Singh was left master of the field.

Having thus rid himself of a powerful rival, it next behoved him, as far as possible, to conciliate public opinion. He, therefore, affected to be deeply grieved by what had taken place, and when the body of his uncle was brought before him, he actually shed tears, how genuine let those judge who know how perseveringly he had hunted him down while living. A large quantity of sandal wood was then sent for from Lahore, and the body of the rajah and his wezeer were buried with due solemnity, according to the Hindû rites. On the character of Suchet Singh it is unnecessary to make many remarks. He was a very brave, handsome, and gallant soldier, of the Bhraminical faith, and of Rajpoot origin. Throughout life he appears to have cherished a strong hatred of the British, and it was chiefly through his agency, it was said, that the dangerous mutiny of last spring, in the Bengal army, was excited at Ferozepore. An immense sum, amounting, according to report, to one hun-

dred and seventy thousand pounds sterling, remaining in the hands of his creatures at that city, after the Sipahis of several regiments had been already corrupted. This fact, however, cannot blind us to the many brilliant qualities of the rajah, who seems, in many respects, to have been one of the most estimable chiefs in the Punjab. One only now remained of those three celebrated brothers whom Ranjit Singh had raised almost from nothing to so great a height of power that he himself lived in constant dread of them. To deliver himself from this fear he had, for some time, been watching his opportunity to cut them all off, but would not dare to attempt the enterprise in detail lest the survivors should get up a rebellion which it might be beyond his power to quell. He, therefore, sought every possible opportunity to bring the three brothers together that he might despatch them at once. But they, suspecting his intentions, were careful never to appear in his presence all at a time. They out-manœuvred and out-lived him, and amply revenged themselves by exterminating his whole race; for the present Maharajah Dhulip Singh has no real pretensions to be called the son of Ranjit.

The genius or good fortune of Heera Singh now appeared to be steadily removing the sources of danger and confusion from around his power. No sooner had he quelled the rising of Suchet than news arrived of the fall of Sialkote, the entire dispersion of the rebel forces, and the disappearance of the princes, who, having placed their wives and families in safety in a hill fortress, had departed no one knew whither. His serenity, however, was for a moment disturbed by the receipt of letters from Gholab Singh, who, as yet ignorant of the fate of his brother, strongly recommended the minister to regard whatever he might do as a frolic, and on no account to proceed seriously against him. When news of the catastrophe reached the hills, the indignation of Suchet's family and dependents knew no bounds. Ninety-five women immolated themselves, while the principal wife abstained from the rite of suttee for the express purpose, as she affirmed, of taking vengeance on the murderers of her husband, that she might be accompanied by crowds of their female relatives to the other world. The Sipahis of the chief likewise took an oath never to eat with their right hand till they had avenged his death. Gholab, a man extraordinary in all his proceedings, appeared rather sorrowful than angry, and wrote to his nephew not to hasten the sending of Suchet's ashes to the Ganges, since his own life was probably drawing to a

close and then he could forward the ashes of both together. It was at this time generally believed that most of the crimes of Heera Singh were perpetrated by the advice of the Pundit Misr Jelah, for which reason the anger of Gholab was directed chiefly against this man, whom he vowed to put to death, with every member of his family, after which he would not leave one stone of their dwellings on another. These menaces being faithfully reported to Heera Singh, disturbed him considerably, for he knew well that if the pundit had counselled, it was he himself that had perpetrated the mischief. A request made at this time by the maharanee augmented his perplexity. She desired permission to proceed, with her son, to bathe during the festival of the Baisaki at Amritsir according to the invariable custom of her illustrious husband, Ranjit Singh. The minister consulted his counsellor the Pundit Misr Jelah, who, having apparently obtained intelligence of what was going on, replied, that as the Gooroo Wyar Singh, together with the Princes Kashmeera and Peshora would, doubtless, be at the holy city during the festival, it would be highly impolitic to allow the maharajah to join them. In reply, therefore, Heera told the maharanee that important business of state would not permit him to quit the capital, and that it would be impossible for the sovereign to go unattended by his minister.

Events were now hastening towards a new catastrophe, more terrible and sanguinary than any that had preceded. It will probably have been remarked that Lena Singh Majiteeah, one of the most respectable and powerful chiefs in the Punjab, performed no part in any of the late troubles. Profoundly disaffected towards the government, he had proceeded on pilgrimage to Haridwara, and openly expressed his intention of not returning to the capital. Understanding what this declaration meant, numbers of unemployed Sipahis flocked around him, so that he was shortly at the head of five thousand men. Another chief who had been lost sight of for some time now also made his appearance. This was Ittur Singh Sindanwallah, the principal representative of a distinguished family, of which Ajeet Singh had formerly been the head. But upon his fall, after the murder of Shere Singh, its male members had all been massacred, with the exception of two or three who accidentally escaped. Hatred of the minister, common to both, now brought together Lena and Ittur Singh, the former descending from the hills to visit the latter at the holy city of Thanessas near Kernál.

French politicians, who bestow some lit-

the attention on the affairs of the East, believe, or affect to believe, that Ittur Singh gradually collected a force in the British territories with the connivance of the governor-general. As it was Lord Ellenborough who then held that office, we can very readily believe, that had it appeared likely to further any of his views, he would have perpetrated this or any other act of perfidy. But even against his lordship, little as we love him, we are not disposed to prefer unfounded accusations; and it must be acknowledged that the French agent of M. Guizot has nothing to support him but his own positive assertions; which, as it happens, are inconsistent with the facts of the case. The force with which Ittur Singh crossed the Sutledge, consisted of seven hundred horse, a detachment from the retinue of Lena Singh, not one man of which was probably raised in British India. With this small body, Ittur Singh, once in the Punjab, moved rapidly northwards, for the purpose of effecting a junction with other forces then preparing, under different chiefs, to attack the minister.

The great bathing ceremony at Amritsir has been already alluded to. During its continuance the Sikhs from all parts of the kingdom repair to the holy city, some through devotion, but more for purposes of political intrigue. Among the visitors who thronged thither on the present occasion, was the Gooroo Wyar Singh, who, for reasons unknown, was inimical to the minister, and immediately began to surround himself with multitudes of disaffected persons. His sacred character, it was supposed, would protect, not only himself, but all those who took shelter under his sanctity from danger. Among these were Kashmeera and Peshora Singh. After the festival was concluded, the Gooroo marched forth from the holy city with his followers, and took up a position on the banks of the Beeah, a large tributary of the Sutledge, where he was joined by Ittur Singh with his seven hundred horse; after which their united forces amounted to about six thousand men.

On this occasion Heera Singh displayed his wonted ability. Calling together the principal Sirdars and officers of the army (May 3), he gave them a brief exposition of the whole state of affairs, artfully feigning to believe that Ittur Singh had crossed the Sutledge under the order of the British, and that he had entered into a secret contract to share with them the revenues of the Punjab. To create the belief that he spoke upon exact information, he described the very terms of the agreement. The English, he said, were to receive, for their share, six

annas in the rupee. He then inquired how, under such circumstances, the army was to be paid, and what would be the condition of the brave officers whom he now addressed. At their own request he gave them a night to deliberate on what was to be done, and on the morning of the 5th, found little difficulty in despatching a powerful army against the insurgents, who were now regarded by the Sikhs in the light of foreign invaders. There was still, indeed, one obstacle to be overcome. The Sikhs regard their Gooroo, or spiritual guides, with extreme reverence, and experienced the greatest possible reluctance to shed their blood. Heera, however, with ready ingenuity, inquired of them whether, if the most sacred of all animals, the cow, were to become furious and attempt to gore them, they would not, without hesitation, put it to death; 'and if so,' said he, 'will you exhibit more reluctance to kill a Gooroo when he has grown mad, and consents to invade your country at the instigation of a foreign state?' The soldiers saw at once the force of the argument, and marched cheerfully against the insurgents, under the command of Laba Singh. On the afternoon of the following day they came up with the army of the princes, near the village of Nürungabad, and endeavoured at once to bring on an action. There was a very great disproportion, however, in the two armies, that of Ittur Singh and the princes not much exceeding six thousand men, while that of the minister cannot have fallen short of forty thousand, with a hundred and twenty pieces of cannon. The insurgents not wishing to come to an engagement, retreated and took up a strong position for the night. Doubt and distrust already began to appear among them. The chiefs had been led to expect, that immediately on their appearance in the country numbers of regiments would come over to them. But no signs of disaffection now appeared, and it seemed obvious that they would have to rely solely on their own strength. Peshora Singh, according to some accounts, reviewing dispassionately the state of affairs, or, more probably, yielding to the weakness of his own character, deserted his brother and his friends, and escaping secretly to Lahore, threw himself at the minister's feet. He was received with smiles and apparent welcome, and had a valuable jaghire bestowed on him. Meanwhile the armies remained each in its position, anxiously looking forward to the morrow. With the dawn the cannonading recommenced. The numerous heavy, well-served artillery of Laba Singh swept the field in all directions, and caused prodigious havoc among the enemy.

It was presently reported that the Gooroo had been dangerously wounded by a cannon-ball; and the intelligence, notwithstanding the recent exhortations of Heera Singh, produced a considerable effect on the minds of the Sikhs. An officer of rank, under protection of a flag of truce, was deputed to make inquiries respecting the holy man. He advanced into the centre of the rebel army, where the Gooroo lay bleeding on the ground. Disputes and altercations immediately took place, and Ittur Singh, fearing that if negotiations were entered on his own safety would be compromised, drew a pistol and shot the officer. His own death immediately followed. He was cut down by the Sikhs, and the carnage recommenced with great fury. As Kashmeera Singh himself, however, soon fell, leaving the insurgents altogether without a leader, they dispersed and fled. Many were cut to pieces in the route, and others lost their lives in attempting to cross the Beeah. The heads of Ittur and Kashmeera Sing having been cut off, were sent to Lahore, where they arrived, together with intelligence of the victory, about eleven o'clock at night. An extremely curious and characteristic anecdote is related of the dying Gooroo Bhaee Wyar Singh. When he perceived that his end was at hand, he gave some of his attendants orders to go to his house, and taking the letters of the Sikh Sirdars, to strew them on the plain, that all, high and low, might see the faithlessness of the Sikhs. 'Lo,' said the Gooroo, 'thus do the chiefs of this fickle and perjured race treat those whom they pretend to honour; in this way did they invite Suchet Singh, and for filthy lucre sacrifice him to the blood-thirsty tyrant; and now they have, in a similar manner, invited Ittur Singh and the princes of the house of Ranjit, as well as myself, and behold they have also sacrificed us. Let me,' he continued, 'be thrown into the river, that my body may be borne by its stream far from this polluted land.' According to his orders, his body was cast into the river, and the bag of letters conveyed to Laba Singh.

By this victory the position of Heera Singh was strengthened considerably. The officers of the army, finding that all attempts to overthrow him proved ineffectual, began to cultivate sentiments of subordination, and to look more narrowly to their own interests. Few competitors for power now remained to contest the first place with Heera. His uncle, Gholab, held, and still holds himself aloof; so likewise does Lena Singh Majiteeah; and if the widow of Suchet Singh be collecting troops and preparing to avenge her husband, it is probable that she will wait

for some turn of affairs that may seem to favour her designs. The youthful maharajah, Dhulip Singh, has since had his life put in jeopardy by the small-pox, and the danger in which he was placed imparted a fresh impulse to speculation in India. His complete recovery, however, leaves things precisely as they were. The Indian correspondents of our journals at home, though greatly prone to indulge in conjecture, evidently find themselves at fault in the case of the Punjab. Unwilling to give Heera Singh credit for the superior abilities which he has unquestionably displayed, they account for the success which has attended his measures by the riches of his treasury, and persuade themselves that when those fail his rule will be at an end; forgetting that Lahore has revenues, and that if money be paid away with one hand, it is received with the other. On the subject of our own relations with the Punjab, they incline sometimes to one opinion, sometimes to another, though all appear to be possessed by the conviction that the country must eventually be ours. Meanwhile, no very fixed notion prevails among them, as to what does or does not constitute a *causus belli*. In our opinion, as we have already observed, amply sufficient grounds of war exist, notwithstanding which, circumstances may render it prudent to wait until we are absolutely precipitated into the struggle by imperious necessity. It should, however, be borne in mind, that the Punjab is worth conquering, that it produces an ample revenue, that all the agricultural population earnestly longs for our interference, that the possession of it will restore to us, in great part at least, our lost influence in Central Asia, and that in India itself it will produce a salutary effect upon the minds of all native rulers.

ART. V.—*Excursion through the Slave States, from Washington on the Potomac to the Frontier of Mexico; with Sketches of popular Manners and Geological Notices.* By G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, F.R.S., F.G.S. 2 vols. John Murray.

It is a common complaint amongst Americans, that the books published by Englishmen concerning them are hasty, shallow, and exaggerated. This complaint cannot be maintained against the work before us. Mr. Featherstonhaugh has resided thirty years in America. He at least must

be allowed to know something of the country.

The excursion described in these volumes takes a very interesting range, from Washington across the Alleghanies—through Tennessee, Kentucky, and Arkansas, to the Red River, on the borders of Texas, returning (after a peep into a Prairie) by way of New Orleans and South Carolina into Virginia. Mr. Featherstonhaugh's principal object appears to have had reference to the geology of the districts through which he passed; but he did not limit himself to scientific investigations. He made ample notes of the social and domestic life of the people—their character, habits, and institutions. To this portion of the publication we propose to confine ourselves; not because the geological details are deficient in value or importance, but because the actual condition of the people in the country south of the Potomac is, comparatively, so little known as to render our author's close view of it a matter of some novelty to the English reader—especially curious at a moment when the question of slavery occupies so large a space in public attention.

But before we enter on the work itself, a word to the Americans on their national tenderness, which shrinks so sensitively from the approach of criticism.

It seems that all English travellers who visit the United States fall, somehow, into an awkward and ungrateful habit of vilifying the people. There is not a single exception to this universal practice. And men of all parties, who differ from each other upon every other imaginable subject, exhibit a most marvellous agreement upon this. The unanimity of whigs, tories and radicals upon the one topic of American society is a thing to wonder at, and reflect upon. What is the source of this surprising unity of sentiment amongst people otherwise opposed? What is there in the soil of America to make men shake hands over it, who are ready to clench their fists at each other at home?

We take it for granted that any one, but an American, would acknowledge that different men who, seeing an object in a great variety of aspects, and from every possible point of sight, agree in their representations of it, must, upon the whole, be tolerably correct. Now, the American asserts that they are all false. He traces the English opinions of American life to every cause but the right one: prejudice, jealousy, revenge, fear, hope, ignorance, everything except—American life itself. He can discern nothing in American life but subjects for eternal pa-

negyric. His happy vanity embalms even the vices of the model democracy, and raises slavery into a sort of beatitude. It would be perfectly absurd to attempt to reason with the Americans about America. We do not contemplate anything so hopeless. But we think it right, nevertheless, to show them that there are two sides to the question.

The American press teems with abuse of England, and English politicians and men of letters. There are no terms too foul for the gentlemen who conduct the American periodicals, when they touch upon Great Britain. They exhaust Billingsgate in the animated vigour of their vituperation, and transcend the slang of Rag Fair in the oriental variety of their nicknames. Are they not quits with us? If we write of them with the scrupulous and offended tastes of gentlemen, surely they take their revenge upon us in the unlimited latitude of the opposite character.

"These causes," says a writer in a recent number of the '*Democratic Review*,' speaking of the American struggle for independence and the war of 1812,—“these causes are unquestionably sufficient to account for the string of atrocious libels, the torrent of filthy abuse, poured out against us by the British press and '*London Quarterly Review*,' without the assumption that there is one word of truth in them, or that they furnish any justification whatever for such a tissue of gross indiscriminate charges against the character of the people of the United States.” The reader will naturally suppose that the writer is referring to some particular statements of the English press, and that the “string of atrocious libels,” the “torrent of filthy abuse,” the “tissue of gross indiscriminate charges,” must possess some tangible application. No such thing. These “strings,” and “torrents,” and “tissues,” are pure abstractions, conjured up to give the writer an opportunity of saying that Englishmen abuse America out of spite and vengeance, because she threw off their yoke upwards of sixty years ago! He might as well say that we abuse her because she grows tobacco. Why, if the man had a grain of sense in his head, he ought to have known, that the only thing for which England really applauds America is the noble stand she made for liberty—and that the thing for which England condemns her is the base use to which she has degraded it. But let us see how this writer—a very mild and feeble specimen of his class—can get up little atrocities on his own account.

After inflicting a swinging tirade upon

Mr. Charles Dickens, he proceeds to make the following extraordinary statement respecting that gentleman.

"He is probably soured by disappointment, since the honour of being read and admired by a large portion of the people of the United States, cannot, as his own lamentable experience is now teaching him, keep an author out of jail! * * * Poor Dickens! he is now, it is said, in the King's Bench Prison, after having contributed so much to the amusement of his fellow-creatures; and one might make this circumstance a theme for declaiming on the ingratitude of mankind, as well as the hard fate of genius, were it not a solemn truth that neither money nor patronage can ward off the inflexible destiny of imprudence and extravagance!"

This is a very small illustration of the way in which American writers pander to the national taste. Sometimes they go considerably beyond this trifling touch of malignant scandal. To say that Mr. Dickens was in the King's Bench (there is no such 'jail' by the way) at a time when he was really on his road to Italy, is not much, compared with the thunder which they sometimes roll over the Atlantic at the wits of the mother country.

Since then they have so little compunction in fabricating charges against us, they must try to endure, with what philosophy they may, the plain statements we put on record concerning them. It is useless to fall into a passion and rail at us. The question is, are our statements true? The 'Democratic Review' falls foul of the 'Quarterly,' because it accuses the Americans of "gouging, spitting, ranting, roaring, cheating, lynching." It would be more to the purpose to prove that the accusation is unfounded. Can the 'Democratic' deny that these practices prevail almost universally in America? If it cannot—as of course it cannot, except under shelter of the same conscience which enabled it to consign Mr. Dickens to the King's Bench, would it not be wise in the 'Democratic' to suffer the accusation with prudent silence? Mouth-ing will do nothing for Uncle Sam. It will neither vindicate his character, nor pay his debts.

With this preliminary hint, we return to Mr. Featherstonhaugh.

Passing through Maryland, *en route* to the Alleghany ridges, the traveller finds whole colonies of Germans, ignorant but industrious people, who accumulate a great deal of money, and exercise, consequently, paramount influence in their immediate localities. These Germans entertain a wise distrust of bank paper, and hoard their profits in hard money; a course of proceeding which enables them to control the elections in the neighbouring State of Pennsylvania,

where they are very numerous, and where they frequently place the government in the hands of their own party. It is only justice to the native Americans to give them the benefit of Mr. Featherstonhaugh's opinion, that it is to these Germans the dishonourable conduct of the State of Pennsylvania, in relation to the non-payment of its debts, is fairly attributable. But, if it be so, what becomes of the integrity of the rest of the population who have acquiesced in the fraud? or of other repudiating States, where there are no Germans?

At a place in the Mountains called the Warm Springs, our traveller fell in with a perfect specimen of a Virginian landlord. This worthy personage was one *Colonel Fry*, who kept the best hotel in the place. The first appearance of the hotel is striking—a tolerably large building with a portico. The moment the travellers arrive, their luggage is carried off to make sure of them, and then they are left to shift for themselves.

"A fiddle was screaming in one of the rooms; and we found ourselves on the portico, in the midst of a number of queer-looking ladies, with and without tournures, corseted up in all sorts of ways, and their hair dressed in every possible form. The gentlemen, in greater numbers, were chewing, spitting, and smoking, with an ease that evinced their superiority, and all staring at us in the most determined manner. Nothing was more certain than that we were out of the woods, and had got into fashionable society."

Colonel Fry and his son had an inveterate passion for dancing. This would little concern us, if they did not inflict it on their guests, and if this infliction did not accord with the usages of the country. In the evening—after a horrible dinner—there was a ball, an exhibition of the most comical kind. Here the father and son are in their glory.

"No sooner is the business of eating over for the day, than they transform themselves into masters of the ceremonies; every lady as she enters the ball-room is whipped up by one of them and dragged to one of the benches, a proceeding which is somewhat amusing the first evening of a lady's arrival, when she does not know who they are, or what they are going to do with her. As soon as enough are assembled to make a quadrille, the Fry firm pounce upon two of the last comers, refuse to take 'No' for an answer, and literally haul their partners to the dance!"

The whole landlord class is singularly impudent, and, what is worse, privileged in its impudence. At another place the landlord used to tuck up his sleeves and slash away at the meat on a side table during din-

ner, and then, flourishing the reeking carver aloft in his hand, offer his arm to the ladies as they were leaving the room. There is no end to their audacity. At a dirty tavern, where the stage-coach stopped to dine, but where everything was so filthy as to be perfectly revolting, the landlord, a noisy, ill-dressed, officious fellow, was perpetually coming into the room, with his mouth full of tobacco, while the travellers were endeavouring to make up their stomachs to a little bread and milk.

"This worthy was a perfect representative of that class of lazy, frowzy, tobacco-chewing country landlords who think nothing is right unless there is a good deal of dirt mixed up with it. Seated upon a chair, with his legs sprawling upon two others, his great delight was to bask in the sun at the door of his tavern, and watch the approach of the stage-coach, or any other vehicle or person that was upon the road."

This fellow had an extraordinary talent for ejecting tobacco juice with a force rarely applied to that branch of projectiles, and with unrivalled precision of aim. These trifles are highly characteristic. Transplant one of these brutes to England, imagine the effect he would produce upon the ordinary guests of an hotel, and estimate from thence the civilisation of the country which tolerates him as a recognized public character. This worthy, who had such a knack of expectoration, to the great horror of the ducklings upon whom he used to practise for amusement, was also a justice of the peace!

But whoever would see American society developed in its most fashionable aspect and exclusive forms, must visit the celebrated White Sulphur Springs. To this place in the season the *élite* of all circles gather in crowds, and from the reports which have been sent abroad about its beauty and its exquisite accommodations, the stranger is led to expect—at least some degree of comfort and ease, if not of elegance and repose. Let Mr. Featherstonhaugh describe the place.

"The establishment of the White Sulphur Springs consists of a pack of unpromising-looking huts, or cabins, as they are called, surrounding an oblong square, with a foot-walk in the centre, railed off from a grassy plot on each side of it. At the entrance into the establishment—which has very much the air of a permanent methodist camp-meeting—you have on the left a miserable-looking sort of barrack, badly constructed of wood, with a dilapidated portico. Nothing can exceed the frowzy appearance of this building, which contains the grand dining saloon, where daily between three and four hundred persons assemble to a kind of scramble for breakfast, dinner and supper."

Some of the cabins had a comfortable appearance—but they were private property. The rest were for the most part untenable. In the day-time, under a colonnade, the sickly and emaciated people might be seen sitting or walking, constantly smoking; and not far off, a reservoir of water, from which the negroes and the horses are indiscriminately supplied. In this place, so ill provided with the most ordinary means of accommodation, the grasping and fraudulent spirit flourishes in perfection. The orders of the superintendent are to *take everybody in*; an instruction which he appears to fulfil to the letter. One of the consequences of thus permitting the demand to rise so enormously above the means of supply, is the inextricable confusion and stunning clamour that ensue upon breakfast and dinner. The bell rings, and three hundred people rush out of their cabins to struggle for places in a room capable of accommodating scarcely two hundred. "But who," exclaims Mr. Featherstonhaugh, "can describe the noise incidental to a grand bolting operation conducted by three hundred American performers, and a hundred and fifty black slaves to help them?"

"It seemed to me that almost every man at table considered himself at job-work against time, stuffing sausages and whatever else he could cram into his throat. But the dinner scene presented a spectacle still more extraordinary than the breakfast. At first, as to the cookery, which was after this mode. Bacon, venison, beef, and mutton, were all boiled together in the same vessel; then those pieces that were to represent roast meat were taken out and put in an oven for a while; after which, a sort of dirty gravy was poured from a huge pitcher indiscriminately upon roast and boiled. What with this strange banquet, and the clinking of knives and forks, the rattling of plates, the confused running about of troops of dirty slaves, the numerous cries for this, that and the other, the exclamations of the new comers, 'Oh! my gracious! I reckon I never did see sich a dirty table-cloth,' the nasty appearance of the incomprehensible dishes, the badness of the water brought from the creek where the clothes were washed, and the universal feculence of every thing around, the scene was perfectly astounding. Twice I tried to dine, but it was impossible."

The 'bolters' at these awful dinners are generally gaunt, sallow, cadaverous looking men, who seem as if they had stalked out of the churchyards to come to the unsightly feast. There was one of these spectral feeders who had been timed—a meagre yellow man, with black hair and white whiskers and beard—and it was found that he had bolted the most extraordinary quantity of angular pieces of bacon, beef, and mutton, in the incredible period of two minutes

and a half! In fact, these ghouls finish their dinners before an European can fairly arrange his napkin.

And such are the famous White Sulphur Springs of America, to which the poet inscribes sonnets, to which the novelist sends his accomplished and delicate heroine, by way of enhancing the interest of her fine breeding, and which are referred to by the whole newspaper press of the Union as a satisfactory refutation of all charges of coarseness and vulgarity. We believe it would be impossible to pack into the same compass in any other country within the pale of civilisation so much absolute grossness of language and demeanour as may be found condensed into this establishment and its sweep of 'cabins.' Every variety of offensive trait embraced within the wide range of the States is represented at the springs; the cant of the field methodist, the low infidel jargon of the border bully, the gasconade of the Kentuckian, the slang of the Virginian, all the endless diversities of dialect, swagger, bombast, and pretension, by which the natives of that country are variously distinguished. Mr. Featherstonhaugh, and he is certainly a competent authority, declares that 'language cannot do justice to the scenes he witnessed and had to pass through at the springs;' and he finally dismisses the fashionable American *brünnen* as the most filthy, disorderly place in the United States, with less method and cleanliness about it than belong to the common jails of the country!

Connected in some measure with the false pretensions of the sulphur springs are the false pretensions of the crowds of people who frequent them. Here the stranger, very much to his surprise, encounters colonels, majors, generals, and honourables, without end. Every man has a title of some kind. The way in which these titles are acquired is as curious as the fact that they are borne by people who affect the greatest possible contempt for titles. Election into the state legislature, in some places, confers the title of honourable; generals are made by the score out of militia appointments, and in Virginia every tavern-keeper is a colonel, or, at least, a major by virtue of the same authority. Captains are rare, for the rank is not genteel enough for the gentry, and is never acknowledged except by such people as the drivers of stage-coaches, who are not ashamed to confess that they hold so humble a commission. Lieutenants are wholly out of the question. Nobody ever saw a live lieutenant in America. The rage for title is such that individuals who assert no claim to them, and

who even repudiate them, are ticketed wherever they move with all manner of titles, greatly to their own discomfort and annoyance. A gentleman crossing the Potomac with his horse in a ferry-boat, was addressed by the ferryman, with 'Major, I wish you'd lead your horse forward.' The gentleman observed that he was not a major. 'Well, kurnel, then,' rejoined the man. 'My good friend,' said the gentleman, 'I am neither a colonel nor a major, — I have no title, and don't like them. How much have I to pay you?' The ferryman's dignity was horribly put out: "Well! you are the first white man I ever crossed this ferry that warn't jist nobody at all, and I swar I'll not charge you nothing!"

Mr. Featherstonhaugh came in for his share of this popular passion for impromptu brevets. Sometimes he was called doctor, sometimes colonel, and was at last promoted to a judgeship! Do the Americans, who grumble so sourly at the ridicule heaped upon them by travellers, see nothing ridiculous in this? This playing at titles in a land of democrats is not merely puerile in itself, but a grovelling and slavish falsification of the principles of American republicanism.

Yet base as all this is, it is not so monstrous as the way in which the functions really attached to the titles in some instances are discharged. Judges, generals, and colonels, are constantly appointed to their several offices without being in the slightest degree qualified by education or experience, but solely from the fact of being out-and-out party-men. Faction is the best recommendation to advancement in the United States. The man of the most accommodating principles and ruffianly demeanour stands the best chance of the most lucrative place when his party gets into power. There would be no real objection to such appointments in such a promiscuous population, if they were limited to the army or the militia; but when we find the bench of justice occupied by men utterly ignorant of law and incapable of comprehending the plainest legal statement, we cease to be surprised at the contempt with which the tribunals are invariably treated, or at that astounding and fearful interposition of popular fury between the sentence and its execution, which so frequently transfers to the hands of the mob the duties of the executive.

There was a fair average of a judge in the State of Missouri, of whom Mr. Featherstonhaugh relates a characteristic anecdote. This fellow was 'raised' on the frontier of Kentucky, and migrated to Missouri, where

he was elevated to the bench for some election services, which, we may venture to suspect, were not of the purest kind. The fitness of the man for the office will be best exhibited in a scene between him and an 'attorney,' on an occasion where the judge insisted on admitting a man who had committed a murder to bail, while the 'attorney' contended that bail in such a case was actually contrary to law.

"Authorities were quoted, statutes were produced, and the bench was emphatically told that he 'could not by law admit him to bail, and that no man that was the very beginning of a lawyer would say he could.' To all this his honour replied: 'The court knows very well what it's abaywt; it ain't a-going to do no sich thing as read all them there law books, by no manner of means, and its no use to worry on so, for the court decides all the pynts agin you.' Having delivered the opinion of the bench with great firmness, his honour now took to a remarkable personal peculiarity he had, which was, to gather his lips together when he had made a speech, and suck the air in with great vehemence. No sooner, therefore, was the opinion promulgated, than the lawyer sarcastically observed: 'Some folks get their law from books, and some folks, I calculate, must suck it in.' This sally having produced a universal titter, his honour immediately arose to vindicate the dignity of the bench, and addressed the following eloquent rebuke to the offending barrister: 'Suck or no suck, I swear I ain't a-going to be bully-ragged by no sich talking janiusses as you—a sniggering varmint, that's the non compos mentus of all human abhorrence, and that's partly intosticated with his own impurance—that's the court's candid opinion—if it ain't, I wish the court may be eternally ——.'"

Who can wonder that justice should be trampled under foot, in a country where its courts and temples are disgraced by such scenes as these? The instinct which makes upright and dispassionate minds loathe these demoralizing exhibitions, inclines them also to believe, that judges who are grossly unqualified, must be also flagrantly corrupt; and that the men who are willing to degrade the tribunals, by occupying them so unworthily, must also be ready to sell them to the highest bidder. That dispenser of the law cannot be very nice about the honesty of his award, who is confessedly incapable of understanding the merits of the case, right or wrong, and who is openly guided, in the majority of instances, by passion, prejudice, or favouritism. The suspicion that the courts of justice are corrupt in their administration, derives considerable weight from the besetting national sin of avarice. Money-getting appears to be the exclusive object of an American's life, for which he is ready to sacrifice everything else. Mr. Featherstonhaugh's ample experience of this people,

must be allowed to be conclusive on this point.

"Wherever I go, with the fewest exceptions, this is the all-prevailing passion. The word 'money' seems to stand as the representative of the word 'happiness' in other countries. In other lands we see rank, distinction in society, scientific and literary acquirements, with the other elevating objects that embellish and dignify human life, pursued by great numbers with constancy and ardour; but here all other avenues to advancement, except the golden one, seem nearly untrod—the shortest cut, *coute qui coute*, to that which leads to ready money being the favourite one. Where this sordid passion stifles the generous ones, a rapacious selfishness is sure to establish itself; men cease to act for the general welfare, and society at length resolves itself into a community, the great object of every individual of which is to grasp as much as will last as long as himself."

From this general censure he exempts the officers of the army. Happily there is one class belonging to an honourable profession, who understand the value of their position, and who, luckily for their country and themselves, are kept so far out of the way of temptation, as to be enabled to maintain their personal honour unsullied.

The distrust of law and law-courts prevalent through many parts of the Union, shows that if the tribunals be not influenced by this base love of gain, at any cost of integrity or righteousness, they are influenced by other motives quite as base and criminal. Lawyers are everywhere looked upon with aversion. A squatter on the confines in Missouri congratulated Mr. Featherstonhaugh on the fact that he was not a lawyer, adding significantly, that they were 'the most cursedest varmint that's about.' 'But,' observes Mr. Featherstonhaugh, 'you have no lawyers in this part of the country?'—which inquiry draws out a story with a moral to it.

" 'Stranger,' replied the squatter, 'I once lived ajynning to the Gasconade, what runs into the Missouri, and so they set off Franklin caywnty, ajynning to it; and wherever they set up a caywnty, you see, there the lawyers is sure to come. And so a farmer what I owed fourteen deer-skins to, sent a constable and tuk me, and wanted to haul me into the caywnty; and so the more he wanted me to go, the more I wouldn't go, and I gave him a most almighty whipping. Soon arter, three fellows comed from Franklin and tuk me, and hauled me to what they called the court-house, where there was a lawyer they called Judge Monson, and he fined me ten gallons for whipping the constable. 'Why,' said I, 'you don't mean to say you'll make me pay ten gallons for whipping that ar fellow?' 'Yes, I do,' said he, 'and that you shall see!' 'Then,' says I, 'I calculate I'll whip you like —— the first time I catch you in the woods, if I have to pull all the bees and all the bars in Missouri out of their holes.' And so the critter had

me locked up, till one of the settlers, that wanted me to do a job for him, said he would pay the ten gallons; but I didn't like them practises; I seed the country warn't a going to be worth living in, and so I left the Gasconade caywnty and comed here; for you'll mind that wherever the lawyers and the court-houses come, the other varmint, bars and sich like, are sure to quit."

The worthy from whom this anecdote was obtained was a regular squatter, a class to be met with now only on the remote frontiers. They are generally drawn from the poorest populations of Kentucky, Louisiana, and Tennessee, and they take refuge in these wild and savage districts in the desperate hope of being able to obtain the means of life by hunting the buffalo and the elk. Their cabins are destitute of furniture and food, and in the sickly season, when they are stricken down by malaria, these miserable wretches look as if their clothes had never been taken off, their faces washed, or their hair combed. The greatest calamity that can happen to them is the settling of the country, for the wild animals rapidly disappear before the advance of towns and farms, and the poor hunter, reduced at last to the deer, the wild turkey, the racoon, and the opossum, becomes a mere dependant on the opulent agriculturist. This does not harmonize with his notions of liberty, and after many struggles he throws off the restraints of artificial life, and plunges once more into the wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles away, 'where,' to use his own expressive phrase, 'the bars is a plenty!'

The buffalo hunt, upon which these poor squatters depend mainly for subsistence, is often a service of great peril. The most extraordinary incident of the kind, perhaps, upon record, is related by Mr. Featherstonhaugh, as having happened to a Mr. Percival. The story is fraught with profound and almost tragic interest. Mr. Percival, having lost his companions on a trapping expedition, remained on the banks of the Wasbite, to trap the stream for beavers. Here he detected an old buffalo lying on the beach, and fired on him. The animal, wounded in the side, crossed the river, and lay down again in a cool place. Percival followed, but the buffalo rose and took to the open woods. The hunter hung upon his track for about a mile, when the beast, finding him within fifty yards of him, suddenly turned, and advanced rapidly upon his pursuer. Percival fired and wounded him in the nose, which only exasperated the animal. The man fled in an agony of fear, and the hunter was now the hunted.

"In running down a short hill, some briars

threw him down, and he dropped his gun. There was a tree not far from him, of about eighteen inches diameter, and everything seemed to depend upon his reaching it; but as he rose to make a push for it, the buffalo struck him on the fleshy part of his hip with his horn, and slightly wounded him. Before the beast, however, could wheel round upon him again, he gained the tree, upon which all the chance he had of preserving his life rested. A very few feet from this tree grew a sapling, about four or five inches in diameter—a most fortunate circumstance for the hunter, as it contributed materially to save his life. The buffalo now doggedly followed up his purpose of destroying his adversary, and a system of attack and defence commenced that, perhaps, is without a parallel. The buffalo went round and round the tree, pursuing the man, jumping at him in the peculiar manner of that animal, every time he thought there was a chance of hitting him; whilst Percival, grasping the tree with his arms, swung himself round it with greater rapidity than the animal could follow him. In this manner the buffalo harassed him *more than four hours*, until his hands became so sore with rubbing against the rough bark of the oak tree, and his limbs so fatigued, that he began to be disheartened."

Sometimes the buffalo would pass between the tree and the sapling; but the distance was so narrow that it inconvenienced him; and he generally preferred taking the whole round. The time thus consumed was precious above all price to Percival—it enabled him to breathe and think! The buffalo was now slower in his motions, and made his spring at longer intervals; and finding that Percival avoided his blow by swinging to the opposite side, he made a feint that does honour to the sagacity of his race, and instead of aiming in his accustomed direction turned suddenly to where the hunter had swung to avoid him. Percival escaped by miracle, with a severe contusion on his arm. He was paralysed, and began to despair. His legs trembled under him, his strength and courage forsook him, and at one fearful moment he contemplated leaving the tree for the purpose of permitting the animal to destroy him, as an escape from the intolerable suspense of carrying on so desperate a defence. Fortunately the bull was getting worn out too, and Percival remembering he had a butcher's knife about him, drew it, and with a ferocious resolution of which he had so much need, managed to hack and wound his enemy in a dozen places in the course of half an hour. At last, while the buffalo was wheeling slowly round and round the tree, weak from loss of blood, he gave him two deadly stabs in the eye. This brought the contest to a terrible crisis.

"Nothing could exceed the frantic rage of the unwieldy animal when he had lost his sight; he bellowed, he groaned, he pawed the ground, and gave out every sign of conscious ruin and unmiti-

gable fury; he leaned against the sapling for support, and twice knocked himself down by rushing with his head at the large tree. The second fall terminated this strange tragic combat, which had now lasted nearly six hours. The buffalo had not strength to rise, and the conqueror, stepping up to him, and lifting up his nigh shoulder, cut all the flesh and ligaments loose, and turned it over his back."

The effect of this adventure on the nerves of Mr. Percival was such, that when he joined his companions, forty days afterwards, his aspect was so emaciated that they thought he must have had the fever. He told them the story, and added, that from the evening of the struggle he had never been able to get any sleep, the image of the dreadful animal always coming upon him in such a variety of modes of attack as to produce a terrible agitation of mind, that made him constantly jump up from the ground to defend himself. Three months elapsed before he could regain the power of sleep; but he never recovered from the injury inflicted on his nervous system; and at the end of twenty-seven years he would start at any trifling noise, although he was originally a man of iron constitution.

Upon the outskirts of civilisation, adventures of a still more horrible kind are doubtless common enough, although we do not recollect one so strange, so impressive, so solitary in its life and death struggle, or so tragically protracted. The recklessness of human life which everywhere pervades the United States is especially observable in the Slave States. It is a part and parcel of the condition of humanity in these otherwise most miserable and degraded districts. The people are for the most part fatalists, and fatalists, too, of the most unreasoning and shallow class. They think that every bullet has its billet; that there are plenty of people to fill up the blanks; that what is, is—what is to be, is to be—that what was once, may be again—and so on. Their metaphysics are quite equal to their religion, which is made up of screams and oburgations. It is out of the fulness, or emptiness, of this *laissez aller* belief that all matters are so carelessly managed, on the management of which the security of human life depends. Hence all the frightful accidents by land and water—boilers bursting, steamboats blowing up, and railway carriages running off their lines. Add to this culpable indifference to results, the national thirst for gain, and you have an American hybrid of the true national character. When Mr. Featherstonhaugh was at Louisville, he was anxious to go to St. Louis by water. There was a steamer which pretended every day to be ready to

start, the captain setting the 'hyler' a going to make decoy steam to entice passengers to send their luggage on board. The delay thus occasioned, fortified by an inconceivable variety of lies and imprecations, was bad enough; but this was not all; there came carts with merchandize to the beach, and, amongst the rest, several casks of gunpowder. The captain swore he would not take any of them, especially the gunpowder, by receiving which he would in fact vitiate his insurance. He protested, with all sorts of oaths, that he would start the next morning. But in the middle of the night he took all the gunpowder on board, and stowed it away in the fore-castle, not far from the furnace. Mr. Featherstonhaugh discovered this, and charged him with it. Nothing could be cooler than the audacious insolence with which he invoked every sort of perdition upon his soul, if there was a grain of gunpowder on board; and even carried his monstrous impudence so far as to offer a thousand dollars in specie for every grain that could be discovered. Here was a fellow who would risk his whole cargo, his own life, and the lives of all his passengers, for the sake of a trifling freight. Such things are of ordinary occurrence, or there would be no interest in noting this particular case. It is an illustration of national character—the recklessness, the lie, the fraud, the bluster.

They seem to court destruction in their steamers, over which no wholesome control is ever dreamt of being exercised by the local authorities or the State legislature. The sovereign people will brook no interference with their will and pleasure. Why should they not blow themselves up if they choose?

"Any fellow with the slightest knowledge of machinery sets up for an engineer: no certificate is required of his ability, and if he will serve for a low price, the lives of the parties on board are at once entrusted to him. The steamers go by high pressure; and when the engineer and captain are two-thirds drunk—which often happens in the small steamers—they drive the steamer as fast as she will go, and sometimes load the safety-valve to terrify the passengers."

We can discern no very material difference between such modes of showing contempt for human life, and the savage perils by which it is voluntarily jeopardized in remoter districts—and even in Kentucky itself. It is of little consequence whether a man is blown up by the explosion of a boiler, or assassinated in the street, so long as the authorities do not consider it necessary to interfere either for prevention or punishment.

Let us invite the reader to follow us into the territory of Arkansas, where the system of duelling is practised, at the height of all

conceivable transatlantic ferocity. The blood-thirsty circles of society in this place carry off the palm of butchery. If you desire to see murder cultivated as a pastime, you must visit the pleasant town of Little Rock, situated at the bank of the Arkansa.

Little Rock is the principal town of Arkansas, a territory lying on the confines between Texas and America, which, not being yet sufficiently populated to be admitted to the dignity of a federal State, remains under the immediate protection of the general government, as a *quasi* colony. In consequence of this peculiar condition of independence, Arkansas has become a sort of Alsatia for all kinds of thieves and gamblers, forgers, horse-stealers, and the like, who flying from the inconvenient inquisition of the laws they had outraged, take refuge in this happy district where they may enjoy the luxury of lawlessness to their heart's content. This is precisely the spot to draw out in full the national genius for gouging, stabbing, and shooting, elsewhere more or less restrained by the presence of a larger population. Arkansas is the head-quarters of Bowieism; and Little Rock, the centre from whence the 'code of honour' radiates over the province. The town is tolerably well laid out, with a few brick houses, and more wooden ones, a great number of lawyers and doctors—the one to fan the litigious spirit of the people, and the other to dress their wounds—with a total population of five or six hundred souls. The great sign of American civilisation—the *cheap* newspaper—is here conspicuous; for, with a population which, in England, could not support a printer of occasional hand-bills, this town of Little Rock has no less than three cheap journals, which, says Mr. Featherstonhaugh, are not read, but devoured by everybody. Yet these people who consume such an enormous quantity of scandal and political vituperation, are never known to indulge in any other species of reading. Probably there is no such thing in the whole territory of Arkansas as a Bible. Mr. Featherstonhaugh never saw one.

The newspaper-office is the grand rendezvous. The worthy person who edits the principal gazette, is also a store-keeper and post-master; and at his store the bloods and bullies of the town constantly assemble—broken tradesmen, refugees from justice, and travelling gamblers. The lively emotions these gentlemen contrive to produce in the town of Little Rock, may be partly comprehended from the following passage:

"A common practice with these fellows was to fire at each other with a rifle across the street, and

then dodge behind a door; every day groups were to be seen gathered round these wordy bullies, who were holding knives in their hands, and daring each other to strike, but cherishing the secret hope that the spectators would interfere. At one time they were so numerous and over-bearing, that they would probably have overpowered the town, but for the catastrophe which befel one of their leaders, and checked the rest for a-while."

The congregation of these desperadoes at the editor's store became at last an intolerable nuisance to him; for, although American editors are not quite so particular upon points of quietude and temperament as their European brethren, yet they require some exemption from the vulgar lot of the street-stabbing uproarious commonalty to whose passions they minister so satisfactorily. Our Little Rock editor determined to put a stop to the tumultuous encroachments of the gang of sanguinary dandies. Of course he was dared on the threshold of his own house, a scuffle ensued, and he killed his man. The public favoured the editor on this occasion, and at the time of Mr. Featherstonhaugh's visit, he was one of the most popular men in the place. It is quite a matter of luck how a gentleman gets out of a murder in America. Sometimes he is massacred by the mob—but more generally canonised and elected into the States' legislature.

Out of the whole population there are hardly *twelve* inhabitants who ever go into the streets without being armed with pistols or large hunting knives, about a foot long, and an incli-and-a-half broad. 'These formidable instruments,' says our author, 'with their sheaths mounted in silver, are the pride of an Arkansan blood, and got their name of bowie-knives from a conspicuous person of this fiery climate.' Amongst other illustrations of the red-hot temper of the people, Mr. Featherstonhaugh relates a story of two persons who, without any quarrel, except of that brutal kind which originates in pure wanton aggression, fought a duel after a fashion, which, even in America, must have been regarded as something extraordinary. They were placed in a room totally dark, from which every glimpse of light was carefully excluded, stripped to the skin, except their trousers, their arms and shoulders well greased, and a brace of loaded pistols and a bowie-knife given to each. A signal was to be given from the outside before the butchery began; but a quarter of an hour elapsed after the signal before the slightest noise was heard. The two men were cowering and glaring in the dark, suppressing their breath, and watching their advantage. All of a sudden a pistol went off, then another,

then two more. The survivor afterwards stated that becoming faint from loss of blood, he stumbled against the wall and fell. The other approached stealthily with his bowie-knife to despatch him. The prostrate man clutched his knife, raised himself, listened, but could hear nothing. At last he saw a pair of cat-like eyes gleaming through the darkness—he lifted his knife with a desperate effort and struck it into the heart of his opponent. When the door was opened and the seconds entered, they found the survivor still holding his knife up to the hilt in the dead man's body!

Such horrid examples of unmitigated ferocity ought not to be quoted against the morality or social civilisation of any country, unless, as in the case of these States, they are not exceptional, but ordinary illustrations of the habits of the people. Extraordinary duels in former periods have taken place in England—such as the duel between Buckingham and Shrewsbury—surrounded by circumstances of peculiar heartlessness or bravado; but in no instance in our annals, or in the annals of any country in Europe, can there be traced, even standing out solitary from the chronicles of the most brutalized chivalry, an example of that fierce and reckless spirit which is common to the duels of America, in greater or lesser degrees of intensity.

There is another peculiarity worth noting in these duels; over and above their mere criminal ferocity. It is this, that they generally take place in the open streets, and ordinarily on the Sabbath day, because, we presume, it is the idle day when the victim will be sure to be met with lounging at his door, or smoking in perfect unconsciousness of impending danger. This would be incredible, if we had not the best authority for the facts themselves in the daily papers of the Union, and if the character of the society out of which these atrocities spring, were not authenticated by a cloud of witnesses. Gamblers and swindlers of the most notorious description, pouring out of such districts as Arkansas and the neighbouring State of Texas, to both of which the hunted criminals of America in turn fly for shelter, spread themselves over the face of the country, and are to be met at all the fashionable watering-places, and in the principal towns and cities, passing themselves off as officers in the British army, sometimes as Spaniards or Germans, but always as something superfine, with a strange dazzling title to catch the grovelling circles upon whose credulity they trade and thrive. A clique of these ruffians went on board a steamer at Arkansas in which Mr. Featherstonhaugh had taken his place. His description of them will enlighten the English reader.

cription of them will enlighten the English reader.

"Rushing into the cabin, all but red-hot with whisky, they crowded round the stove and excluded all the old passengers from it as much as if they had no right whatever to be in the cabin. Putting on a determined bullying air of doing what they pleased because they were the majority, and armed with pistols and knives, expressly made for cutting and stabbing, eight inches long and an inch-and-a-half broad; noise, confusion, spitting, smoking, cursing, and swearing, drawn from the most remorseless pages of blasphemy, commenced and prevailed from the moment of this invasion. I was satisfied at once that all resistance would be in vain, and that even remonstrance might lead to murder; for a sickly old man in the cabin happening to say to one of them that there was so much smoke he could hardly breathe, the fellow immediately said, 'If any man tells me he don't like my smoking I'll put a knife into him.'"

The conduct of these infamous men was so degrading and offensive, that our author contemplated the alternative of being set on shore and taking a chance fate in the wild cane-brakes, rather than have his senses polluted with the scenes he was compelled to witness; a resolution he would have carried into effect, but that he was overruled by the persuasions of a gentleman who happened to be on board.

That much of this vile and miserable depravity is to be referred to the existence of slavery in a country which possesses unbounded freedom of thought and action is obvious enough. The mere transition from a slave State to a free State is highly suggestive of the difference of morals, of social responsibility, of practical aims, and domestic virtues. The costume of the two classes of States presents a difference—the houses are different—even the very atmosphere seems clearer, purer, healthier. Mr. Featherstonhaugh touches upon this fact, which pressed itself upon his attention at a place where one would least look for such a contrast, passing out of the wealthy and handsome city of Louisville in Kentucky into the neighbouring village of Indiana.

"The change from a State where slavery exists, which it does in Kentucky, though in somewhat a mitigated form, to a State with a free population, is obvious here. In Indiana you see neat white women and their children, with here and there a free negro; and everything is cleaner and tidier than in Tennessee and Kentucky. The mistress of the house and her daughters wait upon you at the table, instead of the huge, fat, frowy negresses, that in the slave States poison you with the effluvia from their skins, when they reach over to set anything upon the table."

All this is quite intelligible. It is easy to understand the difference liberty makes in

the objects of their ambition, their hopes, their toil. A free man is a responsible man. He belongs to a society that exacts from him the practical moral of a career of which he has himself the control and direction. Society exacts nothing from a slave but his labour. It forbids him to hope, to think, to nourish high desires, to look beyond the day and the lash, to hold himself answerable for anything but his work. The responsibility thus thrown off the slave, leaves him a defenceless prey to animal passion, and sinks him into a machine. What is there to cherish in a slave State? What is there to induce refinement or repose, to encourage gentle sentiments, or moral worth? For whom is the 'trim garden' to be dressed, the cottage kept in order, the joyous feast spread on the smiling board? Where are the affections for which all this sacred care and divine beauty of life are to grow up?

Nothing can be more clear than the disastrous influence of slavery upon man in all stages of his progress. This question ought surely to be considered as finally decided by the almost unanimous voice of Christian Europe. In America it has become, like everything else, reduced to a mere question of profit and loss. So long as more money can be made by slaves than by freemen, all the arguments in the world will never drive the American planters from their position. The boast of the fellow who enters the bar of a tavern, flourishing his bowie-knife, and defying the brutal passions he is trying to exasperate, is an exact epitome of the planter's pride of position and possession: "I don't know whether you are the very beginning of men or not, but I've got 3000 acres of prime land, two sugar plantations, 150 negroes, and I reckon I can chaw up the best man in this room!" But this cannot last for ever.

The closer we come to inspect this monstrous crime of slavery, the more horrible it appears. We will follow some of Mr. Featherstonhaugh's practical experiences, as the best and shortest path to an exposition of the way in which slavery develops itself to the eyes of a traveller who has been educated in a just and righteous sense of human rights.

"Just as we reached New River, in the early grey of the morning, we came up with a singular spectacle, the most striking one of the kind I ever witnessed. It was a camp of negro slave-drivers, just packing up to start: they had about three hundred slaves with them, who had bivouacked the preceding night in chains, in the woods; these they were conducting to Natchez, upon the Mississippi River, to work upon the sugar plantations in Louisiana. It resembled one of those coffles of

slaves spoken of by Mungo Park, except that they had a caravan of nine waggons and single horse carriages, for the purpose of conducting the white people and any of the blacks that should fall lame, to which they were now putting the horses to pursue their march. The female slaves were, some of them, sitting on logs of wood, whilst others were standing, and a great many little black children were warming themselves at the fires of the bivouac. In front of them all, and prepared for the march, stood, in double files, about two hundred male slaves, *manacled and chained to each other*. I had never seen so revolting a sight before! Black men in fetters, torn from the land where they were born, from the ties they had formed, and from the comparatively easy condition which agricultural labour affords, and driven by white men with liberty and equality in their mouths, to a distant and unhealthy country, to perish in the sugar-mills of Louisiana, where the duration of life to a sugar-mill slave does not exceed seven years! To make this spectacle still more disgusting and hideous, some of the principal slave-drivers, who were tolerably well dressed, and had broad-brimmed white hats on, *with black crape round them*, were standing near, laughing, and smoking cigars.

"Whether these sentimental speculators were or were not—in accordance with the language of the American Declaration of Independence—in mourning 'from a decent respect for the opinions of mankind,' or for their own callous inhuman lives, I could not but be struck with the monstrous absurdity of such fellows putting on any symbol of sorrow whilst engaged in the exercise of such a horrid trade; so wishing them in my heart all manner of evil, to endure as long as there was a bit of crape to be obtained, we drove on, and having forded the river in a flat-bottomed boat, drew up on the road where I persuaded the driver to wait until we had witnessed the crossing of the river by 'the gang,' as it was called."

The great piece of crape swathing the white hat is a stroke of art. The notion that these monsters could mourn for anything is curious in itself, and seems to be taken up as a set-off against the current practice of their lives. Perhaps it is only a decoy to make the world think that they are human, and that they are conscious of their humanity, and not unaware of mortality, nor unpitied when it comes. What a mass of hardened hypocrisy—bare-faced and shudderingly callous—is this whole institution of slavery!

The custom of driving the slaves in gangs through the country to the southern markets is not practised now to so great extent as it used to be. It was found to be attended with some risks. The drivers—the humane gentlemen with the crape on their hats—sometimes in the gloomy prairie, or on the borders of some mighty solitude, would take advantage of their delegated authority, and in a sublime spirit of wickedness, growing out of long impunity, inflict such outrages

on the slaves as even their patient and suffering natures could not endure. And it has happened in such places and under such circumstances, where the eye of the Creator alone witnessed the retributive deed, that the manacled wretches have risen in their chains and slaughtered their tyrants out of sheer horror and despair. Aware of these instances, and always on the watch to guard against a recurrence of them, the drivers are especially careful when they come to lonely districts, or the passage of a river, skilfully endeavouring to stifle the feelings of the unfortunate negroes by feeding them well, and encouraging them to sing 'Old Virginny never tire' to the banjo!

At a subsequent part of his journey, Mr. Featherstonhaugh saw the gang encamped for the night in a forest. The scene is striking:

"Before we stopped for the night, but long after sunset, we came to a place where numerous fires were gleaming through the forest: it was the bivouac of the gang. Having prevailed upon the driver to wait half-an-hour, I went with Pompey, who was to take leave of us here—into the woods, where they were all encamped. There were a great many blazing fires around, at which the female slaves were warming themselves; the children were asleep in some tents; and the males in chains were lying on the ground in groups of about a dozen each. The white men who were the partners of Pompey's master, were standing about with whips in their hands; and 'the complete,' was, I suppose, in her tent; for I judged, from the attendants being busy in packing the utensils away, that they had taken their evening's repast. It was a fearful and irritating spectacle, and I could not bear long to look at it."

But the reader ought to know this Pompey and his master—an explanation which will clear up to his entire contentment the mystery of the crape. Travelling by the stage coach to Blountsville in Tennessee, our traveller found five persons in the inside, two South Carolinians, a stout man very insolent in his manner, and a strange looking white man with a negro (our friend Pompey) sitting opposite to him. The white man, Pompey's master, was a queer tall animal, with dark black hair cut short like a methodist preacher, immense black whiskers, and features remarkably sharp, piratical and repulsive. His clothes were black, and his hat was white, with a huge broad brim, and a piece of crape that covered it almost to the top of the crown. From this goodly company, Mr. Featherstonhaugh experienced all kinds of annoyance and insult, which they carried so far as to exhibit their pistols and bowie knives, throwing out broad hints that they 'weren't going to be put upon by no man,' and that 'leetle pitchers

would carry water as well as big ones.' The end of all this was that Mr. Featherstonhaugh, finding himself grossly insulted by one of these fellows in the public room of an hotel where they rested for the night, and remembering some useful instructions he had received in his youth from Gentleman Jackson, knocked him down. There was a plunge for bowie knives, but it was too late, and the impudent bravo was from that moment an altered man in his demeanour. The dark white man, his friend, affected for the rest of the journey a certain tone of style—spoke of Washington and glory—hinted about a niece and a barouche that was coming to meet him on the road—all in such a way as to provoke our traveller's curiosity. Mark the sequel.

"A vague idea had once or twice crossed my mind, that I had seen this man before, but where I could not imagine. On coming, however, to a long hill, where I got out to walk, I took occasion to ask the driver if he knew who the passenger was who had two barouches on before. 'Why,' said that man, 'don't you know it's Armfield, the negur-driver?' 'Negur-driver,' thought I, and immediately the mystery was cleared up. I remembered the white hat, the crape, the black short-cut round hair, and the barouches. It was one of the identical slave-drivers I had seen on the 6th of September, crossing his gang of chained slaves over New River. On re-entering the vehicle I looked steadily at the fellow, and recollecting him, found no longer any difficulty in accounting for such a compound of everything vulgar and revolting, and totally without education. I had now a key both to his manners and the expression of his countenance, both of them formed in those dens of oppression and despair, the negro prisons, and both of them indicating his abominable vocation.

"As he had endeavoured to impose himself upon us for a respectable man, I was determined to let him know before we parted, that I had found him out; but being desirous first of discovering what was the source of that sympathy which united his hat with General Jackson, I asked him plump who he was in mourning for. Upon this, drawing his physiognomy down to the length of a moderate horse's face, 'Marcus Lafayette' (Marquis Lafayette) was his answer. 'Do you mean General Lafayette?' I inquired. 'I reckon that's what I mean,' said he. 'Why General Lafayette,' I replied, 'gloried in making all men free, without respect to colour; and what are you, who I understand are a negro-driver, in mourning for him for? Such men as you ought to go into mourning only when the price of black men falls. I remember seeing you cross your gang in chains at New River; and I should not be surprised if Lafayette's ghost was to set every one of your negroes free one of these nights.'"

Soon after this, the fellow, pretending to be taken suddenly ill, was glad to abandon the stage coach, and stop at a tavern at the road-side. But Pompey remained, and from

Pompey further particulars were gleaned concerning slavery and the slave-driver.

"Pompey now told us a great many things that served to confirm my abhorrence of this brutal land-traffic in slaves. As to his master, he said he really thought he was ill; 'Master's mighty fond of ingeons,' said he, 'and de docters in Alexandria tells him not to eat sich lots of ingeons; but when he sees 'em he can't stand it, and den he eats 'em, and dey makes him sick, and den he carries on just like a house on fire; and den he drinks brandy upon 'em, and dat makes him better; and den he eats ingeons agin, and so he keeps a carrying on.' From which it would appear, that the sum total of the enjoyment of a negro-driver, purchased at such a profligate expense of humanity, is an unlimited indulgence in onions and brandy."

These are traits of character and evidences of a state of society which all humanity is interested in desiring to reform.

That a slave-driver should go into mourning at all, is a strange thing in itself. That he should recognize anything so tender, anything so sacred as human sorrow, is scarcely intelligible. But that he should go into mourning for Lafayette—the apostle of universal liberty—is not to be accounted for on any principle short of that mystical creed of citizenship which mixes stars and stripes in such ludicrous and tragical confusion.

There is another class of persons, besides the drivers, who earn a sort of professional livelihood by slavery. These fellows are associated in a fraternity, and contrive to make money by carrying on a system of frauds against the greatest fraud that was ever invented by the cunning of man. Their avocations consist in cheating the slave owners, by what is called 'running a negro;' and one would be disposed to wish them all possible success in their human swindling, only that the poor negro who is thus 'run,' generally purchases his freedom with his life.

"To 'run a negro,' it is necessary to have a good understanding with an intelligent male slave on some plantation; and if he is a mechanic, he is always the more valuable. At a time agreed upon, the slave runs away from his master's premises, and joins the man who has instigated him to do it; they then proceed to some quarter where they are not known, and the negro is sold for seven or eight hundred dollars, or more, to a new master. A few days after the money has been paid, he runs away again, and is sold a second time, and as often as the trick can be played with any hope of safety. The negro, who does the harlequinade part of the manœuvre, has an agreement with his friend, in virtue of which he supposes he is to receive part of the money; but the poor devil, in the end, is sure to be cheated; and when he becomes dangerous to the fraternity is, as I am well assured, first cajoled and put off his guard, and then, on crossing some river, or reach-

ing a secret place, shot, before he suspects their intention, or otherwise made away with."

The variety of shapes in which slavery shows itself in America, are not calculated to lessen our abhorrence of its iniquity. At every turn where the traveller comes face to face with an instance, he finds a new reason for looking with increased aversion upon the system. We hear of no instance by which his objections are diminished or mitigated. On one occasion, the mail coach from Charleston drives up with a male negro slave, about thirty years of age, *chained flat on the roof!*

"I had seen turtles," says Mr. Featherstonhaugh, "and venison, and wild turkeys, and things of that sort, fastened to the top of a stage-coach before, but this was the first black man I ever saw arranged in that manner. Catching a glimpse of him as the stage drew up, I thought it was a bear or some other animal on its way to the larder; but in a few minutes they handed him down from the top, holding him by the end of his chain, exactly as if he had been a baboon, and then, proceeded to hoist him to the top of the stage we were to travel in, and fasten him down there just as he had been before."

And inside this very coach was a white man chained, in the custody of a deputy sheriff!

In Texas the condition of the slave is much the same as that of the horse—"He performs," says our author, who treats all these matters with singular moderation, 'his daily task, eats his changeless provender, and is driven into his stable at night, where he is shut in, until, at earliest dawn, he is called forth again to go through the same unpitied routine until he dies.' Now slavery in Texas has generally been held up, in this country at least, as slavery in its 'mildest form'—as if any form of it could be mild. We may infer, therefore, what slavery is in America, where the 'institution' is based upon a grander foundation, where there is a larger amount of property invested in labour, and where, in the face of Christendom, the *principle*, not to speak of the *necessity*, of slavery, is attempted to be defended by something like argument.

Slave owners who are liberal, or supposed to be liberal, on other subjects, are inveterate upon this, entering upon the defence of slavery with a smack of patriotism and candour which might well make an European stare. Mr. Featherstonhaugh met with a South Carolinian of this caste—a very gentlemanly and intelligent man, who took up so curious a line of argument, that it really deserves to be set apart from the vulgar sophistry with which the subject is ordinarily mystified.

The North Carolinian insisted that slavery elevated the character of the master, and made him jealous of his liberty [well it might!]¹—that the slave owner of the south was a *gentleman*, the dignity of which character was unknown in the northern States, where the division of property equally amongst children, compelled each to reconstruct his own fortune, by which a rapacious and trading spirit was necessarily generated amongst the people. This was not the case in South Carolina, where there was nothing to interrupt the repose and dignity of spirit essential to the formation of the gentleman.

This is the most original argument that ever was set up in defence of slavery—that it helps to make *gentlemen*. We once heard it significantly observed, that a despotism is the only government for a gentleman to live under. Our South Carolinian pushes the doctrine still further. The more perfect the power of despotism the more perfect the gentleman. The finished gentleman is the slave-driver.

How the low affectation, inseparable from habitual selfishness, betrays itself in this exulting burst of triumphant refinement! How slavery chuckles over trade—how the gentleman who traffics in human muscles scorns the sordid dealer in timber and provisions—how the gentleman in the open air, with the long whip in his hand, and his broad-brimmed hat, with weepers on it, despises the vulgar tradesman in his dusty store. This is the vice of the greater vulgarity backing up the congenial vice of slavery. The difference between the *gentleman* who lives upon the wear and tear of his fellow-men, and the *trader* who lives upon his own wear and tear, was never more clearly exemplified.

But you never hear one word about the humanity of the question from these people, who are so ready to vindicate its gentility. They look upon abolition, regarded as a matter of philanthropy, with unmixed contempt. There is nothing in their estimation lower in the scale of human reasoning than the attempt to justify manumission on benevolent principles. In short, they despise this sort of argument so utterly that they will not listen to it at all. They do wisely. They know the danger of contesting the institution of slavery on any other grounds than those of force, of legal right, and vested interests.

How slavery is to be argued as a mere question of property we frankly confess we know not. If a man says to us, this slave is my property, and you have no more right to give him his freedom than to rob me of

my horse or my dog; we acknowledge we should be very much puzzled to know how to deal with him, otherwise than by ascending to the original source of all human possessions, and denying that man has or can have any such property in his fellow man. If the slave-owner refuse to follow us into that argument, which is properly preliminary to his own assumption, there is an end to the discussion. We must fight the battle on some other ground.

It is a common alternative amongst the slave-owners in America to fling upon Great Britain the original odium of planting slavery in the colonies. They say—"You, not we, originated this slavery. We have inherited it from the mother country." But if they quote the example of Great Britain in establishing slavery, why do they not imitate her example in abolishing it? If Great Britain be responsible, as no doubt she is, for planting slavery in America, she was also the first to show the world the magnanimous example of atonement for a great offence. Why does America imitate her only in the crime? To find slavery in the country is one thing—to perpetuate it another. But it is still worse to keep up a system of strict and unrelenting oppression under a lying declaration of republicanism and the rights of man.

But it is said that slavery is a different institution in America from that which it is found to be elsewhere. We have never been able to discover the difference. We are rather disposed to regard it, under all circumstances, the affectation of freedom, the pretence of gentility, the wholesale hypocrisy and falsehood of its advocates, as being considerably worse in America than in any other place on the face of the habitable globe.

In other places slavery is what it professes to be; and the eyes of mankind are upon it. In America it is not, and the world is deceived. In other places slavery subsists under slave laws, by which it is fenced round and in some way guarded and organized; in America it flourishes rankly in the midst of free institutions. This is appalling. The slave looks on at freedom, which he may not enjoy; he sees the stream ripple past him, but dare not quench his burning thirst!

Publicly repudiating the traffic in slaves, it is yet very well known that the slave trade is carried on with impunity in the heart of the southern States. No slaves are imported from Africa, we believe; but they are bought and sold within the slave States like cattle—*under the rose*. The great demand for slaves in the teeming lowlands of Louisiana has increased their value, and

they have risen in price from 500 to 1000 dollars. How is this demand supplied? By buying up refractory slaves from other States—by purchasing them out of gaol—by making bargains privately with the insolvent planters of Virginia, and so stocking the rich cotton and sugar grounds out of the surplus labour of the old exhausted soils. Yet all this is done in the face of a public protest against the slave trade; and the very men under whose secret auspices, and for whose benefit it is done, are ready to swear that there is no such thing from one end of America to the other as a trade in slaves. To be sure, men who are capable of trading in slaves may easily be supposed capable of denying it on oath. Everybody remembers how indignant Mr. Stevenson, the ambassador, was with Mr. O'Connell for calling him a slave-breeder.

But this question, which we are not allowed to discuss on its abstract merits, is rapidly bringing itself to bear in a shape which will admit of no further argument or delay. If the slave-owner will listen neither to threats nor remonstrances, and can neither be bought nor persuaded, there is no doubt he must listen at last to the roar of the tempest that is fast accumulating in masses over his head. In other words, if he will not listen to white reason, he must listen to black force. The negro population at this moment amounts to upwards of two millions—the question speedily to be solved in the Southern States is—Which race shall predominate? It is a fearful question to contemplate in this form, but to this form and to this end the planters are forcing it by their selfishness and obstinacy.

In running through these clever and entertaining volumes, we have, as we promised in opening, confined ourselves to the social traits developed here and there by our intelligent traveller; but it is proper to inform the reader that he will find much more matter of the same kind in the work, besides a variety of curious and interesting sketches concerning the people and the resources of the soil. The publication is honourable alike to the judgment and the feelings of the writer; and may be truly ranked amongst the most impartial works that have ever appeared upon the subject of America and her institutions.

The few points upon which we have touched will justify our general impression of American character. We have no desire to exaggerate these peculiarities, and should be heartily glad of a fair excuse to refuse all credit to them. But what other opinions can any reasonable and unprejudiced looker-on entertain, while such proofs

of coarseness and rudeness, ferocity and fraud, hypocrisy and meanness, exist in America as are to be found at the White Sulphur Springs, in the steamers on the Ohio and the Mississippi, in the hotels, north, east, south, and west, in the brigandage of Arkansas, and the Lynch law of Missouri—all, too, infusing their various characteristics through the rest of the Union?

ART. VI.—*Erziehungs und Unterrichtslehre*. VON DR. FRIEDRICH EDWARD BENEKE. (Theory of Education.) 2 Bände. 8vo. 2te Auflage. Berlin. 1842.

'Tis now within a few months of a full century, since 'on the margin of fair Zurich's waters' was born the great apostle of regenerated pedagogy in modern times—Henry Pestalozzi; and Pestalozzi, if German Switzerland is a part of Germany, was a German. This man, indeed, was not the first German, whose healthy instinct had brought him as an educator directly in contact with living nature, making a breach in the hard wall of separation between the school and the world, which the 'humanists' with their stone and lime classics so long doggedly upheld: the pious Francke in Halle, Salzmann, Rochow, and Bazedow, had preceded him; but Pestalozzi was the first who caused the word 'education,' like a new gospel, to thrill through Europe, and made the little town of Yverdon, with its old castle, as famous in the moral world, as Paris, with its bastiles and butcheries, was in the political. Since his day much has been done for the good cause in many places; but amidst all the echoing of famous educational names at home and abroad, it requires no very nice-discerning judgment of the ear to know that Germany has been, and is, the key-note of the song. 'Das pädagogische Deutschland' is the name of one of Diesterweg's books; one might apply this appellation to the whole country—'pädagogic Germany,'—and, adopting an idea of Wolfgang Menzel, suggest, that instead of an eagle, the arms of the nation (when the nation appears) should be a goose, with a professor standing beside a supporter, and plucking a quill out of its wing; for truly, as a shrewd observer once said, when we trace matters to the fountain head, 'Deutschland is governed by its universities much more than by its princes.' We do not here intend to stir the discussion

which Herr Huber's recent work* provokes, whether the German gymnasia or the great English schools are the best: but as a country, no man we suppose of common information will be disposed to deny that not Prussia only, but the whole of Germany, is much better supplied with education, both as regards quantity and quality, than Great Britain. This being the case, it is only natural to expect that German literature should exhibit the greatest number of original and standard works on education: that these indefatigable workers in the prolific world of books should have reduced their manifold experience in this matter to some system of generally recognized and universally available principles: that in fact pedagogy in these latter days should constitute with them a new science, as political economy does amongst ourselves. Here, in England, indeed, where it has long been the practice to make anybody a schoolmaster, and to make no very particular demands on the energy or eloquence of professors, the claims of the science of teaching *a b c* or *alpha, beta, gamma*, to a place in the learned roll, may not be very distinctly understood; but a French statesman, who knows something about the matter, speaks in very different language. 'The science of education,' says he, 'is an essential branch of moral and political philosophy, and, like all other departments of science worthy of that name, it has need of being surrounded by the light of experience; and to avoid the danger of being misled by fantastic theories, we must lose no opportunity of obtaining an accurate acquaintance with the various systems of education that are followed by all great civilized nations.† We shall therefore say that the Germans have done well to erect 'paedagogik' into the dignity of a separate science; and that their voluminosity in this department is at once a sign of their past, and a prophecy of their future progress in the noble art of which this science deduces the principles, and systematises the rules. Let us now see what Herr Beneke has got to say.

The Berlin professor commences, as an English one would do, with a 'Vorrede' (a preface); from that he goes on to an 'Einleitung' (a leading into—an introduction); and this 'Einleitung,' extending over 101 pages, starts in the true German style, with a 'Grundbegriff,' or fundamental notion of what education is. In the preface to the first edition, which was published in 1834, we are informed that 'while in the first decennium of the present century the indefatigable diligence and the sound judgment of Niemeyer, the nice practical tact and the fine human warmth of Schwartz, the piercing perspicacity of Herbart, and Jean Paul's sparkling combinations, had, in close succession, done much for the science of pedagogy, and since that time many treatises on separate branches had appeared, still, in respect of scientific completeness, no work of any note on education had issued from the German press.' This fact concerns us little, but the alleged cause of it is worth our hearing. 'The science of pedagogy,' says the professor, 'depends altogether on the science of psychology; it is, in fact, only the application of psychology, as astronomy, projectiles, and other branches of natural philosophy, are the application of mathematics. But in Germany, for the last twenty years, psychology, or the experimental science of mind, has been almost altogether neglected. Our high soaring countrymen allowed themselves to be carried off their legs by the Bacchantic whirl of speculation; and transported now into one system and now into another, by help of which they hoped at last to gain that sublime point from which they might be able 'die Welt und Gott in ihrem innersten Wesen zu erfassen und zu construiren' to comprehend and to construct the world and God in their inmost substance; from this position they considered themselves entitled to look down with contempt on experience and such experimental sciences as Psychology and Education. 'But now,' continues the professor, 'we have boxed the compass of abstract thought, and are content to learn wisdom, like other fools, from *experience*.' Our high flown Hegelian and Schellingian philosophers condescend to take a lesson from Locke, and Bacon, and the schoolmaster abroad. Now this, if it be true (as we know from divers signs it is), is the best news we have heard from Germany for a long time. There are to be no more Hegels in Berlin. The last one died of the cholera in 1832. The Germans are now going to be practical. They are about to traverse the intellectual, as they are even now doing the physical, world, with something tangible

* It is a common remark that love goes by contrast as much as by similarity. So Milton's favourites, among the ancient poets, were Euripides and Ovid, men in every respect the reverse of himself; and Professor Huber, in his work on 'the English Universities' (English by Newman, 3 vols., 1843,) seems to have set himself the task of championing these institutions through thick and thin, for no other reason than that they are in all respects precisely the reverse of the corresponding institutions in his own country.

† Cousin on 'Education in Holland,' by Leonard Horner. London, 1838.

—with railroads. They are going to write sentences that have a beginning and an end, and to billow out thoughts whose depths may be sounded. This is very good. Let the duty be taken off to-morrow, that we may all buy German Books.

Having in his introduction based pedagogy upon the fundamental principles of psychology,* our author divides the whole subject with great judgment into two parts. The doctrine of 'education' (*Erziehungslehre*), and the doctrine of 'instruction' (*Unterrichtslehre*). This is the favourite distinction made by that excellent educationist, Mr. Stow, in Glasgow. To instruct, says the northern philanthropist, 'is comparatively an easy matter; a retail dealing in special commodities, a dextrous juggling with so many balls; but in order to educate, you must not merely instruct, but you must *train*; to have an educational system at all, it must be a training system. This is what the inquisitive traveller will find written in large letters in the lobby of the Normal school of Glasgow; and to the same purpose the German tells us that *instruction* deals almost exclusively in mere intellectual notions or exercises of external dexterity, while *education* has mainly to do with the formation of the character through the emotions.' There is nothing new in this, certainly; but it is a great and important truth; a mere *teacher* does not do half his work: he must work on the heart and on the habits, as well as on the head of his pupils. A brain is not the only part of a boy; and his brain is a thing of living growth and arborescence, not an empty box which an adult can furnish with labelled tickets of various arts and sciences, and then say—my work is done, behold an educated young gentleman! Herr Beneke then proceeds to divide the '*Erziehungslehre*' into three great branches: the training of the intellectual powers, consciousness, conception, memory, imagination, judgment, &c.; the training of the moral, religious, and æsthetical emotions, and the training of the body, or what we commonly call physical education. This exhausts the first volume. The second volume systematises the '*Unterrichtslehre*,' or theory of instruction, in the following order. 1. General views and bearings. 2. Comparative value of the different subjects of instruction. 3. General view of the most famous methods of instruction. 4.

* It may be mentioned here, that Professor Beneke has published several works on mental philosophy that have attracted considerable attention in Germany. He is a philosopher of the practical and experimental school; and this is a novelty in Deutschland.

View of the special methods for the different subjects. 5. The different sort of schools. 6. The organization and administration of schools.

From this short outline of the comprehensive contents of the present volumes, the reader will see at once that it would be in vain for us to attempt anything like a separate discussion of the whole subjects embraced. Under the single head of 'methods of instruction,' for instance, Pestalozzi alone, and his influence, direct and indirect, on all the modern improvements in pedagogy, would furnish matter for a separate discussion no less curious than instructive; then there are Bell and Lancaster, men most wise of all mortals to transmute a sorry necessity, on occasions, into a sovereign virtue: in the teaching of languages again how much might be said in commendation of Hamilton and others, who, though not philosophers of the very highest class, have at least had sense enough to see that, in the art of imitating sounds, a reasoning man may not be ashamed to take a lesson from an unreasoning parrot; and last of all we have Jacotot, a man splendidly made, as Frenchmen are apt to be, with one idea, but in whose one idea, as in all fresh natural ideas, there is an essential truth, which those will certainly find who have toleration enough to exclude nothing from its proper place in the world, and discrimination enough to know where that place is. But there is a wide question, before the discussion of the methods of instruction: and it is one on which the practical educationists in this country are more disagreed perhaps than on any other. *What* are you to teach the little boys? Are you to rate their intellectual proficiency by a Latin rudiments and *qui, quæ, quod* merely, as they do in Aberdeen? or are you to teach them with Biber, to build up castles of cubes architecturally that they may see before them in solid incarnation, the great al-

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gebraic mystery $a + b = a^2 + 2ab + b^2$?—or are you to set them rambling through the fields, and wading through the bogs, that they may finger stamens and pistils, and learn that what was once called a geranium is now called a pelargonium, and that a water-lily is no lily at all, but a *nymphaea alba*, or lutea as the case may be? Are you to teach this or that or the other, or all the three? These are questions about which all men who philosophise on the subject are not quite agreed; and even when they are agreed, they may beat the air, how often with unapproachable blasts of truth: but there is an army of pedants that have battered rams. To repeat all these blasts, and

to encounter the strokes of these battering rams in formal array, and in pitched battle, cannot be our object here; we shall merely, by a few extracts, endeavour to let our readers know how Herr Beneke reconciles the combatants. He has done it, to our judging, with admirable tact: he has given a verdict in favour of both parties; the Humanists and Realists (as the two great educational parties are called in Germany*) are not only tolerated but encouraged; and while each is taught that it is for its own benefit to borrow as much from the other as may be, both are advised for the maintenance of their independent existence, to keep themselves separate: for they have different objects, and belong to different spheres. This is an important catholic truth in education by no means sufficiently recognized in this country; and therefore we particularly request the reader's attention to what follows.

What you are to teach your children, says the professor, depends altogether on what they are meant for: in other words, according to their probable future destiny in life ought to be their present preparation for the business of life in the schools. Now if we take a survey of the different classes of persons claiming education from the state, we shall find that there are three classes, whose position in society, and vocation in life, are so distinct that they do not admit of receiving a well calculated course of education in common. There are, in the first place, those who are destined with material means to work on matter—labourers and artisans: these receive an education fitted for their wants in a separate class of schools called in Germany 'Volkschulen,' or schools of the people. Then, above these, there is a large class of men whose destiny it is to work on the same external world, but by intellectual means; thus a mason works on stone and lime with his hand, an architect with his mind. Those who are in this position are educated in schools of their own, called 'Mittelschulen' or 'Bürgerschulen;' middle schools, as being placed midway between the 'Volkschulen,' and the third class that we are about to mention; 'Bürgerschulen,' because the mass of those who in commercial and manufacturing cities belong to the 'Bürger' or citizen class will, under a well-ordered system, find their most appropriate education in these schools. Lastly, there is a class of persons in society whose high privilege it is to work by mind upon mind; to this class, statesmen, clergy-

men, teachers of youth, literary and scientific men of all kinds belong. For those who are destined to put forth their energies in this sphere, a higher, more extensive, and more speculative education, is necessary. For such the 'Gymnasien' or 'Gelehrte Schulen' are open; and open not as a finishing school, but merely as an introduction to the universities.

This threefold division of the great public schools in Germany being distinctly in his eyes, the reader will now be prepared to appreciate the justice of the author's reasoning in the following extract. The question discussed is a much controverted one in Germany, but not less so among ourselves. 'Whether in schools destined for the sons of the middle classes, in the "Bürgerschulen," the learned languages, and especially the Latin, ought to be admitted as a subject of instruction.' Herr Beneke answers decidedly, 'No!' and for the following reasons:

"Those who advocate the claim of the learned languages are wont to bring this forward in the first place, that our modern intellectual culture is historically so intimately connected with antiquity, that into any thorough course of education, going beyond the claims of mere necessity, at least one of the ancient languages ought to be admitted. But the answer to this is evident; our intellectual culture in modern times has made itself gradually more and more free from the influence of ancient literature, in such a manner as that it is now able to stand on its own merits and in a position altogether independent. Those, indeed, whose position in the social system calls upon them to know and to teach, not only what the world now is and ought to be, but also how it came to be, what it is, and through what strange mutations and metamorphoses it has passed, may, nay must, go back to the original germs and far-withdrawn beginnings of things: but for such as mean only to work on the prepared foundation of modern society, and whose activity is principally directed to the external relations of life, such laborious pilgrimages into the remote past are neither necessary nor expedient. It is to be particularly observed, also, that the ancients, however high they stand in literature and philosophy, are in those branches of science which are most useful to the classes we now speak of, particularly defective; in mathematics and natural history and physics, the staple of a good Bürger education, we can learn little from the ancients that will repay the trouble of studying them; and the little that may be learned, is to be learned by him only who is at once a man of profound science, a philosopher, and a scholar, not certainly by a merchant, an agriculturist, or an engineer.

"As little weight are we disposed to allow the argument that Latin ought to be taught in the Bürger-schools as a sort of preparation and test for those who may possibly be advanced from those schools to the gymnasia and the universities; for it is perverse and preposterous for the sake of one or two to miseducate the whole; and, besides this,

* Corresponding to the classical ascendancy and useful knowledge parties among ourselves.

an elementary instruction in Latin is by no means a thing peculiarly calculated to afford such a preparation and test as is supposed. Many a boy will make admirable proficiency in Latin vocables and paradigms merely because he is too dull and stupid for anything more intellectual; dead words and formulas will find a ready entrance where the lack of strong vital pulsations leaves the chambers of the brain empty. There are many better ways of judging of a boy's aptitude for the higher branches of learning than by forcing him to tack a few Latin sentences together; and if parents have so miscalculated their son's inclinations and capacities as to send him to a Bürger-school, when he ought to have been sent to a gymnasium, they must just take the consequences and go back to the starting point. *

"But the Latin language, we are told further, is in many views the only proper basis of all knowledge. To this I answer directly,—name the branch of knowledge to the attainment of which Latin is *now* essential, to which Latin is to such an extent the key, that the profit to be obtained will stand in an intelligible relation to the labour expended? That many technical phrases in the different sciences are derived from the Latin, is an argument that scarcely can be advanced seriously. These phrases can easily be explained etymologically as they occur; and besides, this reason, if it were any reason at all, would be a much stronger plea for the introduction of Greek than of Latin into the education of a German merchant or engineer. As for what is commonly said that the Latin is the root of most modern languages, and must, therefore, be studied, if not for its own sake, at least for the sake of these, there is a practical fallacy in this too obvious to demand any laboured refutation. The time spent in the Latin preparation for learning the modern languages, might have been as well spent in learning the languages themselves. The bulk of the language, that is to say, the vocables, can be taken up as readily in an English, or a Spanish, as in a Roman shape. And what should we say of the man who, when building a house, first throws away all his money on a magnificent threshold, and then finds that he has been laboriously constructing an entry to nothing? Such is the wisdom of many of those who learn Latin that they may with the greater ease learn French, Spanish, and Italian.

"The next argument is that drawn from the more formal side of the question. Latin, it is urged, however useless as an acquisition, is so admirable as a mental discipline that it cannot be exchanged for any other subject of study that might seem more directly to bear upon the education of the 'Bürger' class. But here also, unfortunately, the advocates of classical ascendancy are found sadly at fault. No well-instructed educationist will deny the superior virtues of the ancient languages as instruments of mental discipline; but this discipline is most beneficial in the higher steps of advancement, when the spirit of ancient literature begins to be breathed sensibly upon the soul of the student; the mere external elements of language, and the simple combinations of syntax, have comparatively little power in training the intellect; can achieve nothing that may not be attained in a far superior degree by the study of the mother tongue and foreign languages.

"But, continue the Latinists, granting all this, is not the learning of the Latin language, if nothing more, at least one of the best exercises for improving the memory that the circle of school instruction presents? This argument is the weakest of all. For to exercise the memory on that which does not materially advance the understanding is surely anything but wise; and then considering how rich the materials are which modern science presents for exercising, nay, severely trying the retentive powers of the mind, what need is there that we should resort to the artificial machinery of the vocables of a dead tongue? There is a danger, moreover, that by overtaxing the memory with extraneous things (which Latin words certainly are in a Bürger-school) a general distaste to learning may be generated in the minds of the scholars. And, after all, it is a great mistake in psychology to suppose, that there is any abstract faculty of memory which can be improved by exercise: memory is improved by exercise, not absolutely, but only in the particular direction of the exercise; and so it may be that the improvement of the memory in the direction of the dead languages, however great, may, to all the effects and purposes which belong to the educated modern Bürger, be worse than fruitless."

Latin, therefore, is to be altogether excluded from the Bürger-schools, in the opinion of Herr Beneke; and the Berlin professor, it is instructive to see, merely systematises the current opinion of a great class of intelligent citizens in our commercial and manufacturing cities. These men have long been convinced that the old grammar-schools, in which Latin and Greek are exclusive or preponderant, however useful as preparatory palæstræ for philosophising clergymen and gentlemen with a large library, are not the schools for them; and they have, accordingly, in Glasgow and elsewhere, taken various steps, more or less successful, to hunt down the pedantic old autocracy of the Humanists. This is good; but it does not, therefore, follow, as some eager innovators will have it, that Homer and Virgil are to be banished from our public schools altogether, and steam-engines and calculating machines substituted in their place. *Μη γενοιο!*—Let it not be!—Let us not snap cruelly the golden chain that has so long and so pleasantly bound us to the past!—Let us not unbridge the mystic gulf of centuries profanely!—Let Virgil and Homer live, as good things, and among the best, for those who have time and capacity to 'drink deep of the Pierian spring,' that never yet gave strength to shallow bibbers! How this is to be done, we have already, we think, sufficiently indicated. Let Latin and Greek be reserved for a higher class of schools, for the gymnasia; and let none be sent to begin Latin there who is not likely seriously to carry it out in the university.

This is Herr Beneke's opinion; and, however different the practice of good old England in many places may be, there can be no doubt it is a sound opinion. But we shall now hear at greater length how chivalrously our catholic-hearted educationist champions those very classics in the gymnasias, which in the Bürger schools he had so decidedly condemned.

"As to what they urge against the modern languages, in the first place, they are too far removed from our modern habits of thought, too strange, to interest or to edify us, I must be allowed to say, without meaning to say anything paradoxical, that this very strangeness is precisely the thing that ought to invite our familiarity. For, while the classical student works himself systematically into the sentiments and manner of expression of the ancient world, he by this very act necessarily receives a mental expansion and a breadth of view that the study of no modern languages could have conferred; for in these last both the modes of thought and the matter coincide so much with our own that for the purpose of supplementing our intellectual deficiencies, they must ever be comparatively feeble. Besides, this greater contrast between the ancient habits of thought and the modern has a strong virtue to stir the interest, and to fix the attention; an ancient author, even where he is only second or third rate, is infinitely more suggestive than a modern, merely because he is ancient; it is by the strong power of contrast that we most readily learn to compare; and in the habit of extended comparison and faithful deduction the art of philosophising consists.

"In the second place: if it be a more difficult task to attain an available knowledge of the ancient languages than of the modern, this difficulty also is an advantage. It has been and is the most perverse of all methods of proceeding in education, to think only how we may make all instruction as easy as possible for the learner. Knowledge of any kind can be easily taken up and appropriated only in proportion as it is superficial. When the time for instruction commences, the time for play is over: the time for intellectual exertion is come; and it is the business of the teacher to select and apportion the objects of teaching that they may afford a course of gymnastics to the learner. Instead, therefore, of inventing methods to make study easy, some talk might be expected to be made of the best art of inventing difficulties. Now there are few studies that present such a complete course of intellectual gymnastics as the study of ancient literature. We do not speak here of the mere external elements of ancient literature—the lexicographical and grammatical frame-work—all this we most willingly give up to the objector, as by no means peculiarly fitted either to expand or to strengthen the mind; and the more such merely mechanical processes can be facilitated and accelerated, the better. But the sacrifice which we make in mastering the mere externals of ancient learning, is more than compensated by the developing power which they possess in so eminent a degree when duly followed out. Those compositions which can be had without any great demands on our intellectual activity, flit across our minds superficially,

leaving scarcely a trace behind. Take, for example, any historical or poetical work in our mother tongue or in any modern language. Spurred on by an interest in the subject we drive rapidly forward from one point of prominence to another; but this very celerity of progress, which is so pleasant, prevents us from thoroughly grasping and detaining the characters and events as they pass before us; at the end of our movement there remains but an imperfect shadowy outline of what we have read: and in a short time even this shadowy outline vanishes. The same thing happens with the mere style and manner of expression. We may pause, perhaps, for a moment over this and the other passage peculiarly pointed and impressive; but in general we are in too great a hurry to receive any distinct impression from the beauties of style; or will not dwell on a passage long enough to know in what its rhetorical excellence consists. And if this be so in grown up men, how much more must it be the case with young persons whose minds are so disposed to triviality and dissipation? It is the duty of the teacher, therefore, rather to put a drag on the light and rattling spirits of youth than to pioneer the road too smoothly before them. Now this salutary drag on the precipitancy of youthful minds is exactly what the ancient languages are so well calculated to supply. While the scholar is laboriously employed in constructing piecemeal a historical, poetical, or rhetorical whole, from the biographies of a Plutarch, the tragedies of a Sophocles, or the oration of a Demosthenes, he is forced to expend as much intellectual strength on a single elementary trait as he does on a whole work in the mother tongue, or on a whole comparison in any modern tongue; and in this way both the matter and the manner of the thing read are appropriated and assimilated in a way most conducive to a healthy reproduction on the part of the receiver, and to a free development of the higher powers of reflection on the phenomena of the intellectual world.

"But it is not only that ancient literature by power of contrast is more suggestive to us moderns; there is, at the same time, a simplicity of character both in the thoughts and in the manner of expression of the ancients that is more readily appreciable by the youthful mind than the more complex relations of our modern development. The works of the ancients are a mirror of the childhood and boyhood of humanity: our children and boys now understand these works by a natural sympathy, better than our men. There is too much reflection and philosophising of all kinds in modern literature for the juvenile taste; there is something more elementary and immediate, more fresh, and, as it were, transparent among the ancients. The ancient world also presents something more self-contained, less straggling and involved than the moderns. If the approach to the view be, as we have admitted, more laborious, the objects, when they fairly start out from the mist, are more tangible and more comprehensible.

"This holds true of ancient literature in a triple sense: it is true of the grammatical combinations in the first place (compare Herodotus, for instance, in this respect, with Hume or Gibbon); it is no less true of the forms which art assumed in the hands of antiquity; the ancient Epos, the ancient tragedy, and the ancient eloquence and phi-

losophy, are nearer to the mind of young persons, in modern times, than works of the same class in our own tongue; and it is true, finally, of the matter of the classics as well as of their style, of the characters of the various relations of life, social and political. The distance in point of time between an ancient and a modern is more than compensated to the young mind by the proximity in point of tone, and sentiment, and character. Ancient history, for example, how infinitely more simple than the modern! it is more the history in fact of individual men, or of separate groups and masses of men easily distinguishable; and the relations that occur between them are at the same time comparatively simple; the passions and the motives also of the historical characters (think only of the patriarchs in the book of Genesis, or the leaders in the Trojan war) are simpler and more kindred to the habits of thought and feeling that characterize young persons. Modern history, on the other hand, the nearer it comes to the young student in point of time, the farther it recedes from him in point of affinity; its complicated relations, its strange disguises, its state plots and counterplots, and diplomatic intrigues, may be made to envelope the youthful mind, but they can never mould it. In whatever light, therefore, we view the matter, ancient literature, when the scholar fairly enters into the spirit of it, affords a much more congenial nourishment for young minds than modern.

"It is to be observed, moreover, that this bond of connection which attaches us to the ancient mind, is not one of psychological relationship merely; it is essentially also an historical tie. Our whole modern culture is what it is in a great measure as a growth from the fertile soil of antiquity, and continues still to draw no inconsiderable part of its nourishment from the same source. As the modern languages can be grammatically comprehended only through the medium of the Latin out of which they sprung; so in tracking back the various branch streams of modern intellect we arrive, from whatever point we may have set out, always at the same two fresh fountains of Greece and Rome; so that if a man will not be content to receive traditionally, and by a blind instinct, but strives with a full consciousness and a sympathetic reproduction to understand the modern mind, he can do so in no way at once so speedily and so thoroughly, as by beginning with the ancient. The food, which, whether we will or no, we must receive from the ancients with shut eyes, a classical education enables us to adopt and to enjoy with open vision.

"Whatever truth there may be in these representations is independent altogether, it will be observed, of any mere external elegance and polish that may belong to the remains of ancient literature handed down to us. The advantages of which we have been talking result from the essential character of ancient works, in thought, and emotion, and expression: these advantages belong to them as products of the ancient mind, not as models of what is finished and satisfying in works of art. But when we consider further, that in addition to the simplicity and tangibility of their contents, and their less complex character generally, the works of the ancients stand unrivalled as models of chasteness and truth in art, we find ourselves provided with another and a most salutary check against that looseness, ill-regulated luxuri-

ance, and extravagance, by which the compositions of modern literature have too frequently been characterized. There is another matter, also, of no small importance in estimating the influence which the pattern specimens of ancient literature exert on the modern mind; on account of the different situation in which we are placed, and the different circumstances by which we are surrounded, there is much less danger of a slavish and passive imitation of antiquity, than there is in the case of a modern model. An ancient model will be admired, and exercise a beneficial influence on the taste of those who admire it; but as it does not excite, and is not meant to excite to any imitation of exactly the same kind, it seems to stimulate exertion without inciting a discouraging comparison. The classic models of our own literature, on the other hand, stand so near to us, and so obviously incite comparison with our own performances, that a servile imitation, or a despairful abandonment of self-development, is too apt to be the result of the early admiration which is fixed on them.

"To meet these views, many persons interested in the education of youth have proposed, that instead of the classical languages the old German should be used in our higher schools. In our early Teutonic literature, it is alleged, we have a contrast to the modern development of the German mind, sufficiently strong to stimulate the reflective faculty, and at the same time an extension of the view beyond the narrowness of the present horizon. But to this proposal there are two obvious objections. Our old German literature, in the first place, though different in several accessory modifications, is, in its fundamental ideas, the same as the modern. The contrast, therefore, is not sufficiently marked and decided for the purpose. In the second place, even supposing the fundamental ideas of our old German poetry were everything that could be desired in this respect, the forms of art in which they have been handed down to us, are anything but models. As in every other point of human culture, so in literary development, the progress of the northern nations was at first exceedingly slow and painful. It was not till after they had appropriated and worked up the early ripe literature of the southern nations that they began to exert their independent energies in a more vigorous form, and to create works in some respects superior to the models by which they had originally been stimulated. In consequence of this difference of historical development, it is altogether impossible for us Germans to go back to the sources of our civilisation with the same intellectual benefit that the Greeks did to theirs, or that even we ourselves can go to the civilisation of the Greeks; much less can young persons grow up healthily in an environment that is full of waste places and monstrosities even for full grown men.

"But, continue the advocates of the old German education, do we not historically grow out of German ground—are we not GERMANS—and shall we be at home at Rome, and at Athens, and everywhere—only not amongst ourselves?—Here also there is a fallacy. What we are as a literary people, we are in a much greater degree through the influence of the Greeks and Romans, and more lately of the English and the French, than through the continued working of our own most ancient

national literature. Nay, it has been experimentally manifested (as it was supereminently in the late war of liberation in 1813) that as often as an attempt has been made to bring old Germanism into the foreground of our modern culture, so often (after a little artificial parading) has it been thrown aside. People, however patriotic, had such an instinctive, if not always conscious, feeling of the inferiority of these northern productions to those of the south and east, that, in spite of all patriotic trumpeting and blowing up, the *Niebelungen* was forced in a few years to leave the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in quiet possession of the academic ground. We do not pretend to decide which course of development is the preferable for a people, a development thoroughly and entirely national, or a complex growth springing from varied foreign impregnation; but Providence has so ordered it that the development of the German people should be in this latter fashion decidedly; and with this, as an arrangement of Providence, beyond the hope of human change, we must ever be content.

"We conclude, therefore, on a review of the whole matter, that for him who wishes to plant himself upon the highest position of intellectual cultivation, an initiation into ancient literature is absolutely indispensable. Only when so initiated is he in a condition to survey comprehensively, to contemplate clearly, and to see profoundly into what human nature under its various aspects can achieve; by the aid of ancient learning alone is the educator enabled to extend his view beyond the narrow horizon of the now which encompasses him, and to distinguish between that which is merely local or temporary, and that which is of universal and human significance. And this extent of vision alone, it unquestionably is that entitles a man to say, that he is *educated* in the highest and complete sense of that word."

We have patiently followed our author through this long defence of classical education, because, hackneyed as the theme may be, it is not always that it is handled with the requisite degree of discrimination and appreciation. Many of our eulogizers of a Latin and Greek education in this country, plead the cause of classicality on grounds which are satisfactory enough in the abstract, but which have no bearing whatsoever on the circumstances to which they are meant to be applied. Herr Beneke, however, takes anxious care that he shall not play off upon us any sophism of this kind. He tells us not only *what* classics are worth, but *for whom*—'für denjenigen welcher auf die höchste Bildungsstufe gestellt werden soll'—for him whom it is intended to plant upon the highest platform of intellectual culture. Thus his championship of a classical education for the gymnasium, is in the most perfect harmony with his determined exclusion of the same studies from the Bürger-schools. 'Non omnia possumus omnes,' the merchant goes to his counting-house, the young agriculturist to

his model farm, when the young philosopher is going from Homer and Herodotus in the gymnasium, to Plato and Immanuel Kant in the university. This is the way they manage matters in Germany; but among ourselves there is still reason to fear that the true position and value of classical education in relation to the different classes of society, and their intellectual wants, is not everywhere distinctly understood; that there is too much of a general indiscriminating idol-worship of the mere letter of Greek and Latin, to which languages, in their mere rudiments and disciplinarian externals, a sort of magic virtue is attributed, as if they alone, without aid from living poetry and philosophy, and without the least regard either to social position or intellectual wants, had the power of turning everything into gold. On some such notion as this the exclusive classicism of Oxford, and whatever in England is connected with that, seems to depend; while in Scotland we find, in many places, herds of young men who should begin and end their education at a commercial school, drilled for five years principally into the mere beggarly elements of Latin, and then sent to college (still in the shape of mere boys) for a little more Latin, and a little Greek, that they may forget both in a year or two over the toils of the *comptoir* and the recreations of the circulating library. Now how do the Berlin educationist's sensible remarks apply to such a case as this? Plainly thus, that one-half of the lads, who in Scotland study Latin and Greek at grammar-schools and universities, should have been sent to a Bürger-school, from which the classical languages were excluded, and the other half should have been brought beyond the point of nibbling at a shell, and really taught to live in the atmosphere, and drink from the fountains, of ancient wisdom. As things stand at present we have good reason, with the late Professor Walker,* to despair altogether of the cause of classical literature beyond the Tweed, and to denounce the present system, not merely as a futile abortion in itself, but as one of the greatest hindrances to a rational system of education, that the three angles of our triangle contain. In England, wherever the old system of exclusive classicality still prevails, we have at least one thing thoroughly studied in the schools, and carried afterwards in the universities to that point of perfection in which intellectual pleasure and profit are combined; but classicality in Scotland is a mere obstructive heap of grammatical thorns and

* Evidence before the Royal Commission for visiting the Scottish Universities, 1827.

brambles, neither producing any fruit of itself, nor allowing seeds of a more hopeful character to find their way through its choking superincumbence.*

We shall now give the English reader a sample of Herr Beneke's sensible and thoroughly practical views on the 'methods of education;' and from this part of his subject we can select nothing more appropriate than the remarks on the monitorial system. Fully alive to the necessary defects of this over-trumpeted machinery, the Berlin professor has too much judgment to overlook its manifold advantages. The monitorial system, wisely applied, teaches the educator to make a virtue of necessity; and he who can do this commands a charm, not of the highest kind, but one which, in such a world as the present, is likely to be more generally available than any other.

"Let us first consider the quantity of instruction given by the method of Bell and Lancaster; and here it seems to us evident, where there is an ordinary degree of skill displayed in the school arrangements, that each individual scholar receives a greater share of the master's time and attention under the monitorial system than by the common plan, according to which scholars of all different degrees of advancement fall to be instructed by a single teacher. For in proportion as diversities of this kind exist in a class, the master is forced to split his time and attention into so many altogether independent sections, and while he is occupied with one section, the others will either be less beneficially occupied than they might be, under monitors, or are altogether idle. On the other hand, if the teacher can devolve the exhausting business of mere preparation and repetition on others, it is clear that so much time and strength as was lost on this can now be devoted to the proper business of instruction.

"As little, however, is it to be denied that even this preparation and repetition, and much more so the instruction, properly so called, when they are superintended by scholars, do not admit, with regard to all subjects, of being efficiently carried into practice; for there is always something 'mechanical' about the teaching of a monitor which, if teaching is to be intellectual, necessarily renders the instrument inadequate to the effect desired. This may be granted; but there are certain subjects that admit of being communicated, if not altogether, at least in some degree, only in a manner that may comparatively be termed mechanical; nay, we may go further and say that the extraneous admixture of spurs of spirit, so to speak, into these subjects tends to produce confusion rather than to ex-

cite interest, and is, consequently, more prejudicial than beneficial to the real work of teaching. We shall, therefore, do wisely to make a distinction; and, unless where sorry necessity compels, apply the monitorial method only to those subjects in which the instruction given must necessarily be in a great measure mechanical; as spelling, writing, drawing, arithmetic, and the external frame-work of geography and history. To the province of the monitorial method (to repeat what we have said under another phase) belong all those subjects, and those subjects only, that can be transferred so completely by a good teacher to an apt scholar, that the scholar can feel the communicated elements, so far as they go, perfectly in his own power, and is ready to transfer them distinctly and without confusion to another; while, on the other hand, all those subjects are to be withheld from the handling of a pupil teacher, which are capable only of a very imperfect transference from the master to the scholar. To this category belong all exercises prescribed especially for the training of the understanding, all instruction in religion, in morality, and in the inner spirit and significance of history. But, with all this limitation, is it not a decided gain that what may and must be taught, to a certain degree, mechanically, is by the monitorial method taught more certainly in a school with only one master than it can be without this instrumentality?

"If we consider further to what an extent this merely mechanical part of instruction is and must be practised in every school, let the teacher be as vivacious and intellectual as he pleases; we shall be forced on a review of the real details of the matter to admit that unless in a few peculiarly fortunate cases, a certain number of the scholars will, in all classes, soon begin to fall behind; and whenever this takes place, the teacher, where he has no assistants, must either allow this number to lag, and finally give them up as a hopeless job, or by extraordinary care bestowed upon a few dullards, deprive the good scholars of that attention of which they are more worthy. I know it from the best authority that, high as our system of elementary instruction in Prussia undoubtedly stands, and zealous as are the exertions of our educational officials, there are nevertheless children even here, in Berlin, who, after four or five years regular attendance at school, can neither read nor write with any readiness. If such things happen in the green tree, what are we to expect from the dry? And is it then wise, to remain in a state of vain self-satisfaction with an imagined perfection, and refuse the aid of a method, which, whatever may be its defects, can certainly, when actively superintended, be made to achieve that which our most active men without it must in the nature of things often fail to do? Let monitors, therefore, by all means be employed, to do that which can be done by monitors: and if the instruction which they can give is at best merely mechanical, let us bear in mind that this intellectual mechanics is at least in itself better than nothing, and that when once there, it may readily be made the bridge to something higher that could never have existed without it.

"It now remains to make a remark or two on the quality of the instruction communicated by the mutual method. Now here, the main advantage seems to be—what indeed we have already man-

* We happen to have lying beside us an extract from an old number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' which expresses in a single sentence the essentially false position of classical learning in Scotland. 'Nothing has more contributed in this country to disparage the cause of classical education than the rendering it the education of ALL. With us the learned languages are taught at once too extensively, and not intensively enough.'

tioned—that by portioning out the scholars, according to their different progress and capacities, into a great many separate groups, and giving each a suitable drilling by appropriately furnished monitors, every scholar at every individual moment is actively employed according to the exact measure of his wants and attainments, and neither above nor beneath this mark. Now when details are to be taken up mechanically in teaching this is not something merely, but it is all.

“Such is the clear gain for the taught scholar; for the teaching scholar, the profit is much higher. The object that had hitherto been his only by actual adoption, becomes in the very act of teaching, his by inward energetic vitality, the inalienable property of his knowing faculty. The frequent repetition which he practises gives him certainty and confidence in the application of what he knows; what he had first learned diligently it may be, but imperfectly and more or less clumsily, he now learns to use with ready dexterity and decided talent. Then there is the special pleasure that arises in the mind from the consciousness of a thorough command of a subject: this again begets a warmer love to the subject, and acts as the most active of all spurs to further acquisition; so that, taking everything together, the mechanical part of teaching becomes to the teacher-scholar what it never can be to the principal teacher, not merely not mechanical in the offensive sense of that word, but one of the most healthy and beneficial of intellectual exercises.

“But there are indirect advantages resulting from the monitorial system, not inferior, perhaps, to its immediate influence; and among these we must mention the various postures and movements which the execution of this method renders necessary, and which form a most convenient channel for the outlet of that instinct of corporeal movement which is so characteristic of healthy young persons. But besides this incidental gymnastics the scholars are thus accustomed to submit not merely to the direct power of discipline embodied in the person of the master, but to subordination and control in a much wider and more varied sphere. For however much of mere surface work there may be in this sort of school training—something analogous to the externalities of which common military drill is made up—it is not the less certain that the observance of this external discipline removes the occasion for many an offence both of an inward origin and drawing inward and moral consequences in its train. Discipline once acknowledged in a few mechanical outward acts, may by degrees control and mould the whole character. And accordingly we find, that, while within the walls of a school, the Bell and Lancaster teachers have been able to boast that their method has enabled them to dispense with every kind of corporeal punishment, beyond these bounds it is alleged that of those who have been subjected to thorough discipline under this system, a smaller proportion has been convicted for police offences than of children educated in the ordinary schools. In addition to all this we must observe the important moral lesson daily taught to those who are under the influence of the monitorial system; namely, that no man lives for himself alone in this world, but that every man, according to his ability and opportunity, must endeavour to make himself useful to his

fellows: and this great truth is not impressed upon the memory of the young scholar merely, but it is imprinted on his heart, transferred to his will, and worked into the daily habitude and custom of his existence.

“A single word now remains for the influence of this method on the principal teacher. On this head the most discordant opinions are everywhere expressed: and we hear in the same breath, the complaint that the constant superintendence and eager watchfulness over every part of a complicated machinery which this method requires, is too much for the strength of a common man, and that other complaint, which is certainly not consistent with it, that by handing over the part of his work to his scholars, the master is apt to become lazy and inefficient. Now with regard to this point it appears to me that they are decidedly in the wrong who imagine that the Bell and Lancaster method, because it enables a good teacher to do more than he could otherwise accomplish, is therefore an easier method for him, and a method which may be satisfied with a less efficient man than the common service demands. So far from this it seems certain that to teach by monitors is a more difficult task for the master than to teach without them; a more vivid and energetic power of generalship must be exhibited. The commander-in-chief in a great battle, though he has and can have no particular post, is in fact present everywhere. As a compensation, however, for this greater demand upon his energy, the monitorial system spares the teacher a great part of that merely mechanical inculcation which is so wearisome; and saves him from that stupifying and blunting influence, which long continued and unremitting occupation with the mere elementary part of teaching never fails to exercise on the intellect.”

Here our limits command us to refrain. The extracts we have made are sufficient, we think, to convince the friends of education in this country that a complete treatise, conceived in the same catholic and comprehensive spirit, and so thoroughly discriminating and practical, must be regarded as a most valuable contribution to a branch of social science more talked about in these times than perhaps any other, but less understood. There are plenty of loose ideas, indeed, afloat on this important subject, but comparatively few fixed principles; and the cause of this confusion is plain: people must study so complex a subject before they can hope to comprehend it; study first its principles in the psychology of the human mind, and then its details in the practice of various skilful persons. To all who are in search of a wise pilot through these seas, we can most conscientiously recommend Dr. Friedrich Beneke.

ART. VII.—1. *The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany.* By WILLIAM HOWITT. London: Longman and Co.

2. *German Experiences: addressed to the English; both Stayers at Home, and Goers Abroad.* By WILLIAM HOWITT. London: Longman and Co.

THERE are no two countries, in the civilized world, so similar in some aspects, and so dissimilar in others, as Germany and England. And the points of resemblance are so close, as to make the points of contrast absolutely glaring—perhaps even to produce a painful sense of uneasiness or distrust upon the detection of them. It is to this sort of strange antagonism, expanding amidst family affinities and sympathies, that we must mainly attribute all the vexed problems into which our English writers upon Germany are constantly falling.

There is no country so difficult of access in its real inner character as Germany. We must know the people long and intimately, and become ourselves habituated to their usages and modes of thinking, before we can reconcile their surface contradictions, and discover the true harmony that lies beneath. It is the most difficult of all countries for a foreigner to write a book about, that shall be both faithful and comprehensive.

And of all book-writing people the English are the last to produce works upon the domestic life of other nations in the right, unbiassed, universal spirit. It is not that they do not possess in a very high degree the requisite qualifications,—knowledge, keen observation, sagacity; but that they are afflicted with serious disqualifications, which do not exist elsewhere in such paramount force—insular prejudices, a perpetual tendency to think everything wrong that does not assort with their own modes and notions, a constant recurrence to the one rigid self-elected judgment. The English cannot go out of themselves: they cannot enter into the circumstances of other races. They can hardly comprehend a people existing without such an eternal pressure upon their faculties as shall literally absorb out of everyday life all traces of poetry and romance. There cannot be a greater enigma to them than the silent influence of tradition in moulding living customs and manners. Everything that is new to them jars against their habits. Pleasure itself offends them when it is not cooked to their palate. Even the unalterable elements to which so much of the fashioning of human institutions is unavoidably adapted, will sometimes excite a biliary derangement in the English. They

will make little or no allowance for the inevitable effects of climate. They would carry their own climate everywhere—that sullen climate which destroyed poor Weber, that yellow climate, loaded with sulphur and human steam.

Conceive then an Englishman writing a book upon social Germany, the most intractable of all men sitting down to a subject which, of all others, demands the most patient investigation, and the most complete suppression of previous theories.

It must not be supposed from this prelude that we are about to analyse the works whose titles we have placed at the head of this paper. They are too well known to require any such process at our hands. The well-merited reputation of the author has already secured to them a large and admiring circle of readers, and everybody who feels any interest in Germany, or the Germans, may be presumed to be already tolerably familiar with their contents. But we propose to touch upon a few of the salient opinions expressed in them, not for the sake of criticising Mr. Howitt's writings, but merely to indicate some of the points upon which, as it seems to us, our countrymen are apt to entertain erroneous impressions.

We have observed that Englishmen are not the best adapted by constitution, or temperament, or hereditary position, for writing sound books of travels—carefully confining the observation, however, to the social and domestic phases of the subject. We must be frank enough to say that we do not consider Mr. Howitt an exception to the general rule. He is a thorough-bred Englishman in his tastes and habits, in his likings and his dislikings, in the uncompromising energy of his mind, his education, and the aims and produce of his whole life. Were we to select the writer who, in our estimation, was best qualified to penetrate the recesses of our society, and portray faithfully the actual life of our people, we should unquestionably name William Howitt. But it may be fairly doubted whether one who is thus deeply imbued with English feeling, and whose modes of thinking are so thoroughly English, is exactly the fittest person to undertake the delineation of foreign life. Such a book in such hands must insensibly become a book of contrasts. The more English the writer, the less likely is he to form independent opinions. Freedom from national predilection is at least as necessary as mental activity and honesty of intention.

The effect of this strong nationality is palpable in these volumes. Mr. Howitt is ever yearning towards his English home-

stead; and while he is depicting German characteristics, cannot restrain himself from reverting to customs endeared to him by early associations. The comparison, under such circumstances, cannot be otherwise than unfavourable to Germany—be it in reality just or unjust. Thus in speaking of the aspect of the country, he cannot resist the recollection of the trim hedge-rows and picturesque cottages of home :

“Here you look in vain,” he says, “for anything like the green fields and hedge-rows of England, with their scattered trees, groups of beautiful cattle and flocks grazing in peace, and sweet cottages, and farm-houses, and beautiful mansions of the gentry. It is all one fenceless and ploughed field.”—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

It cannot escape the reader that in this description Mr. Howitt employs a variety of the most captivating terms. When he speaks of England, the fields of necessity must be green : nor is he satisfied with mere groups of cattle,—the cattle must needs be beautiful ; nor will he allow the flocks simply to graze—to heighten the sylvan charm he must make them graze in peace ; and the cottages must be sweet, and the mansions of the gentry must be beautiful. Of all intention wilfully to convey an unfavourable impression of Germany, by exaggerating the pastoral beauties of England, we fully acquit Mr. Howitt. It is quite evident to us that he never meant anything of the kind ; on the contrary, he wrote of such things, of which there are numerous instances, unconsciously, out of that irrepressible love of country which comes in full flood upon the heart in remote and strange scenes. But we refer to the passage for the sake of illustrating the insensible colouring such feelings inevitably impart to books of this class.

Were it a matter of much practical importance, it would be easy enough to turn this enchanting picture inside out, and show how much misery and want are frequently found lurking under all this beauty and sweetness, and to draw from thence a contrast with the social condition of the people of Germany ;—which would prove to the satisfaction of all the world, that if their cattle are not so prettily grouped, nor their trees so agreeably scattered, they possess this material advantage, that they are content in their condition and always have enough to eat. Mr. Howitt himself fully acknowledges this. He says that when an Englishman visits Germany, he sees many things from which he might derive valuable hints for improvement at home.

“He sees a simple and less feverish state of existence. He sees a greater portion of popular

content diffused by a more equal distribution of property. He sees a less convulsive straining after the accumulation of enormous fortunes. He sees a less incessant devotion to the mere business of money-making, and, consequently, a less intense selfishness of spirit ; a more genial and serene enjoyment of life, a more intellectual embellishment of it with music and domestic entertainment. He sees the means of existence kept by the absence of ruinous taxation, of an enormous debt recklessly and lavishly piled on the public shoulders, by the absence of restrictions on the importation of articles of food, cheap and easy of acquisition.”—*Experiences*.

We ask any man possessed of an average share of common sense, which of these pictures is the more substantially attractive—the sweet cottages and the misery, or the bald, fenceless landscape with content and an equitable distribution of means ? Alas ! it is grievously to be feared that the inhabitants of the sweet cottages would gladly exchange conditions with the German peasantry, and compound all their hedge-rows and white gables for a little ease of mind and a sufficiency of wholesome fare.

But is it quite true that the external aspect of country life in Germany is so unpromising ? Is it quite certain that distance in this case, as in many others, has not lent a little enchantment to the view ? The close pastoral landscape of England is undoubtedly very charming. It is a thing not to be met with anywhere else. The whole of Europe contains no parallel for the garden beauty of the Isle of Wight. But is there no other kind of beauty worthy of admiration except hedge-rows and cattle, cottages, groups of trees, and green lanes ? Let us imagine a German in England, and giving vent to his poetical spirit in this fashion :

‘Here you look in vain for anything like magnificent ancestral forests of the growth of ages, and richly wooded valleys, and vast mountains, with their weird solitudes and solemn forms, their sweeping eagles, their torrents, and their rocks. It is all one tame region, pranked out with neat houses and cropped trees.’

Yet this would be quite as reasonable and as well founded as Mr. Howitt’s regrets for the absence of English scenery in the broad champaign of Germany. It is curious enough that Mr. Howitt should expressly recommend the traveller on going to Germany, to ‘cast away as fast as possible all *Arcadian* ideas ! all dreams about graceful youths and maidens, and bands of music’ (*Experiences*, 6, 7) ; yet that he should himself forget to profit by his own advice, so far as to retain in his mind all the time the most *Arcadian* visions of the beauty and comfort

of England, which he is perpetually drawing into contrast with the rugged features of German life. It is not alone that he falls into the ordinary injustice of setting up the English standard to test another people by, but that he sets up the poetical side of England against the prosaic side of Germany. It is certain that when a traveller is far from his own country he is apt to carry with him vividly only the most agreeable recollections of it—the pleasant memories, the sunshine, the roses, the happy faces, and so on; dropping wholly out of his calculation the thousand and one petty drawbacks, the small inconveniences, the abiding discontents of all kinds. And all this, the aromatic essence of the distant and the past, is urgently opposed by his imagination to present discomforts, whatever they may be, the unaccustomed ways, the disappointments occasioned less by any deficiency or unfitness in the elements of things, than by his own strangeness in the use or enjoyment of them, and the innumerable obstacles of the present which he stumbles against in unfamiliar scenes. The comparison, consequently, is taken at the utmost conceivable disadvantage. It is not merely England against Germany, but the England of an excited fancy, relieved of all its *désagrémens*, against the real work-a-day Germany, disenchanted of all its romance.

Such comparisons are false in principle. Countries ought to be judged as they are, not as they are not. It proves nothing to show that Germany is not England. We knew that before. What we want exactly to be informed about is the place itself, as it is; but if we are to be reminded incessantly of its inferiority to England, or of the odd differences between it and England, it seems as if the traveller were going about, not to collect facts, but to flatter the national vanity at home.

This is certainly not the general tendency of Mr. Howitt's first book upon Germany; for, although it is full of laments for the rural English sights and usages he misses in the fatherland, it must be accepted upon the whole as a most able exposition of the actual condition of the country, bearing high and honourable testimony to the character and industry of the people. It is in his second and smaller book that we find his dissatisfaction break out; and it is in this volume chiefly we discover those statements which we hold to be objectionable.

Upon the whole, there is a marked discordance in the spirit of the two volumes not very easy of illustration or solution. The larger and more tolerant work was published while Mr. Howitt was yet residing in Germany—the other since his return to

England. He reserved his final indictment against the country until he had left it, a course which is perfectly justifiable in itself. But this will not account for the startling opposition, not so much in matters of mere statement as in matters of feeling and judgment, presented by these two books. When the first book appeared, Mr. Howitt was absolutely attacked for its Germanic enthusiasm and anti-English tendency. The impression made by the second is precisely the reverse. How is this?

Mr. Howitt was singularly unfortunate in his location. He got into a house where the people were prying, curious, gossiping, designing, and roguish. They seem to have entered into a regular system of annoyances, and to have taken extraordinary pains to make him and his family uncomfortable. This was an unpropitious beginning, and its effects appear to have lingered with him to the last hour of his residence at Heidelberg. He never quite got rid of the feeling of distrust and vexation with which that intriguing landlady inspired him in the first instance. The conclusion at which he arrives, drawn of course from his own experience and observation, is not only that the German lodging-house keepers constitute a genus of sharpers, but that they are actually sustained, assisted, and protected in their rogueries by an extensive combination amongst the surrounding population! The wholesale imposition is accomplished in this way. Arriving a stranger in one of these German towns, and requiring lodgings, you are supplied with a *commissionaire*, who takes you round from house to house where lodgings are to be let. This fellow is in the pay of the lodging-house keepers, or the hotel keepers, and he will inevitably deceive you; that is to say, he will try to secure you for his own client, who may in all human probability be just as respectable and as honest as anybody else. So far as this part of the *commissionaire's* scheme is concerned, it does not go for much. It is nothing more than happens every day in the year in every town in Europe. But Mr. Howitt adds, that the *commissionaire* carries the deception still further. He not only cries up his direct employer, but never cries down anybody else. There is a sort of national pride in the fellow (we suppose) which will not allow him to betray even the worst of his countrymen. No matter how notorious the character of a lodging-house keeper may be, the unsuspecting stranger is sure never to hear of it. The *commissionaire*, says Mr. Howitt, is bribed to silence; from which we are left to infer that in fact the *commissionaire* is bribed by all the lodging-house keep-

ers, in addition to that particular member of the fraternity whom it is his especial duty to recommend.

"In the second place," continues our author, "it is the interest of too many other people for any stranger to receive a warning. The shop-keepers will, of course, say nothing, because they wish you to settle and become customers, and many of them hope to fleece you well too. Even if you have letters to German families, they will not breathe a word. It is not their business; and it is a part of German caution not to offend their townsmen, especially the knavish, who may do them mischief."—*Experiences*.

The last important part of this machinery of deception is supplied by the domestic servants, who are in league with all the rest to keep their employers in utter ignorance of the true state of things around them; so that, according to Mr. Howitt, the moment a stranger enters a German town for the purpose of going into lodgings, the commissionaire of the hotel, with the hotel-keeper himself in the background, the servants of the house, the owners of the house, the tradespeople of every kind and degree, and even the private families, however respectable they may be, to whom the stranger may happen to carry letters of introduction, instantly confederate and become engaged in a mysterious conspiracy to cheat him.

If we were to treat statements of this description as Mr. Howitt himself treats most of his German topics, we might make a descent upon some of the bye-streets of London, and draw a picture of an English lodging-house keeper, which would show how far inferior in skill, boldness, and magnitude of ambition, these poor German combinators are in comparison with the same genus in this country. It takes a whole town in Germany, private families and all, to cheat a single lodger; while in London a single lodging-house keeper is quite enough to cheat a whole colony of lodgers. The London scale of profit, too, is considerably higher, and we need not add, that the London mode of extortion is considerably more systematic. But as we do not see how the case of the Germans would be improved, by establishing the undeniable fact that the case of the English is worse, we will not waste time with the useless contrast.

Personal experience is the test people usually apply to matters of this nature. No test can be much more fallacious; but it affords a popular, conventional, and easy escape from the responsibility of any graver method of procedure. In this very town of Heidelberg then, we can confidently assert that we have known sundry instances of the utmost honesty, frankness, and cordiality on

the part of lodging-house keepers towards their inmates. The town is not very large. It occupies only a single street running between the river and the hills. There would be no great difficulty in acquiring in a couple of months a passing acquaintance with the character of every individual in the town; and we assume at once that this circumstance is in itself an abundant protection against the class of frauds indicated by Mr. Howitt. There are people who have resided in Heidelberg, and who speak of the inhabitants in terms the very reverse of those employed by Mr. Howitt. We state this simply as a piece of common justice. Here are two opinions founded on opposite experiences. Both may, both must be right up to a certain point; but that part of the inquiry in which alone the public at large, either of Germany or England, can be supposed to be interested, lies beyond the limits of individual instances, and can only be reached by the more philosophical process of generalization.

What is the national character of the Germans? Is it that of a sordid, knavish, overreaching race? No. Mr. Howitt himself explicitly asserts that they are not slavishly devoted to money-getting. He even admits in this very book that they are honest. 'The Germans,' he says, 'as a people, are a very honest people.'—*Experiences*, p. 11. Now it is only as a people we have any interest in the investigation of their character. Let pettifogging chicanery thrive in Heidelberg, and, if our author will have it so, in all the small university towns; let the tradespeople and the servants conspire to the crack of doom; the Germans, as a people, are a very honest people—and we take that to be a very complete and sufficient answer to all the accusations in detail that may be brought against them. It is much to the purpose that this answer should be furnished by the author of these books; since, however we may differ from him on some points, or he may differ from himself on others, Mr. Howitt is an unexceptionable witness.

The thieving propensities of the Germans appear to have struck Mr. Howitt most forcibly on board the Ludwig steam-boat plying on the Rhine. He says that the Ludwig 'was a regular den of thieves;' that his carpet-bag was cut open on board and plundered, and that several of the people connected with that vessel were afterwards sentenced for similar depredations to six years' imprisonment. He tells us, also, that at Cologne a case of eau-de-Cologne, which he had left on the table at his hotel, was rifled during his absence, and that the land-

lord, treating the affair, strangely enough, *as a matter of course*, replaced it at his own charge. It is pleasant to perceive in all these cases that, if there be robbery in the country, there is also a compensatory principle resident somewhere; that the law overtakes the depredators on the steamboats, and that, although theft is a matter of course in the hotels, it is also a matter of course on the part of the landlord to make restitution in full for the inevitable wrongs committed in his premises. So far, therefore, no great harm is done. The river rogues carry on their speculations under the wholesome fear of six years' imprisonment, and the hotel-keepers are always ready to make good the losses to which their guests are unavoidably exposed. We know no country where the evil of misappropriation of private property is more successfully grappled with.

But we owe it too many delightful recollections, not to say of the Rhine that we never heard of these numerous and daring robberies until we read of them in Mr. Howitt's books. Many thousands of strangers traverse the Rhine daily during the fine season in these steamers. The deck is piled up with trunks and carpet-bags, and writing-cases and hat-boxes. We confess we often wondered that where there was so much temptation, there should be so little theft; and we were not very much surprised to find that some thefts were committed at last. But is it fair to draw these items into the indictment against Germany? It is all very well for Mr. Hood to call out to the travellers on the Rhine to 'take care of their pockets.' Mr. Hood is a humorist, and has the license of a motley; but it is only right to advertise such of his readers as do not happen to know better, that the whole region of the Rhine is much more English than German. It is the frontier where various races mingle; it is the highway where extravagant foreigners are always to be found setting an example of dissipation and vice of every kind; it is the last place where one looks for German virtue or German simplicity; it is in fact repudiated by the Germans themselves, as being no longer distinguished by the German character in its native integrity. The best vindication of the people from the imputations which these mal-practices might seem to cast upon them is furnished with his invariable candour by Mr. Howitt himself.

"Vast numbers of our country people flock into the Rhine country, because it is easy of access, because it is a very charming country so far as nature goes; but it is, at the same time, with the exception of Prussia, the very dearest part of Ger-

many, and what is worse, it is the most corrupt and demoralized. It is not in the cities of the Rhine that you will find the genuine German character in its primitive truth and simplicity. It is a great thoroughfare of tourists, and that of itself is enough to stamp it as corrupt and selfish. True, it is a lovely country, and if you are content with the charms of nature you cannot well have a pleasanter. But if you seek either the highest state of German social culture or the purest state of its moral simplicity, you must go farther." —*Experiences.*

All this while then we have been looking at the Germans through the glasses of our own deformities. It is clear enough that the 'genuine German character' is something very different from the German character which is brought into contact with tourists and migratory lodgers; and that if we would ascertain what that genuine German character is, we must 'go farther.' So that, after all, it is we, the tourists, who are to blame for all the chicanery and fraud; we who introduce the temptation, we who diffuse around us a taste for profusion and luxury, who inspire the simple and plain-dealing tradesmen with new desires, and open to him new vistas of acquisition: it is, in fact, our more highly refined civilisation, with its attendant train of hypocrisies and intrigues, which is begetting in Germany all these fraudulent practices, against which Mr. Howitt so eloquently warns the innocent English public!

We sincerely believe this to be the exact truth—neither more nor less. We sincerely believe that our civilisation has been working in Germany much the same sort of results—making the necessary allowance for difference of circumstances—which it has worked in a more frightful excess amongst the aborigines of our colonies. If we would see the people in their true national development, we must 'go farther,' as Mr. Howitt says; we must go beyond these blighting and pernicious influences.

And what do we find in those remote districts? A primitive and laborious race—simple in their manners, calm, persevering, affectionate, unostentatious. A people free from the vices of a false refinement—placing no stress upon money, even as a means to an end—intellectual and grave, earnest and independent. We hardly understand this sort of character, it is so unlike anything to which we are accustomed. We can hardly comprehend a whole people without some strong, low, worldly motive power stirring up their passions, and agitating them into action. We are apt to disbelieve in the phenomenon, or to turn it into ridicule. We recognize, it is true, in the absence of fri-

volity, in the weight and seriousness of the Germans, something more closely resembling our Saxon qualities than we can discover in any other part of Europe. German temperance, German phlegm, German industry, are perfectly intelligible to us; but we have no notion of a solid man who places poetry and metaphysics above worldly substance, above the daily struggle for riches and personal ambition. This puzzles us, and so by way of getting out of the difficulty, we turn him into a joke. We pitch upon his dull routine of habits, and secure a laugh at the expense of his simplicity. His cookery is atrocious, *sauer kraut* is a species of elaborate barbarianism, dawn-of-day breakfasts, twelve o'clock dinners, long evenings, and suppers of sliced sausages and potato salads, make up a tableau of human life which may well excite the risible muscles of an Englishman. It is impossible to conceive or invent anything more completely opposed to his notions of the art of living. He is scarcely at breakfast when the German has done dinner—he has hardly sat down to dinner when the German has done supper! What sort of humanity can reside in these people? Let us see.

We will go to Mr. Howitt's first book for the answer. He is here describing what he designates the 'singular moral characteristics of the Germans;' and singular they are in comparison with the moral characteristics of May Fair on the one hand, or of our great, moving, bustling, money-grasping population on the other.

"There is not a more social and affectionate people than they are. They are particularly kind and attentive to each other; sympathize deeply in all each other's troubles and pleasures, successes and reverses. They form the strongest attachments and retain them through life. Young men entertain that brotherly feeling for each other that you seldom see in England. They go, as youths, often walking with their arms about each other, as only school-boys do with us. They put their arms over each other's shoulder in familiar conversation in company, in a very brotherly way. I say nothing of that hearty kissing of each other on meeting after an absence, that to an English eye, in great, rough-whiskered and mustached men, has something very repulsive in it. They make presents of memorials to each other, and maintain a great and lasting correspondence. The correspondence of many Germans is enormous. Ladies who spend the morning in household affairs will also in the afternoon be as busy in writing to their numerous friends. It is in private, social intercourse alone that the Germans display the genuine vivacity and heartiness of their character. In the social and select circle of approved and approving friends, they throw off all formality, and become as joyous and frolicsome as so many boys and girls. These same young men that in

the street will go by you as swift as a steam-engine, and as dark as a thunder cloud, there become the very imps of mirth and jollity. They are ready to enter into any fun, to act any part—to sing, to romp, to laugh, and quiz each other without mercy."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

He adds that they have the faculty of becoming children without becoming ridiculous. None but children in other countries can give themselves up to the full flow of their spirits, and throw themselves headlong with safety into their enjoyments. Yet the grave, phlegmatic Germans can do this! They can retain their boyhood and girlhood to the end of their lives, without even, says Mr. Howitt, 'leaving go for an instant of the saving guidance of a manly discretion.' This is something to compensate for the cheating at Heidelberg; this is something worthier of record and remembrance, and of standing out as a prominent and distinguishing attribute of the country, than the carpet-bag burglaries on the Rhine!

And these people, so natural, so festive in their domestic circles, so grave and earnest in their demeanour and their thoughts, understand the cultivation of pleasure—of pure pleasure—and enjoy it as thoroughly as any race under the sun.

"One thing is certain, that there are not in the world more attached, affectionate, and domestically happy people than the Germans; and if their wives are not qualified to solve a mathematical problem with them, to discuss some point of history or politics, to enter into the religious questions of the day, or to decide on the excellence of some new work of taste; yet, on the other hand, they do not so much pester them with demand of expensive pleasures, huge parties, splendid dresses and equipages, and all the unsatisfying and greedy dissipations of a more luxurious state of society.

"The simple and unexpensive manner in which they entertain their friends, and pass away the winter evenings, might be introduced with infinite advantage into England. A simple cup of tea at six o'clock, music, perhaps a dance, and then as simple a supper of sandwiches, slices of sausage, a potato or other salad, a cake ornamented in various ways, but generally a sponge, a chocolate, or a fruit cake, a snow tart, with a few bottles of cheap wine,—these form the staple of these social evenings, which break up about ten or eleven o'clock.

"The young people on these occasions amuse themselves also with a vast variety of games, which in England would be thought rather adapted to children than to grown-up people; but which, however, occasion plenty of mirth, and indicate a state of society much more homely and ready to be pleased than ours. Among these stand eminent 'Die blinde Kuh,' the blind cow; another name for blindman's buff. They have various other games of forfeits. They write romances; each person furnishing a sentence without knowing what is written before him, so as to produce

the most ludicrous medley."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

And so he goes on, enumerating the endless little innocent entertainments which fill up the evening. This way of life would kill a fashionable circle in London. At the first glance it seems to bring *ennui*, and the spleen, and the headache, and stupors, and vapours, and all oppressive social maladies along with it. And in like manner, a German house looks as if it were the place of all the world where an Englishman could do nothing but die. Yet it is astonishing how a little use reconciles us to these things; how, after a little time, we begin to find out, not only that they are really more endurable than we could have believed, but that they are preferable in the long run to the old modes in which we have been all our lives indulging—rugs and champagne, and suppers included. German life, like a German house, which Mr. Howitt must describe for us, improves wonderfully upon close acquaintance.

"The interior of German houses have, to English eyes, always a somewhat naked look. This arises, in a great measure, from the absence of carpets: you approach by uncarpeted stairs, and then find yourself on naked boarded floors. These floors are generally made of broad boards of pine, laid in squares of a large size in framework of oak. The pine is generally kept clean scoured, and the framework dark with paint or oil. In others, the floors are coloured of a reddish yellow, with a preparation of wax, which is kept bright and clean with a hard and heavily weighted brush. And here, contrary to the condition of the houses of the common people, and of too many of the lower grade of the burgher class, all is extremely neat and clean. The floors, though of deal, are so white, or are so bright when coloured, that they give a very agreeable feeling of cleanliness, and the furniture, though often plain, is equally clean and neat too. There is an air of elegance about a good house, which makes up, in some measure, for the richness and wealth of ornament that we are accustomed to in England. In many cases, again, the floors are of hard and handsome wood, laid down in squares, or in graceful patterns of different colours, in a mosaic style, and richly polished. In the palaces and houses of the nobility and wealthy gentry, in winter, carpets are laid down, and in summer these inlaid floors are very tasteful, agreeably cool, and sometimes of singular classic beauty."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

We take these descriptions from Mr. Howitt for the sake of showing how Germany in its best and noblest aspects is estimated by a writer who has not scrupled to show it also in its worst.

One or two other points deserve to be noticed.

In the second book Mr. Howitt cautions

the English traveller how he deals with German servants. We suppose it must be allowed that German servants are no better than other servants. But Mr. Howitt here insists that they are considerably worse.

"The servants who speak English are a class who have learned it on purpose to live with the English, and are generally arrant thieves. They expect English wages, and have a per centage on all the bills they pay for you. Your cook rises at five o'clock in the morning, and goes to market. She buys the worst articles there, and charges you something more than for the best. She has often her kitchen below while your rooms are above, and you have no control over her actions, or a staircase serves her purpose. She and the other servants, who are commonly in league, have their connexions, who expect a good harvest out of the rich English, and are always coming and going with their covered baskets. If you do not take good heed, and it is almost impossible to have sufficient precaution, unless your wife do as the German ladies do, wear a great bunch of keys at her apron-strings, lock everything up, and get up at five o'clock too; without this your stores of all kinds will flow freely out of the house, and your very wood for fuel will be sold by these rapacious servants. You are, in fact, in the hands of the Philistines, and you must get rid of them as fast as you can."—*Experiences*.

Upon this vivid outline of the rogueries of the German servants it is not necessary to make any other commentary than that which Mr. Howitt supplies us with in his first book. The system of abstracting things in covered baskets, and of levying contributions on the house-stores for the benefit of friends out of doors, is a system, we believe, which has been carried on from time immemorial all the world over wherever there are lodgings to let, and for which the German servants ought not to be held much more culpable than English or Scotch, or French servants. But it would appear from a statement in the *other* book that these very servants are not only amongst the most laborious domestics on the face of the earth, but that they are kept under such strict surveillance as to render misconduct of any kind rather a hazardous luxury amongst them. First of their laboriousness.

"Of German servants we may here say a word. The genuine German maid-servant is one of the most healthy, homely, hard-working creatures under the sun. Like her fellows who work in fields, barns, and woods, she is as strong as a pony, and by no means particular as to what she has to do. She wears no cap or bonnet at home or abroad. Has a face and arms as stout and red as any of our farm girls can boast; and scours and sweeps, and drudges on, like a creature that has no will but to work, and eat, and sleep. She goes to market with a bare head, and in a large

cloak. She turns out on a Saturday afternoon, with all the rest of her tribe, with bucket and besom, into the street, and then, about three or four o'clock, makes a perilous time of it in the city. Before every door, water is flowing, and besoms are flinging the dirty puddles about. Each extends her labours not only to the pavement, if there be one, but to the middle of the street; so that they are, in fact, the city scavengers."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

Next of their characters.

"The conduct of servants, as well as everything else in Germany, is kept strictly under the surveillance of the police. Each servant is furnished with a character book, which contains all legal regulations respecting servants, and the engagements between them and their employers, being quite a little code of menial service. In this book, when a servant leaves his or her place, the master or mistress writes his or her character. This book is then laid up at the police-office, and before a servant can procure a fresh place, this book must be fetched, and the character written in by the party whom the servant is leaving, and the book with all its characters must be taken to the party with whom the servant wishes to engage. Thus a powerful check is kept on the conduct of servants, and it is not easy for a bad one to get employ, or to avoid the sharp notice of the police-officers."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

Does the reader detect any inconsistency between these two statements? We confess we find a difficulty in understanding how a class whose conduct is so strictly watched and registered, and who depend upon the excellence of their character for their livelihood, can carry on with impunity such systematic depredations. At all events, if the disease be grievous, the remedy is easy, and no person, English or German, need submit to be plundered, if he will only take the trouble to ask a simple question of the police.

It is remarked by Madame de Stael, that there was no public opinion in Germany. The political institutions of the country have the inevitable object of suppressing that spirit of agitation which elsewhere assumes the functions of what is called public opinion. The press is restrained. The petty princes exercise complete authority. The public mind is calm and passionless. Mr. Howitt, speaking of the political condition of Germany in one book, refers indignantly to the arbitrary control of the government, and says that the people are sunk into a state of contemptible slavery.

"Their situation presents the most singular and most admonitory spectacle in all history. A people of sixty millions in number; a people of all others most sensitive; a people singing brave songs, and using brave words, and cherishing

brave thoughts of liberty,—yet without the daring and the moral firmness to set themselves free. The parents of liberty in Europe, and at the present day the most thoroughly enslaved. They have fallen from the high estate of the freest and most high-spirited people of ancient Europe, to the most pliant, crouching to the yoke of the diplomatist of present Europe. One shout of actual resolve from these millions would scatter every throne, and make every bond crumble into dust; nay, closely woven as the net of diplomacy is around them, were there but the lion within it, a mouse were enough to set it free; but the habit of acquiescence has become the really enslaving chain of this great and intellectual people."—*Experiences*.

It would appear from this, that the Germans were really in a miserable slough of despond, and that they were wholly deprived not only of the power to move, but of the desire to improve their political situation. In the other book we have the following picture of the actual state of the people in reference to the government, from the opposite tendency of which we leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

"The prosperity of the nation is inimical to its emancipation. The princes, though despotic, are not surrounded by a splendid and powerful aristocracy, like the monarchy of England. These were swept away or reduced by the revolutionary war. The princes, therefore, with no such body guard to stand between them and the people, are obliged to govern with mildness. They are isolated and responsible, at least morally, for their own actions; and no prince in modern times has once dared to run violently counter to the sense of an educated people. If we make the King of Hanover the exception, the German sovereigns are popular in their own persons, and this is a great persuasive to obedience and acquiescence in a form of government not the most favourable to real freedom. Then, there is no distress in the country; no mighty body of destitution and misery, as in our own manufacturing districts—millions in desperation and menacing change. Here, as in all Europe, exists a certain degree of poverty, a certain pressure of population, which seeks relief in emigration; but, on the whole, there is no country where the great mass of the people live in greater comfort and content. Such an extent of luxury, such a glittering aristocracy before their eyes, the restless ambition of mounting from rank to rank, have not, as with us, destroyed the ancient spirit of quiet enjoyment. All live well, but not splendidly. The greatest portion of the people, the peasantry, live on their own property,—live in the country all alike, and fully occupied with their own labours. The middle classes again depend, in great numbers, on government for offices in the state, in all departments of the administration of justice, collection of duties and taxes, in colleges and schools. When, therefore, there is no great mass of distress to create a bitterness and coalition against the government, but on the contrary, a great body deriving substantial benefits from it, who shall be the first to sacrifice his present em-

joyments for the more intellectual liberties of a free tongue and press? Who shall quarrel first with the constitution which affords him solid advantages, because it does not extend to him and others still more? The country is not commercial enough to have created such a wealthy middle class, as shall be independent enough of government, shall have cause of grievance and influence enough to lead the multitude to an attack. On the other hand, the government police is so complete, its cognizance is so extended to every part and into every matter, that a habit of obedience is induced which it is very difficult for any individual to break through."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

We believe this latter review of the political circumstances of the country to be the true one. We believe that freedom in Germany consists in the enjoyment of useful rights—rights which confer substantial prosperity upon the people. It is seen that every man has enough—that there are no great burdens to complain of—no misdeeds consummated in high places at the cost of the blood and treasure of the bulk of the people—that there are no idlers pampered at the public expense—that, in short, the material progress of the people keeps pace with the power and progress of the government and the national institutions, and that thus harmonizing, thus moving onward equally and together, or, if it suit the case better, standing still together, the people have no present cause for discontent, no sufficient excuse or necessity for popular revolt, while the government wisely maintains the security of a position which it could not relax without risk of disorganization, and durst not render more rigorous without danger to the established rule. We believe that such are the relations between the governed and the governing power in Germany—and that this relationship, however inapplicable to such a country as England, is, upon all accounts, the best that could be devised for the conservation of the multitude of small interests which intersect the surface of the Germanic empire.

Having spoken so freely concerning those passages in Mr. Howitt's books which we deem open to objection, and having endeavoured to show, for the satisfaction of the national sentiment, in some sort compromised by such passages, that Mr. Howitt elsewhere qualifies them all, more or less, we think it nothing more than justice to that gentleman's labours to add, that we consider his larger work on Germany to be the most valuable publication we possess in English on the general subject of which it treats. It does not need any recommendation at our hands; but we would not have it supposed that in pointing out a few single faults, we

are insensible to the merits of diligent research and sound feeling so conspicuously displayed in its pages.

Our object is to testify to the people of Germany the regard in which they are held in this country—to show them that, differing as we do in a variety of small social usages, we are prompt to recognize the more important features of resemblance and sympathy which exist between us; and which, in some measure, give us a sort of common interest in their welfare and happiness. In conclusion, we beg to express our hearty concurrence in every syllable of the following passages—the truth and importance of which will be responded to, if we are not much mistaken, by every right-thinking man from one end of Germany to the other.

"Of all the continental countries it is with Germany that we have been oftenest compelled to alliance by the intrigues and assumptions of other nations. It is with Germany that least of all, through our whole history, have we had wars and rivalry. . . . By the union of England and Germany must peace be achieved, or war successfully waged. . . . But besides this, there is no other continental nation with which, spite of our national dissimilarities, we have so many points of coincidence, or so kindred a character in literature, science, and social life. . . . For the present we may safely assert that there is no country in Europe in which there is so great an amount of comfort and contentment enjoyed. All are industrious, moderate in their desires, and disposed to enjoy themselves in a simple and inexpensive sociality; music, books, the pleasures of summer sunshine and natural scenery, are enjoyments amply offered and widely partaken. The hurry and excitement of more luxurious countries; the oxygen atmosphere of such overgrown cities as Paris or London, have not reached even their largest capitals. Between the wide extremes of manufacturing misery and aristocratic splendour, their life lies, like one of their own plains, somewhat level, but full of corn, and wine, and oil: and however the track on which they are advancing may lead them nearer to national greatness, it cannot add greatly to the national happiness."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Iles Taïti: Esquisse Historique et Géographique, précédée de Considérations Générales sur la Colonisation Française dans l'Océanie*. Par MM. VINCENDON-DUMOULIN, Ingénieur Hydrographe de la Marine, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, et C. DESGRAZ, Commissaire de Marine. II. Parties. Paris: Arthur Bertrand, Editeur. 1844.
2. *O-Taïti, Histoire et Enquête*. Par HENRI LUTTEROTH. Paris: Paulin, Libraire. 1843.

3. *Brief Statement of the Aggression of the French on the Island of Tahiti.* By the Directors of the LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY. London. 1843.
4. *An Appeal to British Christians and the Public generally on behalf of the Queen of Tahiti and her Outraged Subjects.* By SAMUEL TAMATOA WILLIAMS. Second Edition. London: John Snow. 1844.
5. *History of the London Missionary Society.* By the Rev. W. ELLIS, Author of 'Polynesian Researches.' (Unpublished.)

A GOVERNMENT disposing of the collective forces of a nation cannot manifest its existence in foreign lands otherwise than by armies or diplomatic representatives. In a barbarous state of society the latter have no existence, and no power is respected beyond the immediate sweep of its sword. Kings, who make a daily practice of plundering one another's subjects, have often been known to live in close amity together. This is the despotic period. But as soon as the will and wish of the nation, speaking in whatever language, begin to influence the decisions of a government, it becomes more and more necessary that every individual should be considered a member of the sovereign, and that an injury to one should be resented by all. Before this epoch wars are only entered on to resent the wrongs of the monarch, consisting generally in aggressions on his estate, territory, or dominion. His people, mere instruments for wringing riches from the soil, no sooner traverse his frontiers than they give up all claim to protection. Commerce, therefore, is undertaken solely at private risk, and merchants are the natural enemies of every state, forming a commonwealth among themselves. No sovereign's influence, except on some rare occasions of the terror of a great name, extending far beyond his borders, traders, who require the whole world to breathe freely in, are necessarily compelled to league together for their own defence. They are considered as strangers and pillaged on every side. Monopolies therefore arise, and in the war between governments on the one hand, and the carriers of wealth on the other, perplexing and pernicious theories get afloat which are bequeathed as heirlooms to a better age. Wherever juster ideas begin to prevail, and a state is considered as composed of men, not of acres, and these men begin to assert a legitimate influence on the conduct of public affairs, and to perceive that bodies politic are associations for mutual protection, there wealth begins to gather and happiness to abound. But in order to secure this result one thing is necessary, that the whole

power of the state be employed to redress the wrongs offered to any member, that its very existence should be perilled rather than that one individual having a right to its protection should receive an unpunished injury.

A nice distinction has been drawn between a consul and a subject. No one, however, has dared to maintain in theory that the latter might be abandoned, though the former might not. An insult to one must be revenged as much as an insult to the other. But the consul certainly has privileges—personal inviolability and right of residence at the place whither he is accredited, are among them—and these may be infringed by an act which, towards a mere subject, would be indifferent. A consul, according to the law of nations, cannot be removed except by the government that appointed him. No country can be considered civilized in which these principles are not acknowledged. In England their rigid application has always been more necessary than elsewhere. Our greatness is very much the result of individual energy and enterprise. Our gospel has been preached by self-elected apostles. The reason of our expansion and development on all sides, must be sought in the bosom of every Englishman. But that love of adventure, that eagerness for commercial pursuits, that recklessness of daring, that indefatigable industry, that patience, that perseverance, that obstinacy, from which our empire, moral and material, derives its origin, would have been of worse than no avail, if un nourished, unsupported by the consciousness that wherever a Briton penetrated, however far he might roam, his country ceased not to care for his welfare, and would not fail, in case of danger, to stretch out her strong arm to protect him. Our national character is an extraordinary assemblage of seemingly opposite qualities. There is no nation more apt to wander, no nation has produced more enterprising travellers, or navigators, or colonists, and yet none are more distinguished by the love of home. The consequence is, that in whatever place an Englishman settles down, he soon learns to consider it as his home, not by abandoning his reverence for the land of his birth, but by looking upon his new abode as a sort of appendage, an addition, an enlargement of that. Wherever he establishes a hearth and a roof, he conceives that his country acquires some claim upon the soil; or, at least, that so long as he remains upon that spot the shadow of the union-jack overspreads and hallows it, rendering it as inviolable as any part of Kent or Middlesex. And why should it not be so? Every man, every people has a voca-

tion. To some it is given to grow cotton, corn, or wine; to others, manufactures and commerce are allotted; others seek, and perhaps find, military glory; but it has been decreed, not to make an Anacreontic enumeration, that the English shall fill the face of the earth with civilisation and knowledge. We, who have outstripped most nations in the arts of peace and war, are, above all, the appointed emissaries for the dispersion of truth among the ignorant and barbarous. But we pretend to no peculiar dispensation. The cause of our activity in sowing the seeds of knowledge is to be found in the circumstances by which we are surrounded, partly, perhaps, in our climate, partly in the accident, if we may call it so, of our position; but, above all, in the constitution of our minds. If, however, we scatter ourselves far and wide in every quarter of the globe, we never cease to be linked indissolubly to our mother country. Wealth, honour, titles, distinctions, are little valued by us apart from our quality as Englishmen. No nation adopts with so much reluctance the costume and manners of foreigners. We exult in our ungainly dress in the midst of the silks and brocades of barbarians. Other people no sooner approach the outer orbit of savage life than they are drawn irresistibly into its vortex. We remain John Bulls in the midst of anthropophagi.

Such are some of the reasons of the gradual and sure development of English power. The crown has conquered, of its own accord, few of our valuable possessions. We have been preceded everywhere by our merchants and our seamen, and the nation has rarely intervened in their relations with foreign states, except to protect them from wrong. Such intervention we have seldom refused to grant. In the infancy of our power, when our force bore no comparison to its present triumphant efficacy, the theory had not been advanced that an agent of a private body must rely only for protection on that body. Such pusillanimous doctrines have been reserved for the present age. It was reserved, also, for the present age to discover the dignity of sacrificing an individual whose cause we espouse, of speaking with contempt of his character and abilities, in order to appease the anger of a foreign press. Fine expedient! Enlarged policy! Throw the man 'overboard,' but hold fast to the principle. We have no sympathy with such abstract modes of dealing with political questions, and, while acknowledging the necessity of separating a private from a public wrong, we think this country should be as ready to defend the character as the person of a subject.

'A gross outrage, accompanied by gross indignity,' says the first minister of this country, 'has been committed upon a British consul;' and at a subsequent period he informs us that 'ample satisfaction has been given for that outrage.' We purpose to inquire into the series of events which forced from Sir Robert Peel so marked a declaration. The details of the actual outrage, however, we shall not much insist on. They have over and over again been repeated in the public prints with more or less misrepresentation. But it has been impossible to conceal the main facts, namely, that the consul of this country was imprisoned in Tahiti without cause; and that without cause, also, he was expelled the island. The general belief is, that for the former of these insults a sort of reparation has been given, whilst that for the latter none has been offered or demanded. The officer, d'Aubigny, who committed one offence, has been reprimanded, removed, for aught we know *promoted*, to another station; whilst Bruat, the perpetrator of the second, is maintained in his position. All this supposes that the said Bruat acted upon some right. It is into this that we purpose to examine. The lieutenant's escapade was a mere violent episode; the governor squared his conduct by a system. Now we maintain that the dominion of France in the Society Islands was ushered in by falsehood, established by violence, and followed by the foulest oppression. Every one of the acts of its officers is vitiated in its origin. M. Guizot has declared that complete sovereignty was unjustly proclaimed in Tahiti by Admiral Dupetit Thouars. M. Bruat and his subaltern, therefore, were illegally constituted functionaries. So much is granted us. We assert that the same reasons which rendered the complete seizure of the island unjust, rendered the establishment of the protectorate unjust. In both cases force was employed, and in the first with less shadow of excuse than in the second. M. Carné was perhaps right in arguing that the protectorate was almost necessarily a state of continual encroachment. But he omitted to notice the reason, which is this, that a government cannot be carried on harmoniously, in which authority is divided, one party having the internal, the other the external sovereignty, unless the first has confidence in the second and is ready to abide by its advice in all things. Had the 'Overshadowing' of France been really demanded by the Tahitians, they would have cordially co-operated in carrying out the necessary arrangements. The very conflict that immediately ensued proved that violence was resorted to.

It has been asserted that the population was encouraged to a sort of passive resistance from the outset by the English missionaries. We will not absolutely deny this. On the contrary, it was impossible that it should not be so. The missionaries were the fathers of this great flock. They had converted and instructed them. Could they see them taken out of their hands without making one effort to save them? Were they, when this innocent people turned to them for advice, to shut their mouths? Was it their duty, united as they were in many instances by blood to the natives, to depart from the island shaking the dust off their feet as they went, because a polluted race had made its appearance and threatened to subvert their work? No. They were bound still more energetically to preach and to pray. It was their duty to stand by their disciples to the last; to comfort, and cheer, and assist them, and share their dangers. And they have done so nobly. When they became missionaries they ceased not to be Englishmen. They retained the same rights and privileges as before, and freedom of speech among others. If they exerted themselves, therefore, in behalf of the unfortunate Tahitians, instead of blaming we should honour them, and even if they did some little violence to their cloth, we must pardon this in favour of their patriotism.

This virtue has always distinguished our missionaries. The reason may be that they have generally represented large bodies of pious laymen, whose object has not been to serve any particular order. They have been only Christians and Britons. The London Missionary Society, one of the most vigorous and efficient associations for the diffusion of the Gospel ever established, was founded by men of nearly every class and sect in the country. Churchmen and dissenters joined heart and hand in the same cause; liberals and Tories co-operated in the same work. It was formed in 1795, whilst all Europe was in arms against the doctrines of the French revolution, and commenced operations with unexampled energy and perseverance. A ship was purchased, named 'The Duff,'—which has ever afterwards been spoken of by the orators of Exeter Hall with something like impassioned affection,—and thirty missionaries, with several women and children, sailed for the Society Islands. These mountains, covered with woods, with first a ring of verdant plains at their feet, and then a ring of placid water, and then a ring of coral, and then another of spray, and beyond the constantly rolling waters of the great Pacific were, they knew, the abode of cruel and ignorant idolaters,

perhaps the most immoral and ruthless that ever came in contact with Europeans. He who ventured to go ashore then with the Bible in his hand amongst these savages must have been upheld by very high motives. He must, indeed, have a mind finely framed who can willingly quit the precincts of civilisation at all with the one simple object of imparting the chief blessing of that civilisation to distant and barbarous tribes. Such a man must, in truth, look practically upon all his fellow-creatures as brethren; and from whatever situation of life he arises, whatever may be his degree of education, there must be a fund of love and charity stored up in his breast rarely to be met with, and worthy our most sincere admiration and reverence. Apart from the good results attending his efforts, we derive a pure pleasure from contemplating his career; and if sometimes the consideration that this good man belongs to our own country causes our pleasure to swell into pride, it must be confessed that the pride is innocent and even laudable. However this may be, such is the explanation of the tender solicitude with which the English public, and especially those who have contributed to the good work by money, or otherwise, have regarded the progress of the Protestant mission in Tahiti. Though our government has repeatedly refused to accept the territorial sovereignty of the island,* the people of this country have always considered themselves as possessing some right of property over the minds of the natives.

The history of the conversion of this people to the Christian faith presents a most extraordinary series of pictures to the mind. The Society Islands, situated in the centre of the Pacific, do not number more than 40,000 inhabitants, all, at least nominally, under the sway of one sovereign, whose seat is generally at Tahiti. They are some of the most beautiful spots on the surface of the earth. Built upon foundations of coral, rising in the most varied forms, and covered with trees that droop sometimes over the water's edge, they leave nothing for the imagination to desire. The sky is pure, the atmosphere balmy, the soil fruitful. Nothing seems wanting to render life happy. And yet for hundreds of years strife and vice of every description, reduced to a system and practised in its most hideous extremes by a regular association based on infanticide,† rendered these little paradises, these young continents, something like hell upon earth.

* See the letter of George Canning, dated March 3d, 1827, &c., &c.

† The *Areois*. See Ellis's 'Polynesian Researches,' vol. i., p. 229.

The missionaries, after undergoing dangers of every description, succeeded in changing this state of things. Under their hands society assumed a new shape. They purified the hearts, elevated the ideas, and consequently corrected the conduct of the people. A stupid Russian captain, named Kotzebue, asserts that they spoiled their morals and their beauty, and consigned all who dared to resist their will to 'oubliettes!' Few in England can now be found so bold as to re-echo these absurdities, no one indeed whom it would not be derogatory to answer. In France the case is different. One of the ablest undoubtedly of their public speakers, M. de Montalembert, at least one of those who give promise of greatest ability, has observed, 'En Angleterre on parle trop et trop légèrement de nous.' We may reply, 'En France on parle trop et trop grossièrement de nous.' Will it be believed that even in the Chamber of Deputies* men have been found so base as to re-echo the vilest assertions of a nefarious press against Mr. Pritchard and his colleagues. Such attacks, however, fall to the ground on this side of the channel of themselves. The missionaries then, we say, *have* done good service in the Pacific; they *have*, by their unimpeachable lives, zealous activity, and eloquent preaching, converted an ignorant and barbarous population; they *have* introduced morality and religion where idolatry and crime flourished in rank luxuriance before. We could wish to dwell longer on scenes like these. We are reluctant to approach the sequel, and contemplate the intruders rushing like a hog into a flower-garden, to uproot and destroy what the hand of industry had planted. But, however unwilling, we must hurry on to this sad consummation. Let those who would delight their minds, by dwelling on one of the most pleasing pictures ever to be witnessed, turn to the Rev. Mr. W. Ellis's forthcoming 'History of the London Missionary Society.' It is one of the most charming compositions of the kind we have ever met with. Pleasing in style, ample in details, without being in the least tedious, it leaves nothing to wish for. The author, well known to the public by his admirable 'Polynesian Researches,' a work already become classical, does not merely celebrate the exertions of the missionaries from report. He has laboured himself, and with distinguished success, in the cause. He knows every inch of the ground of which he speaks, and has conversed with most of the characters he celebrates. Some of them are very quaint and original; and Mr. Ellis has drawn

them admirably. We regret to be obliged to dwell so briefly on his performance, which is of high literary merit. Ours is a sterner task. We have to relate, not triumphs but tribulations. We have to do only with the subject of one chapter, which is written in a somewhat melancholy spirit. Mr. Ellis, who laboured for the mission in the height of its glory, has lived to see it sadly cast down at the mercy of the indifferent or the profane. We can enter into his feelings. Let our readers, if they have the courage, compare with his volume the ponderous and slovenly compilation of MM. Vincendon-Dumoulin and C. Desgraz, who have discharged upon us all they have collected, political, economical, geographical, philosophical, historical, military, naval, moral, and religious, on the Society Islands. Their 'General Considerations on French Colonization in Oceania,' suggest to us the propriety of publishing a folio on the relations of Great Britain with the Pelew Islands, preceded by an introduction on international law. M. Henri Lutteroth's work, which takes the Protestant view of the question, is brief, clever, and amusing; the 'Statement' of the directors is forcible and convincing, but incomplete without the admirable letters of Messrs. Freeman and Tidman in the 'Times' newspaper; and the 'Appeal' of Mr. Williams is really excellent, written with warmth and eloquence, by a very young man, to whose head and heart it is equally creditable.

Our readers must suppose the island of Tahiti to be in a state of gradually progressing civilisation under the care of the missionaries. Let us, before we enter upon the events which form the immediate subject of contemplation, sketch two very opposite characters, those of Messrs. Pritchard and Mœrenhout, the English and French consuls. They have both of them exerted considerable influence on the fortunes of the Society Islands, one for good, the other for unmixed evil; one has laboured energetically to reform and regulate; it has been the constant endeavour of the other to corrupt and overthrow; one was impelled by religious zeal and holy enthusiasm, the other by sordid avarice and envy; one acted boldly, frankly, perhaps too frankly, the other intrigued, and mined, and plotted; one is open-hearted, open-handed, of vigorous intellect, warm and eloquent, the other artful and cunning, cold in heart, and crooked in mind. Mr. George Pritchard, in the character of a missionary, reached Papeëte, the capital of Tahiti and the Society Islands, in the year 1824, and never quitted those regions for sixteen years. In a very short time his superior energies and abilities caus-

* M. Billault's Speech, March 17, 1844.

ed him to be regarded as the head of the mission, and it was in a great measure through his influence that Queen Pomare became convinced of the truth and efficacy of religion, and adopted the severe and irreproachable line of conduct which has distinguished her for ten years past. Whatever may have been her life once, her present austerity, adopted in the prime of youth, atones for all.* Mr. Pritchard was the chief instrument in her conversion; but he was not satisfied with one promising disciple. His activity and boldness, which have rendered him so much the aversion of the French, and earned so much of their execration, gave a new impulse to the mission. Ameliorations rapidly followed each other in manners and government, and in fact the work of conversion may be considered to have been completed. Six years ago all that remained to do was to prevent the people from relapsing. To avoid so grievous an event many rigid laws and 'puritanical' regulations were enacted. The most important and necessary of these was that which excluded spirits from the island, and made it illegal to buy or sell them. All savages, it is well known, soon become passionately fond of drinking; and when once the pernicious habit is contracted, depopulation is in most instances the inevitable result. The tribes of North America are rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth, destroyed more by the rum-flask than the rifle of the backwoods-man. The same process had begun at Tahiti. Captain Cook, eighty years ago, computed the inhabitants at two hundred thousand. This may have been an exaggeration, but supposes at any rate a very dense population. In 1830 the most favourable accounts gave seven thousand! Since then a gradual increase has taken place; for about that time temperance, at first enforced by a pledge, became the law of the land. This is one of the beneficial results produced in a great measure by Mr. Pritchard and the venerable Nott. The former, with whom we have now more especially to do, rapidly acquired the love and respect of the natives, so that it was this year considered by the French sufficient to hold a sword over his head to keep the whole population quiet, trembling for his safety. If then his word was law with the queen and her subjects, he acquired this influence by no illegitimate means, and used it for no illegitimate ends. He might on

more than one occasion, during the French aggressions on the island, have instigated a repetition of the Sicilian Vespers. It was in his power to cause a general massacre of the invaders. He had but to raise his finger, and the attempt at least would have been made. He did not pursue this course; he recommended peace and patience to the people, and his reward has been vituperation on one side of the channel, and desertion on the other.

Let us now turn to contemplate another picture. No dramatist could have chosen a more striking contrast. M. Mœrenhout is the Autolycus of the piece. 'After flying over many knavish professions he settled down into a French consul.' Belgium had the honour of giving birth to this great man, who was the real cause of a quarrel, and all but a war between the greatest empire upon earth, and one of the most powerful kingdoms of the continent. Why he left the land of his birth he has enveloped in prudent mystery. Good reasons doubtless prompted him. It is not said, however, that he travelled in quest of knowledge. After many perambulations he came one fine morning to Valparaiso, where it has been stated, 'he carried on business.' We have made careful inquiries into this matter, and find that friend Mœrenhout was clerk to the Dutch consul, Mr. Duëster, and that by a certain show of industry he contrived to acquire his confidence. This simple-minded gentleman, accordingly, in concert with two fellow dupes in Valparaiso, Englishmen to wit, Messrs. Green and Macfarlane, chartered a vessel, and sent it in 1829 to the Society Islands, with the ambitious Mœrenhout as supercargo. During the long voyage various magnificent ideas revolved in his mind, and he conceived a vast plan of commercial operations in the Pacific. Nothing was requisite for its execution but the pecuniary means, and accordingly by some hocus-pocus work, he contrived to divert the profits of the vessel he had charge of into his own pocket. How this was managed we cannot say, but it is certain that Mœrenhout declined returning to Valparaiso, preferring to remain at Tahiti. From that day to this he has never come to a settlement with his employers. In the first moments of their exasperation at the ingenious and amusing trick that had been played them, these honest gentlemen wrote to the English consul, beseeching him to interfere on their behalf. But it is a difficult matter to collect debts in the Pacific. Mœrenhout snapped his fingers, and proceeded to 'carry on business.' According

* We have been assured that when invited to dine on board of any of her Majesty's vessels, she invariably refuses to take a second glass of wine.

to his own account,* he began on a large scale, and met with much diversity of fortune. He took upon himself the airs of an eastern merchant, and would persuade us that he dreamt of nothing but

"Dangerous rocks,
Which touching but his gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all the spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with his silks;
And, in a word, but now worth this—
And now worth nothing."

All these things, however, were but the fictions of his own imagination. His sole occupation was the sale of ardent spirits to the natives, which he carries on to this day. Taking advantage of his privilege as consul, it was his custom, when invested with that office, to make his house the receptacle of contraband goods, rum, gin, brandy, &c.; and took opportunity on Sunday, whilst the people were at chapel listening to the English missionaries and native preachers, to deal out his intoxicating liquor to the European retail dealers. This branch of 'business' was, as we have seen, directly contrary to law; but it was exceedingly profitable, M. Mœrenhout almost possessing a monopoly.

In 1834, this gentleman departed with a bundle of notes from Tahiti on his way to Europe. It was his full intention to communicate with the French government, and yet he perfidiously, in passing through Boston, obtained from the American authorities, little nice in the appointment of such agents, since they give no emolument, the name of Consul of the United States. On arriving in France he took advantage of this nomination to impart a certain *éclat* to his book, inscribing himself on the title-page, 'Consul General of the United States in the Islands of Oceania.' This impudent falsehood obtained him some notice, and he has, even by our credulous neighbours, been adopted as a scientific authority! Our restless adventurer, however, could not remain satisfied with his literary laurels. The French government heard from him and he from the French government.† A compact was made, and the American consul left the shores of France a secret agent of Louis Philippe!

It has been suspected with good reason that M. Mœrenhout, indefatigable man, took at the same time another client under his protection. He crept about among the Jesuits, like a second Peter the Hermit, preaching a crusade against the Protestant

heretics in the Society Islands. With what success? A glance at the state of propagandism in France at the time will throw some light on the probabilities of the case, and assist us in deciding for ourselves whether M. Mœrenhout did really become an agent of the Jesuitical party in France. It is well known that from that country a movement has gone forth which about ten years ago began to break in soft murmurs on the shores of the Pacific. Under the Restoration (in 1822) a vast association, called the *Œuvre de la propagation de la Foi*, was established at Lyons, placed under the patronage of Saint François Xavier, supported by an organized system of alms-giving, one sou a week, from all the faithful who chose to co-operate in this holy work, and granted plenary indulgences by four successive popes. To this association were attached four French congregations, those of the *Lazaristes*, the *Maristes*, the *Missions Étrangères*, and the *Maison de Picpus*. The last, which most concerns us, was founded in 1814 by the Abbé Coudrin, who lived in the street called *Picpus*, whence the name of his society, which was instituted with the double object of reviving the faith in France, and propagating it abroad. It was dedicated to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Maria! A decretal of the propagand, confirmed by Leo XII., June the 2d, 1823, confided to this society the task of converting all the islands of the Pacific, from the north to the south pole. One of its young priests, accordingly, M. Etienne Rochouse, was nominated vicar-apostolical of Eastern Oceania, with the title of Bishop of Nilopolis *in partibus*. M. Chrysostôme Liansu, prefect-apostolical under him of the southern portion, preceded him in his mission with two priests, Messrs. François d'Assise Caret and Honoré Laval. An Irish catechist, hight Columban Murphy, accompanied them. The prefect established himself at Valparaiso, and sent his inferiors to the conversion of the Gambier Islands. How this was effected, it is needless to narrate; but we cannot resist giving one instance of the manner in which Catholic missionaries perform their parts. 'I always bear about with me,' says the ingenuous M. Battailon, 'a flask of holy water and another of perfume. I pour a little of the latter upon the child, and then, whilst its mother holds it out without suspicion, I change the flasks, and sprinkle the water that regenerates, unknown to any one but myself.' After this piece of mummary, the child is accounted a Christian.

Whether M. Mœrenhout became, on his visit to France, the agent of the Picpus so-

* *Voyage aux Iles du Grand Océan*, tom. ii. Paris, 1834.

† Henri Lutteroth, 'O-Taïti,' &c. p. 149.

ciety or not, certain it is that he has ever since appeared strenuously to espouse their cause, and they have manifested very benevolent intentions towards him. From Tahiti he doubtless kept up a constant correspondence with the priests of the Gambier Islands. At any rate, in 1836 the Irishman, Murphy, landed at Papöte disguised as a carpenter, a downwright wolf in sheep's clothing, to spy out the nakedness of the land. He soon wrote for auxiliaries, and Caret and Laval prepared to tread in his footsteps. On the 20th of November, in the same year, they embarked in a little vessel which had come from Tahiti to the Gambier Islands for commercial purposes, and having been informed by Murphy that no strangers were allowed to leave without permission, caused themselves, in order, if possible, to evade the law,* to be put on shore on an unfrequented part of the peninsula of Tairabu. From thence they proceeded by land towards Papeëte, preaching all the way, by their own avowal, *against the Protestant missionaries*,† representing them as impostors, and endeavouring to incite the people to expel them. M. Mœrenhout, the American consul, was ready to receive them. Immediately on their arrival, they endeavoured, by a series of unworthy artifices, to obtain permission to reside on the island. For this purpose it was requisite to pay sixty piastres to the queen. They were offered and refused. They made presents, equal in amount, but presents of the same value were returned. In spite, however, of this, they and the French government maintain that the price of admission was offered and accepted.‡

After much negotiation a meeting was called, at which the priests formally urged their demand to remain, comparing themselves to St. Peter and the Protestants to Simon the Magician. M. Mœrenhout, warmly espousing their cause, pretended that he had never heard of the law which rendered the queen's permission necessary before strangers could reside. This disgraceful conduct of the consul of the United States, if it had not been promptly disavowed, would have engaged the honour of the government under whose protection it was ventured on. In spite, however, of his meddling interference, the demand of the priests was rejected, and they were ordered to quit the island. This they refused to do, and shut themselves up in their house. The police at length were

sent to dislodge them, and, finding the door locked, returned to the queen for further instructions. They now received positive orders from her exasperated majesty to employ force if necessary, and, unwilling to break open the door, removed a few of the leaves which formed the roof, and penetrated into the interior, where they found MM. Laval and Caret, who still refusing to use their own legs, were quietly lifted off the ground and carried to a boat, declaiming all the way in favour of universal tolerance. To complete the scene Mœrenhout ran to meet them, and with tears in his eyes, says one account, compassionated their case, exclaiming in a theatrical attitude: 'It shall some day be known that I am indeed consul of the United States.'

Had the English Protestant missionaries anything directly to do with this expulsion? Nothing. True, they had created the state of society which rendered necessary, or at least excusable, the law, in virtue of which Caret and Laval were sent away; but they did not appear at all in the transaction. The unscrupulous young priests themselves, in their account of this matter, endeavour, it is true, to implicate Mr. Pritchard, but according even to them everything was discussed and decided in an open assembly of the chiefs. The only *fact* they have to advance is this, that, by a certain latitude of expression, the spot where they were forced into the boat might be said to be nearly opposite the British consul's residence. On this slender foundation what a superstructure of abuse and calumny has been built! That the missionaries did not interfere in favour of the priests is certain. It would have been absurd, suicidal in them to do so. These strangers came not to preach virtue and religion, but to destroy their work. 'The Catholic priests,' says a French writer, in favour of the occupation of Tahiti, 'instead of going in search of new lands to conquer, and civilizing nations still barbarous, among whom cannibalism and debauchery riot unchecked, seem, on the contrary, to be constantly desirous of becoming rivals to the Protestant ministers, and of decoying away their proselytes.*' The same work is full of testimonies in still stronger language; and the confessions of Laval and Caret themselves corroborate these remarks. However this may be, the latter gentleman was soon on his way to France for the purpose of soliciting the interference of the government. When he arrived a series of voyages between Rome and Paris took place, the result of which was an order despatch-

* Dumont d'Urville, t. iii., p. 205.

† *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*, No. lvi., p. 212.

‡ Dupetit-Thouars, t. ii., p. 394.—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 Avril, 1843, p. 217.

* *'Des Taïti,'* p. 12.

ed to Captain Dupetit Thouars at Valparaiso, to proceed immediately to Tahiti and demand reparation for the insult said to have been offered to the dignity of France.

Dupetit was precisely the man to undertake such a task. Coarse, violent and unscrupulous, he was actuated by an eager desire to do something to make a noise in the world. He had, in 1840, despatched a memorial to M. Thiers, offering, with a small squadron, to sail up the Thames and burn every vessel between the Nore and London Bridge. He was not destined, however, to founder off Tilbury fort, and, compelled to bate the wing of his ambition, he scudded toward a little island in the Pacific.

The sphere was certainly a more congenial one. With his breast swelling with the thoughts of miniature conquest, the gallant captain sailed with a prosperous breeze for the harbour of Papeëte. It must be remembered, however, to the honour of Thouars, that fanaticism was not among his vices. What did he care for liberty of conscience? In 1837 he was in negotiation with Tamahamaha, the King of the Sandwich Islands, who had, like poor Queen Pomare, got into a quarrel with a Catholic priest and wished to get rid of him. Dupetit Thouars actually compelled M. Bachelot to leave the island, and engaged that he should not preach during the time he was waiting for a ship—'En attendant il ne prêchera pas.*' Thouars had, therefore, practically recognized the right of the island princes to control the doctrines preached in their territories.

Towards the end of the year 1837, Mr. Pritchard, in consequence of his firm and temperate conduct at the time of the intrusion of the Catholic priests, was appointed British consul, at which period his official connection with the Missionary Society ceased, he abandoned the title of reverend, and became in every respect a layman. His exertions, however, in the cause of Christianity did not slacken. They only took another form and direction. About the same time, in consequence of a letter from Queen Pomare, the American government having taken into consideration the conduct of Mœrenhout, in the affair of the priests, dismissed him from his post with disgrace. They were not so much offended at his espousing the cause of Laval and his companion, as at the gross breach of trust of which he was guilty, in forwarding despatches and memorials to the French authorities instead of to them. It afterwards came out that the Catholic missionaries in

return for his services had agreed to allow him the monopoly of the pearl fishery of the Gambier Islands.*

Shortly before the arrival of Dupetit Thouars an attempt was made to murder M. Mœrenhout. A Spanish negro broke into his house to rob; he was overheard, and the master running to protect his property, was instantly felled by a blow from a hatchet. Madame Mœrenhout coming to the assistance of her husband, was also struck, and her skull fractured. The murderer was taken up, and accused an Englishman of being his accomplice. The latter, having been apprehended and examined, was dismissed for want of proof. There was nothing but his bad character against him. The authorities kept the negro four months, until Madame Mœrenhout died of her wounds, and then hanged him. This was a simple case of burglary and murder, but the French attributed the whole to Mr. Pritchard and his friends. Even the squeamish 'Journal des Débats'† did not blush to give currency to these calumnies. Yes, the paper which lately exhibited such virtuous indignation at the publication, by the 'Times,' of certain letters, impugning the skill and courage of some French naval officers, actually opened its columns to a communication in which grave and virtuous English missionaries were accused of murdering a woman and attempting to murder her husband. A. M. Reybaud also, in the 'Révue des Deux Mondes,'‡ had the effrontery to assert that this Spanish Catholic negro was actuated by a desire to serve the Lutheran faith in assassinating Mœrenhout. Dupetit Thouars§ attributes the act to political motives; Dumont d'Urville|| to the declamations of the Protestant missionaries. It may be as well to observe that the negro having been kept for four months chained in a hut, was visited by a number of French officers, to none of whom he complained of having been sacrificed to the Machiavellian policy of unscrupulous Englishmen. Fancy Mr. Pritchard, like another Macbeth, exclaiming aside to the murderer in the court of justice—

"There's blood upon thy face—"

for by such a sign was he detected—then adding,

"Tis better thee without than him within;"

and yet consigning this second Ravallac to the gallows!

* Note of M. Desgraz in Dumont d'Urville, t. iii., p. 403.

† 27 Mars, 1843.

‡ 15 Mai, 1843, p. 574.

§ T. ii., p. 396.

|| T. iv., p. 65.

* Dupetit Thouars, t. i., p. 345.

When Dupetit Thouars arrived in Tahiti in 1838, the grog dealer had scarcely recovered from his wounds; and it appears that he determined to claim the honour of semi-martyrdom to excite the sympathy of the heathenish sailor, who, after being closeted with him for about an hour, came forth breathing fire and fury. He officially informed the English consul and M. Moerenhout, who, however, as he well knew, had ceased to represent the United States,* that the port of Papeëte was in a state of blockade, and that they had better bring their families on board his vessel. This was before he deigned to notice the existence of the Tahitian government, or had inquired whether or not his demands would be acceded to. He now despatched his *ultimatum* to the queen, who fortunately enjoyed the benefit of Mr. Pritchard's advice. His demands were two thousand dollars, a letter of apology, and the hoisting of the French flag on the national flagstaff. In case these conditions were not complied with, Papeëte was to be converted into a Tangier, and a creature of Moerenhout's placed on the throne. Various diplomatic arts were resorted to in order to bring the discussion to a speedy close—the frigate cleared for action, and sundry gun-boats were disposed along the shore. We can easily believe that a taste for dramatic effect had much to do with these arrangements. The scene was calculated to inspire the imagination. Towering towards the centre of the island rose the great peak of Tahiti seven thousand feet above the level of the sea; a vast drapery of trees clothed its sides, and descended to the very edge of the marine plain in which stood Papeëte. The white houses of this town cover a great space of ground, and seem built in the midst of a grove of bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees. The inhabitants, on learning the hostile intentions of the French, flocked down to the shore, and a desire to 'show off' before them probably influenced our doughty commander in his warlike demonstrations. At any rate they were perfectly needless. The natives were unarmed and taken by surprise. The only question was how to fulfil the required conditions. It was easy to write a letter and salute a flag, but where was the money to come from? The queen, who had not so much money in the world, thought all was over with her; but Messrs. Pritchard, Vaughan, and Bicknell, came forward and paid the whole into the Frenchman's hands. A more barefaced piece of robbery was never committed even by the notorious Captain

Morgan. The queen was then compelled to sign a convention, granting free ingress and egress to all French subjects; but when she objected to allow a new faith to be preached in her dominions, Dupetit Thouars, the hero of the Propagand, exclaimed, with an oath, that it was not his business to protect priests. 'If you object to Catholic doctrines being preached, make a law forbidding the practice, but take care only to respect the persons of my countrymen.' In consequence of this suggestion the law was passed, which Laplace, not long after, came in the *Artemise* to abrogate. Dumont d'Urville, who arrived before Thouars left, reiterated the advice to the queen to forbid 'all public sign of a new faith.*' It must not be supposed, however, that our gallant Frenchman made these observations out of tenderness for the queen. They flowed merely from their perfect indifference to any faith. D'Urville is obliged to confess that the speech in which he uttered his sentiments was so *severe* that it brought tears into Pomare's eyes, and so affected her that even the bullying Thouars thought it necessary to soften its effects by 'quelques petites niches amicales,' as gently pulling her hair and patting her cheek.

But the act most offensive to Queen Pomare is yet to be mentioned. This was the appointment of the discarded consul of the United States, who had published a book filled with the grossest calumnies against her, and overwhelmed her with daily insults, to the post of French consul. To Captain Dupetit Thouars it fell to communicate this appointment to the queen. She listened with surprise and anger, and ventured to remonstrate; but no attention was paid to her, and the man who had long sworn her ruin was placed in exactly the position he coveted, with every opportunity of prosecuting his base designs. He had, by this time, become the head of a sort of faction, composed of a few discontented chiefs, escaped convicts from our penal colonies, deserters from ships of all nations, and a corrupt rabble, forming, however, not more than a few hundred individuals, who had grown tired of the wholesome discipline enforced by the missionaries.

In April, 1839, Captain Laplace arrived off Tahiti, in the *Artemise*, which, as she was making for the port, struck upon a reef, and was damaged to such an extent that some difficulty was experienced in bringing her ashore. A regular careening was therefore rendered necessary, which lasted till the month of June. The islanders all this

* Dumont d'Urville, t. iv., p. 65.

* T. iv., p. 69.

time behaved with the utmost kindness towards the strangers; and these, in their turn, although wantonly cutting down the bread-fruit trees in the neighbourhood of Papeëte, professed nothing but friendship. When, however, the vessel was tight and trim once more, he resolved to test its efficacy upon his benefactor, and, pointing his guns upon the town, demanded the abrogation of the law passed at the suggestion of Dupetit Thouars, by which Catholic priests were forbidden to preach on the island. Might again prevailed, and the law was abrogated. It is worthy of remark, that one of the historians of this transaction, having described the frightful debaucheries to which the French sailors gave themselves up *after their vessel had been repaired*—from which we must infer that they used force to accomplish their wishes—begins the narration of what followed by these characteristic words:—‘*Au milieu de cette vie douce-ment occupée,*’ &c. It is scarcely credible that the preceding pages are of a nature absolutely to defy republication even in a mangled state.* The finishing touch to the whole is, that ‘in the midst of this delightful existence,’ M. Laplace was stipulating for liberty of conscience, and the cession of a piece of land whereon to build a Catholic church.

We must pass rapidly over the events of the next year. Mœrenhout persevered in his intrigues; and the missionaries—now, however, no longer supported by the advice of Mr. Pritchard, who had left for England on a diplomatic mission—redoubled their efforts to arrest the torrent of vice which the civilizing agents of France were pouring over the island. Two Catholic priests, duly armed, no doubt, with their alternate bottles of scent and holy water, arrived to claim the piece of ground which had been granted them to build a chapel; but the French consul, fearful that this would put an end to the quarrel, actually contrived to cheat them out of their land, which he appropriated for the purpose of building a house himself. He pretended that the queen had presented it to him, in a moment of generosity, for his own use. This so exasperated Mr. Murphy, that he chartered a vessel expressly to Valparaiso to carry the news of Mœrenhout’s treachery, sending despatches to the Picpus Society, requesting them to withhold the present they had promised Mœrenhout for his services to the Catholic faith at the time of the intrusion of the priests.†

Another incident must not be passed over. By Mr. Pritchard’s advice a police had been established on the island to prevent rioting and disorder. One evening a dog belonging to the queen fell foul of a cur belonging to a French whaler, M. Mauruc. Moïa, the superintendent of the police, ran to separate the belligerents. In doing so, it seems, he accidentally hustled Captain Mauruc, who was encouraging his quadruped to the combat, and was a little out of temper that he had the worst of it. Happening to have a huge key in his hand, he instantly felled Moïa to the ground with such violence that he laid his head open. Next morning Mœrenhout caused the policeman to be tried, or rather, had him dragged before a judge, and insisted on his condemnation. The judge wished to know how he could punish the fellow, since the Frenchman was in fault; but the consul threatening violently, he, at length, fined the innocent Moïa, who stood by with his head bound up, the sum of eight dollars. ‘Eight dollars!’ exclaimed the arrogant Belgian, ‘I insist on his being found guilty of high treason, and punished accordingly.’ The judge remonstrated, but in vain, and he was compelled to pronounce sentence of banishment. This was carried into effect; but the queen some time after issued a free pardon; and on the arrival of Dupetit Thouars, in 1842, one of the principal grievances he complained of was, that ‘the infamous Moïa, the assassin of a Frenchman,’ was suffered to go at large. ‘*Malgré la promesse tout recente de la reine au commandant de la corvette l’Aube, l’infâme Moïa, l’assassin d’un Français, est encore ici,*’ &c. The poor murdered Mauruc was, after his decease, married to an English lady in the consulate. What terms can be selected harsh enough to characterize this affair? Could any man, having the slightest feelings of honour, be guilty of conduct so disgraceful? No gentleman, no one who expects to be admitted into decent society, would dare to act thus in this country; and yet the French government has adopted this achievement as its own, and the French nation has applauded the man who performed it as almost a demigod.

In September, 1841, the indefatigable Mœrenhout succeeded in prevailing on four chiefs—Paraita, Paëte, Itoti, and Tati—to sign a document, asking for the protection of the French. This was in the absence of the queen, who was on a visit to the Leeward Islands. When asked to give her consent, she indignantly refused; and wrote a

* Louis Reybaud, ‘*La Polynésie et les Îles Marquises*,’ pp. 121, 128, 138.

† Williams’s ‘*Appeal*,’ &c., p. 6.

* Dupetit Thouars’s Letter to the Queen, dated Sept. 8, 1842.

letter to Louis Philippe, the President of the United States, and Queen Victoria, asserting that she had no wish for French protection, or 'overshadowing,' as the idea is expressed in her language. The most remarkable part of the whole history of the Tahitian question is that which follows. In the summer of 1842, Captain Dubouzet arrived in the Aube, compelled the disbanding of the police, and the reconstruction of another, and then communicated a letter to Pomare from the commodore commanding the station of the Pacific, stating that the French had no intention of offering protection to Tahiti, that they were amply satisfied with the reparation made by the queen, that France had no further demands to make, &c., &c. Dubouzet followed this up by a letter from himself, reiterating the assertion that nothing more was required from Pomare, and thanking her for her extreme kindness and civility. 'I beg distinctly to assure your majesty,' said he, 'that I consider your late conduct perfectly satisfactory, and I am authorized to state that France has no farther demands to make upon your majesty.' The words of the commodore were: 'I assure your majesty that France has no intention of imposing a protectorate.' This was towards the end of August. On September 1st, Admiral Dupetit Thouars arrived, and proceeded forthwith, the French minister has declared without instructions, to seek occasion for a quarrel. M. Mœrenhout took care, as soon as the 'Reine Blanche' was in the offing, to go out in a boat to tutor the burly old admiral, proud of his new rank, and anxious to add some new 'illustration' to it. Their conversation was brief but decisive. It was determined, at once, instantly to deprive Pomare of her sovereignty.

Dupetit Thouars in his report, the French press, the French chambers, the French government, have solemnly asserted in the face of all Europe that on this occasion the Queen of Tahiti *spontaneously* ('de plein gré et spontanément') demanded the protection of the French. In the face of all Europe we assert that this is a deliberate lie. Not at present to dwell on the private information we have received from persons present at the time, we shall refer only to the letter of Thouars himself, dated September 8, 1842, in which he offers to the queen three alternatives: first, the payment of 10,000 dollars, which he knew she did not possess; second, the provisional occupation of the island; third, by a nice distinction, the complete occupation. For eight days the good people of Tahiti had been lulled into a false security by the friendly profession of the

admiral. They imagined, good people, that this time at least they were not to be insulted and pillaged, and had begun to sleep tranquilly at night, when their pleasing speculations were—

"——Interrupted by a knife,
With d— your eyes, your money or your life."

The quiet old gentleman who hands out his money when a pistol is clapped to his ribs does so, according to the French view of the matter, 'spontaneously.' However, having threatened very fiercely, Dupetit Thouars proceeds to suggest an amicable settlement. 'Nevertheless,' he says, 'as a proof of my unwillingness to push matters to extremities, I authorize the queen and the principal chiefs to submit to me, within twenty-four hours, any proposition calculated to appease the just resentment of my country.' The protectorate is here distinctly alluded to; and it will be evident that if in consequence of this the queen had proposed an arrangement, her proposal could not by any means have been called 'spontaneous.' But Pomare was at this time absent at Mourea (Eimeo), and no message or agent was sent to her. No notice was taken of her existence. The letter was written, dated, and its substance verbally communicated to the chiefs, accompanied by threats and menaces. The explanation of this conduct is simple. Had Mr. Pritchard, backed by an English frigate, been present at the time, the blustering Thouars would have sneaked out of the harbour as pacifically as he entered it. But the English consul had departed, to endeavour to obtain from his government a guarantee for the independence of Tahiti. It is not to be doubted that his intercession would have been successful; but, says a French writer, with the exquisite faculty for blundering peculiar to his nation, 'Il arriva à Londres vers la fin du règne du malencontreux ministère TORY, vers le temps où Sir Robert Peel fut appelé à la direction des affaires.*' The tory ministry had fallen and Sir Robert Peel succeeded to office. Lord Aberdeen occupied the place of Lord Palmerston—a dwarf in the armour of a giant.

To return, however, to the Pacific. In the absence of the queen's adviser, the admiral determined to act vigorously. Had he obeyed his own heroic impulses he would have commenced the bombardment immediately—a conflagration would have had a pretty effect in that beautiful bay—but the long-headed Mœrenhout suggested a better expedient. By his advice, four chiefs—

* 'Des Taïti,' p. 937.

Paraïta, Utami, Itoti, and Tati—were invited in the evening on board the *Reine Blanche*, and by the promise of a thousand dollars each, backed by threats, induced, in a state of intoxication, to affix their names to a document praying for French protection. This fact is confessed in an affidavit signed by two of these chiefs.

Next day, September 9, 1842, about twelve o'clock, a boat was despatched to Eimeo, distant fifteen miles, with a peremptory order to the queen to sign the document within twenty-four hours, that is to say, the next day by twelve o'clock. It was evening before the boat reached the place whither Pomare had retired with her family. Her situation was one in which it is the custom for women to receive the most anxious and respectful attention from all of the opposite sex, especially if they call themselves gentlemen. She was every moment expected to give birth to a child; and, according to custom, had come to lie-in at Eimeo, leaving Paraïta, who basely betrayed his trust, regent in her absence. On learning the demand made by Thouars, the queen, surprised and alarmed, sent for Mr. Simpson, the missionary of the island, and a long and painful consultation ensued. Armed resistance was obviously impossible. The only alternative was between dethronement and protection. Pomare at first determined to choose the former, but her friends pressing round her, represented that Great Britain, the court of appeal whither all the grievances of the world are carried for redress, would certainly interfere, that subjection would be but temporary, and that she would ultimately triumph. Stretched on her couch, in the first pangs of labour, the unfortunate queen withstood all supplications until near morning. Mr. Simpson observes, that this was indeed 'a night of tears.' Many hours were passed in silence, interrupted only by the sobs of the suffering Pomare.

Let us leave her for a while, and turn to consider in what manner the French buccaneer and his crew passed the same night. We refer to no inimical statement. Our authority is a letter which went the round of all the Paris papers,* written by an officer on board the *Reine Blanche*, who did not seem to perceive anything at all immoral in what he related. His intention was merely to excite the envy of his fellow-countrymen by detailing the delights that were to be found in the new Cythera of Bougainville. We dare not follow him into his details. It will be enough to state that more than a hundred women were enticed on board the

ship, and there compelled to remain all night, under pretence that it would be dangerous to row them back in the dark. Some were taken to the officers' cabin, others were sent to the youthful midshipmen, the rest to the crew. When this account made its appearance, the government, alarmed at the effect it might produce, published an official declaration in the '*Moniteur*' (30 Mars), addressed to 'French mothers,' denying the truth of the statement. But M. Guizot, or whoever directed this disavowal, merely argued from the silence of his own despatches—if they were silent—and not long before, in the voyage of Dumont d'Urville, published by royal 'ordonnance,' a description of conduct still more atrocious had been given to the world.*

Towards morning the sufferings of Pomare increasing, her resolution began to fail her, and at length she signed the fatal document. Then bursting into a flood of tears, she took her eldest son, aged six years, in her arms, and exclaimed, 'My child, my child, I have signed away your birthright!' In another hour, with almost indescribable pangs, she was delivered of her fourth child. Meanwhile the boat which carried the news of her yielding, sped for the port of Papeëte. The sea was rough, and the wind threatened every moment to shift. The white sail was beheld afar off by the look-out on the mast of the *Reine Blanche*, and it was thought impossible she could reach by the appointed time. Thouars, however, troubled himself but little about all these things. He was fixed in his resolve, that if the answer did not arrive before twelve he would bombard Papeëte. The guns were loaded, gun-boats stationed along the shore; and whilst the frightened inhabitants crowded down to the beach beseeching with uplifted hands that their dwellings might be spared, the ruthless pirate, bearing the commission of the King of France, was giving his orders, and burning to emulate the exploits of Stopford and Napier at St. Jean d'Acres, by destroying a few white-washed cottages on the shore of a little island in the Pacific. Hero, worthy the grand cross of the legion of honour which was bestowed on him for this achievement; worthy the sword raised by farthing subscriptions among 'haters of the English,' which was presented to him for so distinguished an exploit! What exultation must have filled his breast as he beheld the white sail of the boat scud for a moment past the entrance of the port; and what sorrow, when, by a skilful tack, it

* On the 27th of March, 1843.

* '*Voyage au Pôle Sud et dans l'Océanie*, t. iv., pp. 6, 17, 18, 274, &c. &c.

bore manfully along the very skirts of the breakers, and rushed through the hissing and boiling waters into the placid bay of Papeëte, exactly one half-hour before mid-day!

We must pass rapidly over the arrangements which followed. The treaty of protection professed to secure the external sovereignty to the French, but to leave the internal to the queen. The former, however, were empowered 'to take whatever measures they might judge necessary for the preservation of harmony and peace.' When we learn that the ever-recurring M. Mœrenhout was appointed royal commissioner to carry out this treaty, we at once perceive that Pomare had in reality ceased to reign. How this base person employed his power may be discovered from the fact, that it became his constant habit, when he desired to obtain the signature of the queen to any distasteful document, to vituperate her in the lowest language, and shake his fist in her face.

It has been asserted, in this country and elsewhere, that the passive resistance of the queen and people to the proper establishment of the protectorate, did not begin until the arrival of Mr. Pritchard on the 25th of February, 1843. The object of this has been to attribute all the subsequent difficulties experienced by the French to him. But the fact is well known, that before he made his appearance the queen had written to the principal European powers, stating that she had been compelled against her will to accept the protectorate of France. On the 9th of February also, a great public meeting, presided at by the queen, was held, in which speeches of the most violent description were made. It was resolved, however, that by no overt act the French should be furnished with an excuse for further arbitrary proceedings. The determination came to was to write for the opinion of Great Britain.

The morning after this meeting Mœrenhout went to the queen and acted in a manner so gross and insulting that she determined to complain to Sir Thomas Thompson of the Talbot frigate, who promised her protection. All this happened, as we have seen, before the arrival of Mr. Pritchard, who in truth, instead of proving a firebrand, introduced moderation and caution into the councils of Pomare. Sir Toup Nicolas, it is true, commanding the *Vindictive*, which brought our consul to Tahiti, did go so far, despising some of the forms which were perhaps necessary, as threaten that unless the French ceased to molest British subjects, he would use force to compel them. He is said even to have cleared for action. When

we consider what was daily passing under his eyes, there was some excuse for this gallant captain's warmth. Setting aside the insults offered to our own countrymen, he was the spectator of constant tyrannical conduct towards the queen. Messrs. Reine and Vrignaud, under whose name all this was done, were but instruments in the hands of the sagacious Mœrenhout. The following letter of Queen Pomare, hitherto, we believe, unpublished, will throw some light on his conduct. It is addressed to Toup Nicholas, who took measures to fulfil the wishes it contains.

"Paöfaë, March 5, 1844.

"O Commodore,

"I make known unto you that I have often-times been troubled by the French consul, and on account of his threatening language I have left my house. His angry words to me have been very strong. I have hitherto only verbally told you of his ill-actions towards me; but now I clearly make these known to you, O Commodore, that the French consul may not trouble me again. I look to you to protect me now at the present time, and you will seek the way how to do it.

"This is my wish, that if M. Mœrenhout, and all other foreigners, want to come to me, they must first make known to me their desire, that they may be informed whether it is, or is not, agreeable to me to see them.

"Health and peace to you,

"O servant of the Queen of Britain,

(Signed)

"POMARE,

"Queen of Tahiti, Mouraë, &c. &c."

During the time that elapsed between the establishment of the protectorate and the third visit of Dupetit Thouars to Tahiti, the only overt act which the French could complain of was the hoisting of a fancy flag by the queen over her house. Whatever difficulties existed at the outset had been in reality overcome in spite of the 'intriguing Mr. Pritchard.' Even M. Guizot* has declared in his place in the Chamber of Deputies: 'There existed on the admiral's arrival none of those difficulties which are not to be surmounted by good conduct, by prudence, by perseverance, by time, or which require the immediate application of force.' Nevertheless, on the first of November, 1843, our buccaneering admiral entered the harbour of Papeëte, and wrote immediately to inform the queen that unless she pulled down the flag she had hoisted he would do so for her, and at the same time depose her. In spite of his threats, however, she refused compliance; and Lieutenant D'Aubigny landed at the head of five hundred men, to occupy the island. The speech in which this person inaugurated French dominion in Tahiti was

one of the richest specimens of bombast and braggadocio ever uttered. Much merriment might be excited by its repetition; but it has already caused the sides of Europe to ache more than once. We are not at present in a laughing mood. Suffice it to say that the deposed queen fled on board the British ship of war, the *Dublin*, commanded by Captain Tucker—the *Vindictive* had unfortunately been recalled—and Papeëte was for many days like a town taken by storm. Drunkenness, debauchery, rioting filled its streets, and every means were taken to undo what the English missionaries had by half a century of labour accomplished. We have the satisfaction to reflect, therefore, that all the treasure we have expended in the Pacific has been in vain. A population converted by our means, yet tottering on the verge of the abyss from which it had escaped, was given over on the 1st of November, 1843, to be corrupted, murdered, and plundered by the most corrupt, cruel, and rapacious nation in Europe.

What in the meantime had become of Mr. Pritchard? No sooner had the usurpation been consummated than he hauled down his flag, and informed the Frenchmen who had perpetrated the acts of injustice we have detailed, that not considering them legally constituted authorities he could hold no official communication with them. Lord Palmerston has so clearly exposed the miserable sophistry by which this act has been interpreted into a resignation of consular functions, that it will be unnecessary to dwell on the point. Everybody now perceives that up to the moment when Mr. Pritchard received intelligence of his appointment to the Navigator's Islands he remained consul of Tahiti. His credentials, if published, would prove this fact incontrovertibly. This being granted, let us ask: Did he by any act of his justify the assumption that he had ceased to consider him a consul—did he excite the people to rise against the French? We declare that he did not. Even the French ministry make no more than vague charges against him. It has never been advanced 'that on such and such a day Mr. Pritchard did or said such and such a thing.' All that is maintained is that he intrigued in general, that he excited the natives in general, that he declaimed in general, but how, where, when, no one ventures to determine. He seems to have acted by supernatural agency. His mere presence sufficed to stir the passions of all the population of Tahiti. Every gesture, every motion was interpreted into a condemnation of French tyranny. He could

not walk without shaking their fabric of oppression to its basis. His very cough was a call to arms.

From November to February many little events took place without much changing the relative position of parties. The *Dublin* had departed, leaving only the *Basilisk* ketch and a steamer to represent the British navy. The queen sometimes ventured ashore, whence, however, she was at length finally driven on board the *Basilisk*, the commander of which was informed that if he landed her on any of the Society Islands it would be considered as a hostile demonstration. She, meanwhile, still advised by Mr. Pritchard, refrained from taking advantage of the gradually increasing excitement of her people to attempt to recover her authority by force. She waited patiently for news from Europe, confidently expecting that the act by which she had been deprived of her dominions would not be ratified.

We might here enlarge on the savage conduct of the licentious French soldiery since the complete occupation of the island;* we might describe them carrying off men's wives and shooting the husbands when they attempted to resist; we might detail the measures by which all the cattle in the island were confiscated by M. Bruat in order to insure a supply of provisions to the 'Army of Occupation.' This, however, would but obscure the real state of the question. It is acknowledged by the whole world that it is lawful and virtuous to resist injustice. All the patriotic songs which stir so violently the passions of every nation in Europe, are based on this conviction, that if an armed force unjustly invade the territory of a people, that people is bound to resist, if possible, by force, and that it can do no act more worthy of universal sympathy than to exterminate its oppressors. The Tahitians were precisely in this position. It is not we alone that declare it. M. Guizot has vehemently proclaimed the truth. We cannot quote the whole of his observations. A few, however, will suffice.† 'French force

* A society called the *Aborigines Protection Society* has been established in London. The idea is philanthropic and beautiful, but its objects can never be accomplished, whilst the French system is tolerated in the world. We recommend the high-minded and benevolent men who have founded this society to exert themselves in favour of the unfortunate Tahitians. Perhaps, however, the time is past; and this wretched people is irrecoverably lost.

† "La force Française n'avait là aucun rival, aucun obstacle; elle pouvait bien garder pour elle le droit. Nous pensons qu'elle ne l'a pas fait. * * Il n'y avait pas d'instructions, il n'y avait

encountered there no rival, no obstacle; it was bound at least to keep right on its side. We think that it did not do so. * * * There were no instructions, there was no utility or necessity, neither was there justice towards the queen and the natives. We are of opinion that the establishment of France in new regions should not be accompanied by an act of violence towards the people among whom it appears for the first time. * * * There existed, seriously speaking, neither necessity nor right.†

By the showing, therefore, of the government of Louis Philippe themselves, the Tahitians were placed perfectly in the right, the creatures of Dupetit Thouars in the wrong. It became the duty of the former on the 1st of November to take up arms; it became their duty to expel or put to death every Frenchman on the island; if they had not attempted to do so, considerations of prudence could alone have withheld them; their right was evident, of the expediency they were the best judges; if they had quietly submitted we might have pitied without respecting them. It is certain that the English missionaries on the island, probably from the same motives which induced them soon after their first landing to send away their fire-arms, preached peace and patience; and their well meant efforts would probably have proved successful, had not the brutality of the French soldiers at length exasperated the people beyond endurance. Fathers, whose daughters had been torn from their arms, hurried from village to village, beseeching their countrymen to revenge their wrongs: husbands, whose wives had been violently carried off, echoed the appeal to arms. These were the preachers of insurrection; these were the intriguers who rendered the French uncomfortable in their position; these were the ambitious and turbulent spirits who caused hill and valley to ring with shouts of vengeance. Now was the moment to exhibit courage; this was the time when the men who had provoked the danger were bound to meet it manfully. But M. Bruat was made of different mettle. He began to be frightened at the storm he had raised, grew moody and fretful, posted sentinels all over Papeëte, never moved abroad without a guard. So far did his fears carry him that he declared

pas utilité, nécessité; il n'y avait pas non plus justice envers la reine et les indigènes. Nous pensons que l'établissement de la France dans des mers nouvelles ne doit pas s'inaugurer par un acte de violence contre les peuples au milieu desquels elle arrive. * * * Il n'y avait, sérieusement parlant, ni nécessité, ni droit."

* Séance du 1er Mars.

† Séance du 29 Février.

publicly in a state of piteous nervous excitement, with pale face and faltering voice, that if a rising really took place he would pistol Mr. Pritchard with his own hand. Instead of meeting the enemy, he would shoot an unarmed English consul. This is the gallant man with whom the French government, urged on by a people as blood-thirsty now as in 1793, a people whose character never has changed since the massacre of St. Bartholomew, reckless of slaughter, incapable of comprehending the idea of justice, and which was chosen to identify itself all over the world with blasphemy and infidelity--this is the man, we say, whom the French government takes under its protection; and this is the man whose presence Lord Aberdeen has consented to tolerate in Tahiti, and who is to remain unpunished, nay, applauded, for imprisoning and expelling a British consul, in virtue of authority acquired by an act of the most flagrant injustice ever perpetrated even by a French officer.

Not content with taking the precautions we have above alluded to, M. Bruat began to erect fortifications; and batteries, and redoubts, and sent off in all haste to the Marquisas for a reinforcement. He then started, surrounded by four hundred men, to build a fort at some distance from the capital, leaving, as his substitute, Lieutenant d'Aubigny, who had rendered himself conspicuous by constant asseverations that he was ready to die for the tri-coloured flag. This person was instantly intoxicated by the possession of supreme authority, and resolved to do something to make a noise in the world. One of his sentinels having, it is said, been attacked by an unarmed native--what fire-eaters these Tahitians must be!--he thought the opportunity had arrived for distinguishing himself. Accordingly, next day (March 3d, 1844), as Mr. Pritchard was going to pay a visit to the commander of the Cormorant steamer, four or five soldiers rushed, with a sort of desperate courage, pell-mell out of a guard-house, some with, some without their hats, but all well armed, and, seizing him by the collar, uttered a sort of timid imitation of the Iroquois warhoop. We have been assured, by an eye-witness, that the scene would have been infinitely ludicrous had not the savage character of the French been known. But it was immediately understood that Mr. Pritchard's life was in danger, and the utmost alarm manifested itself. Two officers of the Cormorant waited on M. d'Aubigny to demand an explanation, and to inquire whither the British consul had been conveyed. They were at first refused an answer; but at length the lieutenant condescended to read a proclamation,

which was soon afterwards posted up against all the walls of Papeëte. It ran as follows:

"FRENCH ESTABLISHMENTS IN OCEANIA.

"A sentinel was attacked on the night of the second of March. In reprisal I have arrested one Pritchard, the sole agent and instigator of the revolts of the natives. His property shall answer for all damage which the insurgents may occasion to our establishments; and if French blood flow, every drop of that blood shall be visited on his head. (Signed) D'AUBIGNY.

"Papeëte, March 3."

The tyrannical and absurd regulations which were now made have been often laughed at; but it is fit that the public should know that some have had cause to weep through them. It was ordered that, after a certain hour, no light should be burned in any house. A Mr. Jackson, whose wife was far advanced in pregnancy, applied to be made an exception to the rule. Not only was he refused, but his demand attracted the attention of the French, who made it thenceforth a practice to come and thrust their heads through his window and jeer at his wife as she lay in bed. This disgusting conduct so alarmed the poor woman that she insisted, in spite of her delicate state, on leaving the island. Embarking, therefore, on board a little vessel bound for Valparaiso, she had a stormy passage to that place, and, overcome by fatigue, acting on her constitution already injured by the shock she had received, three days after her arrival died a victim to the brutality of the French conquerors of Tahiti.

When M. Bruat returned he did not, as has been stated, reprimand M. d'Aubigny. On the contrary, he approved of his conduct, and would have persisted in imitating him, had not the commander of the English steamer, the Cormorant, not having yet been made acquainted with the tone of his government, waited upon him and solemnly warned him of the consequences of his proceedings. Bruat then consented to liberate Mr. Pritchard on condition of his leaving the island. Our consul, therefore, was withdrawn from his damp dungeon, in a state of such weakness, produced by harsh treatment, that he could scarcely stand, and hurried on board the Cormorant, which was then ordered to be off. This is the plain unvarnished statement of the 'gross outrage, accompanied by gross indignity,' which has made the world ring for the last two months.

We cannot enlarge on the present prospect of the complete extermination of the French force in Tahiti by the enraged natives. We should rejoice from the bottom

of our hearts if it were to take place, were we not certain that fresh forces would be poured into the island, and that the unfortunate population would ultimately succumb and be perhaps annihilated. Let us turn from the contemplation of these tragic scenes. Would that our eyes could repose on another picture! Would that we had to describe England assuming her proper position of protectress of the oppressed, and stepping forward to intercede in behalf of this unhappy people who have always regarded her with something of the affection of children towards a parent! But this country must no longer pretend to revenge the wrongs of others when she cannot obtain redress for her own. It is useless to conceal the fact. We have been baffled and laughed at. An island converted by our missionaries, and which we have always assured of our friendship and good will, has been invaded and devastated by a French force; our consul, who protested against this outrageous conduct, has been assaulted, thrust into a dungeon, threatened with murder, and then banished; Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, the Duke of Wellington have blustered; public opinion has made itself heard; and a French officer is to be scolded, like a spoilt child, by his smiling government, and an indemnity is promised for Mr. Pritchard's fatted pigs, which were slaughtered to grace the Apician table of Messrs. Bruat and d'Aubigny!

ART. IX.—1. *Revelations of Russia; or, the Emperor Nicholas and his Empire in 1844.* Colburn. 1844.

2 *Notes of a Recent Traveller on the Armies and the Military Power of Russia.* MS.

THE recently published work, of which the title stands above, is evidently the production of one who has seen much of every part of Russia, who has read much on the history of that country, and who speaks out the whole truth of his reading, observation, and experience, freely and unreservedly. It strongly claims, and no doubt will receive, the eager and deep attention of this country. Of the authenticity of the details, and of the general truth of the statements in these volumes, we entertain no shadow of doubt. They are in the main corroborated in a remarkable manner by the calm, painstaking, and observant Kohl, by the somewhat conceited and loquacious, yet shrewd and penetrating Custine, and by the manu-

script journal of a recent traveller, which has been placed at our disposal.

But the 'Revelations' are characterized by one cardinal fault;—the work is anonymous. Though it bears on its front the impress of sincerity and truth—though it affords in every page internal evidence of authenticity—yet it is to be feared that the mere fact of its being given to the world anonymously will detract from its usefulness and authority. There will not be wanting those who will loudly proclaim that it is the production of some expatriated Pole, or some discharged official, who vents his malice against a government in calumny and misrepresentation. There may be, and we dare say there are, cogent reasons for preserving an anonymous character, but, if it be not so—if the work be the production of an Englishman, or a foreigner, not in the Russian service—the sooner the volumes are avowed by the able author the better. For though for the moment all likelihood of immediate collision between England and France has passed away, yet in the present temper of the French nation, and while the affairs of this great empire are in the hands of what Father Tom Maguire aptly calls 'the tinkering ministry,' he would be a bold man who would speculate largely on the long continuance of the general peace. Under these circumstances it behoves the people of England to consider well the military and naval strength of the great monarchies of the continent. On the character and composition of the Russian army, the 'Revelations of Russia' shed a flood of welcome light; but as the statements of an anonymous author, whatever be their intrinsic value, must always be received with a certain reserve and caution, we shall draw our materials for this paper first and chiefly from the MS. of an English traveller personally known to us; who, in addition to the advantages of sound education and much travel, possessed unusual opportunities for observation. The fruits of this gentleman's researches may hereafter be given to the public in a more extended shape. For the present we shall content ourselves with giving an abstract of the rough notes he has put into our hands 'on the Armies and the Military Power of Russia.'

The military power of Russia is no doubt the vital source of its strength. But of the real extent and efficiency of that power it is difficult to form an exact estimate. Neither the boastful exaggerations of the Russian boyars, nor the coarse and ill disguised lies of official persons, are to be depended on. In a country where there is

no freedom of the press, and where the indiscreet revelation of a fact may subject the loose-tongued official to the gentle correctives of dismissal, the knout, or Siberia, the 'best public instructors' are apt to be public deceivers, and private confidence cannot, and does not, exist. But even though there were facilities for reference and information, yet the constant changes introduced by a monarch, whose mania is military, set accuracy at defiance, and from their number and variety, indeed almost transcend human belief. Without some knowledge, however, of the Russian military system, it is impossible to know anything of Russia. The whole civil institutions are modelled after, while they are subservient to, the military system. The highest civil power in Petersburg and Moscow is vested in the military governor, next under whom is the head of the police. It is not, therefore, wonderful that the army is a career unfailingly sought after by the highest youth of Russia. In order to possess serfs, which is but another name for property, or to have station at court or in society, the young nobles of Russia are absolutely obliged to serve the crown either in a civil or a military capacity. This regulation dates from the time of Peter the Great. Under him every officer was noble from his profession alone; there was no hereditary rank but by service. Much of the numerical force of Russia is nominal, and on *paper* only. In order, however, to give that weight to the power of the czar which he is always anxious to claim in the politics of the east and west, this paper army is pompously and periodically paraded in the columns of the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' the 'Augsburg Gazette,' and the 'Frankfort Journal,' one and all in the pay of Russia. But it is not from such authorities that the British public can gain any accurate or impartial accounts. Though Russia extends over a surface embracing thirty-five degrees of latitude, though it comprises within it a territory of 9200 English miles in length, and 2000 in breadth, with a population amounting to 60,000,000, though the empire is divided into fifty-one governments, and is administered by eleven governor-generals, yet this organization, however imposing and magnificent on paper, is really more showy than strong, more extended and diffused than compact or powerful. The sterile and thinly-peopled provinces of Archangel, Olenetz and Vologdo, furnish few recruits. The scattered tribes peopling the Siberias comprising the Kamschatkans, Aleutians, Ostiaks, Samoiedes, Ischonkets, Koniaks, Yakouts and Tungusians, form but an ill-

compacted mass of men, differing in races, habits, and feelings; while the Manshurs, and remnants of the Mongols, whose names are barely known in Europe, add little to the population, and nothing at all to the military power of Russia. A tribute of furs and skins they undoubtedly pay, but the chief use of their country seems to be that it serves as a prison for convicts and exiles, 2000 of whom escape every year to the steppes or plains around, where they are left unmolested. Orenburg, a province larger than most European kingdoms, has within it a population of 1,000,000 of souls; but in Iskontz, on the other hand, there are only four men to the square mile.

The distant provinces, therefore, furnish few recruits for the army, and even though the numbers were more considerable, it would be difficult to move such levies, not only from the want of means, but from the necessity of leaving a military force in their place. The desert tribes of the Ural, comprising the Baskirs and Kirghises, though fully as pastoral as the inhabitants of Meath or Tipperary, have none of O'Connell's peace preservers among them, and not even the head pacificator himself could keep the Abazeks, Kabardians, Lesgees, Cherkesses, Ositans, Tashkents, Khists, Ingooshes, Charaboulacks, or even the Georgians, in order without the presence of a large military force.

In Georgia, in time of peace, travellers proceed with a large escort and field pieces, to back them in their distant peregrinations. It is hence apparent that the army must be chiefly supplied from the central provinces of Russia proper. These, as well as Little Russia and the Ukraine, are well peopled and fertile, but Finland, on the other hand, does not furnish more than 20,000 men for the service.

The difficulty of obtaining levies is, therefore, undoubtedly great, but these difficulties are small in comparison to the wide expanse of duty and service which opens out before the eye of the Russian soldier the moment he enters on actual service. He may have to defend the forts and coast on the Black Sea—in order to watch every movement on the part of the Turks—to guard the frontiers on the side of Persia on the Oral—to repress the Circassians and other warlike tribes of the Caucasus—to keep in bounds the roving families on the borders of the Caspian—or to repress the just discontent of his brave, warlike, and oppressed Sclavonian brother in unhappy Poland. And for all these varied and vexatious duties, neither Siberia, nor New Russia, nor the Crimea, nor Georgia, nor the Caucasus, furnishes one soldier to the imperial government. The campaigns

of 1812 and 1813—the Turkish war—and the insurrection of Poland—will abundantly prove our assertions, that the distant provinces are not an 'officina hominum.' When it is known, from authentic documents, that only 120,000 soldiers could be collected at one point, with which force the battle of Borodino or the Mosqua was fought, and of whom from 20,000 to 30,000 were men who had just been collected, clad in their sheepskins, from the lands of their masters, we shall be better able to form a just opinion of the military power of Russia.

The following may be taken as an accurate muster roll of the Russian army in 1812. There were:—

"30,653	under Steungell in Finland,
34,290	... Wittgenstein in Livonia and Courland,
47,520	... Baggowoth at Wilna and Witespk,
41,045	... Eesen at Grodno, Minsk, and Mohilera,
140,322	... Bagration, including Platow and his Cossacks, 12,000 in Volhynia and Podolia,
28,526	... the Grand Duke Constantine at St. Petersburg,
10,041	... reserve of recruits at Moscow,
20,000	say recruits at Novgorod,
19,501	under Richlieu in the Crimea,
9,928	... R-titcheff on the Caucasus,
23,745	... Paulucci in Georgia,
87,026	... Kutozow with the army of the Danube in Moldavia.

493,197 Total."

Of these 493,000 men, however, (87,000 of whom were enabled to join in the struggle, through the influence of England, who obtained the ratification of the treaty of Bucharest), not more than 120,000, as we have previously stated, were ever enabled to act on one point, although this extraordinary military force (on paper) had received the addition of a levy en masse, and of a militia (opolchine), amounting, according to Russian authorities, to 900,000 men. It seems incredible, after these grand paper displays, but it is nevertheless true, that only 35,000 (and not 40,000) were marched into Warsaw on the commencement of the Russian campaign in Germany; and it is equally true and is indeed an admitted fact that the Russian army was filled up on its entry into Paris, by the Cossacks and Bashkirs, and that the levy thus raised was the last that could have been resorted to, had the war been prolonged. If any doubt remained as to the exaggerated estimate of Russian armies it would be effectually removed by the history of the next campaign. The Turkish war under Diebitch, cost the Russians 200,000 men, of whom one half were carried off

in the first campaign. The panic, as well as the financial drain caused by this war compelled the government to put an end to all the public works throughout the kingdom, as well as to the exertions made to set on foot another force. In the second campaign, before the treaty of Adrianople was signed, Diebitch could only muster 18,000 effective men, so much had his army suffered, not from war, but dysentery, the badness of the commissariat, and the wretched medical staff. It is to the tact and management of Baron Muffling, the Prussian ambassador, rather than to the prowess or efficacy of her military force, or the skill of her generals, that Russia owes her chief successes against the Turks. It was this Prussian ambassador, who by his reports increased the panic of the Divan, and imposed on the ignorant credulity of England and France. Peace was at length signed, and so highly was this service looked on by the Russian emperor, that Muffling obtained his highest military order but one, and of the first class, as well as a regiment in his own country, through the influence which the Czar exercised over his father-in-law, the late King of Prussia. During the campaign in Poland, the cabinet of St. Petersburg was only able to send 110,000 men across the frontier, of whom 25,000 perished within three weeks, not bravely fighting against an enemy, but from forced marches, from the inclemency of the weather, the badness of the provisions, the corruption of the commissariat, and the ignorance, inefficiency, and inattention of the hospital staff,—evils always hitherto incident to the march, and, it would seem, inseparable from the existence and organization of a Russian army. Throughout the whole of the Polish war, the Russians were never enabled to bring into the field a larger body than 80,000 men; and these were opposed by 70,000 Poles, of whom one-seventh were employed in garrison duty. One-third of the remaining portion were peasants, badly armed and undisciplined, and who learned their duty by hard fighting in the field.

These two facts sufficiently prove to our mind, both the inefficiency of the Russian tactics, and the exaggeration as to the really effective amount of the Russian army; but if additional evidence were needed, proof is not wanting in the successful opposition of the Circassians, a nation of 200,000 men, who, though surrounded by Russia, have contrived for the last fifteen years, not only to resist the power of the empire, but to become the victors in many engagements.

Though we are ready to concede the valour of the Circassian people, and to admit

the difficult nature of their country—though we are free to allow that their mode of warfare is peculiar and harassing, and that they have been aided to some extent by fugitive Poles, still we contend that Circassia would be to either England or France, though not perhaps an easy, still a certain conquest, and that her people, more troublesome than formidable, would within a given time have been eventually subdued.

But this people, though not supplied to any considerable extent with ammunition—though entirely surrounded by Russia, who holds possession of both seas on her flanks—have kept the czar and his armies in check, and have still managed to retain their independence. It cannot be denied that fifteen or sixteen years ago, owing to the efforts of Yermoloff and Paskewitch, the Russian arms made some progress in Circassia, but since that period little has been gained beyond what was ceded by Turkey herself, and this part is even now contested. But the force entrusted to these two generals in Georgia and the Caucasus was the very best in the empire. It amounted in the former country to 40,000 men, of which 32,000 were infantry, 1200 dragoons, and 6000 Cossacks. In the Caucasus were two batteries of artillery with a corps of 24,000. Over these armies the military governor of the province had the power of life and death. He was independent of the ministers—corresponded directly with the emperor, and sent in what accounts he pleased. But even with this despotical and czar-like power accorded to the generals, and a quicker promotion conceded to the army, the Russian troops made little progress, and under Rosene and Williamow the war is a mere affair of outposts. From all this it may be inferred that the military power of Russia is not so formidable as it is generally deemed in England and France, and it may be further concluded that there is something radically vicious and defective in the military organization of Russia. Nor is this inefficiency, in fact, and exaggeration as to numbers of the Russian army, redeemed or obviated by a better arrangement or organization of the force than prevails in other countries. The following account of that organization is, we have every reason to think, as nearly accurate as the nature of circumstances will permit:

Four regiments of sixteen battalions form a division, and three divisions one corps. Each regiment of the line, with its war complement, is rated at 4000, and is divided into four battalions.

"To each regiment also are four colonels, or

more properly lieutenant-colonels, one of whom is always with the reserve, as the regiment is commanded by one officer only. Those of the cavalry have eight squadrons on service, and one hundred men in each, with a reserve of two squadrons, which are always quartered in the south of Russia. There are three lieutenant-colonels to each regiment. The numerical strength of these regiments depends much upon their being in actual service, those quartered in the distant parts of the empire not being always filled up, though the colonels are said always to take the benefit of their complement by drawing the full pay. The sole advantage of the arrangement is, that there is one colonel instead of two, but this again is counterbalanced by putting a stop to promotion, and rendering the officers discontented with the service. The size of the regiment is an imitation of the Austrian system, and was even carried to a greater height in the time of the Czar Peter, whose regular army at first was composed of only two regiments, commanded by Gordon and Lefort, the one amounting to 12,000, the other to 5000 men.

The regiments are thus divided :

The Imperial Guard.

The Grenadier Corps—including three divisions of infantry of twelve regiments; one division of light cavalry of four regiments; two batteries of horse artillery and fifteen of foot.

Six corps of the line—each of three divisions of infantry of four regiments (two being of a regiment of four active battalions), one division of light cavalry of four regiments, fifteen batteries of foot, and two of horse artillery; comprising in all twenty-four regiments of light cavalry, seventy-two of infantry, twelve batteries of horse, and ninety of foot artillery.

Three corps of cavalry of the reserve—each corps has two divisions, each of four regiments; in all twenty-four regiments, with seventy-two batteries of horse artillery. Two, or perhaps three reserve corps of the line, each of three divisions of three, or perhaps four battalions, with two batteries of horse and two of foot artillery; each battalion in war time amounts to 1000 men, but only half as much in time of peace.

Corps of the Caucasus—three divisions of infantry, one regiment of dragoons, and sixteen batteries of foot artillery.

Corps of Orenberg—one division of infantry of sixteen battalions, sixteen battalions of foot artillery.

Corps of Siberia—one division of infantry.

Corps of Finland—one division of infantry.

Troops of the Interior—fifty battalions of militia, ten battalions of sappers, and one division of horse artillery of nine battalions.”—*MS. Notes.*

There is also a skeleton battalion in the recruiting districts to supply the reserve. It is in the imperial guard that the steadiness, precision of movement, and discipline of the Russian army is chiefly exhibited. The parades of this regiment in the riding-schools, both of St. Petersburg and Moscow, are under the eye of the emperor himself. It is his favourite amusement to make these regiments go through their exercises, and it must be admitted, that the steadiness, carriage, and

exactness of the infantry of the guard *en parade*, come as near to perfection as possible. But soldiers on parade, and in the field, we need not tell our readers, are two very different things. The minuteness of a Russian drill is carried to a most incredible extent. It is an indispensable regulation, that the cartouche-box should hang on the same spot during their marching, and that their hand and finger should remain in one and the same position to keep it so. They have, also, a peculiar marching step, which, though it appears well enough on a parade-ground, would be impossible on a ploughed field. It consists, not only in taking a long step, but lifting up each foot alternately to a higher level than the knee. The identity of movement through a line of 1800 men is, notwithstanding, astonishing. Their hands, feet, and eyes, are so simultaneously brought into play, that it has to a spectator the effect of a puppet moved into action by the pulling of a spring. It may be freely admitted, that neither the English nor the French soldiery practise these trifling *minutiae* which harass and perplex the soldier without adding to his science, skill, or efficiency, but whether, on this account, they are less brave or efficient, it would be idle to inquire. The Russian line have not that perfection of soldier-like appearance which is apparent in the guard, neither have they their *physique*, or carriage. They are coarsely and indifferently clad, their dress hanging loosely about them, while the guard, padded and pinched in, are under heavy obligations to the tailor's art. But the armies of the line are well kept; they have a steady tread and look, and appear hardy and capable of much endurance. Whether from the influence of the climate, or from the severity of the service, they have, as well as the guards, a dried tawny complexion, which, however, is not observable among the serfs. As the Russian guards are the picked men and most disciplined force in the Russian service, it will be necessary to give a more detailed account of their organization.

“The Russian Imperial Guard of Infantry consists of three divisions, each regiment of which has three battalions, and is composed in war time of 5000 men, one fifth of which form a reserve.

FIRST DIVISION.

1st Brigade;

Regiment (*polk*) *Predvazinsky* (*polk*) was originally formed by Peter the Great, and composed of all his youthful associates. It was in this regiment that he rose from the rank of a drummer to that of an officer—a rule of promotion which he caused to be observed by all the nobility who served.

Regiment *Simionofsky polk*, also instituted by

the Ozar for the attendants of the above nobles.

2d Brigade;

Ismailofsky, raised to commemorate the capture of Ismail from the Turks, under Suwarrow.
Iagerski—battalion of sappers and miners.

SECOND DIVISION.

3d Brigade:

Moscovski polk, regiment of Moscow.
Grenaderski polk, " Grenadiers.

4th Brigade:

Paulovski, or regiment of Paul, formed by him, when he was Grand Duke, at Gatschina, and one of his playthings. On his accession he incorporated it with the guards, much to their disgust. They wear a sugar-loaf cap, of the time of Frederick the Great, with a brass plate in front, which is pierced with one or two musket holes, 'just for the look of the thing;' another whim of Paul's.

Finlands polk.—These also wear similar caps.

THIRD DIVISION.

5th Brigade:

Litorski polk, i. e. (Lithuania.)
Volynski (Volhynia.)

Regiment of Marines.

Battalion of Finland Riflemen. *Chasseurs*.

Battalion of Veterans of the Garrison.

Foot Artillery. Three Brigades (with a drill battalion) each Brigade of four battalions.

Regiment of Engineers.

Company of Congreve Rockets.

The Cavalry of the Imperial Guard consists of one division of *Cuirassiers* and two of Light Cavalry. Each regiment is composed of six squadrons, 120 men in each, with one squadron (as they call it) of young horses for a reserve. A certain number in each regiment of *Cuirassiers* are armed, besides the usual weapons, with a lance, which, however, is too short, and has no counterpoise, so that it is grasped in the middle, by which the advantage of its length is lost.

FIRST DIVISION OF CUIRASSIERS.

1st Brigade:

Regiment of *Chevalier Guards*, or Life Guards of the Empress. They have no less than five uniforms, one resembling much our own Life Guards. Their ordinary one is of blue and silver.

Regiment of *Garde à Cheval*, or Horse Guards. These have the *entrée* to and guard the emperor's apartments. Their full dress is of blue and gold.

2d Brigade:

Regiment of *Cuirassiers* of the Emperor.
Regiment of *Pontooneers* and *Pioneers*.

FIRST DIVISION OF LIGHT CAVALRY.

1st Brigade:

Regiment of Horse Grenadiers.

Regiment of *Hulans* Lancers.

Regiment of Cossacks of the Don (*Atamanski polk*, or Regiment of the Hetman—the heir-apparent of Russia). This regiment is relieved by another every year, of which all the men and officers must be Cossacks.

Their seat is just like that of a jockey, for they support themselves on their stirrups, and their usual pace is a long trot. They ride, what is called *short*.

Company, i. e. Squadron of Cossacks of the Black Sea.

Company of Circassians, or *Tcherkess*; are all *khans*, and rank as *ecuyers* or nobles. They come from the Caucasus and serve three years, and are then sent back to their homes, and relieved by their countrymen. They are clad in chain-armour, and are remarkable for their feats of horsemanship and skill with their weapons; for instance, they place a piece of paper on the ground and send a ball through it at full gallop; they jump on and off their horse when at full speed, in which they are much assisted by their seat, the stirrup on one side being much shorter than the other; and they perform various other feats, such as are practised by the Irregular Horse in India. The officers are distinguished by a quiver of arrows at their side.

Company of the Tartars of the Crimea.

Both the last two corps are *Mussulmanns*, and have only the pay, not the privileges of the Guards.

SECOND DIVISION OF LIGHT CAVALRY.

1st Brigade:

Regiment of Dragoons (which Lord Londonderry considered, when he was at St. Petersburg, to be the most perfect, and best appointed regiment of the Guards.)

Regiment of *Hulans* of the Grand Duke Michael.

2d Brigade:

Regiment of *Hulans* of Grodvo.

Company of Cossacks of the Ural.

Company of Troopers which have not the privilege of the Guards.

Company of *Gendarmes*.—*MS. Notes*.

The guard has not in peace time its full complement, for three or four of the regiments of infantry and cavalry do not properly belong to that corps. These regiments have, therefore, not the privileges, but only the pay of the guards during their stay at St. Petersburg, so that the total number of guards may be computed at 42,000 men only. To this force are added, in war-time, or even on the occasion of a review, several supernumerary regiments which swell the force to 60,000 men. Among the additions may be reckoned two *regimens de modèle* or drill regiments, one of cavalry and one of infantry, each being composed of two officers and ten men from every several regiment throughout the army. They have triple pay, and are changed every year and sent back to their respective corps to teach them the improvements of the capital. The privates are promoted to the rank of *sous-officiers*, i. e. non-commissioned officers. A regiment of carabineers is sometimes added to the corps. It occasionally happens that the regiment of the Emperor of Austria, of the

King and Prince Royal of Prussia, are appointed to this duty; for these royal and princely personages not only give their names but command as colonels their own regiments; and there is also a regiment, among the rest, belonging to, and bearing the name of the Duke of Wellington.

The Cossacks are said to be divided into 146 regiments, each of 800 men. To these may be added the irregular force composed of Bashkirs and Calmucks, whose number has been computed to be about as much again. But the numerical strength of this force is uncertain, and the force itself not to be depended upon. Before we proceed to sum up the total and effective force of Russia, it will be necessary to give some account of the irregular tribes that swell the amount; and first among them we must reckon the Kozak or Cossack, a Turkish word for Tartar, or robber on horseback, and now used for an irregular body of horse, and sometimes even for militia. The Cossacks are divided into several distinct tribes. Having been transported from their original resting place on the Don to other localities where they might be employed as a defence of the boundaries of the empire, their numbers were gradually increased by fugitives, driven to lead a wandering life either for crime or conscience sake. The Cossacks were, within the last twenty years, composed of Russians, Poles, Lithuanians, Tartars, and Turks. Each tribe had, till within the last century, to perform military service, in consideration for which they enjoyed certain privileges, elected their own officers, and especially their attaman or hetman. But they received no pay, lived altogether by plunder, and made themselves notorious only for the daring and predatory services which they performed, in the wake of the Russian armies. Attracting, however, the notice of the military authorities, they were ultimately formed into regiments, disciplined, and mixed with Russians. In losing, however, their distinctive character and nationality, they lost their chief merits. The receipt of regular pay led them to St. Petersburg and Moscow, and caused them to enter into all the frivolous and turbulent gaieties of these capitals. They soon became voluptuous and enervated, incurred debts, and were thenceforth in the power and under the thumb-screw of the government. Flattered by military decorations and orders, some among the leaders surrendered the last remnant of their independence; and at the death of Platow yielded to the crown the appointment of attaman or hetman. This title is now conferred on the heir apparent. It may be answered that in the time of

Catherine, Potemkin had held the office of hetman of the Cossacks. But Potemkin had shared their perils and fatigues, had raised the character of the Russian army, gained the confidence of the Russian soldier, and secured the lasting affections of the Cossacks by allowing them to fight with their own weapons in their own fashion. The greatest proportion of the aboriginal Cossack tribe now occupy themselves in fishing, in tending cattle, and breeding horses. They have entirely lost their military character. They are looked on by the best Russian officers as an inefficient and cowardly body, and are said to retain nothing of their former character but a love of plunder. They are principally employed at present in performing the duties of police and gendarmes. Their uniform is light, easy, and soldier-like, and is sought to be generally introduced throughout the cavalry by Field Marshal Sacken, who is desirous of transforming that branch of the service into a body of light horse. The remaining tribes of the Cossacks, including those of the Don, who were a distinct race, have now spread to the Ukraine. The Bog and the Black Sea or Tchernomorskoi Cossacks have been of great use in the wars against Turkey, and more recently have done good service against the Circassians, whom they are said to resemble in stratagem and address.

The Cossacks of the Volga have mostly transformed themselves into peaceable burghers, but the tribes of Grubenskoi, Orenburg, the Ural mountains, and of Siberia, retain all their wild and savage propensities. They are now so numerous and extended that they are looked upon by Russia as a great engine, to be worked in case of any attempt on India. They dwell, or rather encamp, on the farthest and southwest boundaries of the empire, and have also been of great service against the Circassians, as well as against the roving tribes around and in the deserts. They are able to distinguish their own men at a great distance by certain signs, such as wheeling their horses in a peculiar manner, so that, at any visible distance, they know whether the party approaching are friends or foes. They have all the acuteness of their race. This is exemplified by an anecdote often related in Moscow by General Prince Troubetzkoi, who held a command before Schumla in 1811. On visiting the outposts, he was told by a Cossack sentry that the Turkish force had been augmented. The general, however, was incredulous, for he could see no indications of such an event, but the Cossack insisted that there had been a reinforcement during the night, and gave as a

reason that he had marked a spot of ground before him, with a tree between him and the enemy, and that one branch, the day before, just reached to the end of the camp, but that it was now a little way beyond it. The sequel proved that he was correct, for the Russians found an overwhelming force opposed to them, and were obliged to retire in disgrace. The greatest management is required to keep these different Cossack tribes in order. The future peace, safety, and prosperity of Russia depend in a great degree on their civilisation. Of unsettled character, lovers of change, and of the marvellous, they have, hitherto, given an eager support to every impostor who has appeared among them. They afforded a ready aid to the Strelitz, supported the cause of the false Demetrius, and of the Pugatschef, as well as the bolder design of the rebel Shenko Rosan, whose object it was to establish an independent sovereignty at Astracan.

The Calmoucks, another of the principal tribes, have now become civilized, education being now general among them. They can read and write, and are said to be accurate and even eloquent. They have still retained some of their warlike propensities and their personal courage; qualities which ought almost to be hereditary to them, as they are descended of the Huns of old, and of the Mongols of Genghis Khan. They are, luckily, restrained within the salt deserts and the tract of country about the Caspian Sea.

The Bashkirs are a wandering and warlike tribe, Mussulmans by religion, and plunderers by profession. They lead a pastoral life, and are rich in flocks. Their weapons are bows and arrows, and many of them wear armour. The Khirgizes, from the borders of China, are similarly armed, and have the same pursuits. They are rich in flocks and herds, and dwell in their deserts, 280 leagues from the Attock.

Among the foreign auxiliaries incorporated with the Russian army are a few regiments raised by Paskevitch in Persia. These, though Mussulmans in religion, did good service against the Turks. Two of these regiments were quartered at Warsaw a few years ago. They still retain their native dress and seat on horseback. There is also a body of Circassians incorporated in the Russian service. As an irregular force they have distinguished themselves by their courage, address, and ferocity, both against the Poles and the Turks. While serving with the Russian army they have various privileges, and are, after a certain service, sent back to their own tribes, now in sub-

jection to Russia, and are replaced by others of their countrymen, to whom they can enlarge upon the wealth, luxury, and power of the Imperial Court. This corps, which is of the tribe of Tcherkasses, is under the command of its own sultaun, or chief. Some idea of the lives and habitudes of these men before their subjection to Russia may be formed from the confession of the old sultaun or chief, who declared that he had not taken off his armour for twenty-five years, having been all that time in a state of perpetual warfare, not only with his immediate neighbours, but with Russia, Turkey, and Persia. Ferocity and disregard of life are prominent traits in the character of these Circassians. During the Polish insurrection, a village had been roused to revolt by its pastor, and had in a skirmish killed one of the principal Circassian khans. The body was borne off with some difficulty and risk, but the attempt was to be made, as the Circassians consider it a disgrace to leave the dead body of one of their tribe in the hands of an enemy. On the following night a signal was sent round the Russian camp, and a body of five hundred Tcherkasses was soon collected. They proceeded to the village, and after cutting to pieces a battalion of one thousand Polish infantry, not only burnt the village to the ground, but put all its inhabitants, men, women and children, to the sword. For some time after they were occupied in selling for a mere trifle the spoil of ear-rings, trinkets, &c., which they had collected, and to which were appended the ears and fingers of their former possessors. Some of these khans speak very tolerable French, enter into society and adopt European manners.

Having given the best account we could procure of the different regiments and supernumerary troops, we will now enter on the question of the numerical strength which Russia is able to bring forward. One of the reasons why Russia is generally but erroneously considered as the most gigantic power in Europe, arises from the circumstance of her maintaining the greatest portion of her force, and the most complete in discipline and *matériel*, on her frontiers; a policy that took its rise in the time of Elizabeth, whose minister, Bestuchef, impoverished the kingdom, and weakened its centre by the large force he kept upon the borders. It should also be recollected that it was formerly the custom, and indeed the habit has prevailed till within the last thirty years, to include under the head of military, all who drew pay under a military title. And when it is considered that most of the titles conferred by the emperor are of a military nature, it is

not difficult to divine by what means the amount of the Russian armies is swelled out. The official returns raise the numerical force of Russia to the astonishing amount of 1,020,000 men, and not including the reserves, to 989,000, though there is another statement which reduces it to 862,000. Some military writers there are indeed, who would reduce the army of Russia to 400,000 men, but this is an obvious error; for it cannot be supposed that with her population and extent of territory, Russia is inferior in numerical strength to either France, Austria, or Prussia, whose forces, with their national guard or landwehr, approach to, if they do not amount to that complement. When, moreover, it is remembered that Russia has been acquiring not only an immense increase of territory, but also of population, that her finances have increased, as well as her mineral and material wealth—we may well accord to her a number of efficient troops amounting to 600,000 or to 640,000 men at the very utmost.

The official accounts from 1818 to the present time would almost double that number.

To begin with that of the year 1818, we find no less than 102 regiments of infantry, not including 58 battalions in garrison, and the army in Poland, and which are thus summed up.

11 Regiments of grenadiers, 4075 each .	} 51,048
3 " " " from 1000 to 3000 each .	
59 " of musketeers	
15 " of ditto	139,592
2 " of arquebusiers	16,653
9 Corps of chasseurs	5,879
3 Battalions of ditto	35,928
	2,994

Of cavalry there are 48 regiments, and 22

of disciplined Cossacks, with 19 of artillery. The irregular force is not here brought in.

5 Regiments cuirassiers	5,490
12 Dragoon squadrons	23,574
16 Carabineers	16,352
6 Hussar squadrons	2,722
4 Chasseurs à cheval	7,352
5 Light horse	6,282
6 Ukraine regiments	6,282
16 Cossack "	30,888

Let us now compare this statement with that of Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa; and with the aid of a little recapitulation we shall be able to draw up a table wherein the several amounts of forces may be summed up together. We must first bear in mind that the *full complement* ought to be 4000 men in four battalions, one of which is supposed to be in reserve; and of cavalry 1000, and in ten squadrons, of which two form a reserve; that four regiments of infantry of sixteen battalions make one division (16,000 men), and the same number of regiments make one division of cavalry of 4000 men, which gives to the corps (made up of three divisions) 48,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry. Of these corps there ought to be twelve of infantry (two of which, however, have each but three battalions, and make up only 3600). To this may be added of extra troops, such as militia and sappers, 24,000 of the one and 10,000 of the other; but neither the army in Poland nor the guard is included. There are also thirteen divisions of cavalry, not including the forty-six regiments of Cossacks, each of 800 men. Of the artillery, engineers, &c., there are twenty-nine regiments which make up 150 batteries of foot and forty-one of horse, including twelve of the former and four of the latter, which form a part of the Imperial Guard. The whole may be summed up:

	1818.	Statement of the Duke de Ragusa.	Official.	Official.	Probable Amount.
Infantry	252,094	552,000	641,354	520,000	330,000
Ditto in garrison	82,393	..	77,000	300,000	..
Army in Poland	46,000	50,000	50,000	50,000	50,000
The guard	60,000	50,000	50,000	50,000
Cavalry	10,000
Cavalry	58,724	40,000	118,141	240,000	170,000
Ditto, Cossack regulars of the Don, and the Ukraine	37,170
Cossack Gendarmes	22,216	10,000	..
Cossacks of the Don	24,976
Bashkirs, Calmucks, and Cossacks	121,625	86,800	105,534
Artillery	38,110	40,000	47,088	60,000	40,000
Totals	683,308	838,800	1,069,117	1,230,000	640,000

This force is recruited by a conscription, or rather an ukase, an order emanating from the emperor himself, stating the number of serfs required from each noble proprietor. The number used to be two in five hundred every third year, but the amount of course depends upon the exigencies of the service. Should there not be men enough in one estate for furnishing its share of the quota, the representative of the nobles causes the proprietors to draw lots, in order to supply the deficiency, and the proprietor on whom the lot falls receives a compensation (in money) from the rest of the nobles. Neither does he lose anything by his serfs being selected, for the remaining serfs are obliged to make up the annual sum that they have agreed to pay him, and every village has a common chest for furnishing clothes, &c., for the recruits. Every serf on entering the army is nominally free, that is, he belongs only to the emperor. His beard is cut off, and he is looked upon by his friends as lost to them. The very worst set are picked out by their masters. The soundness of their teeth as well as of their limbs is essential to their being accepted, but the pay of the Russian soldier is so small—he is treated so badly—the commissariat and the medical staff are so neglected—the difference of climate from one end of the kingdom to the other is so great—for it is the custom here (as elsewhere, in Austria, &c.) to send the recruits of one country to another very distant one—that many are not fit for regimental duty after the fifth year, and the service is naturally so disliked on that account that the serfs often maim themselves to avoid it. When this is discovered the offending party incurs a penalty of exile and hard labour in Siberia. The period of service in the guards is twenty years (lately twenty-two), but after eighteen years, if the soldier has behaved well, he is allowed to return on an extended furlough. The service in the line is twenty-five years, but they also may be *en retraite* after twenty. In the guards the last ten years are passed in fulfilling the duties of sergeant or non-commissioned officer, which afterwards gives to the guardsman the rank of an officer. Twenty years service was formerly required in the line to attain to that rank, but now if a peasant has served twelve years, and can read and write, he gets promotion; but this very rarely happens. There are places in military hospitals and government offices for the retired veterans with small pensions. The officers, however, are not thus provided for. On attaining the rank of general officer they become superannuated, and are put aside so many every year. The army list would, under any other

circumstances, be swelled to an immense extent with generals. These officers are sometimes allowed certain privileges, have the right of wearing the uniform, and if they have interest are placed in the various boards, military, naval and civil. It is not therefore necessary that the official should have the least aptitude for the duties imposed upon him. Sometimes a major-general who had never seen a ship in his life is placed in a naval office, while occasionally an admiral is transformed into a general officer. Prince Menzikof, governor of Finland, and Prince Tchitchagof, the blundering opponent of Napoleon, are instances of these magical transformations not brought about by the wand of a harlequin, but the right divine operation of an imperial ukase. The retired soldiers are also placed in the military colonies. Their children as well as those of the sailors are educated in the regimental schools by government. They are born free, an illusory privilege which they derive from their parents.

The military colonies owe their origin to General Arachief, who was originally a drill sergeant in the reign of Catharine, and was made adjutant of the Grand Duke Paul's artillery, when it amounted to *two pieces*. On the accession of the imperial madman, he was advanced to the rank of general. After the murder of the czar, Arachief erected a monument to his memory. This attracted the notice of Alexander, who admired his fidelity, and employed him in consequence during the French invasion, in which he is said to have distinguished himself. He then got a contract for making a portion of the Moscow road, whereon he obliged his serfs to work on a military system. Alexander went to inspect his grounds, and was so well pleased with what he saw, that he gave orders for adopting the same plan on the crown lands. Arachief soon became his greatest favourite. He was the only person in Russia who wore the emperor's portrait, which takes precedence of all orders, and became ultimately the most powerful person in the empire next to the emperor himself. In the present reign, he fell into disgrace, and is now living in retirement in some part of the continent—furnishing not an uncommon example of the rise and downfall of favouritism, whether in the East or in Russia. The object of the military colonies was to form a substitute for the system of recruiting by a kind of militia. This militia were dispersed in villages on the crown lands, 200 men forming a village. Four villages made up a battalion. Each soldier had a cottage and piece of ground with a wife provided for him; the

boys were to fill vacancies in the army, and the girls were to be married to the new colonists. These were, at the same time, to be agriculturalists, so as to be enabled by their husbandry to maintain their families, and to cost the government nothing. Two days were given up by them to working on the public roads or buildings. Everything was conducted by military rule and method. It was calculated that if 100,000 men were so colonized, the government could have, in forty years, an immense number of soldiers ready trained. But the colonists were not allowed to follow their own plans in husbandry, and were subjected to such severe discipline, that finding themselves with arms in their hands, they rose in a body in two or three instances, once, for example, in 1831, after the Polish war, when they had been much oppressed by the regulations taken to avoid the cholera. The colonies in Europe were those at Novgorod, where there were 40,000 foot, and at Cherson and Poltawa, which had each 1500 horse. These establishments, as may be imagined, have proved failures. Nothing is now heard on the subject of colonies, and everything connected with the scheme is hushed up by government. Another plan adopted by the government was that of having males of fifty years of age as master colonists, to each of whom were allotted forty acres of ground, to support a soldier and his family who assisted him. This soldier had three days' duty for a period of twenty-five years; and, moreover, had to support another soldier to supply his place, with a view to form an army of reserve.

Every officer in the Russian army has to serve a certain time as a private, with the single exception of the son of Prince Paskevitch, who, in consideration of the merits of his father, received his *brevet d'officier* when at school. Each officer has also to go through the duties of a *bas officier*, or *porte enseigne*, for two years before he can become an officer; but if he has a degree from an university, which is gained by a year's residence, the probationary period is shortened to six months. A merchant's son is obliged to wait four years, and twelve are requisite before he can rank as a *sous officier*, or subaltern. These changes have been introduced during the reign of Nicholas, the present emperor. Before his time the rank of the father was a claim for the son on entering the service. For instance, if a general had a son when he was corporal, the latter could only enter as a corporal, but his youngest brother, born after his father was a lieutenant, entered as a noble, and the son of a staff officer was entitled to the rank of a superior officer.

The army is paid in silver roubles whenever they pass the frontiers of Russia; and as the value of the silver rouble is four times that of the paper rouble, which is only worth a franc, every war is more or less popular, as well as more expensive to government. By this the spirit of aggression and the desire for active service are kept up. The ordinary rate of pay for the privates of the guards is thirty-eight roubles, thirty-seven shillings and seven pence per year, of which a third is received every four months. The guardsman has a grade and allowance above those of the line. The pay of the line is according to their standing and character, the best receiving twenty-seven roubles, and the inferior getting only twenty-one. This is, however, an increased rate of pay, for it was originally as low as six, and was then augmented to ten roubles twelve kopecks, making about eight shillings and six-pence!!!

The ensign's (*Praporshik*) pay amounts to 450, or 19*l.*, with 300 for quarters, out of which his uniform costs him 150. The cornet receives 500 and the same allowance for quarters, which is the usual sum given to the first and second lieutenants, the second and first captains, and the second majors. The former receives also 500, the first lieutenant 600, and the other three each 100 more than the other, which raises the second major's pay to 900. A lieutenant-colonel and major, if *chef de bataillon*, is allowed 900 with 500 for quarters and forage. A lieutenant-colonel commandant has 1000, with 2000 for his table, for he is expected to entertain his officers, and 600 for quarters; while the colonel (*Polkovnik*) receives 1200, with 3000 for his table, as there is no mess, and his aides-de-camp generally live with him. He has, moreover, 600 for quarters, a sum but little exceeding that received by a captain in the guards, who is allowed, as colonel, 4000 roubles per annum. The major-generals receive 2000 as pay, 4000 for their tables, and 1500 for quarters, amounting in all to about 300*l.* a-year. No officer is admitted into the guards unless he can prove that he has enough to maintain himself independently of his pay. Many officers of the guards hardly ever touch their miserable stipend, as it is mostly expended in treating their men whenever they are on duty, and what remains is swallowed up in regimental expenses, including the doctor!! chaplain! band, and the better equipment of the soldiers, especially those promoted to be officers.

In the cavalry they send their richest subs for remounts. They are allowed 360 roubles for each animal, but they seldom

get any horses at a cost below 1500 to 1000. This charge they pay out of their own pockets. Surprising as it may appear, this is an appointment eagerly sought for by the subs. Promotions are made by seniority and service, and the rank of two of the same class depends, as with us, on the date of their commission. Most of these officers are in debt, but they have every facility for raising money from there being no *majorats*, or entails, in the country, all the children sharing alike.

The privates of the guard are all picked men, selected from all the regiments, and if not approved they are exchanged at the expense of the colonel who sent them, for formerly, indeed, not twenty years ago, the colonels were, naturally, anxious to keep their best men, and, in order to do so, made them personal servants, or sent them for a pretence into hospitals, or made them affect lameness, &c.

Each recruit is obliged to learn some trade. By this means he earns sufficient for his private comforts; but, though an artisan, he must always be in uniform. The same strict rule applies to his officer. If the latter were ever seen by his colonel or by any of superior rank in the army, out of uniform, he would be degraded by a court-martial to the rank of a private. If the recruits are quartered in the provinces living is cheap to them, especially at Tobolsk in Siberia, where the soil is fertile, and the climate mild and equal. They receive rations of black bread, of rye, barley, lard, pork, rice, and salt, much of which is withheld from them by their officers, who billet them in towns, and force the landlords to feed them. Once a year each man gets cloth for two shirts and white trousers, with leather for their boots; but so great is their management, that by dint of patching, they contrive to make the old boots last a long time, and dispose of most of their leather. If a button, or any part of his metal appointments is lost, the soldier is obliged to replace it. He has also to furnish himself with pipe-clay, blacking, and pumice-stone. They are allowed two suits a year in the guards, while one in the line is made to last two years; and the colonel receives a sum of money instead from the contractor, as well as for the hay and corn provided for his men. Each regiment has what is called an economy-chest, made up of the savings of rations, forage, appointments, and plunder in the field of battle, and this also is robbed by their colonels, who, with fraudulent contracts, false muster-rolls, &c., make up for the original scantiness of their pay, and are thus enabled to keep up the appearance of

men of fortune. This is no exaggeration, but is proved daily. It were needless to dilate upon the well-known case of General Gendre in 1821, who kept back the money given him to furnish horses for the light cavalry; but it may be allowed to us to bring forward two cases that occurred, the one during the grand review at Kalisz, in 1835, the other at the cavalry review at Vosnosensk, two years later. In the former, the emperor happened to be passing down the encampment, when two soldiers presented themselves before him, and in the name of their regiment complained that they got only bread for their rations, and that of an inferior quality. They were ordered to prove the charge the next day on parade. When the time came they were not forthcoming, and could not be found. The emperor was furious, ordered any one in the ranks who could give evidence to come forward, and declared that he would protect him. Two soldiers at once stepped out, and repeated the charge. They were given over to the especial charge of one of the czar's own aides-de-camp, who was to answer with his person for their safety. On examination their statement was found to be perfectly correct. The colonels of that and of some other regiments were degraded and sent off to Siberia. The same thing happened to three general officers at Vosnosensk, who underwent the same punishment. It is, however, it appears, a dangerous game to play, for the weaker is sure to suffer, while the more powerful have sufficient interest to prevent any charge being brought before the emperor against themselves.

The leading principle of Russian military justice is, as we learn from the 'Revelations of Russia,' that the superior officer can never be in the wrong. An instance of this was shown in the case of Major-General Timofieff, who was notorious not only for his cruelties, but for his gambling propensities. Timofieff used to compel the officers of his brigade to pay him for his losses. Colonel Descours, and some others, remonstrated. An inquiry was ordered, and the infamous conduct of Timofieff clearly proved. But the minister of war decided, that military discipline did not allow of a superior officer's being punished for his conduct to those under him. Descours and his party were, therefore, all cashiered, and some of them degraded, while Timofieff was made a lieutenant-general. The respect and adulation paid by scions of the highest families to their superior officers, even in the salons and ball-rooms, would scarcely be credited. Subalterns assume

the parade attitude on being addressed by a superior officer. Indeed, so much are the minutiae of the service looked to, even in society, that between the quadrilles the officers are frequently seen to buckle on their swords again, and hold their hats by their sides in military precision. This respect or fear towards superiors is carried throughout the whole service. The life of a military man is one long perpetual drill. No private dares to be covered within the sight of an officer, though the street may be a mile long. After the bell hung in front of every *corps de garde* has rung, the guard on duty is obliged to turn out at a moment's notice, and salute his superior. The common military punishment inflicted on the soldier, independent of the blows or kicks he may get from his officers, is by blows of the sabre, by the 'verges,' or switches, or by the baton, stripped to his shirt. The rewards are distributed in the shape of medals, orders, and ribbons, which though common to a proverb, are yet eagerly sought for by all. The miniature of the emperor, set in diamonds, takes precedence over all orders. It is only worn by Marshal Paske-witz, Prince of Erivan and Warsaw, and Prince Pierre Volkonski, chamberlain of the imperial household. Volkonski commands a company of grenadiers who have served without fault for twenty-five years; and none of whom have less than six medals, commemorating their campaigns in France, Paris, Finland, Poland, Turkey, and Persia. They are a remarkably fine body of veterans.

The great cross of St. Andrew gives you a right to wear all the orders, except the first class of St. George, which is only given to a commander-in-chief who has won a battle over another of the same rank. These honours ascend in this succession, the first and lowest being the ribbon, the next above the star, the third, the cross around the neck, and the fourth, the highest, being the star on the left breast. The nationality of the Polish order has been done away with since the last struggle. It is now conferred on all Russians who have served in the campaign of 1831 against the Poles, and consists of a medal with a blue and black ribbon and a cross. There is, also, a separate medal for those who were present at the surrender of Warsaw.

The privates wear 'gallons,' or stripes on their arms, denoting the period of their service after five years, and, as well as their officers, have medals with their number marked on it. So great is the value of military rank, and so numerous are those who bear it, that the wives of none beneath the rank of general officers can be presented at

court, though they may have been there before marriage from the hereditary rank of their family. There is an instance of this mentioned in the 'Revelations of Russia,' in the person of Mademoiselle Kikine, at Moscow, a daughter of Sir R. K. Porter, who, as Princess Scherbatof, had always been received, but could not be so any longer after her marriage with a captain of the guard. A straw flung up (to use the words of Lord Bacon) will serve to indicate which way the wind blows; and so this anecdote, trifling in itself, may serve to indicate how the institution and usages of private society are formed in Russia to react on the army. It is military rank which obtains for the officer or wife the *entrée* at court—it is military rank which gives you the privilege of buying and selling serfs—it is military rank which allows you to transfer or dispose of property—it is military rank which gives you even civil station—for the civil service itself is distinguished by, and has a hierarchy of, military titles. Without military rank you are below zero—a cypher—a nonentity. The Russians themselves consider you as regards every social advantage, in a helpless state of infancy, a *nedorostok*, or one who has not done growing.

Whatever may be the character of the Russian soldier of the present day as an aggressive engine beyond his own frontier, there can be no doubt of his steadiness, patriotism, and devotion, as portion of a defensive force within the limits of his fatherland. Though his country, considering its extent, is comparatively bare of fortresses, yet perhaps its very extension is its security against an invading enemy. The Russians can always lay waste all the approaches to their own territory, and then fall back on their own resources. The courage of the Russian soldier was heretofore at least stern and steady. They distinguished themselves under Suwarof against the Poles and Turks, and also in Italy and Switzerland. Friedland, Eylau, and Borodino are almost within our own memory. The conduct of the Russian troops on these occasions requires no eulogium, though it certainly does not justify the character of them given by Frederick the Great, who used to say that to conquer a Russian you must first kill him. We are, however, inclined to think that the character of the Russian as a soldier has greatly degenerated since the days of Frederick, and the author of the 'Revelations in Russia' maintains with great show of reason that it has woefully deteriorated within the last twenty or thirty years. But however opinions may differ as to the value

and valour of the Russian soldier *abroad*, all agree in thinking that he would bravely and successfully defend his Hyperborean frontier against any invader. There is a great hatred of foreigners in Russia, and should a foreign army ever march over its frontiers, the 'whole of Russia Proper' would rise as a man to repel the invaders.' But, notwithstanding this prevalent national spirit, it is remarkable that the Russians have been mainly indebted for their military successes to the talent and energy of strangers. From the time of Peter the Great to the present day Russia can only count seven natives who rank even respectably as generals, namely, Galitzin, Dolgorucki, Romanzof, Suwarof, Kutusof, Yermoloff, and Paskewitz. Of the Russian marshals now living, the names of Wittgenstein, Sacken, Paskewitz, stand prominent; the two former for their services against Napoleon. Yermoloff and Schakowski are, however, the favourite generals of the Russian army. Yermoloff is thoroughly national. He governed Georgia with absolute power, and was the most successful general against the Georgians and Circassians.

But he was considered too formidable to be left there by the present emperor, and was replaced by Paskewitz. His disgrace was nominally owing to his allowing his soldiers to wear, because of the heat, the peculiar costume of the country, with sheepskins to protect them from the thick nightly dews, instead of the stiff buckled-up uniform. Paskewitz was sent to bring back things to accordance with the regulations prescribed at St. Petersburg. A great mortality ensued, which obliged him to try the effect of the two plans; when it was found that those who were clothed after Yermoloff's system stood the climate, while the others died off. Three years after Yermoloff had been recalled, his costume was re-adopted. His character stands high as a soldier, though his fame is tarnished by many cruel and oppressive acts. Like all the Russians, when in military possession of a country, he was not over particular about the conduct of his soldiers. The women of Georgia and the religious prejudices of the people were insulted and set at naught. On one or two occasions a Russian battalion was fired at on their march. In the first instance he cut off the right hand of the males in a whole village; in another, he put them to the sword. Some idea of his power may be formed, when it is stated that orders were sent to him from the Emperor Alexander to raise the price of posting, which he refused to execute, considering the measure to be impolitic. No notice was taken of this re-

fusal in a country where the orders of the emperor must be obeyed like those of God. In another instance, according to the author of the 'Revelations,' after he had won an engagement, he wrote to the emperor, demanding certain orders and rewards for his men, and one of the first class for his own aide-de-camp. They were sent in due course of time, but an inferior order to the one asked for was forwarded instead for the aide-de-camp, the emperor's order being destined for another, who happened to be of high family. Yermoloff, however, disposed of the order according to his own will and pleasure, and wrote to the emperor informing him of his mistake! Nor was any notice taken of this second dangerous interference with the despot's authority. Yermoloff was supposed to be implicated in the conspiracy of Pestel, was placed under surveillance, and retired from the service. But when the emperor visited Moscow he was desired by him to resume his rank and uniform. While he was employed in Georgia he sent one or two missions to explore the nature of the country and the character of the people among the deserts towards Bokhara, and he has drawn up with his own hand a plan for the invasion of India through Georgia, by means of the occupation of Constantinople. He is a fair-intentioned, well-informed, soldier-like man.

His rival, Paskewitz, who has been successively victor over the Persians, Circassians, Turks, and Poles, is called by the emperor the father marshal. He is a short, small man, nearly sixty-eight years of age, with small features and mean appearance. He is by some called a native of Little Russia, whilst others affirm that he is a Servian by birth. His sway in Poland is fully as absolute as that of the czar of Russia. He is perfectly independent of the Arch-Chancellor Nesselrode (concerning whose history the 'Times' fell into such a series of blunders), corresponds personally with the emperor, and merely sends the gross total of the revenue and expenses of his vice-royalty without any of the accounts. Though strict in his military rule, he is not harsh or oppressive over the people, but is said to be as fair and just as a Russian can be.

The other Russian generals best known to travellers are Czernicheff, minister of war, the two Orloffs, Denizoff, and Davidoff. Czernicheff has the reputation of being equally unprincipled and ambitious. He is reported to have denounced one of his friends to the emperor as having been acquainted with Pestel's conspiracy, and then to have asked for his estate. He is a handsome, soldier-like man. It was owing to

these qualities that he was so well received in the salons of Paris, where he contrived to worm out the secrets of the War Office. He is even said to have been a favourite of Josephine herself. The Orloffs are men of no talent, civil or military.

The distinguished officers of foreign origin or birth amount to more than double the number of native Russians. Such are Wittgenstein, Sacken Benkendorf (an honest but not over clever man), Roth, Rudiger Toll (an excellent engineer), Geismar, De Witt, Gerstenzweig, Berg, Jomini, and Rautenstrauch, commandant of Warsaw. These, with the exception of one (Jomini), are all Germans, and the introduction of so many officers of that nation deeply wounds the old Muscovite spirit. When Alexander asked Yermoloff how he could reward him after one of his successes, the bitter old Muscovite spirit broke out in the curt and contemptuous reply of 'Make me a German.'

The hasty sketch which we have given of the organization and *personnel* of the Russian army, does not profess to be full or complete (for we have extracted it hastily from a mass of disjointed matter), but it will afford to the reader a bird's-eye view of a power with whom the complications of events may perhaps sooner or later bring us in contact, whether as friends or foes. The national prejudices and superstitions of the Russian soldier are now in no degree less inveterate than they were half a century ago. He exhibits now as then the same blind, passive, unreasoning obedience, and looks on his czar as little less than his God, and on his general as the vicegerent of his czar. Believing that if he dies in battle fighting against his enemy he will be eternally rewarded in the world to come, he exhibits, when seconded by his officers, steadiness and resolution; but if his immediate superior falter or play the coward, there is little reliance to be placed on his own steadiness or valour. The Russian generals—even the best of them—have committed innumerable faults in the most warlike periods of their history, and less dependence ought undoubtedly to be placed at the present moment on the science and skill and valour of the officers of the Russian army, sensual and corrupt as they in the most part are, than at a juncture when they were barbarous and superstitious, without the disadvantages of being enervated, luxurious, and corrupt.

During the last hundred years the successes of Russia have been fully as much owing to the purse as to the sword, and to the knowledge that these generals were always supported, to use the words of a recent writer in the 'Morning Chronicle,'

well-informed on the subject of Russia, 'by the most unprincipled means, and by unblushing perfidy.'

Such is the account which we have received from the journal of a friend of the Russian army and military system, and though not a very favourable one, still it is far more favourable, and in some respects more minute and detailed in its statements, than the three chapters dedicated to the subject in the 'Revelations of Russia.' The author of this latter work, the most complete and perfect that ever has been published on Russia, fairly admits that the Russian infantry had attained great steadiness under Suwarof, but he denies that they exhibit this steadiness now, and maintains that, timid in their disposition, and feeble in their constitution, they can neither endure long marches nor resist the hardship of a campaign. Accustomed to a watery food, of which they require great quantities, they soon fall victims to famine, and diseases and epidemics rapidly thin their numbers when exposed to scarcity or fatigue. The officers are, he maintains, deficient in personal gallantry and intelligence (vol. ii. p. 42), insensible to honour, shamefully hiding themselves from fire (p. 45). Nor is it the higher officers only who exhibit these baser qualities; for neither do the Russian subalterns do their duty (p. 54). According to this author, indifferent as is the infantry, the cavalry is still more inferior (p. 60), nay even the vaunted guardsman is a miserable creature when not made up into shape and substance by the tailor's art (p. 63). The spirit of the army is, if possible, worse than the *physique*. Generally no Russian will accept a challenge, and men, therefore, find themselves obliged to put up with the grossest insults without any means of redress (p. 80). And since they do not lose *caste* by this unmerited dishonour, that which they may have merited, does not exclude them from the very circle which has witnessed it. Generally all ranks in the army are ignorant of their profession (p. 86), but the gaudy gilt gingerbread guardsmen are thorough featherbed soldiers, laugh at pretensions to hardihood, and ridicule the idea of men exposing themselves to more personal danger than can possibly be avoided in actual warfare;—a sentiment supplying the hidden thought to which no one dares give utterance, 'That it is folly to expose oneself for the advantage of one's worst enemy' (p. 86). Few volunteer for a distant dangerous service. The quality which is most esteemed, and insures promotion, is the martinet spirit and buckram stiffness;—but the Russian troops are, notwithstanding, far from going through the

great manœuvres with precision (p. 96). In all their formations they are slower and looser than the British (p. 96). Men pointed out as clever men in the artillery and engineer corps are often incredibly ignorant and unintelligent, though they can talk with fluency on any subject connected with their profession without compromising themselves (p. 97). That the Russian soldiers are even wretched manœuverers at a review, is plain from the fact that more men were accidentally killed and wounded in the sham battle at the camp of Kalisch, than in all the British operations on the coast of Syria, inclusive of the storming of Acre (p. 96). It is true the Russian soldier is cheap, and costs but £5 a year, but, as the author of the 'Revelations' judiciously remarks, 'in the estimation taken of European soldiers we are to calculate the cost of labour, and not the rate of wages; more work is done for a given price by the English soldier than by any in the world. Russia most strongly exemplifies the paradoxical truth which so many continental states more or less demonstrate, namely, how dear the low priced soldiers may be.'

It is the opinion of this author, too, that the actual military strength of Russia has diminished. It is doubtful whether she could now send forth an army as powerful as that which overran the north of Italy half a century ago. This is certainly no very flattering picture, but we believe it to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. In the complications of war, we may peradventure find the Russian soldier by our side, but though we may battle in the same cause, this circumstance cannot induce us to extend our approval to his military system or organization, still less to the spirit which actuates his army. Nor can the domestic constitution of Russia ever enlist the sympathy of Great Britain. The blood runs cold in reading the horrible details in these volumes—details almost incredible, had they not been given, to use a legal phrase, with all 'convenient certainty of time and place.' The subject is of too important and engrossing a character to touch on now, but we shall, in a future number, treat of the internal administration of Russia, and disabuse the public as to the gross errors set afloat by the 'Times,' concerning the Russian navy—errors disgraceful to any journalist, provincial or metropolitan, but criminal in a paper professing—whether for good or ill—to guide and govern public opinion.

ART. X.—1. *An Appeal to the British Nation in behalf of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, now in Captivity in Bokhara.* By CAPTAIN GROVER, Unattached. London: Hatchard. 1843.

2. *Letters of Dr. Wolff, written in the course of his Mission to Bokhara.* MS.

3. *Nachrichten über Chiwa, Buchara, Chokand und den nordwestlichen Theil des chinesischen Staates, gesammelt von dem Präsidenten des Asiatischen Grenz-Commission in Orenburg,* GENERAL MAJOR GENS, *bearbeitet und mit Anmerkungen versehen von GR. V. HELMERSEN.* (Information respecting Khiva, Bokhara, and the North-western part of the Chinese Empire, Collected by MAJOR GENERAL GENS, President of the Asiatic Frontier Commission in Orenburg, and edited and annotated by GR. V. HELMERSEN. St. Petersburg. 1839. From the Press of the Imperial Academy of the Sciences.)

WHEN an act of weakness or wickedness has been perpetrated, the consequences do not exhibit themselves all at once. The culprit, perhaps, for some time congratulates himself on his achievement, imagines he has performed something extraordinary, and, lending his own partialities and predilections to mankind, anticipates a golden harvest of fame. This appears to have been the case with our Tory cabinet, when they relinquished the vantage ground which had been gained in Afghanistan. They regarded the matter in one light only, namely as a reversal of the policy of Lord Palmerston. To take views different from his was, they thought, to triumph over him, to prove him wrong, to undermine his reputation for statesmanship, and ultimately to give 'a heavy blow and great discouragement' to the party of which he is one of the most distinguished leaders. But, to borrow a phrase from Lord Castlereagh, they halloo'd before they were out of the wood. Of all the great politicians throughout Europe, not one was found to coincide in opinion with them. Common sense forbade it. The Afghan expedition, one of the boldest political schemes that ever was planned, had rendered us masters of the great central citadel of Asia from which we might have dictated the terms of peace or war to all surrounding states. Russia beheld her grand projects arrested in mid career; France stood literally paralyzed with envy; Persia, Beloochistan, and all the petty governments of independent Tartary, lay absolutely prostrate at our feet. Even the Chinese empire already felt the shadow of our colossal power flung across its frontier, and

trembled at the aspect of the neighbour it had thus unexpectedly gained. Every man in Great Britain capable of reading accurately the signs of the times, and of looking ever so little forward into futurity, was haunted by the most painful solicitude lest some event might happen to remove from the helm of government before the great and glorious work should be completed, the man who had laid its foundations and who alone apparently possessed the wisdom and energy necessary to put the finishing hand to it. Unhappily for our fame and fortunes as a people, the machinations of faction, when events had arrived at this stage, succeeded in overthrowing the Melbourne ministry, when a few months longer of power would have elevated us to a pitch of grandeur unexampled in the history of mankind. Our authority was rapidly consolidating itself in Afghanistan. Even the disasters of Kabul, supposing them still to have occurred, would not have shaken us in the least. We should have put down insurrection; we should have extirpated utterly the hopes of the disaffected; we should have planted ourselves firmly in every strong place in the country; we should have commanded the passes, conciliated the towns and plains, and transformed the ignorant and savage inhabitants into civilized, peaceful, and industrious men.

The accession of the Tories at this juncture to office blasted all these fair prospects. The governor-general whom they sent out to India, a vain, rash, unreflecting novice, intent on imitating Napoleon in his bulletins and in his retreats, was precisely the best instrument that could have been selected to undo in a few short months what Lord Palmerston, by an extraordinary display of judgment and firmness, had in the course of many years accomplished. Nor was Lord Ellenborough a cool perpetrator of mischief. He executed his task with enthusiasm, inasmuch that he had scarcely landed on the shores of India before he concocted and issued a proclamation, ostentatiously insulting his predecessor, characterizing his measures as unjust and impolitic, and professing his resolution to relinquish, as speedily as possible, all the great advantages, all the influence, all the territory, all the commercial outlets and facilities, all the military renown which had, within the few preceding years, been acquired. With the ignominious and humiliating scenes which followed, the public are already but too well acquainted. Under the Liberals we had won empires, under the Tories we have lost them. Under the Liberals good fortune accompanied us everywhere, crowning our designs, poli-

tical and military, with success; under the Tories all we have acquired beyond the Indus is infamy, since all we have achieved has been to run away. Many of the results of this new policy are already apparent, but let no man persuade himself that he beholds them all. They lie thick, layer below layer, throughout the political depths of Central Asia, and will only become visible one by one as misfortune succeeds misfortune, and disgrace, disgrace.

One striking illustration of this truth has recently occurred at Bokhara. It will be remembered that, in the year 1838, Colonel Stoddart was despatched, by our minister at Teheran, to the petty state above-named on special service. He did not, as seems to be generally believed, receive his appointment immediately from Lord Palmerston. His lordship directed our ambassador at the court of Persia to select from among the officers under his control a person to be sent to Bokhara to perform a particular duty, the nature of which we shall explain. Russia, it is well known, has long been carrying on a vast and intricate system of intrigue in that part of the world for the purpose of approximating gradually its frontier to India, the conquest of which it has always looked forward to as the keystone of its political grandeur. The fact, we say, that such is the case, must be obvious to everybody. Few, however, are acquainted with the interior working of that extraordinary system. Few are familiar with the strange host of emissaries, Affghans, Armenians, Greeks, French, Germans, Poles, ay, and even Mohammedans from India, which the gold of the czar disperses through Turkestan to collect information and pave the way for conquest. About the beginning of the year mentioned above, a rich and numerous *kafila*, having traversed the province of Mazanderan and the desert steppes west of the Oxus, appeared on the frontier of the Bokhara territory. In this *kafila* there were three hundred Russians, the masters of much goods, designed, it was said, for the markets of Khokan, Kundooz, and Yarkand. It somehow or other transpired that these worthy traders, who exhibited, externally, few signs of wealth, were possessed, in reality, of immense treasures in gold. The news travelled like lightning through Turkestan. All the hordes of the desert were instantly in commotion, feeding their horses, furbishing their arms, and making all the necessary preparations for a dangerous *chupav*. Uzbecks, Kirghiz, Khivans, Toorks, even the mild and industrious Tajiks were, on this occasion, inspired by the lust of plunder. The very women and maidens of the tribes

craved permission to accompany their lords. When this host of marauders had made themselves ready, they took post on either side of a defile through which the *kafila* had to pass, and, in the narrowest part of the gorge, at night, when defence was difficult or impossible, burst upon the unsuspecting wayfarers and made them prisoners to a man. No blood, on this occasion, we believe, was shed. The riches of the *kafila*, gold and all, were equally divided among the captors, and the merchants—all, by some extraordinary chance, in the flower of their age—supplied for some time with slaves the principal markets of Central Asia.

A very extraordinary fact was now accidentally discovered. The supposed merchants, for the most part, were not merchants, but Russian officers, who simultaneously conceived the idea of travelling through those parts of the world in disguise, and simultaneously obtained his imperial majesty's permission so to do. To speak plainly, they were commissioned by the czar with the aid of gold to ingratiate themselves with the various Khans and Amirs of Turkestan, whose forces they were, if possible, to drill and exercise, with a view, no doubt, to render them more peaceable neighbours of the British in India. When these circumstances came to the knowledge of the British government, the statesman best able to turn them to account was fortunately in the foreign office. With his accustomed sagacity he quickly comprehended the affair in all its bearings. Russia, he could not doubt, had foreseen the possibility of what had actually happened, and if sufficient time were permitted, would not fail to profit by it. Her honour, she would say, was at stake. She would maintain the inexpediency of any great state's deserting its citizens; nor, at that time, had it been for her interest to act otherwise, could she have pleaded the example of England, for Lord Ellenborough had not yet expounded his new theory of abandoning prisoners of war to their fate, nor had Lord Aberdeen pushed the principle to its utmost consequences by abstaining from demanding satisfaction for the murder of ambassadors. Lord Palmerston, in short, perceived that Russia grievously wanted a pretext for moving a strong force upon the Oxus. He determined, therefore, to out-manceuvre the czar, and Colonel Stoddart was commissioned to ransom the Russian officers, or to prevail on the Amir to liberate them without ransom. The complete success of this undertaking deprived his imperial majesty, for the time, of all pretext for advancing upon Bokhara.

This done, Colonel Stoddart had other duties to fulfil, the nature and extent of which it would be beside our purpose to explain. Very different, and in some cases conflicting, accounts have been given of his proceedings during the early part of his residence at Bokhara. Certain, however, it is, that he was alternately in the highest favour and in the utmost disgrace with the Amir; now his principal adviser, almost his oracle, and now thrust into a damp dungeon, supplied scantily with food, exposed to insult, and threatened perpetually with loss of life. But what, it may be asked, occasioned these extraordinary vicissitudes? Was the Amir of Bokhara a lunatic? Or did Colonel Stoddart's character and behaviour vary so wonderfully as to justify the striking changes in the prince's conduct towards him. The causes of these seemingly unintelligible fluctuations lay far beyond the frontiers of Bokhara. When the army of the Indus, forcing its way through those difficult passes in which it was predicted it would be cut off, established British supremacy in Afghanistan, the politic Amir Nasr-Ullah turned a friendly eye upon his prisoner, discovered his complete innocence, and sought by rewards and honours not only to efface the memory of past harshness, but if possible to attach him firmly to his interests. Affairs wore this aspect so long as our arms continued triumphant in Afghanistan. The Amir was a shrewd man. He felt that the torrent of war which had already swept over the Durani empire might next pour down the Hindu Koosh and devastate the plains of Turkestan. He was therefore a zealous English partisan, deaf as an adder to the charming of Russia and Persia and the Barukzai chiefs. His utmost ambition was to be the ally of England, and perhaps, like the actual minister of the Punjáb, he would have applied himself to the study of our language, had suitable teachers been found at Bokhara.

These things we mention not by way of illustrating the character of Nasr-Ullah, nor simply for the purpose of throwing light on the position of Colonel Stoddart, who had by this time been joined by his friend, Conolly. Our intention is to point out to the public the powerful influence which we exercised throughout Central Asia while we remained masters of Kabul; and that influence, far from decreasing, would have been greatly augmented by every year's occupation of that commanding post. Nor should we insist at all upon this were it simply an honour barren of results. It was the very reverse. By modifying the opinions, thoughts, feelings, and tastes of those vast hordes and

nations who have in every age been the fabricators of empire in Asia, we should in all human probability have surrounded ourselves with friends and allies ready to carry out our political designs, to be supplied with innumerable necessities by our commerce, and to constitute the impregnable outposts of our Asiatic dominions. It is impossible to contemplate without mingled pride and shame the revolution we might have brought about in that part of the world, a revolution peaceable and progressive, effected rather by the force of our example than by the terror of our arms. It began to be felt that to be the enemy of England was synonymous with obscurity, poverty, exile. Dost Mohammed and his sons, driven from the thrones they had usurped, first wanderers in Turkestan, then prisoners, then captives in India, subsisting on our bounty, afforded living examples of this truth. Our friendship on the other hand carried every earthly blessing along with it. As we pulled down so we could build up thrones and kingdoms. The belief of invincibility attached to us. Up to that moment nothing in the East had ever been able to withstand our power. Then came the disasters of Kabul. All Asia seemed darkened by the news. The greatest state known to living men, or recorded in the annals of authentic history, was smitten and appeared to stagger under the blow. But even in the acme of the calamity, even when to ignorant observers we might have appeared prostrate, did the hordes of Central Asia accept the interpretation which many sought to give to the events that had occurred? Far from it. The Amir of Bokhara may be regarded as their representative. The Barukzai chiefs, in the intoxication of unlooked for success, despatched couriers to Nasr-Ullah, announcing the massacre which they denominated a victory, and conjuring him to join with them in utterly extirpating the English from Central Asia. They had many prisoners, they said, whom they designed immediately to put to death, and they exhorted him to follow the same policy and sacrifice the English officers then in his service. Nasr-Ullah followed their example and not their advice. Instead of killing he imprisoned the English officers, thinking it more than probable that other British armies would traverse the Indus, before which the Affghans would again be compelled to bend, and a detachment of which might peradventure call him to account for his proceedings, and reduce Bokhara and its dependent towns to ashes. What language he held on these occasions to Stoddart and Conolly we do not exactly know; probably he represented to

them that it would be imprudent in a prince situated as he was to incur the resentment of the Barukzais, who, sanguinary and revengeful as they were, might resolve, even at the hazard of ruin to themselves, to punish what they would regard as a lack on his part of religious zeal. Be this as it may, such was the conduct of the Amir.

Then succeeded the operations in the Khyber pass, the recapture of Kabul and Ghuzni, and all that brilliant succession of victories which have imparted an historical character to the names of Nott and Pollock and Sale. Our star it seemed plain was once more in the ascendant, and the Tartars, sullen, rapacious, and calculating, were ready once more to crouch at our feet, and to become, for good or for evil, the instruments of our power. The emissaries of Russia, who, during the temporary cloud under which we moved, had come forth from their hiding places and resumed their habitual occupations of traducing our national character, misrepresenting our motives, depreciating our power, and infinitely exaggerating the calamity that had befallen us, now once more shrunk back into obscurity. No comparison, it was clear, could justly be instituted between the armies of Great Britain, which, composed partly of Englishmen, partly of the gallant natives of Hindustan, had made good their entrance into the most difficult country in the world, and the forces of the Muscovite czar, which even at the distance of a few hundred miles from their own frontier, supported by a squadron of ships of war, supplied with an abundant commissariat, and led on by one of the most experienced generals in the empire, had failed, and fallen miserably before a handful of the irregular cavalry of Khiva. In the eyes of the Asiatics our name was once more invested with all its original glory. There was nothing which they would thenceforward think impossible to an Englishman. The days of Jenghis and Timour seemed to become again; but with this difference, that the new conquerors sought not to destroy but to build up and beautify, not to desolate but to people, not to barbarise but to refine, not to scatter around them distress and famine and appalling and infinite misery, but, on the contrary, to secure to the subjugated people the possession of their property, and calm and quiet days in which to enjoy and be happy. Throughout Affghanistan the peasant cultivated his field, and blessed the Englishman who enabled him to enjoy the produce of it. There in those rude mountains, as here at home, every man's house under the English flag was his castle, so that in a short time,

had the wisdom of the British cabinet equalled the valour of the British armies and the prudence and humanity of British officers, Afghanistan and the surrounding countries would have been covered with a loyal and attached population.

Among other effects produced by this change was the restoration of our envoys at Bokhara to liberty. Colonel Stoddart and his friend sat once more at the Amir's right hand, and heard nothing but the most friendly professions and the most flattering promises. The hollowness and worthlessness of these they may have possibly seen, and it may at first sight seem surprising that they did not seize upon this fortunate moment to effect their escape. But they were not at Bokhara as mere travellers. Their country had sent them thither, and it was for their country to recall them if it considered their lives in danger. No step, however, was taken towards withdrawing them from their perilous post. By Lord Ellenborough they were probably forgotten altogether as well as by Lord Aberdeen. It is well known that these magnanimous statesmen for many months contemplated the desertion of the chivalrous and patriotic Eyre, Lady Sale, and all those other ladies and officers who had fallen into the power of the Affghans. We need not, therefore, greatly wonder if the envoys Stoddart and Conolly, removed to a far greater distance, and kept in no prominent position by the press, were wholly overlooked. Overlooked, at all events, they were. Not an effort was made, not a courier despatched, not a letter written, with a view to save them. The Tories were too full of joy and exultation at the idea of escaping alive from Affghanistan to care for anything or any person not forced irresistibly upon their notice. They retreated within the Sutlege, and the guns fired in the rejoicings for their return, sounded the knell of our unhappy ambassadors at Bokhara. All the fierce barbarians north of the Hindu Koosh now adopted perforce the belief that, by some invisible agency which they could neither perceive nor understand, Great Britain had indeed been vanquished. How it was no one could explain; even the Russians, who joyfully chronicled our misfortunes, felt wholly at a loss when they were required to account for them. But the fact, stubborn and undeniable, stared them in the face. No more was the English cannon heard pealing through the passes of the mountains; the roll of her victorious drum no longer roused soldier and Sipahi to parade in the Durani capital; the glitter of her arms no more lighted up the gloomy dells and dusky de-

files of the Sulimani range; the 'meteor flag of England,' that a few short months before had flapped proudly in the breeze from the summits of the towers of Kandahar, and Ghuzni, and Kabul, had ceased to glad the eye of the traveller with assurance of protection, and shot down the rugged slopes of the mountains to bury itself in the plains of Hindustan. To the bright gleam of civilisation which our transient supremacy had cast over the Affghan territory had succeeded the darkness of barbarism rendered doubly fearful by the deeds of ruthless violence and revenge perpetrated beneath the shelter of its obscurity. Could a people, like that of England, delight in the relish of vengeance, we might look with pleasure on the awful state of demoralization into which Affghanistan has relapsed since our departure.

We have observed above, that the Tories, both in Europe and Asia, forgot, after their flight from the mountains, the very existence of our envoys at Bokhara, and made no effort whatever to save their lives. We crave pardon of the magnanimous leaders of that party. We have done them wrong. Lord Ellenborough, shortly after his arrival in India, did, on the contrary, remember the existence of a Stoddart and Conolly, and wrote a letter to the Amir of Bokhara, a copy of which, we believe, may still be found in the foreign office. But what was its purport? We blush for Lord Ellenborough: it contained but one statement of any moment, and that one was false. Nay more, such were the contents of that brief letter that, had it reached its destination (which we trust it did not), there can scarcely on any man's mind remain the shadow of a doubt that it precipitated, if it did not occasion, the sanguinary execution that, in the month of July, 1843, left a stain on the city of Bokhara, which, had her Majesty's present ministers been anything but what they are, would have, ere now, been washed out by the blood of Nasr Ullah Khan. Lord Ellenborough, in that most dastardly letter, described Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly as 'innocent travellers,' that is, denounced them to the Khan as liars and impostors, who, during a series of years, had been palming themselves upon him as British officers accredited to him by their government, holding commissions from the Queen of England, and enjoying, of course, the benefit of her utmost protection. The scene which could scarcely fail to have taken place in the Amir's palace, supposing that wretched composition to have reached Bokhara, has been so vividly imagined and so admirably described by Captain Grover,

that the public will thank us for laying the picture before them.

"The reader will have the goodness to imagine the hall of state in the palace; near the wall at the far end, lounging upon some cushions, with his face turned towards Mecca and the door, as they happen to be in the same direction, is seen the Amir. The room is crowded with all that is noble in Bokhara: at the monarch's left hand, half a brigade-major's distance in the rear, stands an important minister of state who, in France, is politely called *le maître des hautes œuvres*.

"This gentleman looks complacently at a cimeter which reposes quietly on his right arm, and ever and anon glances slyly at the end of a 'bow-string' which peeps out of his left sleeve. Imagine two fatigued messengers crouched in one corner, with the perspiration in large drops running down their black beards.

"The Amir is violently excited, but, being told that Stoddart Sahib approaches, he strokes his beard and endeavours to look perfectly cool and indifferent.

"Stoddart Sahib advances respectfully but gaily, glancing with a little pride at the 'Cloak of Sables,' and he perceives the messengers crouched in a corner, and knows by their dress that they are from Hindustan. Thoughts of dear absent friends pass rapidly across his mind; he feels at once that he has not been *abandoned by his country*; that he is not forgotten; scenes of liberty, honour, recompenses for his past sufferings, become so vivid, appear so real, that he can hardly master his emotions. Now, indeed, he feels thankful that he had the resolution to refuse the interference of Russia. He, however, becomes agitated, flushed, and pale by turns.

"The Amir pretends not to perceive Stoddart's emotions, casts a glance at him that seems to pierce his innermost soul; he receives him, however, with a complacent smile, and in a bland tone, desires him to approach.

"The following dialogue then takes place:

"STODDART (*with profound reverence*), 'Salaam Alikoom!'

"THE AMIR. 'Alikoom Salaam! The sight of those strangers seems to affect thee, Stoddart Sahib.'

"STODDART. 'It does, may it please your gracious majesty. This sight is more welcome to my soul than the cool spring to the wanderer in the desert. By their attire, I see they come from Hindustan; by the sweat that hangs upon their brow, I see they have come in haste, like messengers of joyful tidings. Oh! Allah Kerreem! (God is merciful!) Have they not come to negotiate my release? Your good and gracious majesty has sent for me to bless me with that word, so short, but oh! how precious—liberty! Bismallah! (In the name of God!) I entreat your majesty—say it!'

"AMIR. 'Compose thyself, O Stoddart Sahib, and listen to my voice. They say, they are thy friends, and come in thy behalf; but I suspect they are a vile impostors—rascally spies. I have sent for thee, O Stoddart Sahib, to have thy opinion; brush away, therefore, the cobwebs from thine eyelids, and tell me what thou seest.' (*The Amir takes from a splendid blue satin bag a large*

letter, gives the envelope to Colonel Stoddart and retains the inclosed letter.)

"AMIR (*with a pause*). 'Well, good Stoddart Sahib, thou hast examined that seal and writing, now tell me truly, as thou hopest thy mother's grave may never be defiled, the contents of this despatch, may they be received with confidence?'

"STODDART. 'Oh! indeed they may. This letter comes from the good, the great, the pious, and virtuous Amir, Lord Ellenborough, who now represents my most gracious sovereign in Hindustan. May his shadow never be less!' (*Stoddart kisses the envelope three times with respectful affection.*)

"AMIR (*in a furious tone*). 'Listen, now, O Stoddart Sahib; or rather O son of Sheitan! for such indeed thou must be. Whose dog art thou, son of an unclean quadruped, that thou shouldst come so far to laugh at our sacred beard?—In this letter, which thou sayest is as worthy of belief as the sacred volume of our Holy Prophet, know then *thou art denounced by thine own chief as a spy*. Look and satisfy thyself—I will then hear patiently what thou hast to say before I determine upon thy sentence.'

"STODDART (*in great agitation*), 'There is some extraordinary mistake in this despatch. Your majesty will perceive that Conolly Sahib and myself are said to be "*innocent travellers*," and then the Amir Ellenborough adds, that if your majesty will order our release, *he* will undertake that we shall never more enter your majesty's dominion. Now your majesty, who knows all things, must be aware the Amir Ellenborough can have no power over us, were we "*innocent travellers*." It is only as servants of the government that he can exercise any control whatever and prevent our re-entering your majesty's dominion. Your majesty is, however, so well acquainted with the British constitution that it would be useless to say anything further on that point.'

"AMIR. 'One thing is quite clear, either Lord Ellenborough or thou hast said the *thing which is not*. When, however, I think of thy noble conduct in refusing to accept liberty at the solicitation of the Russian eelchie, Petrowski Sahib, my heart softens towards thee, and I cannot bring myself to think that *thou art base enough to lie*.'

In the above passage there are some expressions which require explanation. They relate to the interference of a Russian ambassador at Bokhara in behalf of Colonel Stoddart. Far be it from us to impute to General Petrowski any unworthy motives. He may have been actuated by mere humanity. Being a gentleman, he may have had none but gentlemanly feelings. This, we say, is very possible. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the general was not, as Lord Ellenborough phrases it, 'an innocent traveller,' but an envoy from the court of St. Petersburg, acting in obedience to the stern orders of the czar, wont, we believe, to be but little modified by sentiment or generosity. For this reason we are apt to suspect that the Russian envoy

desired to use his influence with the Amir, not on private but on public grounds; and such being the case, it must be obvious that to serve England was, of all things, that which lay farthest from his thoughts. His object, if we may venture to interpret it, was to impress the sovereign of Central Asia with a magnificent idea of Russian power, under the shelter and shadow of which the ambassadors even of England herself, notwithstanding her sovereignty over Hindustan, were compelled to take refuge. This Colonel Stoddart perfectly understood. By what principle he regulated his conduct will appear from the following words of Captain Abbott, our envoy to the ruler of Khiva.

"Speaking of Colonel Stoddart the Khan said, I hear that the Russian ambassador at Bokhara applied to the Amir for Colonel Stoddart's freedom, and that he should be delivered for the purpose to the Russian government. Upon this the Amir summoned Colonel Stoddart, and asked him whether the Russians were likely to treat him well, and what he thought of the proposal. Colonel Stoddart replied, 'The Russians would, undoubtedly, treat me well, but, when my own government demands me, what will your highness answer?'"

"The Amir was much struck with the nobleness of such an answer from one who was in prison, and in hourly danger of death; and, taking off his own rich 'cloak of sables,' made them clothe the Colonel Stoddart in it, and lead him on horseback through Bokhara.

"General Petrowski afterwards confirmed the fact of his attempt to release Colonel Stoddart."

By all who bestow any attention on this subject, the question will certainly be asked, why the government of India, when our authority was paramount throughout the Afghan dominions up to the very borders of Turkestan, did not despatch two or three thousand men to deliver our envoys from cruel captivity in Bokhara? There existed no obstacle to such an undertaking. After issuing from the passes of the Hindu Koosh, which were, for the time, in our own power, our troops would have had nothing but one vast plain, with some few undulations before them. They would have traversed the Oxus in the manner of the country, according to which the horses of the cavalry are harnessed to large ferry boats, and made to traverse the stream by swimming. No effectual resistance could have been offered them, so that they would either have restored our countrymen to liberty, or if any harm had befallen them, would have avenged their death. To have done this was the imperative duty of the governor-general, and he must have been fully aware of it

from the moment that he had determined to evacuate Afghanistan. Till then, they were in little danger. Imprisoned they might be, because prisoners are always forthcoming; but dread of our vengeance must have preserved their lives. Lord Ellenborough, however, cared for none of these things. When he should have been reflecting on them, he was probably engaged in profound meditations on the gates of Somnauth, or considering how he should mimic the grandiloquence of Napoleon, and launch forth his fulsome gallicisms which have since stunk so offensively in the nostrils of the public.

But what the Tory rulers of India so basely neglected, was sought, at least, to be accomplished by a private gentleman in England, Captain John Grover, whose enthusiastic and indefatigable exertions have carried his name throughout the civilized world. In former years he had enjoyed the friendship of Colonel Stoddart, and he now conceived the design of liberating him from prison at the peril, at least, of his own life. He was by no means anxious, however, to augment the number of Nasr Ullah's prisoners or victims. He, therefore, applied to Lord Aberdeen and to the principal authorities at the Horse Guards, to be permitted to proceed to Bokhara, as a British officer dressed in his uniform, and authorized by government to demand the release of our envoys. Our foreign secretary, who appears to be thrown into a paroxysm of perplexity by every application made to him, fearing he might offend or compromise somebody, though he knew not distinctly whom, refused Captain Grover's request. He would not, because he could not, oppose his proceeding to Bokhara as an 'innocent traveller;' but the captain, knowing that 'innocence' in those parts of the world is no protection to a man, declined to embark in the enterprise under such circumstances. This was in the month of June, 1843, when both Stoddart and Conolly were still undoubtedly alive. The Foreign-office, however, anxious to be rid of the responsibility arising from their persevering existence, caught with marvellous eagerness at every report, wheresoever, and by whomsoever fabricated, which appeared to promise it deliverance from this source of annoyance. Lord Aberdeen refused to see Captain Grover, but his subalterns, Mr. Addington and Mr. Hammond, who proved more accessible, laboured strenuously to persuade him that the objects of his solicitude were dead, and that, consequently, it was exceedingly unnecessary for him to trouble himself about them. The reasons, however, upon

which they based their negligent faith, appeared infinitely absurd to Captain Grover, who proved that no ingenuity could reconcile them together, and that if one of them were true, all the others must be false. Still, the gentlemen of the Foreign-office, whether convinced or unconvinced, would not stir in the business. Lord Aberdeen washed his hands of it. He had not sent Colonel Stoddart to Bokhara, and the noble lord, who indirectly did send him, was one the wisdom of whose policy he was no way concerned to demonstrate.

Such being the views of ministers the next step appeared to be to appeal to the public. No doubt this was a strange proceeding. There existed a cabinet, and among that cabinet's most unquestionable duties was that of watching over and protecting our envoys to foreign states. Our Tory foreign secretary refused to recognize the force of this obligation, and carelessly cast off the burden from himself to the country. At this stage of the affair Dr. Joseph Wolff stepped forward, and in a letter published in the 'Morning Herald' announced his readiness, without reward or prospect of reward, to undertake the long and perilous journey to Bokhara, for the purpose of endeavouring at least to liberate Stoddart and Conolly. All he stipulated for was that the expenses of his journey should be paid. With this offer Captain Grover immediately closed and furnished from his own pocket the five hundred pounds, which it was supposed would be necessary to enable Dr. Wolff to perform his undertaking. A committee of officers and others was then formed, which in an exceedingly brief space of time collected sufficient funds both to repay Captain Grover and to meet every additional expense that might be incurred. Into the details of this transaction, so highly honourable to all engaged in it, but more especially to Dr. Wolff, we cannot at present enter. In the course of a few weeks the single-hearted missionary was on his way. He traversed the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, and landing upon terra-firma at Trebizond, hurried forward, in spite of the severities of a most inclement winter, towards the goal of his sad journey. As he advanced reports of all kinds assailed him, some affirming that the two officers were yet alive, others that they had been long ago executed. To whatever was related to him he listened patiently, but continued to push on, his anxiety increasing at every step to unravel the painful mystery. Meanwhile, as letters from him reached England they were published in the journals, and kept up in the minds of all who took an

interest in eastern affairs, a solicitude scarcely inferior to his own. Even the Foreign Office now considered it prudent occasionally to appear in the matter, though always for the purpose of disseminating doubts and throwing a damper on expectation. That this was the feeling by which it was actuated is proved by one single circumstance: a despatch from Count Medem, Russian ambassador in Persia, announcing the execution of the two British officers, was without delay communicated to the public through the newspapers; but a despatch of a contrary import arriving a few days later from Colonel Sheil, our own envoy at Teheran, though shown to Captain Grover, was not sent to the journals. At Meshed Dr. Wolff discovered an agent of Colonel Stoddart, who held property belonging to that officer to the amount of nearly two thousand pounds in rich shawls, &c. Several letters, also, were found in this man's possession, intended to have been forwarded to Colonel Stoddart, but, for reasons not difficult to be conjectured, kept back by him. He was, of course, very positive that the execution of the two officers had taken place, because, in that case, he hoped by skilful manœuvring to be able to appropriate the colonel's property to his own use. From an attentive perusal of Dr. Wolff's letters it appears but too evident that in proportion as he approached nearer and nearer to Bokhara his hopes and his confidence diminished. He was, nevertheless, resolved on no consideration to stop short in his journey. He, therefore, protected by an escort of Turkomans, traversed the desert and arrived at the capital of Nasr Ullah Khan. The public generally are aware of the intelligence which he has, from that city, communicated to the Stoddart and Conolly committee. By command of the Amir, he writes that, in the month of July, 1843, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were publicly executed by order of that sovereign, on grounds and for reasons which we presume appeared satisfactory to him. At length, then, it may be said, it is certain that our envoys have been murdered, and that we need feel no further solicitude respecting them. It happens, however, strangely enough, that even this positive assurance is not quite satisfactory. Before Dr. Wolff left London it was privately agreed between him and Captain Grover that if, on arriving at Bokhara, he found the ambassadors to be really dead, he should on no account write a single line from that place. 'If then,' said he, 'I should write, even though it were to say that they had been executed, and that I had seen their

dead bodies, you will still refuse to believe the assertion, and be persuaded that there is some mystery in the matter, which circumstances will not allow me to explain.' On the other hand, what Dr. Wolff wrote he did not write voluntarily, but by the express command of the Amir, and that circumstance may account for his not adhering strictly to his engagement with Captain Grover, supposing Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly to be really dead. A fresh source of anxiety, however, is now opened up. Instead of dismissing Dr. Wolff to carry back to England the information he had collected to confirm by his oral testimony the strange accounts he had transmitted in writing, Nasr Ullah retains him also as a prisoner, probably with the intention that he shall share the same fate with the objects of his inquiry, whatever that may have been.

From the foregoing facts it would undoubtedly appear to be the duty of Great Britain to visit with condign punishment the infamous ruler of Bokhara, who, having poisoned his own brother, can scarcely be expected to display greater humanity towards strangers. But it is now, it may be said, beyond our power to chastise him. We are no longer in possession of Afghanistan, and no longer exercise any influence in Central Asia. It is true that Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues, as far as in them lies, have made our name a bye-word in those countries, and exposed us on all hands to contempt and insult. Still, it is difficult for an empire like that of Great Britain to lose all at once its hold on public opinion, so that the belief still prevails in several parts of the east that we could do something yet if delivered from the yoke of the Tories. Under this persuasion Usuf-ud-Dowlah, uncle to the King of Persia, and actual governor of Khorassan, wrote a letter to Captain Grover, supposing him to be somehow or other connected with the ministry, offering, if Great Britain would only countenance the movement, to invade the Bokhara territories with eight thousand Turkoman horse, make the Amir prisoner, and deliver him up for punishment into our hands. In order to prove to the world, however, that he acted under our direction, he required that a British officer should be sent him with a small body of troops, and eight pieces of cannon. He affirmed at the same time that the subjects of the Amir would consider the interference of Great Britain and Persia as a blessing, that they would none of them consequently rise to fight in his behalf, and that whatever resistance was to be expected would be made by

a small disciplined army, created within the last few years by a Persian, who, having fled his own country for notorious crimes, and been driven from Hindustan for the same cause, took refuge at Bokhara, and ingratiated himself with the Khan by casting cannon and disciplining his soldiers. This offer was immediately communicated to Lord Aberdeen, who, after due deliberation, rejected it.

It is unfortunately extremely seldom that we can offer his lordship the tribute of our humble praise. But in this particular case our conviction is that he acted wisely and well. It is not from factious motives that we at any time differ from his lordship. It would be far more pleasant to us, far more gratifying to our pride as Englishmen, to have to compliment him often on the success of his policy, because that success would be the success of the empire. We single out, therefore, this act of his for commendation, and shall proceed to show why we commend it. Persia, it is well known, has for many years past been subservient in all her movements to Russia, so that where-soever she extends her sway, Russia also must be understood to have established hers. Scarcely, therefore, can it be doubted that the Usuf-ud-Dowlah was prompted by Count Nesselrode to endeavour to entrap England, not only into approval but into co-operation with the attack upon Bokhara. Some persons perhaps will inquire why Russia should adopt this tortuous method of accomplishing her designs instead of marching an army at once into the coveted regions, or inciting Persia to do so under her direction. The reasons of this policy by no means lie far beneath the surface of things. It is not for the interest of Russia to break at present with Great Britain, more especially for the effecting of an object comparatively so insignificant as the conquest of Bokhara. She would rather for the present not advance her line of frontier than do so at the expense of a rupture with us. Besides, were the option left her, the interest equal, the chances of war or peace the same, she would, at any time, prefer infinitely to carry her point clandestinely by intrigue, than frankly in a manly manner by negotiation and treaty or by war. In fact, the great strength of Russia lies not in her military resources; to be convinced of which we need but direct our attention to what has been going on for years among the roots of the Caucasus, where a handful of Circassians, inspired with genuine courage by freedom, have set the whole power of the empire at defiance, won over its armies victory after victory, and threatened more than

once to descend from their fastnesses and carry fire and sword through the steppes of the Kuban. Considerations like these fully account for the system of policy which the ministers of the czar carry on in central Asia. Lord Aberdeen's predecessor had enriched the foreign office with abundant proofs and illustrations of this fact. His lordship, accordingly, would have been without excuse had he suffered himself to be caught in the trap laid for him at the instigation of Russia by Ussuf-ud-Dowlah. It is something that the present cabinet comprehends at length their own insignificance in that part of the world, together, perhaps, with the full value of the unrivalled position won for the country by the Liberals and sacrificed by them. They perceive that the loss of Affghanistan has placed them completely at the mercy of circumstances. We cannot blame them, therefore, for refusing to attempt the chastisement of Nasr-Ullah Khan. They could not do it if they would. They have voluntarily abdicated the power to avenge themselves; and there is consequently not a petty chief in Turkestan, however paltry or pettifogging, who may not, if he pleases, laugh at their beads. Such is the pass to which this country has been brought, by acquiring what the Tory journals used to denominate a strong government, under which we have undergone more humiliations, and submitted to more disgrace than any great country ever suffered before.

Nevertheless we have yet to mention the most extraordinary illustration of our weakness that events have hitherto supplied. Dr. Wolff, now a prisoner at Bokhara, if he be not poisoned, or otherwise made away with, is a British subject and a minister of the church of England. The Khan knows this. Nay, common report has rendered the fact familiar to the whole population of Asia as well as to the civilized world. To say the least of it, therefore, it is a deep mortification to Great Britain to admit, as admit she must, her utter inability to afford him protection, or even to mitigate directly the bitterness of the insults that may be heaped upon him. She feels, however, that she can do nothing. To what power then, in this dilemma, does she have recourse? Why to the object of her greatest jealousy, to Russia, to the Czar Nicholas himself! By this time, in all probability, Captain Grover has arrived at St. Petersburg, furnished with letters from Lord Aber-

deen to the British ambassador there, as well as to Count Woronzof, requesting their good offices in his behalf with the emperor. And what is the favour he has gone to solicit? Is it for a free passage through his imperial majesty's dominions to go in search of Dr. Wolff and add a fresh flower to the bloody wreath which already encircles the brows of Nasr-Ullah Khan? Nothing of all this. The object of Captain Grover's mission to St. Petersburg is humbly to entreat the Emperor Nicholas that he will, out of mere grace and favour, undertake the deliverance of a British subject from captivity! We cannot otherwise than wish him success. Dr. Wolff has given too many proofs of his noble and generous self-devotion in the cause of one whom he regarded as his dear friend: for Captain Conolly, be it remembered, met Dr. Wolff in extreme poverty and distress when he had escaped penniless from captivity, and enacted the good Samaritan towards him, taking him in and clothing him and feeding him, and in all respects behaving towards him like a Christian and a brother. And Dr. Wolff has since shown that he deserved this treatment. The flame of gratitude kindled in his heart, burned on for years until the time when the man who had behaved kindly towards him was himself in affliction. Then the missionary came forward and remembering who it was that said, 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,' quitted his home, his wife, and his only child, and cast fearlessly his bread upon the waters, confident that he should find it after many days. And to rescue such a man from thralldom, Great Britain is compelled to have recourse to the Emperor of Russia! Compelled, did we say? The necessity is of her own creating: she suffered the man who zealously guarded her power to be driven from office, and replaced by individuals ignorant of her best interests, and incapable, if it were otherwise, of properly promoting them. We are weak, because we are factious, because statesmen are sent into retirement to make way for quacks. When Lord Palmerston was in Downing Street, British subjects were never constrained to crave the protection of Russia. But such is our condition at present, that we shall feel but too happy if his imperial majesty will deign to send an envoy to Bokhara for the purpose of demonstrating to the world how completely his policy has triumphed over Tory-ridden England.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Travels in Southern Abyssinia, through the country of Adal to the kingdom of Shoa. By CHARLES JOHNSTON, M. R. C. S. 2 Vols. Madden and Co. 1844.

It is by all means desirable that every traveller whose lot it has been to visit regions remote and little known, should, to the best of his abilities, impart to his countrymen the knowledge he may have so acquired; but it is not in every instance desirable that he should fill two octavo volumes with the tale of his doings and his reflections. Had Mr. Johnston properly applied this axiom to his own case, it would have been better for himself and for the public. The British mission had already arrived in the capital of Shoa, when he set out to join it as a volunteer, traversing the same route which has been so fully described by Sir Cornwallis Harris, Messrs. Krapf and Isenberg, &c.; and Angolahlah was the most eastern point he reached. Thus his opportunities for geographical discovery were extremely limited; nor do the qualifications, natural or acquired, which he took with him into the field of African inquiry, appear to have been in any respect of a high order. He may possibly possess fair talents, sound judgment, good temper, and discretion; but his book, we are sorry to say, gives little evidence of these endowments. Of general information, and of science not strictly connected with his profession, he has but a scanty stock; his knowledge of Amharic, and even of Arabic, is confined to a very few words; and, indeed, seeing how grossly imperfect is his acquaintance with his mother tongue, it may very reasonably be inferred that he is, to all practical intents and purposes, ignorant of every other language, living or dead.

Yet notwithstanding all these deficiencies on Mr. Johnston's part, nothing but his unfortunate vanity and his wish to gratify a private pique, has prevented him from producing an agreeable and instructive book, and one that would have commanded extensive and lasting popularity. There are in his two octavo materials, which if sifted out from the surrounding rubbish, and put into decent English, would be sufficient to furnish forth a very acceptable duodecimo. He visited a region which, as regards its physical features, is among the most singular on the face of the globe, and he was thrown for many months into close and hourly contact with tribes, respecting whom curiosity, recently awakened from a long repose, is fresh, strong, and eager. His personal narrative, therefore, or that of any European of ordinary intelligence who had enjoyed similar opportunities, could not but contain much to interest and instruct the reader; and we freely acknowledge that we have found so much to commend (style and grammar

excepted) in these ill-starred volumes, as to make it matter of deep regret to us, that their author did not commit the publication of his manuscript to some editor more judicious and more competent than himself. He is not without a certain quickness of observation, and he has some share of the elements that constitute a good story-teller: accordingly, so long as he confines himself to the narration of what he has seen, we go along with him tolerably well. But—*optat ephippia bos piger*; he is not content to earn praise in this humble way; he must be the Humboldt of Abyssinian travel; he must descant and dissert, and dive into archæology, and soar into theology, and talk moonshine about philology and ethnology, and cleave mountains five or six thousand feet high in twain with a touch of his goose-quill, and twist the course of rivers half round the compass, making those that flow into the Indian ocean send their waters to the Mediterranean, and *vice versâ*. It would be a weary and unprofitable task to expose his vagaries in geography. Take the following as a specimen of the erudition he is so fond of affecting.

"The Abyssinian word for thread, '*fatalah*,' has something in its sound that recalls the idea of the three spinners typical of man's destiny. If, as is probable, the mythological representation of the Greeks be of Egyptian origin, then the word '*fatalah*' may have some connection with our word fate."

From this we learn, to our great surprise, that our English word '*fate*' is derived from the Greek, and not, as we have hitherto supposed, from the Latin. Yet, among all the Greek synonymes for the word, such as *aisa*, *moira*, *kér*, &c. (we will not be so unkind to Mr. Johnston as to use the crabbed old heathen letters), we know not one that has the least resemblance in sound to *fatum*, or *fate*.

But probably what our author most values himself upon is, that he is a man with a grievance. He would have us to understand that our ambassador at the Shoa court used him vilely. This is very sad, if true; and the British public, always prompt to sympathize with the injured, is unfairly treated when so grave a charge is preferred before its bar, without a tittle of evidence, without the least clue to guide its judgment as to the merits of the case. The rabid, yet timorous animosity that pervades the pages of this writer, argues a foregone conclusion: somebody has surely been guilty of gross misconduct;—but who? Here the accuser leaves us wholly in the dark. He is liberal of invective and insinuation; but when we expect him to produce his facts, he '*wraps his dark saying in a parable*.' "Some respect, however" (these are his words), "I do owe to myself, and feeling annoyed at being the subject of unworthy imputa-

tions, I have abstained from making any explanation whatever." He has singular notions of self-respect.

The cause of this mysterious quarrel, he tells us, occurred the very day he joined the British mission at Angolahlah. We have a melancholy satisfaction in learning from him that he spent 'a very pleasant evening' under the ambassador's tent, and made himself exceedingly comfortable with 'the luxuries and conveniences so abundantly supplied to the embassy by the indulgent care of a liberal government.' But alas for the perils that lurk for the too ingenuous in these moments of social effusion! Hear the sequel.

"Unfortunately, amidst all his kindness, Captain Harris considered it to be his duty to take notes of my conversation without my being aware in the least degree of such a step, or being conscious of the least necessity for his doing so. On my becoming aware of this circumstance a few weeks after, by the distortion of a *most innocent remark* of mine, which was imputed to me in a sense that I never dreamt of employing it, I retorted in a manner that led to further proceedings; and from that time all intercourse between the members of the embassy and myself ceased for some months."

It is a pity that his transcendental theory of self-respect forbids him to explain the nature of his 'most innocent remark'—some playful proposal belike, some humorous project for astonishing the natives. Did he offer to set the Hawash on fire, or to turn the course of the Blue Nile, and cut off Mohammed Ali's water, or to kidnap Sahela Selassie, or to pick a quarrel with anybody or everybody at Tadjura or elsewhere, and so to effect the purposes of the embassy by the quick diplomacy of muskets, swords, and pistols? Who knows? We are left without chart or compass upon a boundless sea of conjecture.

Nevertheless we are led by the internal evidence of Mr. Johnston's book to surmise that his presence in Shoa was far from desirable, at a time when a British embassy was patiently and earnestly labouring to establish there important relations, which it needed the nicest discretion to bring to maturity. A man who even in a wanton joke could for a moment wilfully sink the British character in the eyes of bloodthirsty and treacherous barbarians, to their own detested level, must have been a most dangerous person to place in irresponsible connection with our embassy at the court of Sahela Selassie. Whether or not Mr. Johnston could do this let his own words testify. First hear what he says of the Dankalli:

"I am bound to add my testimony to that of every other traveller to the proneness of the Dankalli to shed human blood, and the little value they seem to attach to human life. By a distortion of moral and natural ideas of right and wrong, unparalleled in the history of any other people, murder is considered by them to be highly honourable. Every fresh assassination is rewarded by an additional personal ornament, and the destruction of a sleeping guest or of a fighting foe, contribute alike to the credit and reputation of the brave."

No right-minded man could mistake for a moment the line of conduct it became him to pursue, with jealous, undeviating precision, in the midst of beings whose moral sense was thus awfully cor-

rupted. Shame on the Englishman who could tamper in such circumstances with his sacred duty, dally with foul, treacherous, cowardly bloodshed, and for the sake of a stupid jest confirm the darkened mind of the savage in the error of its ways! Who can read the following unblushing confession without scorn and indignation?

"On leaving the line of march with Ohmed Medina to examine the stream more closely, we found in its dry bed, very soundly sleeping, a man wrapt up in his robe, his shield being secured by it over his stomach and bowels. Instinct, or something like it, had taught me the very same method of partially securing myself from assassination whenever I expected foul play, or have reason to suspect those, whom I well knew would have been glad of an opportunity to take away my life, without danger to themselves from my fire-arms. Putting my hand to the heavy Adal knife I wore in my girdle, I turned to Ohmed Medina, to ask him if I should bury it in the heart of the unconscious sleeper. He, taking my proposal to be serious, instantly interposed with the common Arabic negative, 'La! la!' but which, in the usual amusing manner of an Adal interpretation, he prolonged to five or six repetitions. This awoke the man, who certainly looked as if he thought he were about to be put to death, and scowled most desperately, as, in a moment, he put himself behind his shield, and raised his spear for the attack. Ohmed Medina calmed his apprehensions by a word or two, but he also took care to drop behind his shield as he spoke from the overhanging bank. The man, however, recovered his confidence, let fall his weapon to the ground, and stood upright, and in a very short time we were all three walking back to the Hy Soumaulee, some of whom came to meet us to inquire from whence our new friend had sprung. It seemed he belonged to the Wahama tribe, but from some cause or other was obliged to be very select in his lodgings, probably from having had a recent quarrel, which would have ensured his death, had he been discovered by his enemy asleep."—Vol. i., p. 385.

Mr. Johnston tries hard to make his readers believe that the embassy to Shoa was an utter failure, and that Major (now Sir W. Cornwallis) Harris, was dismissed in dudgeon by the monarch of Shoa. Both these statements are untrue. That Sahela Selassie to the last regarded the embassy with no unfriendly feelings, is proved by the fact that he made two of his own chiefs accompany it to Bombay, for the purpose of cultivating friendly relations with the British government. The treaty of commerce, which Major Harris was commissioned to negotiate, was obtained for us by his firm, temperate, and judicious exertions, in the teeth of manifold natural difficulties, which the presence of Mr. Johnston himself in Shoa did certainly not tend to diminish. This gentleman cannot rail the king's seal from off the bond: it was obtained in spite of his own mischievous meddling; and it exists in full validity, though jealousy and sloth may combine to make the drones of Downing-street neglectful of the advantages it offers to British commerce. Meanwhile, we rejoice to say that, despite the Johnstons, Aberdeens, *et hoc genus omne*, the fruits of Sir Cornwallis Harris's masterly researches are not likely to be altogether lost for his country. Private enterprise is now vigorously and hopefully directed into the channels opened for it by his genius. The Foreign office may sleep on; it will be wakened up by and by.

Mémoire Autographe de M. de Barentin, Chancelier et Garde des Sceaux, sur les derniers conseils du roi Louis XVI., etc. etc. (An Autograph Memoir of M. de Barentin, Chancellor and Keeper of the Seals at the last Councils of Louis XVI., &c.) Par M. MAURICE CHAMPION. 1 vol. 8vo., pp. 324. Paris. 1844.

THIS volume, which has been published at Paris within the last few days, is curious in two points of view. But unfortunately neither of these is the point of view in which its editor, M. Maurice Champion, deems it to be interesting.

M. Champion tells us in his preface, that being frequently led by the course of his studies to visit the collection of manuscripts in the king's library at Paris, he chanced there to find a small folio volume, entitled "A Refutation of the Errors and Inexactitudes, or Falsehoods, disseminated in a work published by M. Necker in 1796, entitled 'On the French Revolution;' by M. de Barentin, chancellor." The perusal of this manuscript, he says, proved to him that it was highly interesting with regard to the last measures of Louis XVI., and that the narrative of an eye-witness, who was keeper of the seals, and a minister of the crown, would throw much light on the events of that fatal year, which saw the commencement of the French Revolution; facts unworthily misrepresented by M. Necker and by the majority of historians after him.

We cannot agree with M. Champion in thinking that Chancellor de Barentin's pamphlet against his political adversary Necker—for such the work in fact is; and the editor is not justified in entitling it, evidently for mere catch-penny purposes, a 'Memoire' of M. Barentin—a designation to which it does not make the slightest pretence—we cannot think that the publication of this pamphlet, which apparently was not thought worth publication, when written, by those most interested in the cause it was intended to defend, is calculated to throw much new light on the conduct of men or the march of events, during a period more accurately known and thoroughly understood than most others in modern history.

It is not, therefore, in this point of view that we think M. Champion's book curious. No! To us it is curious in the first place as affording a *naïve* self-exhibition of M. de Barentin. Such were the men, such the calibre of mind, that strove to withstand, and ought to have in some degree guided that stupendous convulsion, that fearful breaking up of the mighty deeps of the social ocean—the French Revolution! Infants in swaddling clothes attempting to bridle wild horses! It is curious to observe the utter and entire ignorance of the nature and amount of the impetus they were attempting to control and repress, which prevailed among the advisers of the ill-starred Louis. Very curious it is to find M. de Barentin, after the catastrophe has happened, when the mighty volcano has burst forth, and changed the entire face of the social world by its lava-flood, while Europe is yet trembling with the shock, still firmly persuaded that, had this or that bit of red-tape been adopted instead of the other, the whole thing might have been avoided. The completeness of this monstrous hallucination is curious; and—

as there is nothing new under the sun, and the thing which has been shall be—it may also be not uninteresting.

And this is the first point of view in which we regard M. Champion's book as not altogether without interest. The second is the proof it affords of the existence of such a person as M. Champion himself in this present year of grace 1844, far on towards the middle of the nineteenth century.

This gentleman tells us in his preface, that the name of De Barentin 'inspired him with a noble and pious curiosity,' when he saw it at the beginning of the MS. which he has edited. As for M. de Barentin's adversary Necker, he says: 'I have never had any great enthusiasm for revolutionary men or revolutionary deeds; and that is saying enough to show that M. Necker has always appeared to me one of those official mediocrities dashed with a tendency to theorising—('une de ces médiocrités de bureau avec un mélange d'idéologie')—who are fatal to the governments entrusted to their hands.' M. de Barentin, he conceives to have been a veritable statesman, 'with a mind essentially practical,' and he thinks also that had his counsels been followed, 'France might have been saved.' M. de Barentin was a lawyer, a learned, very possibly a profound lawyer. He belonged to a family of lawyers—one of those 'ancient races devoted to the study of the laws, and consecrated to the management of public affairs, who existed,' says our author, in his biographical notice of M. de Barentin, 'in the days before the French Revolution;—those days so ill appreciated, when each family had its profession, and each social station its hereditary duty, and when by a magnificent responsibility (!) the son made it a point of honour to follow the traditions and the example of his father.'

Perhaps M. Maurice Champion is not aware that the state of things he so much regrets, may still be found flourishing, in very considerable perfection, among the caste-bound inhabitants of unrevolutionary India.

Such families devoted from generation to generation 'to the austere duties of study and justice,' says M. Champion, were those of Aguesseau, Lamoignon, Ormesson, Moleé, Séguier, and Barentin. Chancellor Barentin was connected with most of these great parliamentary families; and was thus an hereditary lawyer from his cradle upwards, after the fashion so dear to M. Champion. But are such men likely to be of the kind needed in times of revolution—of pulling down and re-construction? Do we not know that the subject, which has employed a man's life-long labours, which has formed the object of his youthful ambition, and the dignity of his riper years, has ever a tendency to become sacred in his eyes, and to be invested with an exaggerated and undue importance? Thus when questions affecting the entire foundations, on which the edifice of society rests, were being mooted, we have worthy Chancellor Barentin coming forward with precedents, and cases in point, with 'le texte de la loi à la main,' as he triumphantly boasts on one occasion, and 'le témoignage des plus célèbres jurisconsultes,' and 'l'autorité du Chancelier d'Aguesseau!'

Poor Chancellor Barentin! The cause to be now decided is one for which thy books afford no pre-

cedent!—for which the well conned 'texte de la loi' thou bringest forward so nimbly has, unfortunately, in no wise provided; and 'the testimony of the most celebrated jurisconsults,' backed by 'the authority of Chancellor d'Aguesseau' himself, will hardly avail aught upon this occasion for 'the salvation of France.'

But let us see what the notions of this worthy lawyer, who, in the opinion of M. Champion, might have saved France from revolution, were on the fundamental principles of his country's constitution.

Necker finds fault in his book with the vagueness of the powers entrusted to the parliament, and the liability to collision, which resulted from the ill-defined attributes and confused jurisdictions of the various authorities. This rouses the ire of the old parliamentary lawyer, and he defines the proper limits of the power and duty of the parliament as follows:—

"Our kings," says he, "have the sole charge of administering the empire, and the power of legislation also resides solely in them. A law, however, is not complete or obligatory on the people, until they have legal cognizance of it, that is to say, until it is enrolled in the registers of the courts which order it to be preserved there, at the same time that they command its publication. A law, however, emanating from the sovereign and previously discussed in his council, may appear to be contrary to the customs, usages, or privileges of a province, or to a law already in existence; or, in short, it may be found open to objections not perceived at the time it was drawn up. The superior courts are then bound to signify to the king the defects they find in it, when it is presented to them for registration. This they generally do by remonstrances. If his majesty deems their objections well founded, the law is withdrawn, or its defects remedied. If, on the contrary, his majesty is not struck with the observations submitted to him, he commands the court to proceed to register the law. The registry follows, or reiterated remonstrances are determined on. In this last case, if the king does not think proper to pay more attention to them than to the first, he again orders the law to be registered. Obedience then becomes a duty. Only the registry may be entered with the words:—'By the very express commands of the king.' I am aware that the superior courts think themselves authorized to refuse to register. They are wrong. For by such a refusal they exceed their powers, and arrogate to themselves an authority which they have not. In fact the king would no longer be legislator if his will were liable to be sometimes restrained by the right of not obeying it."

Such is Chancellor Barentin's theory of a constitution—(not chargeable with *vagueness* certainly)—by means of which, he, being a practical man and not given to 'ideology,' might, M. Champion thinks, had he but been listened to, have 'saved France.'

'M. de Barentin belonged to one of the old parliamentary families, who devoted themselves,' says M. Champion, 'to the austere study of justice.' Let us see what were the fundamental notions of justice that resulted from this hereditary contemplation of its attributes.

Necker, speaking of the exemption from taxes enjoyed by the noblesse and clergy, said that 'these privileges, unjust in themselves, but still connected with old ideas, threw the principal burden on that

portion of the nation which required the most indulgence.'

This was attacking the privileged classes in their tenderest point. And great is the indignation of the hereditary devotee of austere justice. He enters on a laboured defence of this the most odious, perhaps, and most indefensible of all the abuses of ante-revolutionary France, and winds it up with the following logical, statesman-like, and profound argument. 'Ought we to grudge them the benefit of a privilege which they employ for so useful a purpose as the education of their children!'

Enough of M. de Barentin! Can one wonder that with such men, striving to perpetuate such ideas, in such times, the storm swept them from the face of the country—they and their works!

But is it not a curiosity—the existence at the present day in modern France, of such men as this M. Champion?—Men, who veritably, *bona fide* regret—not the axioms of the revolution—but its operation in toto—men who sigh yet for the days of *lettres de cachet*, bastilles, peasant-paid taxes, and irresponsible legislation! And it must be understood that this 'laudator temporis acti'—this M. Champion, is not one of the few remaining silver-headed old men, who may be excused for retaining an attachment, however unreasonable, for the regime of their youthful days. Not at all; he is one of the new generation. He belongs, as he tells us himself, 'to an entirely new generation, serious and eager for studious pursuits, and, in this respect, better than that which preceded it, which was full of prejudices, of antipathies, and false tendencies.'

Well may there be a cry of 'reaction' in France, if M. Maurice Champion is a specimen of any large portion of the 'new generation' there.

Every strong *action* in human affairs is invariably followed by *re-action*, more or less strong and general. But nothing is more difficult to appreciate than the amount of this reaction. The tendency will generally be, in all probability, to over-estimate it. And it is important to guard ourselves as far as may be from doing so. That a certain portion of 'the new generation' in France, as well as in England, seem inclined to attract attention, by playing very 'fantastic tricks before high heaven,' none can deny. But the counterparts across the channel of our white waistcoated young legislators have succeeded in producing a far more widely spread effect on society there than has yet rewarded the efforts of 'the new generation' on our side of the water. The result should have been the reverse; for, though we are far from deeming the party in question powerful enough on either side of the channel, to force the march of society into the paths in which they would fain see it move, we yet are inclined to think that young England has more of earnest purpose, more of original thought, and more of visible energy, than that portion of young France which now fills the churches with white-gloved mass-goers, and would fain construct the future destinies of their country out of the scattered elements of its past.

Any attempt to compare the rise and progress of these two analogous portions of the new generation in England and France, would lead us far beyond the limits of this brief notice. The subject, however, is far from being an uninteresting one; and our principal object in drawing the atten-

tion of our readers to M. Maurice Champion's volume, is to present to them that gentleman himself as a specimen of that newly risen party, which has caused and is causing, we cannot but think unnecessarily, so much alarm to many of the friends to social progress in France.

Introduction to a Scientific System of Mythology.

By C. O. MÜLLER. Author of 'The History and Antiquities of the Doric Race,' &c. Translated from the German by JOHN LEITCH. Longman and Co. London. 1844.

THE reputation of Müller is so well established in the learned world that it is scarcely necessary to do more than announce the appearance of this work. It will be eagerly read by all who have any taste for mythological studies, or much genuine admiration for the poetical literature of Greece. The theories new and strange, propounded in it, will doubtless excite discussion; for they have, at least, the merit of being the result of much thought, and of being well laid down and explained. Müller is a subtle logician (he sometimes, indeed, degenerates into the sophist), and maintains his opinions by closely connected chains of argument. Every page bristles with syllogisms false or true. The chapter on the method of determining the age of a mythus is really admirable; so is that on the interpretation of the mythus. But we cannot enter into any critical observations. We must content ourselves with observing that this brief volume will rather increase than otherwise the already well-earned reputation of Müller. It is translated by Mr. Leitch with elegance, spirit, and great correctness. In one or two places the German has been allowed to influence the construction of the English, but this fault, a general one with translators, is of comparatively rare occurrence. Müller, from his partiality for abstract expressions, is somewhat difficult to render into English that shall be neither crabbed nor dull. Mr. Leitch has overcome the difficulty, and presented us with a volume of important discussions in a pleasing and lucid style. We feel assured that all scholars will duly appreciate his labours, and encourage him to pursue the task of translation on which he has already so successfully entered.

Chaucer's Canterbury Erzählungen. Übersetzt, mit Einleitungen und Anmerkungen begleitet, von EDUARD FIEDLER. (Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, translated with Introductions and Notes. By E. FIEDLER.) Erster Band. Dessau. 1844. 8vo. pp. 230.

WE have here the first volume of what may be called the first attempt, or what is certainly the first successful attempt, to furnish the German reading world with a translation of the inimitable tales of our Father of English Poetry. A selection from the 'Canterbury Tales,' very imperfectly translated, appeared at Zwickau in 1827—in two small volumes; but strange as it may appear when we consider how frequently the 'Decameron' has formed translations into German, it has been reserved for Eduard Fiedler to lay before his countrymen a complete translation of Chaucer's mas-

terpiece. This is, perhaps, fortunate for the translator, for the German public, and for Chaucer himself, since the work before is obviously the production of one possessing two of the essential elements of success: namely, a thorough knowledge and an intense admiration of the poem he has undertaken to translate. His thorough knowledge of his subject is shown in the able and judicious introduction which he has prefixed to the work; and his success in imitating not only Chaucer's language and style, but in embodying so much of the original author's spirit into his version, is so great that we should not be surprised to find Chaucer speedily dividing with Shakspeare the admiration and attention of our critical brethren in Germany. A few lines from the opening of the poem, and the corresponding passage from Tyrrwhitt's edition, will show that we have not given the translator greater credit than his work deserves.

"Wenn der April mit seinen Schauern mild
Des März's Durst hat durch und durch gestillt,
Und jede Ader hat getränkt mit Saft,
Dass Blumen sprossen vor aus dieser Kraft;
Wenn Zephir auch mit seinem süssen Hauch
Belebet hat in jedem Baum und Strauch
Die zarten Knospen; wenn bereits durchronnen
Zum Widder ist der halbe lauf der Sonnen;
Wenn seinen Sang ein jeder Vogel macht,
Der schläft mit off'nen Aug' die ganze Nacht
(Dem solchen Trieb Natur in ihnen schenkt);
Dann wendet sich das Volk zur Pilgerschaft,
Und Pilger schiffen hin zu fernem Strand,
Zum Dienst des Heiligen in manchem Land;
Vornehmlich strömen sie aus allen Gauen
Von England her, um Canterbury zu schauen,
Zum heil'gen, sel'gen, Martyrer zu flehn,
Der ihnen pflegt in Krankheit beizustehn."

"Whanne that April with his showers sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe course yronne,
And smale foules maken melodie
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So pricketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on Pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken strange strondes,
To serve halwes couthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shire's ende
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were
seke."

Facts and Fictions Illustrative of Oriental Character. By MRS. POSTANS. (Authoress of 'Cutch,' 'Western India.') 3 vols. Allen and Co. London: 1844

IN a series of highly interesting sketches and tales, Mrs. Postans has embodied the results of many years' observations of the East, assigning to 'Fact' all those impressions produced by what she really beheld, and to 'Fiction' all those fanciful ideas conjured up by the rugged and wild scenery through which she continually passed. The stories are full of exciting adventure, perilous escapes, death, battle, and slaughter: a deep inte-

rest is mostly excited, which is always well sustained; the characters are, for the most part, ably drawn, and there are numerous scenes highly pathetic. From the perusal of these tales we should judge Mrs. Postans to be a very clever writer, but from her sketches we should pronounce her to be, what is far higher praise, an original thinker. One paper is really deserving of great admiration. It is that entitled 'Native Indian Industry,' which embodies the result of much keen observation, and in which the several characters of the Hindu, the Moslem, the Parsee, and the Portuguese, are struck off in a most vigorous manner. There are many other papers highly deserving of attention, among which we may mention 'Sindh and its Ameers,' and 'Characteristics of Aden,' which latter is really a delightful and instructive sketch. The book is one which will add greatly to the knowledge we already possess concerning the East, and will deservedly extend its authoress's reputation.

The Calcutta Review. No. I. May, 1844. Calcutta.

THE contents of this number are as follows:—

1. The English in India. 2. Lord Teignmouth. 3. Our Earliest Protestant Mission to India. 4. Ouchterloney's Chinese War. 5. Rural Life in Bengal. 6. The Ameers of Sind, &c. On many, perhaps most, of the subjects which it has discussed, the 'Calcutta Review' puts forward opinions different from ours; but that does not prevent our viewing its appearance with satisfaction, because on all points the more discussion the better. Besides, though the theoretical views of the publication should continue in many cases to be wrong, it cannot fail to supply us here in Europe with valuable information acquired fresh on the spot. We would beg to suggest to its conductor, however, that in every English publication addressed to the English people, an English spirit should be predominant, otherwise little good can ever be effected by it. For, if you begin by offending people, they will refuse to listen to you, and then whatever you may have to communicate will be lost. We would observe, moreover, that residence in a country does not always qualify men for writing dictatorially respecting it. People may be too near an object as well as too far from it. On a future occasion we may consider some of the doctrines maintained in the 'Calcutta Review,' the labours of which it will always afford us pleasure to make known in this country, however much we may object to the results towards which they seem to tend.

Skizzen aus dem Norden. (Sketches of the North.) Von THEODOR MÜGGE. 2 Bände. Hannover. 1844. London: Williams and Norgate.

THE title of this book is a misnomer: it holds out to the reader a promise of graphic delineations,

and the work is lumpish and dull, full of tedious disquisitions, and sadly deficient in that personal interest which ought surely to belong to the narrative of travels in such a land and among such a people as Norway and her children. But the author is a painstaking, though a clumsy writer, and his labours are not without their value for those who may have a special vocation to study the actual condition of the Norwegians. Herr Mügge takes credit to himself for having carefully recorded in his book such particulars as may render it a useful manual for future travellers; his merits in this respect are, however, almost neutralised by the difficulty of sifting out the one grain of fact you may be in search of from the bushels of chaff in which it is hidden. A thousand pages written in the lumbering style of German journalism, and having neither table of contents, index, nor page or chapter headings, would not be eligible furniture for the knapsack of a mountain traveller.

Das Königreich Norwegen, statistisch beschrieben, &c. (Statistical Description of the Kingdom of Norway, with a Preface. By CARL RITTER.) Von GUSTAV PETER BLOM. Leipzig. 1843.

A WORK very different in character from the preceding one, than which it is much easier to read, although it makes no pretension to rank in the class of light literature. It is sufficient warrant of its intrinsic worth to know that it comes to us with the strong recommendation of the prince of geographers, Carl Ritter.

Versuch einer getreuen Schilderung der Republik Mexico besonders in Beziehung auf Geographie, Ethnographie, und Statistik. (An Attempt at a Faithful Delineation of the Republic of Mexico, especially in regard to Geography, Ethnography, and Statistics.) Von EDUARD MÜHLENFORDT. 2 Bände. Hannover. 1844. London: Williams and Norgate.

COMPREHENSIVE in plan, and copious in detail; written in a plain, perspicuous style; and free alike from verbosity and from pedantic dryness—this work must take a prominent place among those regarded as indispensable by the assiduous inquirer into the condition and prospects of Mexico. The author, a civil engineer, spent upwards of seven years in the country he describes, and appears to have devoted himself with unwearying diligence to the task of collecting the most accurate and trustworthy information on all things pertaining to its physical, moral, and political circumstances. He has evidently made good use of his time, and as a practical man he has a due regard for the time of his readers, giving them in two moderate sized volumes an amount of multifarious information, rarely equalled in works of twice the bulk. We shall return to this book in a future number.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

GENEVA, Sept. 9th, 1844.

A SERIES of literary reminiscences and associations, extending through several generations, has taught us to regard the city of Rousseau, of De Staël, and of Sismondi, as a community peculiarly devoted to the pursuits of literature. And though the last of these its greater lights has gone down after a long life of useful and honourable literary labour, and has left behind him in the city of his predilection no other name '*aut simile aut secundum*' to his own in the world of letters, yet Geneva may still boast her possession of a knot of literary men, remarkably numerous in proportion to the mass of her population. But the productions of the Genevese press are no longer any fair criterion of the amount and importance of the literary labours of her citizens. The quantity of publishing business done here has within the last few years fallen off to nothing in comparison with what it used to be. This decadence has been caused by the policy of France, who thought fit, a short time since, to impose a heavy duty on books entering her territory from Geneva. Not that France had any wish to deprive her citizens of the works produced by Genevese talent and labour; but that she wished to secure to her own paper manufacturers, printers, and publishers, the advantages arising from the publication of them. She was well aware, that so large a portion of the circulation on which a Genevese publisher could calculate for any work of general interest, was supplied by her own people, that the imposition of such duties as should deprive the Genevese bookseller of that market, would be fatal to the majority of publishing speculations. The result has perfectly corresponded to her expectations. The authors at Geneva publish their works at Paris; and their own more liberal country permits the copies, whose production has thus served to feed the trade of their rivals, to come into their own territory duty free.

Notwithstanding these all-sufficient reasons for a great falling-off in the amount of books published at Geneva, a quarter rarely elapses unmarked by the appearance of some work destined to take its place in the ranks of European literature. To this class of works unquestionably belongs M. F. J. Pictet's '*Elementary Treatise on Palæontology; or, Natural History of Fossil Animals*,' the first volume of which appeared about two months since. M. Pictet is Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in the Academy of Geneva, and has already made himself favourably known to the scientific world by several smaller works. The treatise in question is to occupy three volumes; and from the manner in which the subject is handled in the first portion of the work, it is expected by those most competent to judge in such a matter, that M. Pictet's treatise will be one of the most complete and satisfactory works on the very interesting subject he has undertaken to elucidate.

M. Pictet has frequently been a contributor to

the pages of the '*Bibliothèque Universelle*,' a monthly literary and scientific review published at Geneva, which may claim to be one of the oldest of the publications of this nature extant in Europe, having now attained its fiftieth year. It was originally established under the title of the '*Revue Britannique*,' a denomination which it retained till the French took Geneva. That title being then found not to be popular, was changed to that which the work has ever since retained. It still continues frequently to notice English works, and almost always in a spirit of fair, liberal, and unprejudiced criticism. Most of the leading literary men of Geneva contribute to its pages. But its circulation is much less than it was formerly; probably on account of the duty imposed on its entry into France. It is said, however, to find its way into Italy to a considerable extent; a fact sufficient to assure us that it is politically colourless.

A literary association, calling itself '*The Genevese Historical Archaeological Society*,' has recently been established here. It has already published three volumes of '*Mémoires*,' the last within a few weeks only. Its object, of course, is to illustrate and investigate, more especially, Genevese history; but it occasionally permits itself to stray over a wider field. And in all cases it professes to treat the particular points, which are the objects of its researches, 'in a general manner, by comparing the institutions which it studies, with those of neighbouring countries, and by connecting as much as possible the facts it investigates with analogous facts in the history of bordering states.' The third volume is decidedly an improvement on its two predecessors, at least as far as the general interest of its contents is concerned. The entire volume—a good-sized octavo—is occupied with two memoirs; one, an exceedingly interesting detailed account of the prosecution of Michael Servetus, by Calvin, at Geneva, in 1553, by M. Rillied de Candolle; and the other, a curious account of the hospitals of Geneva, before the Reformation, in the days when, here as elsewhere throughout Europe, such establishments were not places of permanent asylum for the sick; but, as their name imports, houses of universal and indiscriminate 'hospitality' for the wayfarers of all sorts, and more particularly pilgrims. This curious paper is the joint work of MM. Chaponnière and Sordet. The fourth volume, to be shortly issued by this young, and evidently vigorous society, is to contain the hitherto unpublished '*Chronicle of Jean Ballard*,' the historian of that obscure portion of Genevese history immediately preceding the Reformation.

In the graver departments of science and history, Geneva can thus—all things considered—render a tolerably fair account of her doings. But what can be said for her *belles lettres*? A certain Marquis Gaston de Chaumont has just published here an octavo volume of poetry. On its title page

is written, 'Le Jardin des Glaciers—Fleurs de Foi.' The first 'Flower of Faith,' in this icy garden, is entitled 'Hommage à Dieu;' and the second, 'Hommage à Charles Albert!' Both are printed twelve lines to the octavo page—a moderation, which there can be no doubt will be appreciated by the poet's readers. N. B. Charles Albert is the man, who plays at being king at Turin.

It is worth remarking, perhaps, in conclusion that, apparently, piracy can thrive, where honest trade cannot. For at Lausanne they are already printing a wonderfully cheap edition of 'Le Juif Errant,' notwithstanding the importation of rival piracies from Germany and from Belgium. When is this to cease?

BERLIN, Sept., 1844.

So completely have the minds of all classes here been for the last few months engrossed by events of a political nature, that the labourers in the field of literature and science have become conscious of their inability to command even the most moderate share of attention, and have been forced into a temporary suspension of their labours. With the exception of a new and handsome library edition of the works of Schiller, and a few other reprints of standard works, there is little to attract attention in the Leipsic catalogue. But even irrespective of the more than ordinary languor in the publishing world here, attributable to obvious causes, it may be with confidence affirmed, that an important change is at present passing over the face of the German literary world. The romantic spirit of adventurous speculation is fast dying away; and that play with hypotheses, which stamps every German philosophical system with the boldness, but immaturity, of one of Beethoven's symphonies, is becoming more and more rare. The popular mind is growing decidedly averse to abstract disquisition, and beginning to assume a much more practical tone than heretofore. Every theory, be its subject what it may, is now investigated with a keen eye to its political or national-economical results.

No system of transcendental philosophy can now command attention, from which canons may not be deduced, bearing directly on the necessity of popular representation or the Law of Divorce. No theory of Ethics can hope to find much favour, which does not assign to the political responsibility of ministers a prominent place amongst the moral responsibilities of man in a social state. Even the German annals are now ransacked for events whereon to hinge modern sympathies. The celebration, a few days since, of the 300th anniversary of the foundation of the Königsberg University, was certainly altogether in this spirit, and far more a political demonstration than a display of filial veneration for an antiquated Alma Mater. In this instance, indeed, a collision took place between the Prussian Minister of Instruction, Dr. Eickhorn, and the Protector of the University, Dr. Burdach, which sufficiently attests the presence of a strong polemical feeling. In the course of his address to the senate, the minister, after reproaching the oppositional spirit, which has long distinguished the acts of many members of this university, recommended them to amend their

conduct, and for the future appeal for forgiveness of the past to the unbounded clemency of his Majesty, who had come in person to do honour to the occasion. He was here stopped by the protector with the words—"Clemency is only for the criminal—I cannot permit such language in these halls." The damaging effect of this interlude to a minister, who has long been highly unpopular, can hardly be described; and the timidity which forces the censorship to suppress a correct statement of the facts, only provokes every species of exaggeration in the verbal accounts current.

Whilst on the subject of anniversaries, I may as well allude to a royal cabinet order which has just appeared, instituting a quinquennial prize of one thousand thalers, to be conferred on the author of the best historical work, in the German language, on any subject of German history, and vesting the decision in nine members of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. This royal foundation is stated to be in commemoration of the thousandth anniversary of the treaty of Verdun. There is, however, considerable ambiguity in the wording of the cabinet order. Thus it does not appear whether the same author is to continue to receive the prize until outstripped by some more fortunate competitor: nor whether recondit research or a popular style is to obtain the preference.

Amongst the many incidents which characterize the prevalent tone of feeling, a drama entitled 'Moritz von Sachsen,' from the pen of the poet Prutz deserves mention. The author has long been one of the most decidedly liberal writers, and a prominent contributor to the 'Hallische Jahrbücher,' which were some years since suppressed. It was well known that the political tendency of the drama was not the least of its perfections, and it therefore occasioned some surprise that it should be announced for representation on the stage of the Prussian capital. The piece was actually produced, after being subjected to some mutilation, and was too successful to admit of being a second time performed, though announced for repetition. In this instance success proved fatal.

A very amusing book has just appeared in Leipsic, and been confiscated by the Saxon government, out of courtesy to Prussia, entitled 'Humor auf der Anklagebank,' or 'Humour in the Dock,' being the defence of a popular satirical writer, Wallerode, by himself, in which he seeks to vindicate himself against the charges of high treason, sedition, and other high crimes and misdemeanors, for which he is being at present under prosecution, in consequence of passages contained in a recent work, entitled 'Unterthanige Reden,' for which I can offer no English equivalent.

The subject of international copyright between England and Prussia is at present actively canvassed, and engages a considerable share of the attention of the Prussian government and British embassy here. It is, however, very difficult to see how any solid advantages can be obtained without the concurrence of all the minor German states; and even then the subject presents difficulties which seem hardly surmountable.

Permit me now, before concluding, to glance at the leading events of a political nature, to which I have already alluded. Their mere recapitulation will tend to justify such meagre gleanings

from the world of letters. Commencing with the visit or visitation of that imperial traveller, who has obtained throughout Germany the characteristic surname of 'The Sudden,' we find the memorable Castel convention for the extradition of Russian prisoners renewed. This is a point on which Germany is the more sensitive, as instead of concessions for so great a boon, four consecutive Ukases have since appeared of a more isolating character than ever. Next followed an almost unparalleled crisis in the monetary world, produced by the most unintelligible government measures connected with railway speculation, which had the effect of creating a rise and fall of about twenty per cent. in these securities within the space of a few weeks, and thereby entailing immense losses on a vast number of private individuals who had been tempted to invest their capital in this stock. On the heels of this catastrophe followed the serious disturbances in the manufacturing districts, from the contagion of which even the capital has not been altogether free, and then the insane attempt on the life of the king and queen. And then, to complete the sad catalogue, the frightful inundations in Silesia,

which have deprived upwards of twelve thousand individuals of the ordinary means of sustenance. The sympathy with these unhappy sufferers is great, and his majesty has humanely withheld his annual donation of 100,000 thalers for the Cologne cathedral for this year, and devoted it to the relief of his afflicted subjects in Silesia.

The grand exhibition of German manufactures, originally limited to the states belonging to the customs league, but subsequently made to embrace Germany in general, has now been open for public inspection for some weeks. It is held in a splendid arsenal, and is considered by some as not much inferior to its Parisian rival. There can be no question but it will give a vast impetus to German manufacturing industry, which now, through the recent convention with Belgium, has obtained a well situated port, and, under the auspices of the newly organized Prussian Board of Trade, cannot fail of becoming a still more dangerous rival of England. A slight reduction in the Prussian inland postage, to take effect from the first of October, is stated to be but the prelude of still more extensive reductions.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

DENMARK.

A COPENHAGEN journal has published the will of the celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen. The document bears the date of the 5th of December, 1838. One of the clauses is as follows:—'I bequeath to my native city, Copenhagen, all the objects of art belonging to me, those in Copenhagen as well as those in Rome, consisting of statues, bas-reliefs, antique vases, prints, &c. It is my wish that all should be collected together to form a museum, which shall bear my name.' Next follow some bequests relative to the heirs of the testator. On the 25th of January, 1843, the testator modified the first will, bequeathing to the museum all the property he might die possessed of, except about 4000 rix-thalers to be otherwise disposed of. The works of art are to be placed in the museum (as stated in the first will), and the remaining property is to be sold and the capital invested:—the interest to be laid out in commissions to Danish artists, with the view of promoting the fine arts in Denmark. The works commissioned are to belong to the museum, and a catalogue of the collection is to be printed. Thorwaldsen directs one of his executors, Professor Bissen, of Copenhagen, to complete the works he has left unfinished at his death; the expense is to be defrayed out of the funds of the museum.

FRANCE.

Letters received in Paris from Constantinople,

dated July, contain some interesting information relative to M. Botta's recent discoveries at Khorsabad, near Nineveh. Eugène Flandin, an artist, has been sent out by the French government for the purpose of making drawings of the excavations which are actively going on. Botta has discovered two doors uniformly adorned with bas-reliefs: on one side is represented a colossal bull, with a human head, and on the other a human figure with an eagle's head and wings. These doors are fifteen feet in height, and they open into a hall 120 feet long. The only wall which is yet cleared from rubbish (that on the south side), is covered with a series of bas-reliefs, representing battles, explained by inscriptions. The hill on which this building stands is surrounded by a stone wall, with bastions. Botta is now actively exploring these ruins; he has fifty labourers at work, and it is hoped in the space of ten months to lay open the whole. He has ascertained that there is, on the direct road from Nineveh to Khorsabad, a chain of hills covered with fragments of brick and marble bearing inscriptions. He infers that these hills were formerly the bases of palaces, and that Khorsabad was a fortress situated at the extremity of the city. The quadrangular space, which is surrounded by the wall, and which contains the hill of Jonas, has hitherto been supposed to include the whole extent of the city of Nineveh. But M. Botta considers it more probable that this space was only the great court of the palace, whilst the city extended as far as the hill of Khorsabad, a distance of five caravan stages. This conjecture

accords with the possibility of the prophet Jonas having wandered for three days about the city, which would be incomprehensible if the limited space of the quadrangle on the Tigris be supposed to have been the whole extent of the city.

It is proposed to erect a bronze statue of the celebrated mathematician Laplace, at his birth-place, Beaumont en Auge, near Caen.

Lamartine has concluded a contract with a Parisian publisher, by which he has disposed of the copyright of his collected works, for the sum of 450,000 francs. Among them are eight volumes hitherto unpublished, consisting of the 'History of the Girondistes' and the tragedy of 'Toussaint l'Ouverture.'

M. Ducrotoy de Blainville, Member of the Institute, has succeeded the late Geoffrey de Saint-Hilaire, as Professor of Zoology and Physiology in the Academy of Science.

The Paris papers record the death of the architect Lepère, who accompanied Napoleon's expedition to Egypt, and who, in conjunction with Gondouin, erected the column on the Place Vendôme. Paris is indebted to Lepère for several other architectural ornaments. The church of St. Vincent de Paule was his last work. He died on the 18th of July.

Intelligence has been received in Paris of the progress of M. de Castelnau's scientific expedition to the interior of South America, undertaken by direction of the French government. After a sojourn of some months in Rio de Janeiro, where the authorities of the country manifested an earnest desire to protect and facilitate the movements of the expedition, M. Castelnau and his companions crossed the Sierra de Estrella, and entered the province of Minas. In Barbacena they made some important astronomical and geographical observations, and after visiting the Topaz mines of Capan, proceeded to Uro Prito, the capital of the rich province of that name. Having crossed the vast desert of Rio San-Francisco, they reached Villa Boa, the capital of the province of Goyaz, about the central point of Brazil. M. de Castelnau describes this part of the country in glowing colours. Gold is abundant in the sand of the river; and is not unfrequently found in a pure state in lumps of several pounds weight. The diamonds of Rio Claro are remarkably large, and, in Salmasser, pearls are found in shells of the *Uno* species. At the date of the last accounts, the expedition was preparing to sail down the yet undescribed Rio-Tocantin, and after traversing Arreguay, to return to Goyaz, and from thence to proceed to Lima.

Recent letters from Algiers mention the discovery of some curious antiquities in the course of some excavations at Orleansville. The principal objects dug up are the following: a marble bust of a proconsul; several Roman weights in copper and bronze; a statuette of Priapus; the head of a pin or brooch, representing a dolphin's head, with rubies in the eyes; an iron pick-axe and hammer, and the figure of a cock in bronze, much rusted. There are, also, many articles of pottery, viz.: some jars of lachrymatories; a fragment of the cover of an amphora, with the inscription 'Semper gaude'; and the fragment of a vase, adorned with figures, representing baptism.

The recent inauguration of the great organ of the church of St. Eustache excited an unusual degree

of interest in the musical circles of Paris. It was not a religious ceremony, but the event was celebrated by a genuine 'concert spirituel.' The organ is not a new one; on the contrary, it is supposed to be as old as the church itself, the building of which was begun in 1532, and finished in 1642. It is a noble instrument, and has recently undergone a thorough repair. On the day of inauguration it was played by several distinguished organists, among whom was Adolph Hesse of Breslau, whose performance excited general admiration.

GERMANY.

Letters have been received at Munich, announcing the death of the celebrated traveller, Dr. Koch. After ten years passed in visiting various parts of Egypt, Dr. Koch penetrated into the interior of Africa. He accompanied the Duke de Ragusa and Prince Puckler Muskau in their respective journeys in the East. His death took place at Kartum, on the 6th of June, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, just as he was preparing to undertake a new journey into Sudan.

The first volume of a work, on which the lyric poet Uhland has been long engaged, has just been published at Stuttgart. It is entitled 'Alte hoch und niederdeutsche Volkslieder, mit Abhandlungen und Anmerkungen' (Old popular Songs in the high and low German Languages, with Notes and Commentaries). The work will be comprised in five volumes, of which three are to contain the songs, and two are to consist of notes and treatises. It is expected that the publication, when completed, will form a most valuable contribution to the history of German lyric poetry.

A letter from Munich states that Dr. Schafhautil was, in the beginning of September, preparing to join the commission sent by the King of Bavaria to Pompeii, under the direction of Professor Gartner. The chief objects, to which the attention of this commission is directed, are the study of the Pompeian architecture, and, if possible, the discovery of the method employed by the ancients in their stucco work, for which it would appear they used no other ingredient than chalk. The imitation of the ancient stucco has hitherto baffled the attempts of modern stucco workers. Vitruvius gives a very minute description of what he conceived to be the method of preparing the ancient stucco, yet all experiments, made in conformity with his directions, have failed of producing the desired effect. Professor Schafhautil has already directed a great deal of inquiry to the subject, and it is hoped that he and the other person connected with the commission, will succeed in solving a problem alike interesting to science and art.

Gervinus, of Heidelberg, is engaged in writing a critical work on Shakspeare, and has suspended for the present his 'History of the Nineteenth Century.'

The University of Bonn is now the favourite school for the princes and the high nobility of Germany. Accounts from Dresden mention, that the son of Prince John of Saxony (the future heir to the throne of that kingdom) is about to be sent to Bonn. Professor Dahlmann has signified his

intention of remaining at that university, a circumstance which occasions no little regret in Heidelberg.

The German papers record the recent death of Professor Beneke, of Göttingen, in his eighty-third year. He was a distinguished philologist, and his lectures on the German and English languages and literature were highly and deservedly admired. The fiftieth year of his professorship at Göttingen was celebrated in August, 1842. He was librarian to the university.

On the 25th of August, festivals were held in most of the principal cities of Germany, in honour of the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Herder. In Munich, Herder's native city, the day was celebrated with marked honour.

GREECE.

We learn that a Greek gentleman, M. Neroutsos, now residing in London, is engaged in translating into Romaic, Mr. St. John's elaborate work, 'The History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece.' No undertaking could be more worthy of receiving support in regenerated Hellas, since the best way to incite a people to perform great actions is to set before them the example of their ancestors. We may take this opportunity of announcing that a society, to be called 'The Hellenic Association,' is about to be formed in London under the auspices of several noblemen and gentlemen, English and Greek. Its object will be to promote education in Greece.

ITALY.

A commission was some time ago established in Rome, for the purpose of collecting such old pictures, prints, drawings, and descriptions, as might afford assistance in the projected restoration of the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle. Herr von Quast, who is at the head of the commission, wished to compare a print given by Pistolesi, in the *Vaticano descritto*, with an oil painting, of the interior of the cathedral, which he himself had seen in the Vatican a few years ago. However the picture was not to be found, and for a considerable time fruitless inquiries respecting it were set on foot by Herr von Buch, the Prussian envoy to the Papal See. At length Dr. Dressel was so fortunate as to discover it in a private gallery, and it was immediately purchased by Herr von Buch. As a work of art the picture is but of mediocre value; but it will be of important assistance to the object the commission has in view. It represents, with the utmost fidelity of detail, the interior of the cathedral as it was before the mutilation of the edifice by the French about the end of the last century. They broke up and partially carried away the costly columns of porphyry and marble, brought by Charlemagne from San Vitale, in Ravenna. The peace of Paris, in 1814, restored them, at least in part, to Aix. The painting recently discovered in Rome, represents the coloured columns; but whether it will be possible to restore them all is a doubtful question. Pistolesi's plate is faulty in perspective as well as incorrect and defective in the representation of the architectural ornaments.

The sculptor, Mathia, of Berlin, who is at present in Rome, is engaged on a work which attracts the admiration of all lovers of art. It is called 'Cupid and the Dog,' and all who have seen it concur in eulogising the beauty and the graceful grouping of the figures. The winged god is represented sleeping, his head pillowed on his left arm, which rests on the back of a watchdog, the emblem of fidelity. The group is executed in Carrara marble of the purest white. It is for the Duchess of Leuchtenburg.

An important artistic work is about to appear at Parma, under the auspices of the Duchess Maria Louisa (formerly Empress of France). The duchess has ordered correct copies to be made of the fresco paintings of Correggio, which adorn various places in the city of Parma, and also of some pictures of Parmigiano, which are nearly destroyed. From these drawings engravings are to be executed by Toschi, the celebrated copper-plate engraver. The work is to appear in numbers, each number to be accompanied by some pages of explanatory text. It is expected that ten years will be required for the completion of the undertaking.

A somewhat curious work appeared lately at Messina, consisting of a 'History of celebrated Trees,' by the Abbate Carmelo Allegra. The author treats of the 'Chestnut Trees of Etna' (*Castagno dei cento cavalli*); of 'Hagedorus' and Klopstock's Lindens; of the 'Cedars of Lebanon;' of 'Rousseau's Tree, at Montmorency;' &c.

Professor Foggi, of the University of Pisa, is preparing for publication, in Italian, an important work upon the poetry of the Bible, upon which he has been engaged for several years. It presents a complete development of the metrical system of Hebrew poetry, as well as of the poetical nomenclature which was employed by the ancient rhetoricians of the people of Israel.

FLORENCE.—The body of Joseph Buonaparte was deposited, on the third of August, in the vault of the church of Santa Cruz, the temple of honour of the great men of Italy. He is said to have left a fortune of 600,000*l.* to his widow and daughter, who is married to her cousin, the Prince de Marignano, son of Lucien.

A curious instance of Austrian intolerance and Tuscan subservience has just occurred here. A noble Florentine, Count Masetti, anxious to save it from the ravages of time and the vandalism of speculators, purchased the house, on the Lung' Arno, in which Alfieri lived and died, and placed over the gate, on a white marble slab, the following inscription: 'Vittorio Alfieri, Principe dell' Italiana Tragedia, per la gloria e regenerazione d' Italia qui detto e qui mori.' ('Here Victor Alfieri, the Prince of Italian Tragedy, for the glory and regeneration of Italy, wrote and died.') There was nothing very alarming in this monumental record; the censorship gave its *visa* and the prefect of police his *ezechatur*. The inscription had been open to public view for several days, when, all at once, the Austrian chargé d'affaires at Florence took exception to it, in the name of his imperial master. At first, it was very naturally believed by the Tuscan government that he could not be serious; but despatches from Vienna came which fully proved that the chargé d'affaires perfectly represented the imbecility as well as the

power of the Austrian emperor. Protest was in vain; lampoon, pasquinade, epigram, all was in vain. The authorities were obliged to yield—and the inscription was removed in the name of Austria. *Povera Italia!*

NORWAY.

Jacob Aall, the wealthy owner of the iron mines of Naes, and a man distinguished for learning and literary talent, died at Christiania, on the 4th of August. Many years ago he consigned the active superintendence of his lucrative property to his son, and devoted himself to literary pursuits; he studied profoundly the history, language, and antiquities of Norway. A great portion of his literary labours were contributions to periodical publications. His principal works are a German translation of Snorro Sturleson's 'Chronicle of the Northern Monarchs' (which he published at his own cost), and his 'Recollections for an Appendix to the History of Norway, from 1800 to 1815.' He subscribed the sum of 20,000 thalers towards the foundation of the University of Christiania.

The union of Scandinavian naturalists, recently assembled at Christiania, concluded their scientific conferences about the end of July. Copenhagen is the place fixed upon for the meeting of next year.

RUSSIA.

The public libraries which were first called into existence by permission of the emperor, in 1836, and are now established in forty-two towns of the empire, must necessarily operate beneficially on the civilisation of the people. Most of these contain from 1500 to 2000 volumes, and the collections are continually increasing by important contributions from the public. The libraries of Odessa and Tamboff contain from 10,000 to 12,000 volumes each. Complete editions are now published of those works which may be called the classics of Russian literature, viz., the writings of Pushkin, Shukovski, and Bestushev; the latter is known in Russian literature only by the name of Marlinsky. An Indian tale, in verse, from the pen of Shukovski, has recently been published at St. Petersburg. It is entitled 'Nal and Damayante.'

CHINA.

Through the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Thom, of Liverpool, we have been put in possession of a 'Chinese and English Vocabulary,' published last year at Canton by our correspondent's brother. At the risk of compromising our editorial prerogative of literary omniscience, we must confess our incompetence to pronounce judgment upon Mr. Thom's labours: but, as everything which leads to facilitate a kindly, and mutually serviceable intercourse between our countrymen and the Chinese is deserving of all encouragement, we have great pleasure in quoting from the 'Journal des Debats,' June 24, 1844, the following notice of the 'Vocabulary.' It is from the pen of M. Stanislas Ju-

lien, member of the Institute, and professor of Ancient Chinese in the College of France:—

"The *Bibliothèque Royale* has just had transmitted to it from Canton a work, which, if we are not mistaken, bids fair to open up China to us in a way far more efficacious than even the force of arms has done; and this, by enabling the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire to acquaint themselves, without any other assistance than that which itself affords, with the ideas and scientific attainments which prevail in Europe. The work alluded to is a Chinese and English Vocabulary, published for the use of the Chinese. It is headed by a preface in Chinese, written in a moderate and conciliatory tone, which the Emperor must have read with no less interest than satisfaction, should it have been brought under his notice. The last-named circumstance is by no means improbable, as, according to the 'Hongkong Gazette,' of the 26th October, 1843, a considerable number of copies had been forwarded to the Court of Peking; and as information has been received, since their arrival, of many of the high functionaries of that capital having read and having been delighted with the work. Hitherto, the almost exclusive object of Sinologues has been to compile dictionaries for the service of Europeans, but the opening of four new ports has given birth to new wants, and, among its other consequences, has created a sort of necessity for the publication of the vocabulary which we have now the pleasure of announcing. It was an idea at once happy and bold to aim at furnishing the Chinese with the opportunity of acquiring, through the medium of their own language, an acquaintance with that of England. But an immense difficulty had to be encountered in attempting to set forth to the eye the sounds of a foreign tongue, the pronunciation of which is so arbitrary, by employing for that purpose the signs of a language which has no alphabet. To triumph over this obstacle, and others which need not be enumerated, nothing less was required than the learning and experience of a man who has had his abode in China for the last ten years, and to whom the spoken language of the Chinese is as familiar as his vernacular tongue. The author is Mr. Robert Thom, whose abilities are well known throughout Europe, the gentleman who, in connection with the younger Morrison, acted as interpreter to Sir Henry Pottinger during his negotiations with the Chinese Plenipotentiaries; and this not only in arranging the terms of the recent peace, but likewise in since discussing and settling the articles of that commercial treaty which now throws China open to European enterprise and activity. To him the public was previously indebted for his edition of *Aesop's Fables* in Chinese and English, and for an interesting tale translated from the Chinese. . . . We may add that Mr. Thom has published this work at his own expense; and that he has distributed copies gratuitously to foreigners who reside in China, as well as to the native merchants of the new ports, henceforward to be brought into constant intercourse with Europeans, and requiring the assistance which such a work affords."

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW PUBLICATIONS

ON THE CONTINENT.

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ART. I.—*Lebensbilder aus dem Befreiungskriege*. (Sketches from the War of Liberation.) 3 Bände. Jena. 1841 and 1844.

POLITICAL and historical writers have, as the reader need scarcely be informed, a very difficult part to play in Germany. So long indeed, as they follow the track of their great countryman, Niebuhr, and wield their clubs lustily amid forgotten Romans and fusty old Byzantines, they need fear nothing; but so soon as they come within the range not of living persons merely, but of the memory of living persons, then to speak plainly out, and at the same time not offend the censor, demands no common tact. For if the author be brisk and bold and fearless (as a political writer should always be), he is apt, with the cracking of his whip, to disturb Prince Metternich's placid retirement, and to rouse the eager jealousy of 'good Kaiser Franz,' the patron-ghost of the Spielberg; or if, to avoid this inconvenience, he borrow a pair of satin slippers from Goethe's artistical cabinet, he is apt to become tame, and becoming tame, useless; for a tame politician is like a tame soldier, or an independent courtier, a thing altogether out of place. Nevertheless it is strange to remark, how much, in spite of the Frankfort decrees of 1819 and 1832, the Germans have contrived to write and write *readably* on the stirring politics of the day. Thanks to Herr von Gagern, Count Münster and the other advocates of the federal system in 1815 for this! Had the sweeping Prussianism of brave old

Stein carried the Congress of Vienna in its train; had the whole North of Germany, according to his idea, been made one Prussia, and the whole South one Austria, with only a Bavaria perhaps left to keep the latter in check, we should now have had a different tale to tell. The historical and political works which breathe a more free and manly spirit, published in Germany during the last twenty-five years, were not published in Vienna, or in its political *Doppelgänger*, Berlin, but in Stuttgart, or in Hamburg, or in Jena, or perhaps in Zurich. Rotteck's 'Universal History,' a work breathing more than a free manly and independent spirit, showing a decidedly stern and radical front,—a work which has gone through some fifteen or twenty editions in the course of about as many years—bears upon the title-page 'Freiburg im Breisgau.' Menzel's 'History of the Germans,' a work, we believe honestly, destined to exercise as great an influence in forming the character of the present generation in Germany, as Schiller's poems did on the youth of the age to which Menzel himself belongs—a work interpenetrated in every page with the best life-blood of stout manhood and genuine patriotism—liberal without raging, constitutional without pedantry, and German without madness, this great popular history is one of the many truly national trophies that adorn the house of Cotta in Stuttgart; and finally to come down to the present hour, these much-be-spoken 'Lebensbilder aus dem Befreiungskriege,' though they are written by an Austrian, and relate more to Austria than to any

other part of Germany, are published not in the ancient bigoted Vienna, much less in the shallow and theatrical Berlin, but among the brave Burschen, the originators of the famous Wartburg feast,* in Jena.

The 'Lebensbilder' are published anonymously; that is to say, the author does not give his name on the title-page; but the Baron von Hormayr is a person who bore too distinguished a part in the late struggles for national independence in Austria, and a writer at the same time, both in his matter and his manner, too marked to write like himself, and yet write unrecognized. The consequence has been that the author, who peeped out prominently enough in various places of the two first volumes, has in the third and last volumes, just published, made a full and free confession (always, however, in the third person), of the manner in which he got possession of the various documents thus given to the world, and the motives which induced him to publish them. That after this full declaration, no name yet appears on the title-page, can be ascribed only to a laudable solicitude on the part of the writer not to bring himself and his friends into any unnecessary trouble; as the matter now stands, Hormayr is morally, but not therefore legally, the author of the book; and considering how a certain Christian von Massenbach, in the year 1817, though then in the Wurtemberg service, was laid hold of by the authorities of Frankfort (under the influence of Prussia), and tried and condemned

to a life-long imprisonment for having published certain documents reflecting on the conduct of the powers that be in Berlin, we cannot but admire the formal prudence of his procedure. As it is, he cannot but be conscious that, notwithstanding his eminent services as an historiographer, and his frequent laudations of Prince Metternich, the present work contains many things that will grievously wound the vanity and startle the nerves of the aulic and bureaucratic councillors in Vienna. The burden of the whole work, indeed, if we understand it, so far as Austria is concerned, is this—the Austrians are not stupid, as Napoleon would have it, but the Austrian government is stupid; the diverse character of these two stands written legibly in the history of the last forty years; Aspern and the Tyrol are the glorious witness of the one, Ulm and Austerlitz the shameful symbol of the other. Kaiser Franz was a weak and narrow man (we are not directly told, indeed, but so much is plainly insinuated), a small, almost a base king, altogether unworthy certainly of such subjects as the men of Passeyr and the Zillertal. Prince Metternich is a very clever fellow (who ever doubted that?), as great, perhaps greater, in the capacity of Austrian minister, than the redoubtable Kaunitz; the most polished and the most astute political chess-player in Europe; a great diplomatist, but not a great man, therefore not a great statesman. If this be the general amount of Baron Hormayr's judgment of public men and measures in Austria, he did well assuredly not to publish the 'Lebensbilder' in Vienna, and he does well also not to parade his name dangerously on the title page.

* On the 18th of October, 1817, the German Burschen, on the invitation of their brethren in Jena, came together from all quarters, to the celebrated Wartburg, in Saxony (where Luther translated the Bible), to celebrate the third centenary of the Reformation. Some pious and patriotic speeches were made, hymns were sung, and church attended by the brave youths, and everything was conducted not only in the most orderly and decent, but in the most noble and elevated style of which such a meeting was capable. After the regular business of the day, however, a few mad youths (as who has not been mad in his day?) bethought themselves that so long strained a solemnity might, like other dramas, be most pleasantly ended by a little bit of a farce. Accordingly they arranged a procession of torchbearers to re-ascend the hill in the evening; a bonfire was made on the top; some obnoxious books were thrown in and burned; with the books also (symbolically!) a pair of stays, a corporal's cane and a tie-wig!!! In Great Britain this would have been a pleasant matter to laugh at for a day and an hour, but in Germany it was a signal for all the policemen in Berlin and Vienna to blow the horn and cry—Conspiracy! From that hour to this, Metternich has lorded it with an iron hand over the German press and parliaments; no very difficult task; for the Germans are not naturally a rebellious people, and the conclave at Frankfort consisted principally of nervous old women with breeches.

The 'Lebensbilder aus dem Befreiungskriege' are a most interesting and instructive conglomeration (we can use no fitter word), of sketches of character, state documents, letters to public men, and historical reflections and researches relating to the history of Germany during the last fifty years. The title, therefore, of the book, in the common acceptance of the word, by no means answers to the contents. By the 'Befreiungskrieg' we generally understand the great liberation war of 1813, and by 'Lebensbilder,' sketches of character and life; but the Freiherr von Hormayr, in these volumes, the most discursive of men, not only sweeps over the whole range of German, and (in many important incidental points) European politics, during the important period mentioned, but dives every now and then with a plunge familiar to himself, though strange to his readers, into the far corners and remote springs of local history in past centuries. There are not a few parts of his book also

which we might fitly call 'verhaltene Zeitungs-Artikel'—articles that ought to have been written on the hot impulse of the moment in newspapers, if there had been papers of that description in Germany; just as Goethe remarked on Byron, that much of his poetry was in reality 'verhaltene Parlements reden,' speeches that ought to have been delivered in Parliament, had his lordship chosen to be (what Nature with so much bile certainly meant him for) a stout blaster and a thunderer there. When we state further that the Baron von Hormayr has been all his life a zealous and indefatigable investigator of historical documents, and writer of historical books, that he has for many years held situations of the highest trust and dignity in the Austrian first, and latterly in the Bavarian government, we shall understand at once how such a work as the 'Lebensbilder' from his pen must have fallen like a Jupiter's thunderbolt among the crowd of sorry political paper-blotterers in Germany; and how, amid the known scarcity of good German memoirs, every intelligent student of history in England will greedily seize upon it as a quarry of most ill-ordered, indeed, and strangely huddled, but most substantial and most nutritive materials.

As the Baron von Hormayr is a writer who has the highest claims to be regarded as a distinct and independent historical authority in a quarter where historical authorities of any kind are rare and unsatisfactory, we shall here, for the sake of those readers who may not have the 'Conversations-Lexicon' at hand, sketch a short outline of his career. From that admirable encyclopædia of practical and public interests, and from some notices in the 'Lebensbilder,' we derive the following facts: Born in the year 1781, of an old and distinguished Tyrolese family, Hormayr studied law at Innsbruck in the years 1794-97; but showed, at an early period, such a decided predilection for historical studies, that, by his thirteenth year, he had published a 'Geschichte der Herzöge von Meran.' His legal studies were accordingly, we presume, never carried to any great extent: for in 1799-1800, we find him first captain, and then major in the Tyrolese militia; and immediately thereafter in 1801, when the peace of Luneville was negotiated, he is in Vienna, forthwith to be employed in the foreign office, under the new minister, Count Cobenzl. In 1803 his German title at Vienna was 'actual court-secretary;' and in 1805, after the bungled campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz, he followed prince Lichtenstein to Presburg, his profound historical knowledge having now ren-

dered him an assistant of the highest value in every diplomatic negotiation of the empire. In the famous year 1809, we find him in his native Tyrol again performing the principal part in that mighty rising of the mountaineers against Napoleon, which, as the baron, with a justifiable boasting, repeatedly asserts, was the only completely successful episode in the whole blundered epos of the Austrian wars. As the main originator and leader of this noble insurrection, the name of Hormayr will descend to posterity indissolubly linked with that of Hofer, Speckbacher, and so many other heroes; honest Andrew, indeed, the good host of the Passeyr, has to thank accident in some measure, and the cruel muskets of Napoleon at Mantua, for his celebrity; he appears to have been neither a very brave soldier, nor a very wise 'king of men;' only a very honest, very patriotic, and very pious Tyrolese *Bauer*, whom God, magnifying his strength in man's weakness, chose to make a centre of union (as we see so many kings and petty kings every day) to many men better and braver than himself. Andrew Hofer was no hero, except in so far as all the good Tyrolese, man, woman and child of that day were, and we doubt not still are, heroes; the great military hero of the triumphant liberation war of 1809, was Speckbacher; the great civil organizer, Hormayr.* After the prostrating peace of Vienna (which had Hormayr been Kaiser Franz, he certainly never would have signed), the baron seems to have retired from public life at Vienna, as if unwilling to act where the generous inspiration of Count Stadion was no longer present to purify the choking atmosphere of a court; and from that time we find him busied in Innsbruck with profound historical investigations, publishing among other things an 'Austrian Plutarch,' to sustain the fine national spirit that Stadion had so successfully roused at Aspern, and preparing a 'Universal History of Europe from the Death of Frederick the Great' (published in Vienna, 1817), which should set before Germany the full extent of that debt of gratitude which is owed to the sturdy obstinacy of Austria during the revolutionary wars. From these patriotic avocations the next jump in life of Hormayr is strange enough: we find the fellow-countryman and fellow-worker of Hofer, 'the beloved national historian and favourite' of the devoted Tyrolese, anticipating the fate of an Italian Gonfalonieri and

* Alison somewhere (vol. vii.) calls him *General* Hormayr. This is surely a mistake. The baron in 1809 did not act in a military capacity, and he has always been a civilian.

a French Andriané; we find Hormayr, in the year 1813, at Munkats in Transylvania, an Austrian fortress! This is a very characteristic and very Austrian incident. The same thing happened in Prussia some half dozen years afterwards, at the time of the congresses of Aix-la-Chapelle and Verona, when Arndt and Jahn, and so many other of those very men to whom the late Frederick William III. owed his throne, were apprehended and suspended, and harassed with every paltriest annoyance upon the mere breath of a slander as vague as it was base. Such infantine politicians are they in Germany, that when small kings and cabinets in sore need and great desperation have, at length, driven by sheer necessity, betaken themselves as a last refuge to popular enthusiasm, they straightway, as soon as the dreaded crisis is over, fall into fainting fits at the imagined consequences of their own boldness, and stand quaking and convulsed in every heart-string at the magnitude of the liberal horror which they have raised. So at least it seems to have fared in 1813 with "good Kaiser Franz." Rumours were afloat at that time, amid the most wretched indecision of the Austrian court and cabinet, that the Tyrolese, mindful of what wonders they had achieved in 1809, were on the point of rising in arms spontaneously against Napoleon, and forcing the vacillating Kaiser into the Russo-Prussian alliance against the common enemy of Europe and Germany. The idea of a popular insurrection was at any time sufficient to stir the autocratic monomania of jealous old Franz; so, according to the account which Hormayr gives, he listened to the eagerly whispered slanders of a person of the name of Roschman, and gave honest credit to the absurd fabrication that the friend of Hofer, and the head of the loyal Tyrolese, was engaged in an extensive and nefarious conspiracy to revolutionize Tyrol, and make the Archduke John the head of a new mountain-kingdom of Rhætia!—Hormayr was accordingly apprehended and imprisoned, and remained imprisoned for thirteen months without any public reason having been rendered either then or since for the procedure. It seems, however, that after the battle of Leipzig, and the successes that followed, the heart of Francis relented; somebody at a happy moment having dexterously chosen one of the 'mollia tempora fandi' which are omnipotent with capricious autocrats, procured the release of the suspected Tyroler; Hormayr was not merely released from durance, but his services received the most honourable acknowledgment possible, by the conferring on him the title of historiographer to the empe-

ror. Thus reinstated into favour, he lived at Vienna, continuing his historical researches; but whether he found the political air at Vienna disagree with him (Metternich, with all his virtues, being evidently, in Hormayr's estimate, no Stadion), or whether he wished to see a little more of the diplomatic world, he, in 1828, accepted an invitation from the King of Bavaria, to honour the court and cabinet of Munich with his presence. Since that time he has served his Majesty of Bavaria in various capacities; and in 1832 we find him (always getting farther from Vienna) resident minister from the court of Bavaria, at Hanover. Here he made the acquaintance of Count Münster, the friend of George IV., and the continental 'telescope of Lord Castlereagh;' and his connexion with this man, so notable in the recent annals of German diplomacy, was the immediate occasion of his publishing the remarkable volumes which we are now attempting to bring before the history-reading public of Great Britain.

Count Münster, after his dismissal from office as Hanoverian minister, by William IV., in 1831, retired to his estate of Derneburg, which had been presented to him by George IV.; and there, amid the *otium cum dignitate* of domestic enjoyment, of a wide-gated hospitality, and the elevated converse of ancient and modern books, began to conceive the idea, so natural to a man in his situation, of jotting down the principal events of his varied public life, in a shape that might delight the present generation and instruct the future. Hormayr, who, as an active German patriot, had long known the count by reputation, and as a truth-searching historian, was fully aware what a treasure of written and unwritten reminiscences of the last half century were concentrated in Münster, no sooner observed this idea springing up in the mind of his friend, than he did all that he could—made it, indeed, a regular business—to effect its happy realization. The old adage, however, *dimidium facti qui capit habet*, did not prove itself good in this case. Münster began the delicate work of personal history; but encountering more difficulties than he had anticipated, had not, at the period of his death in May, 1839, advanced further than his embassy to Petersburg, in 1801, and the first beginnings of the third coalition against France, which came to a head in 1805. There Münster stopped in despair, as it would appear, of getting satisfactorily through the mass of perplexed materials that now began to crowd upon him. The autobiographic attempt was abandoned, and the arrangement of his papers left to the posthumous care of his friend,

Hormayr. These papers, accordingly, form the nucleus of the 'Lebensbilder;' but the editor has added a superabundance of extrinsic materials from his own rich sources, some of which, in our opinion, as independent and original historical testimony, far exceed the value of what he has communicated sparsely, and with a wise discretion, from the multifarious papers of his friend.

The formal and leading text of the work, as thus put together, is a life of Count Munster; but the life of a plain, sensible, shrewd diplomatist, and a *juste milieu*, somewhat aristocratic politician, possesses, as will be readily seen, no body and mass of sufficient prominence to make an interesting biography strictly so called. The consequence is, what is formally the life of a Hanoverian nobleman, becomes, in the hands of Hormayr, a sketch of the history of Europe during the revolutionary wars; through which the name of Munster goes like a secret thread, known to exist rather than felt, appearing now and then on the great stage of European life, like a scene-shifter rather than an actor. We shall not, therefore, concern ourselves further with this person for the present; his general public career and political character are too well known in this country to demand any special exposition here: and as for the various bitter attacks from political opponents, by which the closing calm of his days was not a little ruffled, those who wish to see him vindicated by a hand equally able and friendly, may be referred for their private satisfaction to the first volume of the 'Lebensbilder.' For ourselves the interest is but faint and forced that we can at any time bring ourselves to feel in the ephemeral *pro's* and *con's* of a personal squabble, whether political or ecclesiastical. After all the accusations that Herr König and others with such wrathful preparation have thundered against the Hanoverian minister, the head and front of his offending may have been merely this, that as a *juste milieu* man, he was more slow in forwarding certain necessary improvements than the swiftness of eager-spurred hopes could brook; he was an aristocrat also—though by no means an absolutist—and did not wish to see the 'ante-chamber' (so he was fond to phrase it), 'rush all at once into the saloon,' with red caps on their heads, and no breeches. But be this as it may, we find ourselves drawn away from the petty kingdom of Hanover and its late minister, to the great wars which the 'inexhaustible' Austria maintained against the impetuous Napoleon, and specially to the noble struggle of 1809. This part of the 'Lebensbilder' comes in a great measure from Hormayr's

own portfolio; here he appears not as an industrious compiler merely, and a learned editor; but stands out prominently amid a mass of tame figures and 'dumb dogs,' as a decided articulate-speaking man; as a sturdy independent citizen in a country where sturdiness is a vice, and independence a crime; as the noble chief of the brave brotherhood of peasant-heroes that people the central mountain fortress of Europe; as the intelligent European representative of the 'democratic monarchy' of the Tyrol.

In one of the notes to the second volume of the 'Lebensbilder,' Hormayr has given us some personal sketches of the most distinguished statesmen that have ruled the destinies of Austria during the last hundred years. He begins with Kaunitz, and gives a full length and most effective portrait of him; but as this man's singular character and far-stretching sphere of activity falls within the familiar domain of our native historian Coxe, we shall refrain from entering at all upon this region. Hormayr also speaks of him not as a direct witness: for the Austrian count died on the day of the battle of Fleurus, just three years after the Tyrolean baron was born. With the next minister, however, the case is different: Thugut—the inflexible Thugut—though he retired from office just at the time when Hormayr came first to Vienna, at the peace of Luneville, lived many years after that; and the following characteristic sketch may accordingly be regarded as the direct living report of an eye-witness.

"Thugut was scarcely of middle stature, and, as he advanced in years (he was on the verge of eighty when he died), stooped much. His features were those of a Mephistophiles and a Faun; even his politeness was not without something of a lurking sneer, and a certain cynical cast. Of cheerful pleasantness, of grave and self-conscious dignity, he was altogether destitute. At the same time he was far too clever to appear on any occasion vulgar. He was the most one-sided of men; and yet in his face there were spread out, so to speak, a hundred pages of Machiavelli's *principe*. In a collection of wax figures, no Austrian would have taken Thugut for a compatriot—rather for a private secretary of Louis XI., of Ludovico Moro Sforza, of Cæsar Borgia, or one of the familiar emissaries of Louvois, or of the *chambre ardente*.

"Even men of far superior talent were never found to look down upon Thugut. There was something about him that commanded a certain respect. So much more effective is an energetic character than the most brilliant genius in the person of a statesman. And yet Buonaparte's saying, 'the stiff-necked won battles' was falsified in his own experience with the stiff Thugut; at Mantua, Arcoli, Rivoli, and the passes of Carinthia, there was no want of mere obstinacy on the part of the Austrians. Thugut's voice was

like his disposition, very decided, and not disagreeable; his expression, whether oral or in writing, academically correct, clear, precise, and logical; his emendations on the compositions of others—on the MSS. of J. von Müller for instance—were striking and pointed, never frivolous; he reasoned with great closeness and strength, avoiding all sorts of extraneous illustration or ornament; his conversation was full of caustic wit, and not without coquetry. He had a much greater mastery of the French language than of the German; for in his young days, the mother tongue still lay neglected. The Roman classics he knew well; and up to his seventeenth year could recite long passages from them. Of the oriental languages he was a great amateur; and it is in no small degree to his patronage, and the influence of his friend, the Internuncio Herbert, that Austria is indebted for her brightest gem in oriental literature—Joseph von Hammer. From his earliest years Thugut was remarkable for great self-command. A Spartan could not be more moderate. The relishes of the table had no charm for him; he knew not the value of comfort, for him in pleasure there was no power. A glass of water and seven plums were his invariable supper; he slept little; but up to a great age gently as a child. He spoke only when he pleased, and what he pleased. Like William of Orange he would have burned his wig if any of his secrets could have transpired through it. Without the stereotype doctrinaire face of Kaunitz, not even the most sudden impulse of passion ever witched from him a single syllable that was not weighed. More wise than Napoleon, he never betrayed his indignation by his words; at the utmost he would break off abruptly, and contract suddenly his white bushy eyebrows.

“What drugs wont cure, iron will cure; and what iron wont cure, fire will cure”—this was, to say it in a word, the *consommé* of Thugut's internal policy. Force was in his eyes the only infallible, eternal, divine thing: for this reason also he stood so firm in adversity, for he had fallen a victim only to that before which all must yield—to force; and the same power that cast him down to-day might to-morrow with equal supremacy raise him up. Inexorable and irreconcilable, he possessed in the highest degree patience of hatred. His goal lay always as plain before him, as his means and his instruments were secret and crooked. Time, which most statesmen prize so highly, was only a secondary matter to him. Fixedness of purpose and of principle was to him a surrogate for alacrity. His policy knew neither virtue nor vice, but only means to an end. He desired neither to convince nor to seduce, but was content when he could compel. In him dwelt a sovereign contempt for human nature. He was not much moved by the loss of popularity. In November and December, 1800, he seldom left his room in the Chancery-office and bent his way to his garden in the Währingergasse without being hooted at by the mob, and sometimes even pelted with stones. He smiled, and muttered, *Canaille!* His great weapon was fear. *Oderint dum metuant!* he muttered frequently between his teeth, and expatiated with a smile on the Emperor Nero, who, he said, was a charming man, only

the Romans did not understand him! Independence of character, freedom of opinion, generosity, and pure virtue, he positively abhorred. He would have none about him that were not at the same time beneath him; he preferred a mechanical and a narrow head that might at the utmost understand him, to a clever fellow that could dissect and look through him. People with notions of their own only annoyed him—so he said—and robbed him of much precious time. He was tolerant enough to the faults of his inferiors, so long as they were free from any political tendency, and did not stand directly in his own way. To him everything was right that increased the degradation and the dependence of human nature. He was the inventor of that systematic neglect and ignoring of her noblest characters, for which Austria has been not unjustly blamed.”

This is a severe judgment; but there seems no reason to suspect partiality; for Thugut was out of the political world, as we mentioned, before Hormayr came in, and it was not to him, but to Cobenzl, Stadion, and Prince Metternich, that the learned young baron had to look for advancement in public life. We have no room, therefore, to suspect that the most unamiable traits in the above portrait are the result of disappointed ambition. Those who wish to contemplate the favourable side of the portrait (as, undoubtedly, even the devil has his handsome and heroic attitudes), may consult the authority referred to in the ‘*Biographie Universelle*’; for our present purpose, we feel more inclined to direct the reader's attention to the remarkable parallel which Thugut's character, as here delineated, exhibits to the character of the Austrian wars with France, carried on under his presidency. Mere energetic obstinacy seems to be the highest virtue they can claim; one only fleet moment of triumphant progress they present; and that moment, unhappily for German military fame, was Russian more than Austrian; the moment, we mean, when the Archduke Charles was keeping Massena in check at Zurich, and Suwarrow, ‘the conquering Bramarbas’ of the North, was retracing the track of Hannibal in Lombardy, and over the fateful field of Marengo, weeping with his old fierce eyes that there was no young Buonaparte yet there to beat. But this moment of Russian triumph in Lombardy—this critical tropic of French humiliation, in 1799, excited in Thugut's breast, and in the breast of Kaiser Franz, not gratitude, but jealousy; amid paltry personal suspicions, the decisive moment for the public good was lost. The poor Russian marshal was sent out of the path of his triumphs, to fight, not with Frenchmen, but with snow and starvation on the Alps; the Archduke Charles also, at the same time, was sudden-

ly withdrawn to the North, when within the very grasp of victory; and scarcely was all this done, when as if on purpose to chastise the unworthy motives that during Thugut's premiership had reigned supreme in the chancery at Vienna, Napoleon was sent like a shot from his self-sought exile in Egypt; despondent Paris revived at the sight; the palsied arms of France became strong; a single march and a single battle undid all the fair show of work that slow Austria owed altogether to the rapid, slashing advance of the hoary Muscovite; the peace of Luneville was negotiated by Cobenzl, and Thugut retired from his septennial hold of the most perilous helm in Europe, amidst the hoots and execrations of the Viennese populace.

The next actor on this eventful scene is this same Louis Graf Cobenzl, whom we have just named; 'the illustrious Cobenzl,' as Alison somewhere terms him, without any particular pregnancy of meaning, we suppose, in the epithet. In the long and obstinate struggle between Thugut and the earth-born giants (*γῆγενεῖς*) of the revolution, though we see nothing to recruit our jaded moral feelings, travelling wearily through the waste, howling wilderness of force and fraud in high places, of which the annals of this iron age of the world are made up; yet we still see a stiff combat of two 'honest haters'—a cold devil pitted deliberately against a hot one—not without a certain invigorating effect on the spectator. Now, however, to herald in the crime of Ulm and the fault of Austerlitz, with all possible worthiness; to meet Napoleon the emperor, before whom, as mere general and consul, even a Thugut stood abashed; we have a courtier, a comedian, and a Frenchman, at the helm of the German empire—a Cobenzl instead of a Pitt! Will he weather the storm, think you? Look at the man, and prophesy. Alas! poor Austria!

"Nature had done little for Cobenzl, and yet there was something interesting and even agreeable about his plainness. He had a perfect cat's head, with reddish white hair; a high broad forehead; his complexion a chalky white; of middle stature; blown and flabby, as if his blood had been corrupted and diluted by premature and excessive enjoyments; small pink eyes peeping out with a cast of squinting; the most complete *dehors* and *procédés*, noble, graceful, and engaging manners, and yet always in the midst of the greatest gala and glitter, with a certain air of cynical negligence that would show itself even in a torn shirt, or an arm-chair pendant with rags: a ladies' man every inch; without women Count Cobenzl could not live. He was tender-hearted, kindly, liberal, generous, liable to sudden fits of passion, but easily calmed, thoughtless, and yet cunning and secret. In his private

affairs disorder reigned, which is the worst kind of extravagance. Systematic and comprehensive knowledge of any kind he had none: the few historical and diplomatic notions of the Strasburger school that he once had, he mostly forgot; his grand capital consisted only in one thing—the *multum* and *multa* that he had seen and acted in the great world. Like a true nobleman, however, which he was, he never despised that learning in others which he lacked himself: on the contrary, he always showed the highest respect for true learning. In the transition period between the old diplomacy of mistresses, has-tards, confessors, and courtesans, and Napoleon's new school of international statesmanship of which the principle was *væ victis*! Cobenzl felt himself not a little uncomfortable, chagrined daily to find that of his many old keys not one would fit into the new lock. He was dexterous enough to state the various *pro's* and *con's* of every great chance, and to shake cleverly the kaleidescope changes of possibility, but he wanted calmness and equanimity of soul to arrive at a just conclusion; he ended often by a mere fit of impatience and an *alors comme alors*! not always of the ripest. In him there was more of a happy spirit of intrigue than of truly great combination. He was more a loveable and clever courtier with the portefeuille of the foreign department in his hand, than such a minister as such a state at such a time demanded. Cobenzl was out and out a Frenchman, at the same time with an unbounded respect for Russia; he had been dazzled also from the very first by the blazing apparition of Napoleon; and more than dazzled,—a daily intercourse with the young conqueror at Passeriano had left in his mind a secret dread of that overbearing plebeian insolence, and Corsican thirst of vengeance, which were even then so evident. The conflict of these two opposite feelings—a feeling not less of dread of Napoleon than reverence for Russia, will explain much, otherwise scarcely explicable, of the confused doings of the years 1803—5. Twenty years residence in Russia had incrustated Cobenzl with a coating of submissiveness (*servilism*) that was at times almost comical. At the same time, being free from selfishness and sinister views, this submissiveness in him did not imply degradation. The motto 'l'Autriche c'est moi,' and that other one of the same stamp, 'Car tel est mon plaisir,' could not be applied to Cobenzl: 'Après moi le deluge,' however, is a principle of public conduct from which it might not be so easy to prove that he was altogether free. He commenced his diplomatic career under Graf Pergen, on occasion of the unhappy partition of Poland in 1773. In 1774, he followed the Marquis d'Yves to Copenhagen, in the mission to Copenhagen under the Guldburg ministry, after the fall of Struensee, and the unhappy Caroline Matilda. In 1777 he was sent as ambassador to Berlin; here he was rather a favourite with Frederick, though the great Prussian monarch could scarcely conceal a contempt which he felt for the triviality of the count's character. Napoleon felt the same afterwards. At the breaking out of the war of the Bavarian succession, Cobenzl left Berlin; and soon afterwards we find him at St. Petersburg, where, as is well known, he stood in high favour, and acquitted himself with great credit in the capa-

city of *maitre des plaisirs* to the Empress Catherine. The French pieces which he wrote for the little theatre there, display his great mimical talents most favourably. Madame de Staël when in Petersburg heard the echo of his theatrical fame so late as the year 1812. On one occasion he had been playing the part of an old methodistical spinster, when a courier from Vienna arrived with despatches. Cobenzl, little pleased at the interruption, left the theatre between the acts, read the papers, and after dictating a hurried answer, returned immediately to act out his part; but he was too late; the piece went on, and the pious spinster was not forthcoming at the proper time; all was perplexity and confusion till the count appeared, and forthwith poured out such a flood of extemporary wit that the play seemed the better in the long run for having been temporarily marred. Under Paul the count did not find his post so easy. As early as the conclusion of the preliminaries of Leoben, Cobenzl acted for a short time in Thugut's place, concluded the definitive peace of Campo Formio, and in the year 1798 was fluttering about continually between Rastadt, Selz, Vienna, Berlin, and Petersburg, and continued the negotiations with France till the peace of Luneville; here his place as ambassador was supplied by his brother Philip; and himself in September, 1801, arrived (almost at the same time with the French ambassador Champagny) at Vienna, to assume the dignity of Vice-Chancellor of State. Here he was subject only to the supreme will of Kaiser Franz; the Count Francis Colloredo, cabinet minister, was nominally above him; but this, though honest, extremely small man (*redlich aber äusserst beschränkt*) was a perfect cipher in all matters of foreign policy, and, in an era pregnant with gigantic fates, a man who wished to live from hand to mouth quietly, and let live. Cobenzl had no coadjutors or subordinates that could do much to help him, ignorant as he was of business (seriously so called), more ignorant of history, and most ignorant of Austria. The only thing that he knew well was courts and courtiers. One of the councillors of state, Collenbach, was more a mathematician than a statesman; slow and painful in his movements, wavering and uncertain before he made a choice, doggedly obstinate when he had made it (as mathematicians are wont to be), without a single creative idea or original view; a man the reverse of Cobenzl in all things, and yet agreeing with him in this, that they both were given to form an over-estimate of persons who came before them with a certain amount of authority and reputation. Both had a high opinion of Mack; they looked on him as an extraordinary genius, capable of the greatest things, for no better reason than because recommended by Lascy and Laudon, of whom Lascy never fancied anything in Mack but a ready tact for administrative details, while the fiery Laudon was only too glad to have taken with Mack the right hand from his opponent (for so he looked on Lascy), and found at the same time for himself the man that he precisely required, one who would work out details which the grey-haired hero, the man of the moment, had not patience to do for himself."

The well-known capitulation of Mack,

brought about by sheer stupidity, and the equally famous rout of Austerlitz, brought about, as Hormayr says, by sheer infatuation (*eigentlich aus Verblendung*), ended in the inglorious peace of Presburg (26th of December, 1805), and in the cession of the Tyrol to Bavaria. This was a violent disjunction, quite of a piece with Napoleon's fixed idea, that Europe and the world was one vast chess-board, on which he had but to make moves with men and nations in one part, while men in another part (and gods above consenting) cried '*bravo*.' to his work. But it was necessary, in the providence of God, to teach men once again this lesson—that the only power that can effectually oppose and overcome far-reaching physical tyranny, is the moral power that sleeps in the bosom of a roused people; and it lay in the counsels of Heaven, also, to prove publicly before Europe, that a loyal people have often more to fear from the weakness and vacillation of incapable absolutism on a throne, than an unlimited monarch from the free words and free deeds of an unjustly suspected people. As shipwrecked sinners betake themselves to prayers, so jealous and suspicious Austria, when courts, and cabinets, and coalitions failed, appealed to the generous enthusiasm of the people; and as God answers the unworthy sinner, so the Austrian people answered an emperor, of whom their kindly feeling was ever ready to judge far above his deserts. The instrument honoured by Providence to wave the popular banner for a few short years, over despotic Austria, was Count Stadion. He was the intimate friend, the heart's brother, and the zealous fellow-worker of Hormayr, in the last great struggle of 1809. The portrait is sketched *con amore*, and we by no means grudge the length:—

"Philip Stadion, of an old and illustrious noble family in Swabia, was born in the year 1763, the second son of Count Franz Conrad. He studied at Göttingen, under the celebrated men who then adorned the Georgia Augusta, and devoted himself with great assiduity to the history and diplomacy of the last three centuries. Understanding and judgment were the preponderating elements in his character, while emotion and impulse were stronger in his brother; but both were essentially noble characters. Too pure for equivocation, too proud for a lie, too high-hearted and sensitive for an age 'great in small matters, and in all great matters small;' moved strongly by the feeling of the moment, and yet capable of a long-continued, silent, pervading enthusiasm, strong in self-denial for the public good, even to harshness, and eager to expect a like self-denial in others, they were genuine aristocrats of nature and of the old German school; the spirit of Ulrich von Hutten and of Sickingen was in them. In Philip's face you could read it plainly how many of his ancestors

had fought and fallen in the Swiss wars, in the wars of the Swabian and Frankish emperors and the imperial cities. Both brothers were, from the beginning, decided opponents of the French revolution; but they were, at the same time, the most zealous advocates of spontaneous, gradual, moderate reform. From their earliest years they took a warm interest in those projects of German improvements which, proceeding principally from Mainz, found a decided enemy in Vienna, and a false hope in Berlin. Ever wasting its energy on petty interests, balancing continually between greater and lesser evils, satisfied with no submission that was not unconditional, demanding not only the most patient subjection, but positive self-annihilation from its instruments; sworn doggedly against all progress, and ever watching to renew, in Upper Italy or Germany, the shameful Polish tragedy; thus minded, the ministry of Thugut allowed the senate of Ratisbon and the German princes to sit (like the old Roman senators) in defenceless dignity, till the stranger came and plucked their beards, and then, of course, they might help themselves! With this Austrian absolutism, the German aristocracy of the Stadions had nothing in common. As little affinity had it with the modern upstart nobility of Vienna. Of an aristocracy that loves only the wood of the throne, that it may be floated on it, that has no home but in the ante-chamber of a court, that prides itself on being born to everything, and achieving nothing, the Stadions had no conception. They felt deeply that where court favouritism and ministerial despotism flourished, there only a nominal aristocracy could exist. Under an absolute government, every one is only what the prince wills, and so long as he wills it. This Philip Stadion could not make compatible with fatherland and honour. These two words sounded in his heart, like the chime of sacred bells, borne above the smoke and din of cities, far over the green fields and the mountain lakes. In the most un-German times, the Stadions were always Germans. They were, in heart and soul, members of the empire, and not mere Austrians. They sought in Vienna the German emperor, the defender of the laws, the representative of old and venerable recollections, the symbol of German honour, the champion of German freedom. They lived in an age of transition; and as, in a former transition era Maximilian I. and his friends, so now, in this last time, Philip Stadion and his brother Frederick might fitly be designated *DIE LETZTEN RITTER*, the last of the cavaliers.

"When the handsome and highly accomplished brothers first appeared in Vienna (Philip in his young days had a strong look of Joseph II.), their enthusiasm raised a complacent smile on the countenances of the arid persons that composed the Chancery herbarium there. In Vienna all sorts of enthusiasm were looked on as poison; but even poisons are used at times by skilful physicians as the most sure medicines of disease; and as among certain savage tribes the gods are brought out and entreated (sometimes also beaten), only in desperate junctures, and after the crisis is over, thrown aside; so Philip Stadion somehow found favour in Vienna, and was appointed ambassador at Stockholm. There

he remained the advocate of Russian interests, till the peace of Weerela in 1790; and then left Sweden to be present at the coronation of Leopold II. at Frankfort. At this time Marshal Bender had just chastised the insolent Belgians on the Maas. This event increased the activity of the representatives of the interested powers at the Hague; Graf Keller from Prussia, Lord Auckland from Great Britain, Van der Spiegel on the part of the United States. Stadion was immediately appointed ambassador in London. Here he spent four years and a half; and of this period of his life he never spoke but with the greatest joy and enthusiasm. To this residence in London he was indebted for a knowledge of the great extra-European relations of the European States, of the great interests of trade and commerce. With a sort of inspiration he talked of the heroes of England's naval power, of the good tone and excellent discipline in the marine service, of the old-Roman Pitt, of Fox and Burke's ancient friendship and sudden rupture, of the great parliamentary orators generally. But from this congenial position Stadion was only too soon removed. He had the pleasure, indeed, to witness during his residence in London, the accession of Great Britain to the league against regicide France; but the new minister of the foreign department, Baron Thugut, was a man not likely to be more pleased with Stadion than Stadion was with him. The Austrian ambassador in Paris, Count Mercy d'Argenteau, had, on the breaking out of the French revolution, exchanged his old familiar Paris for London; and this man Thugut selected as the channel of his most confidential communications. Stadion was too high-minded to remain externally in an office of which the substantial duties were performed by another; he demanded his dismissal and obtained it. He now spent seven years (what years!) partly in Ratisbon, partly on his family estates, and partly also in Vienna.

"No sooner had Thugut resigned (February and March, 1801), than several changes were made in the diplomatic department; and it being considered advisable to make advances to a nearer connexion with the cabinet of Berlin, Stadion was fixed on for that purpose. He accordingly received a pressing invitation to come to Vienna. This invitation he accepted; and devoted himself from henceforth with assiduity to the statistics of the Austrian empire. Called upon to give his opinion on the policy of the empire, that had for some time been prevalent, he did not hesitate to express himself strongly against the system of crushing all native talent and independence, of interdicting and mutilating all the noblest productions of the German tongue. These sentiments the cabinet minister Colloredo could not hear without various strange looks and grimaces; but as destined ambassador to Berlin, the most liberal and tolerant of German states (at that time!) Stadion might have a certain liberty of speech and latitude of idea, beyond what was orthodox for the purposes of the home department in Vienna. In Berlin he spent two vexatious years in the sorry business of secularization and indemnization, which the peace of Luneville had left as a legacy to diplomatists. He was next sent to Petersburg, where he formed

an intimate friendship with Count Münster, and in a short time became the negotiator of the third coalition; afterwards accompanying the Emperor Alexander to the war, he was witness of that scarcely credible series of mistakes, precipitations, and mischances, which ended in the battle of Austerlitz, and the peace of Presburg. The few days that he at that period spent at Vienna in the 'Schenkenstrasse,' in company with General Giulay, and Count Haugwitz, he was wont to speak of with a generous indignation, as the saddest of his whole life, not anticipating then how much more bitter a cup would some years afterwards be presented to him in Scharding! At the conclusion of the peace of Presburg, he was placed at the head of the ministry, and the arduous duties, which this office then implied, he performed with undaunted courage, with a restless energy, with conscientious accuracy and self-denial. Expecting day after day some new affront, some new violation of a dearly bought peace, he had only one feeling to guide and inspire him—the feeling so eloquently expressed by Johannes Müller: 'Never may a man, never may a nation imagine that its end is come. Loss of property may be compensated; and many sore evils time will cure—one only evil is irremediable, when a man despairs of himself.' Animated by these feelings, Stadion proceeded to an act which publicly declared that self-confidence and confidence in the people whom he served, was to be the principle of his ministry. On the 6th of February, 1806, a proclamation, prepared by him and Baldacci, was issued to the effect that no unnecessary fetters were henceforth to be laid on intellectual liberty; and in fact from this period the censorship in Vienna began to relax its more rigid features. It was now no longer the systematic rule to ignore, to neglect, to irritate, and to oppress national talent and popular energy. Stadion did not share the narrow Viennese jealousy of the old languages of the Czeches and the Magyars. The archives were freely opened to all inquirers. An end was put to the mania of centralization, which emptied the provinces of all their substance, that with other raree shows it might be accumulated in the capital. From Stadion's ministry the rise of the various provincial Museums, and other local institutions, takes its date. Hitherto every society or union, no matter for what purpose, had been looked upon with suspicion, and violently suppressed as the necessary germ of some terrible conspiracy. The government now came forward to patronize various associations for benevolent, scientific, and patriotic purposes. 'Full freedom for books, no freedom for pamphlets,' was often in the mouth of Stadion—something quite new at that time in Austria.

"Stadion died on the 15th of May, 1824; but, according to our feeling, the real stroke that killed him was given on the morning of the 25th of April, 1809, at Scharding in the ante-chamber of Kaiser Franz, when the Adjutant Graf Max Auersberg arrived with the terrible message of the defeat of the main body of the army, the survivors' retreat across the Danube to the Bohemian forests, and the danger of Vienna!—"A present tout est perdu, mon Dieu, mon Dieu, tout est perdu!" he exclaimed, and sunk, almost fainting, on the ground. People have expressed

themselves strongly on this sudden depression of spirits in the man who had previously been so full of hope; but in this first disaster he saw a much greater loss than the mere loss of a battle—the loss of confidence, the loss of enthusiasm, the disappointment of friends, the hesitation of neutrals, the loss of the whole war—such a war as he, in his proud German heart, had planned it. Penetrated by this feeling it was not a few brilliant traits of personal valour on the part of the common soldier, nor a strong popular feeling, nor even the self-sacrifice of a well-fought defensive battle (Aspern), that could restore him to the hopes with which he had commenced the campaign: he felt that there was insufficiency and inadequacy at head-quarters, and that matters could not go well. Nevertheless he remained firm at his post during all the disadvantageous delay at Budweis, and the unhappy difference of opinion between the two head-quarters of Wolkensdorf and Wagram, as also during the armistice of Znaym, and the change of command at Litta, in the camps at Comorn and Totis, till the certainty of the approaching peace compelled him again and again to solicit his dismissal. A few hours after that he was seen on the ramparts of Comorn, waiting for horses to take him to Prague, talking with any chance acquaintance on every subject but war and politics; and those who saw him on this occasion will admit that he exhibited then a truly Roman self-command. But since that *dies nefastus* in Scharding there was a certain bitterness crept into his inward man, which he never afterwards altogether shook off—a bitterness displaying itself in the most shallow and misanthropic frivolity, now in a Shakespearian irony, now in outbursts of indignant sarcasm, in which he spared not himself and his own position as minister of finance—a position new to him, and for which he was not by nature particularly well adapted. A two-edged sword had passed through his soul."

Having thus followed the changes in the spirit of the Austrian administration from the beginning of the war in 1793, incarnated as it were and symbolized in the characters of three very different men, Thugut, Cobenzl, and Stadion; let us examine a little more minutely into the character and results of that war of 1809, which is the grand culminating point of Austrian soldiership and patriotism in these latter days. Mr. Alison, amid many vivid and powerful descriptions which we have read once and again with no common pleasure, has drawn some comparisons, and hazarded some logic with regard to the campaigns of Aspern and Wagram, which appear to us, on a cool review of the matter, to be altogether extravagant and unwarranted. One of the passages to which we allude more immediately is as follows:

"The resolute stand made by the Austrians at Aspern is one of the most glorious instances of patriotic resistance which the history of the world exhibits. Driven back by an overwhelming force into the heart of the monarchy, with

their fortresses taken, their arsenals pillaged, their armies defeated, they still continued the contest : boldly fronted the invader in the plenitude of his power ; and with unshaken resolution advanced alone and unsupported to drive the conqueror of Europe from the capital he had subdued. Contrary to what has usually been experienced in similar cases, they showed the world that the fall of the metropolis did not necessarily draw after it the submission of the empire ; but that a brave and patriotic people can find their capital in the general's head-quarters, and reduce the invader to the extremity of peril in consequence of the very means which he had deemed decisive of the contest. The British historian can hardly hope that similar resolution would have been displayed by the citizens of his own country : or that a battle of Waterloo would have been fought by the English after London and Woolwich had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Contrasting the heroic battles of Aspern and Wagram after Vienna had fallen, with the unbounded terror inspired at Paris by the advance of the Duke of Brunswick to Valmy in 1792, a hundred and twenty miles from the capital, even when the people were in the highest state of democratic excitement, it is impossible to avoid the inference, that as much in the conduct of a nation under such circumstances depends on the national institutions as on the stage at which they have arrived in social advancement ; and in the invincible tenacity and far-seeing sagacity of an aristocratic government is to be found the only guarantee from the days of Cannæ to those of Aspern of such an unshaken resolution, under calamities generally considered as utterly destructive of political independence."

Now the whole of this passage is written in a spirit of such overcharged eulogy, and there are so many positive errors and absurdities crowded into a single page, that consistently with a due respect for Mr. Alison's talents as a historian, we can attribute its having been written only to a certain most un-English fashion of praising everything Austrian and Prussian that came into vogue in this country among conservative writers (naturally enough it must be confessed), after the passing of the Reform Bill. Let us look for a minute into the several points. In the first place with regard to the general effect of the capture of a capital on the issue of a war, a distinction must manifestly be made between a homogeneous and centralised country such as France, and a conglomeration of dissimilar provinces such as the Austrian empire. There is only one large city in France : Paris is the hand and the heart of the kingdom. But in Austria there are many large cities, standing each on an independent social base, and performing the living functions of a capital each in its several province : Prague is in this sense a capital ; Pesth much more : Innspruck is an independent and a most efficient capital, as the events of this very campaign suffi-

ciently showed. The comparison, therefore, with Paris is most unfair. In the next place it was in no wise by 'an overwhelming force' (as the writer admits in another place), but by an inconceivable bungling and a monstrous lack of enterprise and celerity that the Austrians were driven back. In the third place, in order to estimate at its right value the true military glory of the days of Aspern and Wagram, we must consider with discrimination both what sort of a war this was, and how it was conducted as a whole. It was not a war in which the Austrians were attacked and surprised by an untried enemy : it was a deliberately self-chosen war on their part ; a war commanded, let us rather say, by an imperious moral necessity, because degradation at the peace of Presburg had gone so far that if the occasion of the Spanish insurrection was not now taken advantage of, utter ruin and prostration were to be looked for. The near example of Prussia was not required to teach Austria that a peaceful subjection to Napoleon was more dangerous than an internecine hostility. A *bellum internecinum*, therefore, was resolved on : a last stand *pro aris et focus*, and for very existence ; a stand such as Bruce made at Bannockburn without considering whether Edinburgh was behind him or before ; the Austrians had every motive to fight bravely, that men contending for their dearest and most vital interests could have ; if they were not determined to fight thoroughly, and to the end, it was sheer folly and madness in them to fight at all. Well, in such circumstances, without one pitched battle, at least, of the concentrated forces of the empire, it was impossible that the campaign could be said even to have begun. And how did it begin ? The Austrians, knowing that all Germany was to be roused by a successful first blow, took the offensive ; Napoleon was surprised ; Berthier paralyzed by their movements ; the French troops scattered here and there, without any order, or facility of combination ; the most decisive successes, the most glorious results were before the eye, in the very grasp of the Austrians ; and yet the blow was not given. Nothing was done. The slow, clumsy Imperialists allowed themselves to be manœuvred out of the grand decisive moment of the war. Napoleon was not a man to run such a risk twice ; he, at least, would not be slow ; four days' work was enough to reverse the position, and with the position, the fortunes of the two armies ; the French were now concentrated ; the Austrians divided and scattered, and beaten in detail. The archduke retreated across the Danube into Bohemia ; Napoleon marched, driving the small band

of Hiller before him to Vienna ; the capital itself was taken, and Napoleon installed in Schoenbrunn, without a single grand battle ! The archduke's army was not destroyed, scarcely even dispirited ; and yet Mr. Alison tells us gravely that in such a posture of affairs as this, had the Archduke Charles commanded British soldiers and not Austrians ; had Vienna been London, the subsequent patriotic resistance at Aspern and Wagram would have been impossible ! We confess ourselves unable to see either the extraordinary merit of Aspern and Wagram on the part of the Austrians, or the correct view of the speculation concerning the supposed conduct of British generals and British troops in circumstances precisely similar. Instead of heaping exaggerated eulogies on the Austrians for the good fighting on these two bloody days, a sound judgment will rather propose this question—how did it happen that the two pitched battles of the concentrated forces on which the safety of the empire was risked, came to be fought *after* the enemy entered the capital, and not *before* ?—What became of the 'far seeing sagacity of an aristocratic government' at Landshut and Abensberg and Eckmühl ?—The fact of the matter is, as Hormayr has well expressed it, Aspern, with all its hard-earned glories, was not so much a battle won as an attack repulsed. Napoleon, having his natural rashness raised to the point of folly by the stupidity with which this campaign, no less than that of 1805, was opened on the part of the Austrians, conceived such a contempt for their strategics, that any bold step in their teeth seemed certain of success. He resolved to pass a great river with the enemy waiting his arrival on the opposite bank. His intended attack on their position was repulsed : he was himself attacked while in the act of landing his troops : no position could possibly have been more unfavourable for him, none more favourable for the enemy. Numbers also were, on that day, on the side of the Austrians. The result might have been anticipated. Napoleon was driven back into the river, and obliged to ensconce himself in the island of Lobau. Thus far well : but a victory of this kind was nothing without consequences ; no battle, indeed, can be said to be gained that does not produce consequences : Aspern was a bright beginning ; for the Austrians, accustomed to defeats, morally, a great victory ; but physically, it did not propagate itself, as every real victory does. Blow did not follow blow till the antagonist surrendered ; on the contrary, he got ample time, not only to recover, but to recruit ; his communications were not cut off ; he remained enthroned in the capital,

drawing new strength every day from Italy and from France, and feeding on his adversaries' stores ; the grand insurrection in the Tyrol was left unimproved ; and Aspern became an heroic abortion. It had, in fact, with all its waste of blood and treasure, to be fought over again : the Corsican, profiting by experience, was more cunning in his second passage of the river, and more fortunate ; he effected his landing this time in the most gallant style : and Wagram was the consequence. Now, if the Austrians had stood their ground on this field, where, though inferior in numbers, they were vastly superior in the strength of a deliberately and well-chosen position, we should have said, the campaign of 1809, with whatever bungling begun and carried on, ended honourably for them ; but they did *not* stand their ground ; they were not beaten, indeed, but they retreated ; and by retreating before such an adversary as Napoleon, opened the way for an unsafe armistice, and a peace that could not have been more humiliating, had the manly stand at Wagram, and the soldier-like retreat thereafter, been a regular rout to the Austrians, as complete as Waterloo afterwards was to the French. It is impossible, therefore, on an impartial review of the campaign of 1809, to find the soaring eulogies of Mr. Alison justified ; and as for what was really great and good in that patriotic display, we must ascribe it, if we have any discernment, not to that "invincible tenacity and far-seeing sagacity of aristocratic governments" of which mention was already made, but merely to the stout and sturdy character of the Teutonic race, whether fighting under an Archduke Charles at Wagram, a Blücher at the Katzbach, or a Wellington at Waterloo. As to aristocracy in Austria, more light will be thrown upon that, we think, from Hormayr's portrait of Stadion, above given, with its fine background of contrast, than from Mr. Alison's vague flights of indiscriminate eulogy. The Austrian government is not mainly and characteristically aristocratic ; an unmaimed old aristocracy in some parts of the heterogeneous composite called Austria does exist ; but the true pattern of an aristocratic government is that very England which Mr. Alison so unfavourably contrasts with Austria—England, at least, during the wars, and before the Reform Bill—if, indeed, we are not essentially aristocratic still. Be this as it may, 'far seeing sagacity' is a quality which no person but Mr. Alison ever found in the aristocratic, or, more properly, bureaucratic conduct of the Austrian wars with France ; and the praise of 'invincible tenacity,' whether in 1809 or 1813, belongs to the 'German people' only, and in no sense

to Austrian or Prussian aristocrats, who showed what they could do at Jena, in 1806, and what they could *not* do at the armistice of Znaim, when, after the blood and heroism of Aspern and Wagram, the devoted and triumphant Tyrolese were left by an unworthy emperor to the uncovenanted mercies of Napoleon!

It is a hard thing to pronounce so severe a sentence on a series of hard-fought national battles, of which such a gallant soldier as the Archduke Charles was the executive head; but we are compelled to do so by a calm review of the circumstances. One of the documents published by Hormayr (vol. ii., p. 48), expresses what we fear is the real truth with regard to the lamentable peace of Vienna, in the following few words. The extract is from a letter addressed by an experienced person in the Austrian service (whose name, however, Hormayr has, for the present, found it necessary to conceal), to a confidential agent of the English ministry.

"Vienne, le 3 Janvier, 1810.

"Ce n'est point l'épuisement des ressources qui a fait faire la paix, mais uniquement les embarras provenant de la trop longue durée de l'armistice, et le découragement de nos généraux.

"Ce découragement est une suite nécessaire du 'manque de vigueur dans l'autorité suprême,' et de la secousse occasionnée dans l'armée, par le déplacement de tous les archiducs, d'ailleurs très nécessaire."

We have only to add in reference to the two principal persons engaged in this memorable year, that the Archduke Charles was against the war from the beginning, and that Stadion never voted for the peace, and immediately after its conclusion, retired. Possibly the imperial soldier's original disapproval of hostilities might have operated disadvantageously in making him lean to the cautious and safe side at Wagram, and afterwards where a decided and desperate resistance to the end was at once the safer and the more honourable course.

It was our intention, in commencing this notice, to have continued our review of Austrian persons and influences to the great alliance with Russia and Prussia, in the autumn of 1813, which determined the fate of Napoleon. But the length to which the preceding remarks have extended will readily excuse us with the reader. Besides it is but too plain, that in point of moral interest, the share of Austria in the great revolutionary wars ceases with the peace of Vienna; In 1813, all the poetry of which harsh war is capable blazes out in Prussia. The peace of Vienna, accompanied as it was with the resignation of Count Stadion, and

the ungenerous butchery (can we call it anything better?) of good Andrew Hofer at Mantua, was a lowering of the national flag, a prostration of every generous association in the Austrian mind, along with which poetry, in any shape, could not possibly exist. The startling event which immediately followed—the delivering up of a daughter of the house of Austria under the abused name of marriage to the hated oppressor and sworn foe of her family for the sake of wedging together for a few short years so slippery a thing as a forced peace—this act of unworthy and unnecessary political prostitution added shame to loss. The union of the revolutionary emperor with the hereditary princess, as it was selfish and superficial in its motives, so in its issues it put both parties (as base actions by the just judgment of God are wont to do) in a false position. Napoleon from that moment lost all that was grand and heroic in his European attitude; it was as the enemy, not as the friend, much less as the son-in-law of the house of Austria that he stood sublime. The position of Austria by the same event was more than false; it was humiliating; it rendered dissimulation and half-measures necessary; it necessitated the whole of Prince Metternich's equivocal system in 1813, 'das ganze doppelsinnige System,' which he had so much ado to explain to the Marquis of Londonderry at that time. The future public conduct of Austria, therefore, from 1809 to the conclusion of the peace of Paris in 1814, may well be treated by the historian who has a due regard to the highest, that is, the moral interests of humanity, as merely subsidiary to the great Northern rising in the spring of 1813, of which Breslau was the gathering place. To the history of this rising, both in its essentially Prussian soul, and its outer limbs, and flourishes at Vienna and elsewhere, the 'Lebensbilder' supply a variety of interesting facts and views to which it is impossible even to allude in this place. Suffice it to say, in one word, that they are of such a nature, that no thorough historian of that truly epic time can with safety overlook them. To bring these Prussian documents before our historical readers, possibly another opportunity may soon occur: meanwhile we may conclude by repeating that the grand and radical interest of the 'Lebensbilder' is, and must remain, for many reasons, Austrian. A free-mouthed, stout-hearted Tyrolese baron, standing up and speaking truth unceremoniously of high persons and secret things in the bureaucratic conclave of despotic Vienna, is truly no common witness. It is by help of such, and such only, that history is

anywhere to be redeemed from the danger with which it is perpetually threatened from so many professed friends as well as declared enemies, the danger of becoming what Napoleon systematically made it in his bulletins—a conventional fable—a *fable convenue*. Nevertheless, despite of 'Moniteurs' in France, and 'Beobachters' in Austria, political murder will out where it has been committed; the murderer may plant his throne where the bleeding body lies buried; but the blood-hounds will track the spot. Titled counts and princes may combine at Frankfort to rob Germany of that dear-bought liberty which was sworn to her at Vienna; but Stein will still have his worshippers in Berlin, and the history of Austria will continue to receive its most important illustrations from a Schneller and a Hormayr.

ART. II.—*La Science Nouvelle*; par Vico. Traduite par l'Auteur de l'*Essai sur la Formation du Dogme Catholique. Avec une Introduction sur Vico et ses Œuvres*. (The new Science; by Vico. Translated by the Author of the Essay on the Formation of Catholic Doctrine. With an Introduction on Vico and his Works.) Paris. 1844.

Vico, the Neapolitan jurist and philosopher, son of a little Neapolitan bookseller, born in one Neapolitan garret, in the year 1668, and dying in another garret of the same city, in the year 1734, with a European reputation, but with scant food, was a sufficiently remarkable man; and more than sufficiently unknown is he in our country to render some account of him and his writings not uninteresting to our readers. We must, however, hasten to warn them that we have no intention of entering on so large a field of investigation on this occasion. Our present purpose is not so much to introduce to them the sagacious though strangely crotchety old philosopher himself, as to present to them, in conjunction with his name, his new interpreter, advocate, and pretector.

Vico was a remarkable man. His new translator is a remarkable woman. But very remarkable indeed is the union of two such personages in the same title-page!

We presume that it is hardly necessary to inform our reader, that "the author of the Essay on the Formation of Catholic Doctrine," as she chooses to designate herself in the title-page of the present publication, in preference to putting there her name and

title, is no other than the Princess Belgiojoso! the talented, the musical, the admired, the celebrated Belgiojoso! When she published a little while ago her '*Dogme Catholique*,' in four volumes 8vo., Paris was fairly tickled into utter forgetfulness of all ordinary *bienséance*, and burst out into a universal guffaw. Her own circle of more immediate intimates, indeed, had long since known that the study of the fathers of the Church frequently formed her recreation in the hours snatched from the more important and more fatiguing duties of accompanying Listz on the piano, or hearing and replying to the gossip of the well-mixed artistic, literary, and fashionable crowd that frequent her salons. They knew—the favoured few who shared her higher and more intimate counsels—that the huge tomes of St. Augustin and St. Jerome might be seen marring with strange incongruity the exquisite elegance of the ladies' own muslin-draped and silver-fitted chamber. They knew that when the Ladye had gone to her secret bower, 'seraphic' doctors, and 'irrefragable' doctors, were the companions of her midnight hours. They knew it; and not unfrequently paid the price of their privileged knowledge in being made the sharers of her severer as well as of her softer hours, not much to their contentment—'if *modern* tales tell true, nor wrong those *learned* men.'

But the more esoteric world of Paris were struck with unbounded astonishment at the appearance of 'the Ladye's' four volumes of divinity;—astonished, and truth to tell but little edified. They looked at each other, and burst out laughing. And Lermnier wrote a most smashing and exceedingly ungallant review of the work in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*.' We then thought that the learned professor was somewhat too hard upon the fair divine. We thought indeed that the tone of his criticism betrayed so much bitterness and apparently masculine jealousy, as to justify the lady in assuming that she was not too feeble a competitor in the literary race, but, on the contrary, one too formidable to please the professor. There was in M. Lermnier's critique too evident a wish to restrict the sphere of female duties and employments to the suckle-fools-and-chronicle-small-beer system, to please us. Works of imagination are, at the very utmost, all that the learned professor would allow ladies to meddle with in the world of letters. We differ from him more widely, and on more important grounds, as they seem to us, than we can now stay to point out.

Not that we would be understood by any means to offer ourselves as champions in

defence of the four volumes on the formation of Catholic doctrine. Far from it. We think that the princess might have chosen her subject, and employed her labour better, and have more accurately measured her own powers than she has done either upon the occasion of her former work, or that of her present publication. Nevertheless, we would by no means join M. Lermnier in crying, 'Back! woman, to your distaff and your needle; or, if you must scribble, in Heaven's name write novels, or verses, and that sort of stuff!' One point to be borne in mind in this matter is, that if learned professors were to succeed in thrusting back from the paths of higher literature, many an elegant-minded and accomplished woman of the social class to which the Princess Belgiojoso belongs, it would not be back to their needle, or any such occupation, that they would retire, but to quite other pursuits, and far less compatible with the great domestic duties, which are a mother's most peculiar and highest sphere of action.

No! no! *tempora mutantur*; good sir professor. And you would do well to hail with us, and give all welcome to every endeavour of female intelligence to emancipate itself from the thralldom of frivolities in which custom and prejudice has so long held it. As for this translation of old Vico's obscure and crabbed theories, we confess that we deem it fully equal in value to the product of an equal number of hours employed in the most assiduous carpet-work or muslin-stitching.

To speak seriously, however—'*quamvis ridentem dicere verum, quid vetat?*'—we do think that the princess might have done better than meddle with the old Neapolitan jurist at all. We think that some passages of his 'New Science' are utterly unintelligible. We think that a greater number have been misunderstood, or not understood at all, by his new translator; and, worst of all, that a far larger portion of the work is, at the present day, by no means worth understanding. The labour of rendering the '*Scienza Novella*' into French, though it has evidently been with the princess a labour of love, was the rather one of supererogation, for that a hand, far more capable of grappling with the great difficulties of the task, had already given to the French public all that is, at the present day, at all worth having of Vico. This hand, sufficiently strong to grasp, and sufficiently judicious to winnow the mass of Vico's materials, was that of Michelet. And no one, who knows anything of his especial qualifications, and of the nature of the task, will fail to appreciate his peculiar fitness for undertaking it. The Princess Belgiojoso

herself writes thus of what Michelet has done for Vico, in her introduction to the volume before us. M. Ballanche, she says, was the first to call attention, in France, to the theories of the Neapolitan philosopher. And thenceforward she goes on to say—

'The name of Vico was frequently heard; and an illustrious historian, M. Michelet, undertook to render certain of his works popular. Perhaps the fatiguing style of Vico disgusted him; perhaps he deemed that the thoughts of the Italian philosopher could not but gain in flowing from a more elegant pen; perhaps the vivacity of his genius could with difficulty conform itself to the ponderously didactic manner of Vico. At all events, M. Michelet has not chosen to give either an exact translation, or even an accurate analysis of Vico. His work makes known Vico's principal ideas; but many are omitted; and the developments, which he has suppressed, he has not replaced.'

Now to us, judging from the princess's own translation, and from her account of her author's works in her introduction, it seems that M. Michelet has done exactly what was required. He has made known to modern readers Vico's principal ideas. A very brief examination of the 120 pages of the princess's introduction will suffice both to show the reader that many of these leading ideas well deserved to be preserved, and duly attributed to their rightful author; and, at the same time, to prove to him that a perfect translation of Vico's work could hardly be deemed an acquisition to the literature of the nineteenth century.

It was Vico's lot to fall on evil days; on days peculiarly evil for a spirit of the tone and calibre of his. It was a dead time—that last quarter of the 17th, and first half of the 18th centuries! A time of intellectual tram-road going, and of parrot-learning. A time when dull pedantry plodded on its laborious road, contentedly guiding its course by the dim farthing-candle twinkle of precedent; and men found that to 'wink with both their eyes was easier than to think.' The days of building up had ceased. The edifice was built. The days of pulling down were at hand, but had not yet begun. In the midst of these dull times, when to question aught that was established was a crime; when 'why' was deemed the most dangerous word in the vocabulary, and all men were content to walk in their various paths like pack-horses in a string, with their noses tied to the tails of their predecessors, young Vico, the poor bookseller's son, showing evidence of bright parts, and great powers of application, was destined to the career of an advocate. Of all the pedants of that routine-

worshipping day, none travelled in more hopelessly deep time-worn ruts than the civilians and canonists. Poor Vico kicked desperately when harnessed in the tame, laborious, hood-winked team. He pulled, indeed, most vigorously; was willing to draw, by his own strength alone, the whole cumbersome machine; but insisted on knowing whence it started, and whither it was bound; exigencies which altogether startled, scandalized, and greatly angered the grave and reverend signors, his instructors. So the troublesome and unsilenceable young questioner quarrels with one master after another; tries the Jesuits, tries the civilians, tries the canonists, tries the Aristotelians, tries the Platonists; prefers the realism of the last to the nominalism of their opponents; but finds all flat, stale, and unprofitable; parrot-like jabberers of cut-and-dry formulæ; unable utterly, every one of them, to supply nutritious food to the craving of an awakened and active intelligence. So the almost despairing youth breaks away from all the recognized teachers, with loud and indignant cry against the false doctors, who would feed the young generation with chaff instead of corn. Alas! poor doctors! had they not been reared on merest chaff themselves?

So Vico, marked already as a pestilent and impracticable fellow, who must needs be ever thrusting his mental elbows into the ribs of his brother travellers who would fain jog on their journey in tranquil slumber, retires to the paternal garret, determined to carve out for himself, by dint of solitary labour, that road to the fountain-heads of the philosophy of universal law, which he can find none to open for him. Some of the great works of the acknowledged fathers and founders of legal science, he contrives by hook or crook to obtain. The huge tome containing the 'Civil Institutes' of Vultejus, is given to him as a present by an old customer of his father's; who himself, a disappointed man, from having failed to obtain any of the forensic honours of his vocation, sympathizes with the young man's contempt for the leaders of the profession. With these materials he resolutely sets himself down to labour in the seclusion of his father's humble home. Seclusion, but, unfortunately, not solitude; for the narrow limits of the poor bookseller's dwelling forbid the possibility of this; and the young jurist has to spend his laborious nights, growing paler than the pale light of his feeble lamp, in the same apartment in which the family sleep. Often at the rustling of a turning leaf, despite his utmost caution to avoid all sound, his uneasy mother wakes from the sleep, that conscious-

ness of his vigil has rendered too light for repose, chides his unhealthful labour, and entreats him to close his books and sleep. But, impulses, stronger than the mother's voice, prop up his weary eye-lids; and the family, rising to their daily labours, find that he has not yet quitted his.

This lasts for several months. The insatiable student reads enormously; thinks much, and digests his learning as best he may, already laying up in his mind, piecemeal, tentatively, and all unformed as yet, portions of the foundations of those vast theories, which he spent his life in completing, adjusting, strengthening, and propounding. At length, one day, a kind prelate, the Bishop of Ischia, observing his worn and discouraged looks, as he sat in a public library, accosted him; was pleased with his reply and with his manner, and finally engaged him as tutor to some nephews of his, who lived in a castle among the mountains at some distance from Naples. This castle luckily contained a large library. And there Vico lived for nine years, happy in enjoying the means of uninterrupted study, unbroken by cares respecting the material necessities of life.

At the end of this time he returned to Naples, and commenced his career as an advocate, with but poor success, as may be easily guessed by those who know what it is for that man to attempt to scale the steep heights of professional eminence, who has made himself obnoxious to those already in possession of them. Merit, however, found some few friends even at Naples in the seventeenth century, and Vico was fortunate enough to obtain a professorship of rhetoric endowed with the munificent stipend of a hundred crowns per annum. But poor Vico was by this time a married man, and a family could not live, even at Naples, on a hundred crowns a year. The wolf was at the door. And the philosophical jurist was fain to earn scanty and precarious bread for his wife and infants by executing any of those frivolous orders for bits of verse or bits of prose, which on occasions of births, deaths, or marriages, etc., the *great* (!) of that day were wont to purchase from the men of letters for the gratification of their vanity. Nothing could be more lamentable, more deadly to the best interests of humanity, and more pernicious to both the classes concerned, than were the position and the reciprocal relations of the educated poor, and the uneducated rich, so well set forth in the following passage of the Princess Belgiojoso's introduction.

"The man of letters, necessarily poor and hu-

miliated, revenged himself for the disdainful treatment he received, by treating in his turn disdainfully such of his fellows as were younger or less fortunate than himself. For the literary man every noble was a master; every competitor an adversary. Dependents of a haughtily patronizing aristocracy, excluded from political and military dignities, deprived of all opportunity of putting forth their powers in active life, their sole domain was that of words; and their office was to express, in the best possible language—whatever they were bid. This so fertile thinker, Vico himself, was but too happy when some illustrious or powerful personage came to interrupt his meditations, force him to turn away his thoughts from the system of universal law, which he was incessantly contemplating, and order a discourse upon some given subject, with directions respecting the sentiments and opinions he was to express in it! Fortunate, if he had but to celebrate the graces of some youthful bride, or the transports of a young mother! It not unfrequently happened to him to receive contradictory orders; as, for instance, when, after having condemned the Austrian conspirators at Naples, in a pamphlet entitled, ‘A History of the Conspiracy at Naples,’ he wrote the epitaphs of two of their chiefs, in pursuance of an order received from Count Daun, heaping eulogiums on them when their party was triumphant, after having branded them when their opponents were in the ascendant. Vico himself furnishes us with the information of these facts. Nor does he express a single regret at having written in opposition to his sentiments, or even the most feeble wish that it had been possible for him to preserve his independence. He seems to have considered himself as in no wise bound to have any opinion of his own on this sort of matters; and, probably if he had refused to give expression to an opinion, because it was contrary to his own, he would have been deemed out of his senses by some, and monstrously presumptuous by others. He would have been left to perish as a reward for his independence.

“The weakness of Vico has nowhere left more deplorable traces than in the eulogium he wrote on Antonio Caraffa. This memoir forms a volume, and the language employed by Vico is that of the warmest panegyric. Yet all the world knows very well what Antonio Caraffa was. Born of a noble Neapolitan family, he entered into the service of Austria, where he distinguished himself in the wars against the Turks. Being entrusted with the administration of the conquered provinces, he manifested great abilities in the government of them. But when commissioned to punish the partisans of the revolutionist, Tekeli, in Hungary, he committed atrocities which the manners of his times cannot palliate. The histories of the revolutions of Hungary bear witness against this man, and report in detail the acts and judgments of which he was culpable. Vico could not have been ignorant of these facts; yet he devoted his nights during two years, to the composition of this work, for which Adrian Caraffa, uncle of Antony, furnished him with the materials. He himself boasts of the merit of the work. ‘I have rendered,’ says he, ‘due honours to this personage; I have spoken to princes in language of reverence, and I have treated truth

with justice.’ The phrase is not a happy one. But it was impossible for Vico to use the words ‘truth’ and ‘justice’ happily on such an occasion. This life of Marshal Caraffa had a great success, and obtained from Pope Clement the Eleventh the epithet of ‘The Immortal History.’ Vico, moreover, received a thousand ducats for it, which sum furnished the dowry of one of his daughters.”

A more miserable picture of a noble mind degraded to unworthy purposes by the iniquitous organization of the social system in which it was doomed to work, it is impossible to imagine. Nor is it possible to wash the unfortunate philosopher from all blame for the prostitution of his pen, even by urging the general tone of feeling which prevailed on such subjects in his day. There have been minds,—martyr spirits,—who would in any and every age, and amid the corruptions of the foulest social rottenness, have perished, and seen their best loved perish around them, rather than sell the freedom of their thought, and barter their intellectual independence for bread. Vico was not one of these. But still, let us not, standing as we are at our ease upon the proud social eminence which has been reached after so many centuries of brave struggles—occupying as we do in secure freedom the intellectual territory, which has been acquired for us by the hard fighting of so many noble spirits gone to their rest,—let us not be too severe on him, less fortunate and more hardly tried, who yielded to the prejudices of his age rather than see his children starve. It is very easy for the Princess Belgiojoso, writing amid every luxury which wealth can furnish, and secure in the enjoyment of the most ample intellectual freedom,—it is cheap virtue in her to condemn ‘the deplorable weakness’ of Vico. Let the princess take her own heart to task, and ask of it, what opinion of her own she holds: sufficiently dear to her soul to avow it with constancy, if abject poverty, disgrace, want, and the world’s contumely, were to be the immediate reward of its avowal. No! let us forget the base nature of the hireling toil which the poor philosopher was compelled by hard necessity to submit to: let us remember only the father, tearing his mind from the lofty speculations which he loved, and devoting his painful nights, ‘despite his feeble health,’ to the ungrateful labour which was to secure a position and a home for his daughter—remembering well, also, for certain useful purposes, what the frame was of that society which presented such a spectacle.

But if the princess is, in her nineteenth-century indignation at the prostitution of an author’s pen, inclined to be rather severe

on her protégé in the passage we have just quoted, it must be owned that she rates fully at their utmost value his general titles to the gratitude and remembrance of posterity. She opens her biographical sketch thus.

"The man who anticipated by a century the progress of the human mind towards the modern sciences ;—who raised questions that had ever been considered, up to his own day, either satisfactorily solved, or insoluble ;—who brought the investigations of the most intrepid criticism to bear upon the most respected documents of antiquity ;—who never bowed before any established prejudice ;—who accomplished the double enterprise of pulling down and reconstructing universal history ;—who has treated of all the sciences without possessing an accurate knowledge of any one of them, and has yet left to each of them some suggestive lesson ; the man who has guessed nearly all the discoveries of the nineteenth century ; who, belonging to a period and a country where thought was not free, seemed not to be aware, that to speak out all his thought to everybody, exposed him to the danger of being understood by nobody ;—the man whose genius recalls to mind the noble intellects of Plato or Aristotle, deserves to be traced step by step in the development of his glorious intelligence, and through the misfortunes of his long and melancholy life."

Certes, the claims put forward in this opening announcement are of no ordinary kind. It must be a great man, indeed, who, after such a flourish of trumpets, can make his entry on the scene, and cause no disappointment to the audience. And truth to say, we think the Princess Belgiojoso has been injudicious in so magniloquently announcing the hero she was about to introduce to us. The fact is, that the reader is disappointed in the issue, and is tempted to visit on the reputation of the philosopher the fall of those unduly raised expectations, which the partiality of the biographer has led him to form. And yet a great portion of the above magnificent claims to the reverence of posterity may be with justice urged in favour of Vico.

The Neapolitan philosopher was the first to question much that his predecessors and contemporaries had never thought of questioning, and which another century of investigation has shown to be more than questionable. He *did* attack, with intrepid and most sagacious criticism, the entire fabric of (*profane*) history ; pull down much that had never before been examined, and re-construct it after his own somewhat arbitrary, but exceedingly acute and ingenious fashion. He *did* propound several most remarkable guesses at historical discoveries, which the improved historical science of the nineteenth century has ratified as truths. He *did*, unfortunately, treat of almost all the sciences, without possessing an accurate knowledge

of any one of them. And lamentable is the amount of trash, and often incredibly puerile absurdity, that loads his pages in consequence, and has rendered them almost a sealed book to the readers of our century.

But after all our deductions from the high-flown tone of the princess's enthusiastic panegyric, there is enough left here to entitle Vico to take his due place in the cosmopolitan pantheon ;—a place rather higher, it may perhaps be admitted, than has hitherto been generally accorded him. It certainly deserves to be more generally known and remembered, that the literal truth and value of the whole fabric of early Roman history, its facts, and its dates, had been questioned and pronounced fallacious a hundred years before the days of Niebuhr ; and that the individuality of Homer, and the unity of his poems, had been doubted long before the time of Jacob Bryant. Poor Vico forfeited his election to the professorship of jurisprudence in the university of his native city, to which he was most undeniably entitled by position and qualifications, and which would have afforded him and his family a comfortable competency in his old age, in consequence of having promulgated and maintained so unheard-of and shocking a heresy. What? No such man as Homer! And here are his works in our hands, undeniable proof of his existence. The learned heads of the university are scandalized beyond forgiveness. No Homer! Church—king—country—everything is in danger! A dangerous man, this Vico? Let him starve. He nearly did.

The leading quality of Vico's mind seems to have been sagacity—acuteness. He was a most intrepid theorizer ; and he was gifted with a degree of self-confidence and courage, if it may be so called, which forbade him to shrink from any the most startling results and conclusions, to which the working out of his theories might lead him. His theory once formed, he seems thenceforward to have regarded it as certain truth, to which all facts must be found to be conformable, or be made so, one way or other. Are recorded facts utterly irreconcilable with his system?—Then they are not true. Take, as a sample of his method of proceeding, the line of argument which led him to one of his most celebrated and remarkable conclusions ; reduced to simple syllogistic form, it is as follows :

Monarchy is the most perfect form of human society ; aristocracy the most primitive and imperfect ; democracy the transition state, which conducts a nation from the latter to the former of these.

But the universal law of human society is

in progress from the imperfect to the more perfect.

Therefore, in the history of every people, the earliest form of their society was aristocracy; their next, democracy; and their last, monarchy.

Therefore Rome, during the earliest period of its history, must have been governed by an aristocracy, and not by kings.

The principle which he has thus established, he regards as far more infallibly true than any recorded statement of facts. He looks upon it as an unerring test of the credibility of a historian. He applies it inexorably upon every occasion, and hesitates not an instant to reconstruct vast tracts of history so as to render them in accordance with this infallible dictum.

Every searcher after truth, historic or other, will most undoubtedly do well to commit himself, with implicit confidence, to the guiding clue of logical deduction, unalarmed, unbiased, regardless of the conclusion to which it may lead him, and prepared to accept it, whatever it may be. It is a guide which cannot err. But by how much the more implicitly the reasoner abandons himself to the guidance of the syllogistic thread, by so much the more careful should he be in the establishment of those first principles, those fundamental assumptions, to which the end of the clue is fastened.

But Vico as a Platonist, and admirer of the synthetical philosophy, disliked Aristotle's analytical method, and the system of logical deduction. How far he comprehended the principles of Aristotle's logic, or was capable of appreciating them, may be seen from the following almost incredibly absurd passage, in which his biographer sets forth his reasons for disapproving of the '*méthode algébrique*,' as she, adopting his phraseology, chooses to denominate it.

"The algebraical method consists in defining, first of all, the words which it is necessary to make use of; in the next place, you establish certain general, common, and incontestible principles; then put forward in the discussion some proposition of small importance, which your adversary grants you without suspicion; and on which you forthwith proceed to rest arguments, that, having no natural force of their own, could not stand by themselves; you then proceed from simple to complex truths," &c. "This method," she adds, still stating Vico's opinions, "allows the existence of an abundant source of errors. For each separate proposition, forming part of a compound proposition, may be true, and yet their reciprocal relations may be ill determined; so that from the ill assorted union of several truths something false or imperfect may result."

Such is the notion formed by Vico and

his biographer of the nature and application of logic. They deem it to be a sort of recipe for the skilful practising of certain juggling trickeries—a kind of intellectual legerdemain, by which a special pleader may entrap an unwary adversary! Well! An amateur philosophical princess, who cannot be expected to give more than the odds and ends of her precious time to such matters, may perhaps be pardoned for writing such ludicrous absurdities even in the nineteenth century. But what can be said of a grave and laborious philosopher, who conceives that he has examined and mastered a system of philosophy, and thus reports his judgment of it?

The princess proceeds thus:

"Vico, early accustomed to the synthetic method; proper only for great minds, a method more rapid though less sure than the analytical scheme, could not bring himself to endure the slow process of logic. Truth spoke to him, and drew him towards her without any intermediate means. He contented himself with having learnt to know a new road which led to the truth: and he promised himself that he would make use of it, when the path of synthesis should be closed to him, or should threaten to lead him astray. He renounced, therefore, the study of mathematics."

We must just show our readers—it will not take them two minutes—one or two of the *truths*, to which this 'rapid method, proper only for great minds'—the method which, in plain English, good reader, we call *guessing*—conducted our philosopher. Let us see whether 'the path of synthesis' ever did happen to lead him astray. When 'Truth spoke to him without any intermediate interpreters,' let us hear what she said.

"Each one of the elements," says Truth, speaking face to face to Vico, without any slow process of logic, "each one of the elements that compose the world is attracted towards a superior principle, which in its turn tends to mount up to one above, and so on up to the insurmountable barrier, up to the eternal principle. All these elements which aspire to elevate themselves, and which are prevented from doing so by the grossness of their nature or by their weight, most therefore form atoms of a pyramidal form. Fire, which is nothing but concentrated air, tends to mount up towards its principle, and so forms the brilliant pyramid which we call flame."

Take another oracular communication from the same infallible source:

"Burning fevers are the result of the introduction of a certain quantity of air into the veins, which proceed from the heart, or from the centre to the circumference; which air causes the dilatation of the diameter of the reservoirs of

blood of the closed side opposed to the exterior. Malignant fevers are the result of the reverse operation."

The princess adds, "I have translated this passage literally, fearing that by any attempt to enlighten it, I might only add to its obscurity." We beg leave to say, that we have, in our turn, imitated the princess's caution.

We cannot resist adding to the above dicta the following, extracted from a mass of puerilities anent the first formation of human society, and the historical revelations respecting it, which may be discovered by rightly reading the fables of mythology. We need hardly add that Vico's sagacity had here again, as so often, indicated to him a path of inquiry which might have led to more valuable results, if he had been less attached to 'that rapid method,' the fruits of which are such as these.

"The fable which represents Juno, the patroness of wedlock, hung up by the neck in the air by Jupiter, with two large stones tied to her feet, comprises the entire history of marriages."

This sounds very shocking! The history of all marriages is to be read in the symbol of a wife hung up by her husband with two stones at her feet!! Horrible! The reader fears that poor Vico, in addition to his other misfortunes, must have been far from happy in his helpmate. But wait a moment. Let the philosopher explain. Attention!

"She—Juno—is hung up in air, because it is in the air that auspices are read. She has a cord round her neck to indicate the tie that attaches wedded pairs;"—(we cannot for the life of us but think *the tie* thus indicated a very suspicious one;)—"and as to the two great stones at her feet, they signify that marriage is of a stable and indissoluble nature."

Oh! do they? very satisfactory indeed!

We might easily add to the above citations a host of similar absurdities and puerilities. But the passages we have quoted are amply sufficient to illustrate the principal defect of Vico's mind, and to show the danger of that 'rapid method' of reaching truth, to which, as his biographer so complacently tells us, he was exclusively attached.

Two other circumstances, resulting both of them partly from defects in his own nature, and partly from the conditions of the time and country in which he lived, contributed to prevent Vico from being so great a man, or one so useful to humanity, as he might otherwise have been; and have consigned his name to the comparative obscuri-

ty that has been its lot. It is necessary to signalize them in order to enable the reader either to form a competent notion of Vico, or to draw from his biography any practical, useful suggestions.

The first of these is his attempt at encyclopedic universality. It was the stumbling block of the learned of that day. The boundary lines of the different sciences had not been ascertained and marked out. The points in which they bear upon and reciprocally illustrate each other had not been accurately distinguished from those in which no relation subsists between them. The principle of the division of labour, as invaluable to the *erslabour* in the field of science as to those engaged in mechanical industry, had not yet been recognized. It was thought that a philosopher, or one who aspired to that high title, ought to know all that was to be known by man—the '*omne scibile*' of the old scholastic labourers. This '*omne scibile*,' the sum of human knowledge, was understood, it must be remembered, to be bounded by much narrower limits than those now assigned to it in the conception of the merest sciolist. As the primal substances of nature were divided into the four simple elements, fire, water, earth, and air, so the entire field of man's acquirable knowledge was mapped out with similar simplicity and precision into a few great kingdoms, with all of which the student of philosophy was expected to make himself acquainted.

This would-be universality was also an especial snare to such an intellect as Vico's. His acuteness soon made him aware of the very unsatisfactory state of the science of his day in almost every department; and the unshrinking audacity which led him to conceive the idea of reforming them all by forcing their facts and inferences into conformity with certain unbending theories of his own, could be satisfied with nothing less than a reconstruction of the entire edifice of human knowledge. He seems moreover to have been especially beset by that spirit of order which insists on finding analogies, parallelisms, and corresponding facts, in the various and most utterly dissimilar regions of human inquiry. Like those symmetrical gardens in which every alley has its brother, every truth in his map of man's knowledge must have its corresponding truth in another part of the vast plan. Ethical truths are matched by '*pendent*' physical ones. If three great laws rule one science, there must needs be three to match observable in the government of another. Those who have any acquaintance with the various systems of mediæval philosophers will be aware that this symmetrical mania is not peculiar to Vico.

It was, however, in his day beginning to be pretty well obsolete. But Naples was probably then as much in arrear of the rest of Europe as she is at the present day.

In truth this universality—the fact so complacently put forward by his biographer, that he treated of all the sciences without precise acquaintance with any one,—has well nigh been fatal to his usefulness and reputation.

The other circumstance, to which we alluded as having exercised a pernicious influence on his character and his career, is the too evident fact, that he was still a slave to that narrow bigotry, from which the contemporaries of Descartes were then beginning, in the more fortunate nations of Europe, to free themselves. From among other proofs of this we take the following :

“A certain bookseller of Naples,” says the Princess Belgiojoso, “intending to publish a new edition of Grotius, employed Vico to furnish the work with justificatory notes. Vico eagerly accepted the proposal; and undertook to defend Grotius against the interested attacks of Gronovius, who was the intolerant partisan of absolutism. This defence of Grotius might have made us forget the panegyric on Antonio Caraffa. But after-reflection brought with it ungenerous counsels to Vico. He had already covered with MS. notes a volume and a half of Grotius, when he bethought him that it did not become a good Catholic to justify the work of a heretic.”

This is a humiliating story; and cannot but go far to influence our estimate of Vico, of the loftiness of his views, and the calibre of his intellect. In fact we find this otherwise so audacious theorizer, so ready in all other cases to accept and maintain the results, to which his reasonings led him at whatever expense of destroyed hypotheses, and uprooted systems, hesitating, embarrassed, and ready to retreat from the consequences of his speculations, despite incoherences and contradictions, the instant any one of those assertions, or dogmas, the blind acceptance of which he has imposed on his intellect as a religious duty, seems likely to be brought in question.

The blinding effect of superstition on an intellect naturally so acute as that of Vico, is a remarkable instance of how paralyzing is the habit of implicitly bowing to authority on any subject.

Poor Vico! If his mind lacked power sufficient to free itself from the bondage of the darkness which prevailed around him, we cannot, at all events, suspect him of wearing motley for the sake of conciliating the motley world in which he lived. If he wore it, 'twas that he truly thought it ‘the only wear;’ for, in truth, between the world

and him there was but scant good fellowship. In conclusion of an article, which has grown beneath our pen to a length we had not intended to allow it, we will extract the following melancholy passage from his biographer's summing up of the tone and colour of his life.

“His whole life was one continual struggle against abject poverty, and the struggle was an unsuccessful one. No drop in the cup of bitterness was spared him. For at the same time that he was doomed to witness his children in want, he had to support the contempt of his contemporaries. Poverty uncheered by glory,—obscurity uncomfortable by ease—such was his lot. The friends he had, protected him as a man of letters of some talent, but unhappily given up to absurd speculations. His enemies pursued him loudly with their mockery. The greater part of his contemporaries were ignorant even of his name.”

Reader! The lot of Vico is no solitary, or alas! even singular one. Such men there are in this nineteenth century, as in all other centuries, among us, near us,—perhaps at our very elbow. Reader, if your path should cross any such, let fall into his cup of bitterness one drop at least of such consolation as sympathy and appreciation can afford, in remembrance of Vico.

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- ART. III.—1. *Goethe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde*. (Goethe's Correspondence with a Child.) Berlin. 1837.
 2. *Dies Buch gehört dem König*. (This is the King his book.) Berlin. 1840.
 3. *Clemens Brentano's Frühlingskrans*. Vol. I. (Clemens Brentano's Spring-garland.) Charlottenburg. 1844.

THE ‘Garland,’ which is the immediate occasion of our present notice of Bettina Brentano, consists of her youthful correspondence with her brother Clemens. The first volume only has at present reached us; but, after reading six volumes, amounting to about two thousand pages, of her letters, reminiscences, and reflections, we are, perhaps, as well qualified to discuss her literary character as we are at any time likely to become. The second work on our list derives its name from its dedication to the King of Prussia, and consists of a series of philosophising rhapsodies, supposed to be delivered by Goethe's mother, who may probably share nearly equally with her ingenious reporter the credit of the acuteness, originality, and absurdity which they con-

tain. Bettina (for it is impossible to think of her but as a girl, or to call her by her respectable married name of Madame v. Arnim) seems to have intended the 'King's Book' as a supplement to the 'Correspondence with Goethe,' on which her fame depends. The present publication however of her girlish letters illustrates her character much more fully and agreeably. We find in them a still more undisciplined enthusiasm than that which afterwards subjected her to so many misconstructions; and as she wrote to her brother without any portion of the admiring reverence which she felt for Goethe, she is even wilder and bolder in her speculations and assertions than when she is, with a kind of diffident audacity, instructing the great artist in music, love, and religion.

Bettina is scarcely known in England, except by name, and by the undesirable reputation of having written and published a series of love letters to a man who was neither her husband nor her lover. Her genius however was a few months ago fully recognized by a very able writer in a contemporary review, who, at the same time, attacked her character with an ingenious virulence, which was only explained by the general report that it was the offspring of feminine malignity. Englishmen are often unjust from a misapprehension of foreign manners and feelings, and from a well-founded love of reserve and dislike of strong expressions; many of them would, we doubt not, view Bettina's letters with strong moral disapprobation, in which we by no means participate; but no male critic possesses that happy instinct of offence which selects the weak points of the sex rather than the errors of the individual to strike at. Madame v. Arnim is, no doubt, prepared for attacks on her writings, but she must be more than a woman if she reads with indifference our contemporary's charges, that she is older than she calls herself, that she wears spectacles, that she has grey hair, and that she wears a false front.* To dispose, in the first instance, of these heavy and conscientious objections, we feel it our duty to state that, on the first count of the indictment, we find her not guilty. She is very careless and irregular in dates, but here and there she gives statements of her age at different periods, which never, as far as we have found, contradict one another, while the coincidences seem wholly undesigned. From an examination of her various writings we state

confidently, that she was born in 1787 or 1788, that she was about sixteen when the correspondence with Clemens commenced, and nineteen when she first knew Goethe. She frequently alludes to the mistakes of casual acquaintances who were deceived by her childish appearance; but she never makes any attempt to deceive her correspondents, having, indeed, little chance of imposing either on her brother, or on her great friend, who had held her as an infant in his arms. The spectacles and the grey hair are, we confess, more probable than censurable failings in a lady of fifty-six. To false fronts Quakers have, we believe, a conscientious objection, which we are not concerned to meet. If Bettina wears such vanities, and if she is singular in wearing them, let her be censured accordingly: but certainly we have been unjust to many elderly ladies, and their locks, if we have been mistaken in believing that

"There is an art which in their brownness shares
With great creating Nature."

One remark we have finally to make on all the charges. Neither man nor woman by writing a book becomes a fit subject for public criticism. The book is the occasion of criticism, and it ought to be the limit. As far as the writer speaks of himself he may be spoken of; but his private life, and his personal feelings, ought to be safe from insulting remarks and from anecdotes such as one with which the review, of which we have been speaking, concludes,—a story which is probably as false as it is undoubtedly coarse and offensive, and of which the truth, if established, would in no way justify the publication.

It is accordingly only of the ideal Bettina that we propose to speak, though we have pleasure in thinking that her strange and graceful character was in all essential points that of the living Bettina Brentano. Beyond her books we know nothing of her, and, for our present purpose, desire to know nothing; it is enough for us that the childhood and youth described in her letters form a succession of beautiful idyls, animated and connected by a passion which was kept pure by the imaginative exaltation of its nature. Not understanding the meaning of Platonic love, nor believing that Bettina's enthusiasm receives that name from her countrymen and admirers, we nevertheless find no difficulty in contemplating her devotion to Goethe without suspicion, and with little censure except for imprudence which proved to be harmless. That her own sex will generally judge her more severely we are well aware. Their sensitive caution tolerates no eccen-

* *Wig* is the word used: but our masculine notions of propriety do not allow us even to quote a stronger expression than *false front*.

tricity which may endanger their common position: a woman who moves from the ranks finds the martial law inexorable, as the error of one woman is the shame of all, and any appearance of individual rashness suggests thoughts of a common danger. Thus it will always be, though disinterested and friendly observers, like ourselves, continue to tell them that their policy is mistaken. It is so safe, and for many reasons so desirable, that the duties and province of women should be strictly defined, that they are justified in watching with jealousy any deviation from the beaten track. But when a woman like Bettina, of rare genius, and of a peculiarly independent character, is led by circumstances or disposition to turn aside from the ordinary means of happiness, and to concentrate the enthusiasm of her nature on an affection in which the heart and intellect alone participate, it is not for the interest of womanhood to assume at once that she deserves reproach and rejection. Rather should it be shown with triumph that female excellence depends upon something higher than prudence, and that the strict rules prescribed by custom and expediency are not its only safeguard. It is only by an unprejudiced study of her letters, that the internal evidence in her favour can be obtained, but to those who have heard her accused of cherishing a culpable and unbecoming passion, it may be useful to state the circumstances which illustrate the nature of her feelings.

The charge against her is founded on a series of letters full of warm and enthusiastic expressions of affection for the man whom, far above all others, the whole of Germany delighted to honour. Goethe had been the friend of her grandmother, and, as she reminds him, the lover of her mother, and he was forty years older than herself, though he still retained a considerable portion of the unequalled beauty of his early manhood: her passion, however, was so independent of outward appearance, that it had attained nearly its greatest height before she had even seen the object of it. That it was permitted by Goethe himself may be considered an ambiguous circumstance; but it is strange that among those who saw its progress without objection, should be included her own brother and sisters, and her brother-in-law, the celebrated Baron v. Savigny, one of the gravest and most clear-headed of men; even Goethe's wife had the perverseness to cultivate her acquaintance, and strangest of all, the chief accomplice of her crime, the chosen depositary of her love secrets and troubles, was no other than Goethe's vigorous and sagacious mother, then living in an honoured old age at Frankfort. Among the

accessories to her guilt were the Prince-Primate v. Dalberg, at the time her local sovereign, and head of the Catholic church in Germany; nor was Goethe's friend and master the Duke of Weimar safe from the unaccountable contagion. With her relation to the great poet universally known, she married a man of station and of literary reputation, Achim v. Arnim, the early friend of her brother; and lastly, in her maturer years, she voluntarily published the sole record of her discredit, and to this day is proud that it is known. There is a proverb or motto familiar to Englishmen, which seems to us not inapplicable to a case like this. We are not at this moment certain whether the old French participle admits of a feminine termination, or we should be inclined to write it '*Honnie soit qui mal y pense.*'

Goethe himself has been censured for his trifling share in the correspondence by the critic whom we have quoted, because it was not colder,—by the earnest, and honest, but somewhat narrow-minded Borne, because it was so cold; by both, we believe, on the gratuitous assumption that he was studying Bettina's feelings with a view to his novel of the '*Elective Affinities.*' If such was his object, he failed in attaining it, for neither the Charlotte, nor the Otilia, of the '*Wahlverwandtschaften*' have borrowed anything from Bettina; and he was contented to continue the correspondence after the completion and publication of the fiction. His letters throughout are few and short; kind and approving, but sometimes gently checking her vehemence, assuring her sometimes that he appreciates her devotion, but never professing that he returns it. Sometimes he delights her by sending back one of her exquisite paragraphs transposed into verse, frequently he praises a particular anecdote or description: but as a general rule he never affects to answer her letters, or to share in her excitement. His tone throughout is that of a busy man who turns aside for a moment to notice the caresses of a playful child. It would have been easy for him to reject her attachment, but probably he thought it kinder to guide and watch it, and knew that youthful enthusiasm is never so dangerous, as when it finds itself misunderstood and repelled by all around. For his own sake, also, he delighted in her fresh and lively feelings, and in her accounts of his youthful haunts of Frankfort and the Rhine, and above all, he cultivated her friendship because she was the chief friend and companion of his aged mother. He seldom finishes a letter without recommending the continuance of her care.

But it is time to turn from Bettina's ene-

mies to herself.—As we have said, she was sixteen when she began to correspond with her favourite brother, Clemens. It is pleasant to observe the girlish merriment, and almost childish details of her letters, interspersed with bursts of imaginative sentiment, and crude, but original, philosophical speculations. At one time she excuses her delay in writing on account of the irresistible temptation of playing with the kitten, or amuses her brother with delightful nonsense about her adventures with bees and roses; at another time she provokes him with her heretical enthusiasm for Mirabeau, or alarms him by bold expressions of disbelief in the ordinary rules of ethics. His letters, too, are not without interest, though greatly inferior to his sister's. She is the confidante of his various love-affairs, and the depository of the abstract speculations, which occupy an active mind so much in youth, to be, for the most part, forgotten in maturer years. We have not thought it necessary to study the philosophical revelations of either brother or sister profoundly. His are as they ought to be, more rational; Bettina's more bold and ingenious: but both delight to wrap up their meaning in riddles, which we think young minds may be wholesomely and pleasantly occupied in solving. In after years they will find that the paradoxes and enigmas which first make philosophy attractive are not the best mode of teaching it; and in its simple form it is difficult and abstruse enough to repel all mankind, except two or three in a million.

Clemens was several years older than Bettina, and had already established a respectable literary reputation; but it is curious to observe how rapidly she passes from her first feelings of reverence and admiration to the tone of equality or superiority, which was naturally inspired by her far higher genius. She gives him good advice, which he treats as seriously as it deserves, but she shows no disposition to profit by his more solemn lectures. After a more than usually nonsensical, though very pretty burst of sentiment, from her, her brother takes alarm at her state of excitement, and at an account which he had received of her eccentric behaviour at a ball; he complains that she sends no news, cautions her against falling in love with the gardener who tended the roses which were the subject of her rhapsody, recommends to her Müller's 'History of Switzerland' as solid reading, and lastly requests her to knit him six pairs of stockings. Bettina knows better than to defend herself, or to admit that she was in the wrong, and yet who is not, in defiance of justice, on her side after reading her answer?

"DEAR CLEMENS.—Dear Günderrode (her friend, of whom we shall have to speak again), for, dear Clemens, I must have somebody to complain of thee to—I can't tell thee to thy face all the harm I know of thee, and all I have discovered from thy letter.—Ah! I should be so glad to take no notice, but as I have observed it, it would be a double piece of cunning to pass it over—so I write here to Günderrödden, and you may know from this what fun two girls make of a crafty young man. Just think, Günderrödden, Clemens is jealous of the gardener—only read this letter from him—where he begins at once with reproaching me with my sentimentality with the flowers, and really he does bring in comparisons by neck and heels—potatoes, turnips, roses;—and then I am sentimental, and then he prescribes a remedy—half-a-dozen pair of yarn stockings, at which I am to knit for half-a-dozen years to cure myself; and only think, Günderrode, so it goes on for three—four pages; but of what really provokes him he has got nothing to say—there he is quite innocent.—I am to associate with the steady Charlotte to cure my sentimentality; I am to send him black chalk and white chalk, and write about my brothers and sisters, about whom he reproaches me for having nothing to say,—and I had all the time intended to tell him that Lulu had got on a silk coffee and milk-coloured gown, which suited her so well. I am to tell him about the ball, he says, and how can I do that? If I was to confide to him my love-adventure of that nice ball-night, I'm sure he wouldn't like it.—Günderrode, don't let any of that story be drawn out of you—don't tell him anything of my triumphant journey home, and who it was that I saw as dawn was breaking, standing by the road-side, who bowed to me, and to whom I threw my wreath out of the carriage—don't tell him that—*we girls keep that to ourselves.* * * * And there is one

whole silly page, when an unintelligible Hebrew word gets into the pulpit, and with the most solemn grimaces too, so that, at first, I was quite anxious, and puzzled my head to know what the word was.—But now I get over my scruples, because I see that the dear darling Clemens is urged on by all sorts of motives which are not clear to himself, to wish, and demand, and assert a great many things. The word is Duty, 'Do your duty seriously, take life lightly.' When I look for my duty, I am very glad it gets out of my way, for if I caught it I would twist its neck. * * *

But now I will go at once and transgress my duty, and go to the gardener, for this is the time when he waters the flowers for the evening, and I promised to come; I am not going from a feeling of duty, but from pleasure in the pretty work. * * *

I will go to the cabbage-bed too, which Clemens thinks the gardener's duty-department; I will sit down there with my duty stocking, and do some duty-stitches; and, in duty to my education, read in the ancient Swiss history that the Teuton wore no stockings while he was yet free, and therefore, from a feeling of duty, I will lay my knitting-work on the altar of Freia, and make a vow to her never to knit stockings again, as they impose fetters on the free German character. * * *

After all which, she proceeds to philosophise again, knowing very well that Clemens could not find fault with her this time.

The great charm of these letters is, that they are like real private letters, the *epistolæ obscurorum*, which are as much superior to the correspondence of statesmen and authors as a domestic dinner to the scraps of a public banquet. As youthful letters, also, they have the earnestness, eagerness, and extemporaneous freshness of minds still surprised and overflowing with the first rush of thought and feeling, and in Bettina's case they have the wit and finished clearness of narration, which is generally the result of experience and practice in the world. Her incidental sketches of character are excellent. Her correct and scolding aunt, her sentimental, finical and accomplished grandmother, the silent studious self-contained Savigny, who could not endure the perverse girl, and whom she admired and defended, Madame de Gachet, a transcendental emigrant Amazon, who carried Clemens' heart by storm, and evidently was felt by Bettina to be tinged with charlatanism; all these and many more are as distinctly characterized in her letters as the most famous of the French courtiers who owe their immortality to Madame de Sevigné. We like her best, however, when she writes of herself, for her mind is of that character which forms the scenes of past life into pictures, and makes a history or a romance of materials which many would have found too scanty for the driest journal. Her revelations are as fragmentary as those of Cumæ and Mecca, but there are stories of almost every period of her short career to be found scattered about the different volumes before us. In her letter to Clemens she begins the history of her early childhood:

"Once on a time there was a child who had many brothers—a Lulu and a Meline, who were younger, the others were all much older. The child has counted up all, and they come to thirteen, and Peter fourteen, and Therese and Marie fifteen and sixteen, and then more still, but the child never knew them, for they were dead before; there were certainly twenty brothers and sisters, perhaps still more. Brother Peter died when the child was three years old, but of him it still knows much. He had black eyes which shot out a dazzling fire, and in them the child often lost itself with deep looking into them. Brother Peter often carried the child to the top of a little turret on the house, where Peter fed all kinds of birds, pigeons and a hen with young chickens; there the child sat with him and he told it stories. Those were hours that gleam beautifully out of earliest childhood, for what absurd schemes Peter would set about with the child. He was deformed and therefore very little; he took the child to church on Christmas-

day, and nobody was to see it, so he took a great bear skin muff and held it before him and the child, so that neither head nor hand could be seen, only the four legs went trotting forwards, and the people wondered at the strange bit of fur that moved along the street by itself. Once the dear brother had made something in the garden, then he takes the child in. There is a little hill thrown up, and he lifts a stone, and all at once a spout of water springs up for a little while and then stops. That hast thou done for thy little sister's pleasure, oh brother Peter. But the child loved thee too, dearly. In a morning when it woke, there stoodst thou before its bed, and it laughed with thee before it opened its eyes. It learned to clamber up the stairs with thy hand, it always held by thee. And once it was late, the sun was just going to set, he stood with the child on the corkscrew staircase; the last rays of the sun shone in his face, he became so deathly pale, that the child clung to him—'Let go,' he said, almost too low to hear, and fell down the stairs; but the child had held fast by his coat, and fallen with him. Then they carried Peter to bed, and the child saw its loving brother no more. In answer to its questions they told it that Peter was buried, but it did not, as yet, understand what that was. It still often longed for its brother, and often sat in a corner at evening, when the light did not reach so far, and then it saw his dark eyes shine on it, or was that imagination! The child's father was very fond of it, perhaps fonder than of its brothers and sisters; he could not resist its coaxing.—If its mother wanted to get anything from its father, she used to send the child, and it was to beg till its father said 'Yes,' for he never refused it.

In walking, he would stop at the meadow where the flowers were till the nosegay was big enough—the child would want to pick all the flowers, and it never came to an end;—night fell, and the nosegay was far too big for its hands, and its father held it for it. What lovely things too went on, and wove enjoyment of all kinds into the web of life! The merry life in the street—opposite our house, the open market, when the neighbours were out all day from May till autumn. Then the children played with the poodle, and the parrot on its perch shouted 'Rascal,' and we should have liked to hear it all day long. How happy the child was with the cowslips which the milkwoman brought in the morning. And the place where the ghost made a noise in the haunted-house, and Mr. Burgomaster had placed a watch,—ten men inside, and ten more outside leaning against the door, did the ghost upset at night, at night at the stroke of twelve! The next spring comes hand-in-hand with Death, and takes the fairest of mothers to the grave and the father cannot bear it, wherever he goes he wrings his hands, and all are afraid of facing his sorrow—the brothers and sisters fly from him, the child stays and holds him fast by the hand, and he lets it lead him. 'Become as good as thy mother,' said in broken German, the Italian father."

At eight years old she was sent to be educated in a nunnery, of which her recollections are as inexhaustible as they are beauti-

ful. Once for instance she was caught by a thunderstorm at night, outside the building, and took shelter under a lime-tree in the garden. 'Then the storm-bells pealed from the convent-tower, and the Fates and Muses (her friends the nuns) hurried in their night-clothes, with their consecrated candles, into the vaulted choir. I saw from under my tempest-shaken tree the hastening lights shoot through the long passages—soon their 'ora pro nobis' rang to me in the wind—at every flash they tolled the consecrated bell—as far as its sounds reached the thunder did not strike.' She was chosen, she says, as a favourite to be sacristan, and she had to wash and keep bright the sacred vessels of the altar, from which circumstance, in after times, gold and silver ornaments always impressed her with a secret reverence.

"To-day we have green Thursday (in Passion Week), and I, little servant of the temple, have much to do. All flowers which the early year allows us are gathered—snowdrops, crocus, marigold, and the whole field full of hyacinths deck the white altar; and then I bring the surplices, and twelve children, with flowing hair, are dressed in them; they represent the Apostles. After we have walked round the altar with burning candles hung with flowers, we sit down in a half circle, and the old abbess with her long silver staff, and her veil, and her long train vestment flowing round her, kneels before us to wash our feet. One nun holds the silver basin, and pours the water, another hands the towels for wiping—meanwhile all the bells peal, the organ plays, two nuns play the violin, one the base-viol, two blow the trumpet, one sounds a roll on the kettle drum, and all the rest join in high notes in chanting the litany. 'Saint Peter, we hail thee—thou art the rock on which the church doth build.' Then they go to Paul, so all the Apostles are hailed in turn, till all the feet are washed. Now, seest thou, that is a day in which we have already delighted for a quarter of a year before. The whole church was full of people, they pressed into our procession, and wept tears of emotion over the laughing innocent Apostles."

We could wish that the nuns had abstained from playing on the fiddle and the kettle-drum—not the less because everything else which Bettina tells of them is good and graceful. One of her chief friends was *Mère Celatrice*, the bee-wife, who had bees hanging on her veil in the garden, and said that they knew her, and that to be safe with them it was first necessary to get over fear of them, and if a bee does sting not to wince, and it will not sting hard—she always said that the bees liked best the flowers that Bettina tended, and she taught her to put her hand fearlessly into the hive, and to hold bunches of flowers in her mouth for the bees to settle on. Another nun kept a myrtle in her cell.

"She had it there winter and summer, and all her arrangements were made for its sake; she gave it air night and day, and only allowed herself as much warmth in winter as was good for the myrtle. How she felt herself rewarded when it was covered with buds. She showed me them when they were only just set; I helped to tend the myrtle; every morning I filled the jug with water at the Magdalen-well; the buds grew and reddened, and at last they opened; on the fourth day it was in full blossom—a white cell every blossom, with a thousand radiating shafts in the middle, each with a pearl on its point. It stood in the open window, and the bees greeted it. It is only now that I know that this tree is consecrated to love—then I did not know it, I now understand the tree. Say, can love be tended more sweetly than this tree was! and can tender care be more sweetly rewarded than by such a full blossom! Ah! the dear nun, with half-faded roses on her cheeks, shrouded in white, and with the black veil waving round her quick and graceful walk—how her pretty hand reached out of the wide sleeve of her black woollen dress to water the flowers * * * Last year I visited the convent again in passing by. My nun had become prioress—she was obliged to walk with a crutch; she had fallen lame—she took me into her garden—her myrtle was in full blossom. She asked me if I knew it still; it was much grown. There were fig-trees all round with ripe fruit, and large pinks; she broke off fruit and flower, and gave me all—only the myrtle she spared; that too I knew beforehand."

At thirteen Bettina went to live at Offenbach, near Frankfort, with her maternal grandmother, who was well known in her time as a voluminous writer of fiction, by the name of *Sophia de la Roche*, a foolish Frenchification of her real name, *Von Lichtenberg*. Of this period of her life she gives many amusing and pretty details, including an exquisite confession of her first three kisses. The first was from a young French soldier whom she helped to escape when the Austrians took Offenbach; the second was of a less romantic character, being inflicted by the respectable and elderly Herder; the third was from the reigning Duke of *Aremberg*, who had been blinded by an accident in shooting. "He asked afterwards if I had told my grandmother, and I said 'Yes.' 'Well, and was she angry?' 'No.' 'Et bien, est ce qu'elle n'a rien dit?' oui. Et quoi?" "A poor man," she said, 'a blind man.' 'Oh oui,' he cried, 'elle a bien raison, a blind man, a poor man,' till at last he broke out in a cry of sorrow, which pierced my heart like a sword." It was here that she formed a friendship with the lay-canoness, *Caroline v. Gunderode*, a daughter probably of *President v. Gunderode*, whom Goethe mentions somewhere as living in *Alsace*. From her Bettina learned much, including something of philosophical

language, which has probably given an appearance of system to her speculations, to which in themselves they have little pretence. In one of her letters to Clemens, she gives a most natural and vivid account of a joint flirtation of herself and her friend with Clemens' handsome and clever friend, the young Achim v. Arnim, whom she afterwards married. Long before that time, however, the canoness had put an end to her life, after trying to soften the blow to Bettina by breaking off their friendship without explanation. Her history of the melancholy story is one of the most touching in all biography, as touching as anything in fiction. Their separation led to the acquisition of an acquaintance of a different character.

"On the second day as I went along the road where she lived, I saw the house of Goethe's mother, whom I did not know intimately, and had never visited; I went in, 'Frau Rath,' I said, 'I want to make your acquaintance; I had a friend, the Canoness G nderode, and she is lost to me, and you must replace her.' 'We will make the trial,' she said, and so I came every day and sat on the stool, and let her tell me about her son, and I wrote it all down and sent it to G nderode. When she went to the Rheingau she sent me back the papers; the maid who brought them said the canoness's heart throbbed violently when she gave her the papers, and when she asked her what message she should take, she gave her no answer."

The success of this new experiment in friendship is a sufficient proof how far Bettina, with all her imaginative susceptibility of disposition, was removed from the character of a mere sentimentalist. The *Frau Rath*, at the age of seventy-six, still retained the full vigour of her intellect, which was equally remarkable for boldness, for masculine humour, and for the power of telling stories, with which she had first taught her son to be a poet. It appears to the critic, whom we have before noticed, that 'she played the part of Madame M re, at Frankfurt, with burlesque solemnity.' Burlesque or strange it certainly does appear, till we have entirely got rid of our English associations and customs, that rank and royalty should, in Germany, pay homage to the great poet of the country by respectful attention to his mother. We cannot, of course, defend it; but we must make allowances for foreigners. But burlesque as her position might be, there was very little solemnity in it. Let the reader make himself acquainted with the story of the tea-drinking with the Queen of Prussia, as told in the first volume of the 'K nig's buch,' and he will find an account much fuller than a Court Circular, but certainly much less solemn. Goldsmith or Scott would have delighted in the details of

her putting on her state gown, and of her maid Lieschen's cap, which was wrong side foremost, though her mistress said that the cap was all straight, and that only the head was turned. The disappointment of the *Frau Rath* that the road did not pass the burgomaster's house, that he might see her in the court carriage and four, her pleasure when she providentially met him, and struck him dumb with astonishment, sadly takes off from her dignity and solemnity. Indeed the queen's recollections of the old lady could scarcely be solemn, for she had, with her sister, when a young Princess of Mecklenburg, visited her, and, for the first time in her life, had pumped water for herself there; and when her governess remonstrated against the impropriety, the *Frau Rath* had locked the governess up, and let the princesses pump till they were tired. 'Poor girls,' she said, 'I could not bear to see them forbidden such an innocent pleasure.' Nor is her return more solemn, with the chain which the queen had put round her neck, and which Lieschen insisted on her wearing in bed, and then ran and brought all the neighbours to see. But we must pass by this history, which was before her acquaintance with Bettina.

In conversation with her friend, who naturally was never tired of talking of her illustrious son, Bettina cherished the fanciful passion for Goethe, which was first suggested, as she says, by hearing him abused by her aunt, who so often found fault with herself. In the winter of 1806-7 an opportunity offered of seeing him. Her brother-in-law, Savigny, offered to take her to Weimar, if she would persuade his wife to go with him to Berlin in man's clothes, and accompany them herself in similar costume; a precaution rendered necessary by the armies which swarmed in Germany. After a cold journey, in which we sympathize with her disappointment at not finding a robber to fire her pistol at; and after extorting, by her services as courier and assistant hostler, the acknowledgment from her philosophical brother-in-law that the girl was of some use after all, she visited Weimar on their return from Berlin. After changing her dress she set out to visit Goethe, but her heart failed her, and she first called on Wieland, who was, although she does not mention it, related to her through her maternal grandmother. He had never seen her; but she pretended to be an old acquaintance. "And he bethought himself backwards and forwards, and said, 'Yes, a dear angel you certainly are, and I know you well; only I can't think when and where I have seen you.' And I laughed at him, and said, 'Now I have

got it out that you dream of me, for nowhere else can you possibly have seen me." She made him give her a note of introduction to Goethe. 'Bettina Brentano, Sophia's sister (Countess Herberstein), Maximilian's daughter, Sophie de la Roche's grand-daughter, wishes to see thee, dear brother, and pretends that she is afraid of thee; and that a note from me will be a talisman to give her courage. Though I am pretty certain that she is only making fun of me, still I must do as she chooses; and I shall be surprised if the case is not just the same with thee as with me.' And so she went and commenced her worship of Goethe, for it was more like devotion to a higher being than love. Not only what he was, though that was much, but all that she admired, or could conceive in art, in intellect, and in excellence, was idealised to her in him alone. She told him that if she lived at Weimar she would only come and see him on Sundays and holy days. A curious coincidence of serious feeling with Beatrice's witty answer to Don Pedro's proposal:—'If I might have another for working days; your grace is too costly to wear every day.' She had been worn out by excitement and expectation. 'Years had passed in yearning for him. I fell asleep on his breast, and when I woke, began a new life. And more will I not write at this time.' This letter is addressed to his mother. Sometimes, however, the old lady thought it necessary to scold her, very characteristically, but with no more result than scolding produces in general. She was provoked at an exceedingly pretty image, with which Bettina describes her relation to Goethe. 'I don't hang on my love like lead. I am like the moon which shines into his room. When the people are there in full dress, and all the candles lighted, the moon is little noticed; but when they are gone, and the tumult is passed, then has the soul so much the greater yearning to drink its light. So will he, too, turn to me, and think of me when he is alone.'

"Eh, girl," writes the Frau Rath, in answer, "thou art quite crazy, what fancy art thou taking up? Eh! and who is thy love, who is to think of thee by night in the moonlight? Dost thou think he has nothing better to do? God bless us! yes (*Ja proste Mahlzeit*). I tell thee again, once for all, everything in order, and write orderly letters, in which there is something to read. Write nonsensical stuff to Weimar—write what happens to you, all in order, one thing after another. First, who is there, and how thou likest everybody, and what everybody has got on, and whether the sun shines or whether it rains; that, too, is to the purpose. My son has written to me again. I am to tell thee to write to him: but write to him in an orderly way, or thou wilt spoil thy whole sport.

On Friday I was at a concert, and a violincello was played, and I thought of thee, it sounded so exactly like thy brown eyes. Adieu, girl, thou art missing everywhere to thy Frau Rath."

And in her description and stories she does write with order, though it is the order of a picture not of a catalogue. Her adventures upon the hill of St. Rochus near Bingen, her little voyages on the Rhine, and her walks at Schlangenbad, are all the more real for the eloquent thoughts and bursts of feeling with which they are interspersed. How naturally the flow of animal spirits in a crowd is described after the procession to bless the vineyards of the Johannisberg is over, and the last vine has been sprinkled with holy water, and the sexton has tucked censer, surplice, and church-banner under his arm, and made the best of his way home.

"Temporal life comes on: merry songs take possession of men's throats, and a lively allegro of carelessness supplants the penitential hymn, all kinds of disorder begin; the boys wrestle and fly their kites in the moonlight, the girls spread the linen which lies on the bleaching field, and the young men pelt each other with wild chestnuts: then the town cowherd drives his cows through the crowd, the bull first, to make room, the pretty host's daughters stand under the vine-arbours before the door, and clap the lid of the wine-can, and the choristers look in there and hold judgment on seasons and viutages, and Mr. Celebrant says to Mr. Chaplain, 'Now we have represented to our Lord God what our wine wants—another week's dry weather, then rain in the mornings and bright sun at noon, and so on through July and August; and so if it is not a good year for wine it is no fault of ours.'"

Little as she claimed from Goethe in return for her adoration, Bettina felt so far jealous of rivals for his favour, as to receive with amusing irritability the account of some civilities which he had exchanged with Madame de Staël, *Die berühmte Frau* (the famous woman) as she calls her; and notwithstanding that the celebrated foreigner appears totally innocent of any offence in the matter, and that no woman ever more fully deserved her fame, we cannot but enter into the graceful spitefulness of the witty girl against the famous woman. Like Wieland, though we are pretty sure she is in the wrong, we must do as she chooses.

"He has not written to me since August," she complains to the Frau Rath; "I suppose Madame de Staël has taken up his time, and he has not thought of me. A famous woman is a curiosity, no one else can compare with her; she is like brandy, with which the grain from which it is made cannot compare. Brandy bites the tongue and gets into the head, and so does a famous woman; but I like the simple

wheat better. The sower sows it in the loosened earth, and the kind sun and the fruitful rain tempt it forth again, and then it covers the field with green, and bears golden ears, and at last comes a merry harvest home. Well! I will rather be a simple grain of wheat than a famous woman, and I would rather he should break me as his daily bread, than fly through his head like a dram."

And then she proceeds to an account of a party at which she had met Madame de Staël the night before. She had sat next to the famous woman, and the gentlemen were pressing round her, and leaning over her chair.

"I said, 'Vos adorateurs me suffoquent,' * * * and when the pressure became too great, I said, 'Vos lauriers me pesent trop sur les épaules,' and I got up and pushed my way through her admirers, and then Sismondi, her companion, came and kissed my hand, and said I had a great deal of wit. * * * Afterwards I listened to her, when she spoke of Goethe; she said she expected to find a second Werther, but she had been mistaken, neither his figure nor his manner suit the character, and she was very sorry that he was entirely without it. Frau Rath, I was provoked at these speeches (that was superfluous you will say); I turned to Schlegel, and said in German, 'Madame de Staël was mistaken twice; first in her expectation, and then in her opinion.' We Germans expect that Goethe can shake twenty heroes out of their sleeves, to astonish the French as much; but we are of opinion that he is himself quite another kind of hero. * * * She threw a laurel-leaf with which she had been playing on the ground; *I trod upon it, and pushed it aside with my foot and went away.* That is the story of my meeting with the famous woman."

Soon afterwards Madame de Staël paid a visit to the Frau Rath, and Bettina is not sorry for the opportunity of giving Goethe a history of the meeting:—

"Your mother had either from irony or pride dressed herself out wonderfully, but with German humour, not with French taste. I must tell you that when I looked at your mother with her three feathers on her head, one white, one red, and one blue, the French national colours, rising out of a field of sun-flowers, my heart beat with pleasure and expectation; she was very skilfully rouged, her great black eyes shot out fire like cannon, round her neck hung the Queen of Prussia's well-known gold chain, lace of an ancient pattern and of great splendour, a real family treasure, covered her bosom, and so she stood with white kid gloves, in one hand an elaborate fan with which she set the air in motion, the other, which was bare, beringed all over with sparkling stones, now and then taking a pinch out of a gold snuff-box with a miniature of you in hanging locks with powder, leaning thoughtfully on your hand. * * * At last the long expected visitor came, through a suite

of lighted rooms, accompanied by Benjamin Constant; she was dressed as Corinne, a turban of lawn and orange-coloured silk, a dress like it with an orange tunic, with the waist very high, *so that there was little room for her heart.* Her black eyebrows and eyelashes shone, and her lips too with a mystic red; her gloves were drawn down, and only covered the hand, in which she held the well-known sprig of laurel.

* * * Your mother cast some would be—courageous glances at me, when they were introduced. I observed Madame de Staël's astonishment at your mother's extraordinary dress and look, which betrayed a strong feeling of pride. She spread out her gown with her left hand, and with the right she saluted with a flourish of her fan, and while she bowed her head repeatedly with great consternation, she said in a voice raised so that one could hear it through the whole room, 'Je suis la mère de Goethe'—'Ah! je suis charmée,' said the author, and here followed a solemn silence. Then followed the presentation of her clever follower, who was equally desirous to make the acquaintance of Goethe's mother. Your mother answered their civilities, by wishing them a happy new year in French, which she muttered between her teeth, accompanied by solemn curtesies. In short, I think the audience was perfect, and gave a fine proof of the German dignity (*Grandezza*). Presently your mother beckoned to me—I must be interpreter between them * * * Madame de Staël wanted to read how thou writest to thy mother, and thy mother promised it—I thought that she would certainly not get thy letter from me to read, for I am not fond of her; as often as thy name passed *her not well-shaped lips*, an internal rage came over me; she told me that thou calledst her *Amie* in thy letters; ah! she certainly saw that this came upon me very unexpectedly, ah! she said still more than this. But now my patience broke down—*How canst thou like so disagreeable a face?* Ah! there one sees that thou art vain—or perhaps she has only lied—Were I with thee I would not suffer it.—"

And then she goes on to tell him how angry his mother was at her dislike and jealousy of the famous woman. She said it was not a trifle to meet celebrated people.

"Thy mother would not allow any joking, she thought I took too much on myself, and I must not get the conceit that thou hast any interest in me but such as one takes in children who have not left off their dolls; thou canst talk philosophy (*Welt-weisheit-machen*) with de Staël; with me thou couldst only play.—Suppose thy mother was right!"

And she passes into a pretty rhapsody about flowers and butterflies, ending with the story of the nun and the myrtle, and then she returns to the attack.

"Seest though, this was a digression, and a bit of my wisdom; certainly it cannot make itself intelligible to the world-wisdom which pre-

vails between thee and thy *Amie De Staël*—But this I can tell thee—I have seen many great works with tough contents bound in pig-skin; I have heard great scholars droning (*brummen*, in Scotch, *bumming*), and I have always thought a single flower must put it all to shame, and a single May-beetle with a rap on a philosopher's nose must knock his whole system over."

The expressions which we marked by Italics are only more prominent instances of the graceful malice and agreeable unfairness of Bettina's attack upon her rival. Her want of candour is pleasant, because it is so thoroughly feminine, and so free in its felicitous tact from serious ill-nature or malignity. It is evident that she affects more dislike and jealousy than she feels, well-knowing, that however high Corinne may stand in the opinion of the world, she is herself, with her youth and wit and tenderness, far more than a match for her in the only region where she cared to dispute the palm with the famous woman. We have chosen our extracts ill, if they have not shown that all Bettina's letters possess this peculiar charm of exhibiting a wholly womanly mind.—Her playfulness, her picturesque minuteness, her fragmentary and intuitive guesses at truth, are quite of another kind from the thoughts of a man, and perhaps for that reason have found in men their warmest admirers. The only seeming exception we have found to this view of her character, consists in her singular independence in her opinions even of the influence of Goethe himself. The convictions of a woman, though as all men know for the most part impregnable to logic, are easily endangered by an assault from the fortunate master of her affections. It is perhaps a sign of the difference between Bettina's imaginative attachment and solid every-day love, that in many points she continues to maintain opinions which Goethe either censured or treated with indifference. At sixteen she is in vain reproved by her brother for degrading herself by helping a poor Jewess in her household work, and afterwards on the occasion of an attempt to relieve the Jews of Frankfort from some of the restrictions to which they were subject, she retains and defends her interest in their cause in opposition to the sneers of Goethe, who as the son of a chief citizen of an imperial city and as a man of supercilious refinement, naturally regarded their race with contempt and dislike. In some points, too, she felt that even he might learn from her. She soon discovered that his knowledge of music and his feeling for it were bounded by limits far too narrow for her own enthusiasm; and many of her most eloquent letters are devoted to attempts to impress him

with her own belief in the art. Of this musical gospel, as Goethe called it, we express no opinion; except that, whenever it descends into the sphere of our comprehension, it appears to be based on a true principle, applicable to every art alike, that the artist must look upon his art as something higher and more powerful than himself, not proceeding from his deliberate invention, but carrying him away with it like inspiration. The remainder we must leave to the judgment of the initiated, in the full belief, however, that there must be truth in her rhapsodies, as they won for her the favour and affection of Beethoven, the most competent judge, we suppose, of his time.

Not even Goethe's own writings are safe from her freedom of criticism. She often complains of the worthlessness of the characters in "*Wilhelm Meister*," and she is greatly dissatisfied with the '*Wahlverwandschaften*.' "The inclosed drawing," she once writes to him, "is the portrait of Tiedemann, a professor of medicine here, who interests himself so much about fish that he wrote a work about fishes' hearts, with very good copper-plates; now since thou hast shown, in thy '*Elective Affinities*,' that thou examinest heart and nerves closely, fish hearts also will be interesting to thee, and, perhaps, thou wilt discover that thy Charlotte has the heart of a bleak."

Bettina's propensity to idolise men of genius had made her a revolutionist in honour of Mirabeau, and an imperialist for love of Napoleon; but when the Tyrolese war of 1809 broke out, her early prejudices were too weak for her instinctive love of right. She was at Munich at the time, and her indignation was roused to the highest pitch by the insults of the Bavarian rabble to the Tyrolese prisoners of war. Of the success of the struggle she had little hope, foreseeing, too justly, that Austria would 'apologise to the great Napoleon for having done him the honour to oppose to him such a people as the Tyrolese.' As she could not assist them, she did all in her power to court something of martyrdom for them by running the risk of reproof; or, as she vainly hoped, of imprisonment. She talked treason (against Bavaria and France) in all companies, especially in the presence of the head of the police; she conveyed letters for Tyrolese, though she suspected them of being spies, and at last she wrote a letter to the crown prince (the present king) to remonstrate against the treatment of the prisoners. The chief of the police, of course, laughed at her enthusiasm; the prince, on setting out for the army, sent her a broken wine glass, with the message that he had rung it against

Count Stadion's in drinking to the health of the Tyrolese. Every day she went to a tower which commanded a view of the mountains to watch the scene of the war and imagine its events, and attended the mass which Count Stadion, the Austrian ambassador, being himself in priest's orders, read to her in the king's chapel. The friendship which this singular man, the elder brother of the well-known Austrian minister, entertained for Bettina was a remarkable instance of the attraction which she exercised on men much older than herself; founded, probably, on her capacity to understand and appreciate them. Tieck, Beethoven, and Jacobini, all cultivated her friendship, and the literary and accomplished prince-primate, after a most amusing flirtation, in which her answers are worthy of one of Shakspeare's heroines in their comic dialogues, gave her, by his authority as successor to St. Boniface, permission thenceforth to confess her sins to Goethe.

Goethe showed all the sympathy that could be expected with her feelings for the Tyrolese. Even if he shared them to the full extent, it would have been foolish in him to put them in writing. Language which might safely be used by an enthusiastic girl would have been madness in the minister of a prince, whose dominions a paragraph in the '*Moniteur*' might have erased from the map of Europe. He told her, however, that the duke, as well as himself, had read her letters with pleasure, and, as usual, he asked her to continue to write. Her feelings, however, for the great cause were too genuine to allow her to be satisfied with his silence, though she did not venture a direct remonstrance. In the following passage on '*Wilhelm Meister*,' she probably uses in a double sense the name of *Meister*, which she often used as a title in addressing Goethe as *Master*. It is one of many expressions of her longing to join in the strife. *Oh, had I a doublet, and hosen, and hat*, she says in the words of a ballad.

"As a proof of my sincerity, I confess to thee, even in '*Wilhelm Meister*,' I feel thus:—most of the people in it pain me, as if I had a bad conscience, and then one is not at ease with-in or without. I should like to say to Wilhelm Meister, 'Come, fly with me beyond the Alps to the Tyrolese; there will we whet our sword, and forget the rag-bundle of comedians, and all thy mistresses must pine for a time, with their pretensions and their lofty feelings: when we come back the rouge will have faded on their cheeks, and their gauze gowns and fine feelings will shrink from thy sun-burnt Mars-like face. Yes, if anything is to come of thee at last, thou must place thy enthusiasm in the war, believe me, Mignon would not have fled from this fair world,

in which she was forced to leave her love behind, she would assuredly have borne with thee all the hardships of war, and spent the night on the rough Alps in wintry caverns with spare food; the fire of freedom would have kindled in her bosom also, and brought fresh and healthier blood into her veins. Ah! wilt thou not, for love of this child, leave all these people in the mass? Melancholy gets hold of thee because there is no world in which thou canst act. Would that thou fearedst not human blood. Here, among the Tyrolese canst thou act for a right, springing from pure nature as much as the love in the heart of Mignon. It is thou, Meister, who hast choked the bud of this tender life under all the weeds which overgrow thee. Say, what are they all to the earnestness of the time when Truth rises up in her pure original form, and defies the corruption which the Lie has established? Seest thou, Meister, if to-night, in the starry cold night, thou callest thy Mignon from her bed, where she had wrapt herself to sleep with tears for thee—thou sayest to her, 'Be quick and come with me; I mean to travel with thee unto the foreign land.'—Oh, she will understand it, it will not seem to her incredible; thou doest what she long ago required of thee, and what thou hast unaccountably neglected. Thou wilt give her happiness in granting that she may share thy heavy toils. By night, or perilous roads, where every step deceives, her quick sight, her bold confidence, will lead thee safe to join the war-pressed nation; and when she sees thee offer thy breast to the shaft, she will not tremble, it will not hurt her like the shafts of the flattering Syren race; she will ripen quickly to the bold consciousness of striking truly into the harmony of the inspiration of freedom. And if thou must fall in the front rank, what has she lost? What could make up to her for this beautiful death, perhaps at thy side? Both locked arm-in-arm, ye would lie under the cool and wholesome earth, and mighty oaks would shade your grave; say, would it not be better than to be obliged, ere long, to give over her delicate frame to the anatomical hands of the abbé, for him to drop into it an ingenious preparation of wax?"

With 1810, the correspondence terminates, probably in consequence of her marriage; but she does not give any explanation, and we adhere to our resolution of knowing nothing of her except from herself. Those who have been told that her passion led to melancholy and misery, may be relieved by one of the latest glimpses we find of her, on a visit to her brother Christian at Bukowan, a country house in Bohemia. She says that she likes being with her brother, who is a universal contriving genius, and keeps her in constant employment. Whether he is working as a carpenter, mason, or blacksmith, she is his journeyman, and holds the rule or blows the bellows, in addition to having all the sewing and cutting out, when his ingenuity is exercised on softer materials. He is a poet too, and has writ-

ten a comedy 'for mouth and heart to laugh at,' and then he plays the flute, and composes melodies which all Prague is singing.

"He teaches me to ride too, and manage a horse like a man; he makes me ride without a saddle, and wonders that I can keep my seat at a gallop. The horse would not let me fall, he bites my foot in play and to give me courage; perhaps he is an enchanted prince in love with me. Fencing too, Christian teaches me with the left hand and with the right, and to shoot at a mark, at a great sunflower; all of which I learn with zeal, that my life may not be too absurd when war comes on again. This evening we were out shooting, and shot some butterflies. I killed two at one shot."

We hope that the specimens which we have just given, will lead some readers to search these volumes for the various treasures which they contain; and, in the meantime, at least to suspend the duty of moral disapprobation, which is of all duties the most scrupulously discharged. It may be true that few of them would wish to see similar danger incurred by a sister or a daughter; but to a majority of them she is not sister or daughter, and if she has had suffering, it is no reason for our adding censure. The opinion of the world, founded in this respect on the nature of things, has confined warm feelings within a few deep and definite channels, which alone it recognizes or protects. Beyond the love of lovers, and the affection which is strengthened by the ties of blood, any strong and enthusiastic attachment is likely to lead to disappointment from the uncertainty of a return, and from the absence of general sympathy which reacts on almost all individuals. But if a person undergoes the risk and bears the pain, we can see no ground for resentment on the part of the prudent, who have avoided the danger; and if a woman of genius has expressed in a beautiful form, her imaginative passion, 'the desire of the moth for the star,' we, at least, are willing to admire her and sympathize with her, while we recommend no one to follow her example.

If, however, notwithstanding our arguments, her sex is resolved to tolerate no deviation from the prescribed track of feeling, we feel it our duty to submit to those who are most especially scandalised by Bettina's writings, the practice of classical times in similar cases. Disapproving as we do of measures so strong, and scrupulously abstaining from recommending them, we cannot forget that it was on *themselves*, according to the authentic statement of Aristophanes, that the ladies of Athens vented their indignation at the shock which their moral sense had sustained from the eccentric heroines of Euripides, whom Æschylus reproaches,

ὅτι γυναικῶς καὶ γυναικῶν ἄνδρων ἀλόχους ἀνίπκεις
κύνειά τιεν διόχονθεις διὰ τοὺς σοὺς Βελληροφόντας.

which may be freely translated,

Because you have made honest gentlemen's wives, and respectable ladies determine,
To drink prussic acid in horror and shame, at a girl so outrageously German.

ART. IV.—*Carteggio inedito d'Artisti dei Secoli XIV. XV. XVI., pubblicato, ed illustrato con documenti pure inediti, dal DOTTOR GIOVANNI GAYE; con fac-simile.* Tomi tre, 8vo. Firenze, presso Giuseppe Molini. 1839-40.

THE literature of Italy has, during some generations, been singularly fertile in local history and memoirs. The number of places conspicuous in history, the frequency of antiquarian remains, the abundance of names well known in arts and arms, in letters and politics, have there naturally conduced to a result which other circumstances have favoured. Nationality in its proper sense being unknown, the patriotism of the people is concentrated upon their birth-place, and glows with a delusive brilliancy more apt to exaggerate than to define the objects which it lights up. The passion for authorship inherent in the national character has found an easy and safe outlet in numerous topographical works, on which Church and State can look without jealousy, and which can generally command a ready *imprimatur*. The results have been little beneficial to literature, for such effusions are more distinguished by verbosity than eloquence, by prolixity, than absorbing interest. Yet the prevailing pursuit has not been without its fruits. Patient research has discovered and rendered accessible important historical muniments, as well as minute details of manners, from which the general historian and investigator of local objects find an ample harvest of materials and facts awaiting their judicious and impartial application. Of this nature are the multifarious pamphlets of Olivieri, Passeri, and Padre della Valle in the last century; of Cancellieri, Fea, and Vermiglioli, in the present; and there is scarcely a spot too insignificant or secluded for the pen of some kindred illustrator.

In such inquiries the fine arts enter largely into a land ever favourable to their growth, and upon them is lavished much of the pride which mainly conduces to that sort of authorship. Now-a-days in particular,

elaborate researches among musty records, such as were formerly undertaken to maintain some idle controversy of traditional origin, of imaginary independence, or of vaunted supremacy, are more profitably directed to illustrate schools of painting and artists of other times. To these accordingly we are indebted for the life of Pinturicchio by Vermiglioli, for the biographical eulogies by Abbé Pungileone of Raffaele, Correggio, and other painters less known, and for the history of art in the March of Ancona by the Marchese Ricci, works displaying more industry than critical judgment.

Nor has the literature of the north been altogether indifferent to these subjects. In England, Duppa and Roscoe have shown what could be done under the most unfavourable circumstances; and now that high art is at length beginning to occupy public interest, we may look forward to better things, and may cheer on those labourers who have already begun to occupy the field. France may adduce without a blush the names of Quatremere de Quincy, Rio, Orloff, and even Viardot; but most of these have chosen the æsthetics rather than the history of Italian art, and have sought to reproduce known facts rather than to seek out new ones. The late German writers have united both these objects with great success. It is enough to name Rechberg and Spath, Blattner and Rumohr, Waagen and Passavant; to whom we may add by anticipation Schultz of Dresden, whose collections for the hitherto unwritten history of the Neapolitan schools of painting will, we trust, ere long be published. But we must now speak of one whom premature death has prevented from attaining an at least equal reputation.

Hans Gaye was born in the duchy of Sleswick about the end of 1804, and was educated at the universities of Kiel and Berlin, from the former of which he received his degree in philosophy upon completing his twenty-fifth year. With literature as his profession, and a decided predilection for that of southern languages, he directed his steps towards the Mediterranean in 1830, and after a short visit to Greece, passed the remaining nine years of his life in Italy. In that land of past and present beauty, his active mind and refined taste found a new and never-failing source of intellectual exertion and pleasurable emotion. The state of the fine arts during long ages of torpor and neglect, followed by their slow revival under strong devotional influences, until they became part and portion of the popular religion, and until, commanding the lavish patronage of the Church and State, of corporations and individuals, they developed the genius of

Raffaele and the vigour of Michael Angelo: such was the extensive theme which occupied his admiration and his thoughts, until he resolved to be its historian. But unlike his predecessors in the same path, he was not satisfied merely to recast the facts and criticisms of others. With the indomitable resolution and unflinching honesty of the Teutonic mind, he resolved to search everywhere and see everything for himself. His object was to ransack the public and monastic libraries, to explore the archives of states, cities, and private families, and there to cull, from neglected or unknown manuscripts and correspondence, documents illustrative of every school, its patrons, its workmen, and its works. After storing his note-books with references from these sources, and from the innumerable volumes of topography, he set forth on a comprehensive tour of the Peninsula.

The tour of Italy is usually understood to mean a journey along the great post roads, without farther pause than is required for horses and repose, together with a residence of some weeks in the great capitals, and of some days in the minor ones. But those who would become acquainted with that noble country and its inexhaustible charms—with its sublime scenery, its sequestered valleys, its antique memorials, its historic castles, its picturesque architecture, or the monuments of its golden age—such travellers must, like Gaye, follow another plan. He successively visited and leisurely surveyed all the provincial towns, examining dingy altar-pieces, and half-defaced frescoes, prying into sacristies and cloisters, and taxing to the utmost the unfailing and disinterested civility with which provincial Italians are ever ready to promote the researches of strangers into the antiquities of their neighbourhood. Diverging from these centre points, he investigated every village to which rumour or tradition assigned some object of curiosity, and examined alike the stately monastery and the lone oratory, which dated from the days when great painters were not ashamed to labour for rustic worshippers. Those who have never essayed this pursuit can scarcely appreciate the difficulties that attend it, the privations of comfort, the obstacles to correct information, and the disappointment of often finding that an object for which fatigue has been incurred and time wasted is already lost or destroyed. But to the enthusiastic connoisseur such mortifications are amply compensated by the pleasure of gazing in some secluded abbey upon frescoes from which Raffaele might have drawn inspiration, or of discovering in some mountain village-church an undescribed picture worthy

of the Vatican or the Louvre. Thus did Gaye perambulate the peninsula, repeating his visits to such districts as Tuscany, and Umbria, where the best works of medieval art were produced, and are still found in comparative abundance.

To one so constituted and so occupied, Florence offered a most attractive residence. In no other city did artists occupy so prominent a position from their numbers, their merit, and the scope afforded for their exertions; in none have the authorities done so much to encourage high art, and to preserve its productions from degradation. Although more harassed by domestic factions than the other capitals, Venice has suffered less than any of them from foreign invasion. Thus its libraries and archives, as well as its creations of the pencil and the chisel are singularly entire, and under a government comparatively liberal and enlightened, the student enjoys literary facilities elsewhere unknown within the Alps. Nor is this artistic wealth confined within the city walls. There is scarcely a hamlet or a chapel in the Val d'Arno, from the fastnesses of La Vernia to the plains of Pisa, in which an inquisitive eye may not recognize some memorial of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. In Florence therefore did Gaye fix his head-quarters after 1834, and to the high honour of the grand duke, not only was every archive opened to his investigations, but the heavy fees required for extracts were voluntarily defrayed from the privy purse of the sovereign, a liberality more laudable, from the little sympathy between Gaye's studies and the tastes of his Imperial Highness. These researches were pursued with such ardour that, notwithstanding many excursions into other fields of similar labour, he had, in 1839, exhausted the materials thus freely placed at his disposal. But ere he returned home, for the purpose of digesting them and his personal observations into the great work which he had undertaken, he resolved, in return for the civilities he had received in Italy, to leave behind him some fruits of his toil, which, although immature, should be capable of useful adaptation. Thus originated the volumes named at the head of this article: but alas! the life of combined hardship and study, which he had for some years been leading, proved too severe a strain upon his constitution, and the seeds of consumption, at first neglected, made fatal progress in the trying climate of Florence. On the 26th of August, 1840, he corrected the penultimate sheet of his book, and on the same day his spirit passed away, amid the regrets of a few attached friends, who mourned the

loss of the man, and of a work of such promise as his history of Italian art must have been. To borrow the words of one of these, who superintended the completion of his Carteggio, 'he sleeps in that classic soil which he loved so fondly, under the shade of its cypresses, and in view of the smiling slopes of Fiesole.'

These volumes, although far from exhausting the materials amassed by Gaye, contain above a thousand documents, in some seventeen hundred goodly octavo pages. Nearly all of these have been copied from the archives and libraries at Florence, Siena, and other towns of central Italy; they consist chiefly of letters, wills, and magisterial acts, and they are illustrated by copious facsimiles and interesting autographs. So varied and comprehensive are their contents, that abundant and valuable lights are thrown by them upon the history, policy, statistics, and domestic manners of the country, as well as upon the subject more immediately in view. In these respects the statutes of various guild corporations are especially important, and still more so the article entitled, 'Regesta, or Florentine Acts regarding the Internal History of that Republic, from 1225 to 1500.' This single item affords matter for a volume, in the multitude of extracts and jottings chronologically selected from the public records of that city; and the design which the compiler had in view was, "to supply in some measure the meagerness of other notices during the fourteenth century, and to afford an idea of the fine spirit which inspired that Commonwealth, and of the vast efforts which she made between the years of 1200 and 1500, especially in her buildings, painting, and sculpture."

With manifold evidence of such exertions almost every page of these extracts abounds. Most of the entries during the thirteenth century refer to expensive operations on the streets, squares, churches, bridges, aqueducts, fountains, walls, and fortifications, and among them it is easy to recognize those mighty constructions which still form the noblest and most characteristic features of the Tuscan capital—the gloomy Bargello, the massive Or-san-Michele, the stern Palazzo-Vecchio, the vast Duomo, the elegant Baptistery. These were all creations of one master-mind, to whose merits we here find a pleasing testimony. In 1300, upon the report that "Maestro Arnolfo (Lapo) di Cambio of Colle, head master of works for Santa Reparata, the principal church in the city, was the most famous artist, and the most expert in ecclesiastical architecture of any known in these parts, and that, by means of his industry, experi-

ence, and genius, the inhabitants trusted to the fabric begun by him turning out the most beautiful and distinguished fane in all Tuscany," several important immunities were voted him by the magistracy. This church, a century later, was called Santa Maria del Fiore, and is now the Duomo. It would have been satisfactory to have quoted, from the original, a noble act for its creation, which has been often printed, and which the reader may readily find in Vallery's 'Italy;' but whether genuine or supposititious it exists not in the record. Gaye, however, supplies us with interesting evidence of the public zeal for the fabric, and the citizens, in supplement to large grants from the common fund, submitted to a poll-tax, levied with reference to means and substance, and to another impost which may be regarded as the precursor of legacy duties. All testators were enjoined to bequeath something in aid of the work, under pain of their testaments being annulled; but, to reconcile them to so singular an extortion, the bishop was recommended to grant to such persons an extension of the ecclesiastical indulgences already promised to benefactors of the pious enterprise.

During a hundred and seventy years the magnificent edifice rose, by these magnanimous exertions, under the direction of many celebrated architects; the commission given to the greatest of them all runs in these terms:

"The Lords Priors of Arts, the Gonfaloniere of Justice, and the committee (*officium*) of twelve good men, desiring that the operations carried on in the city for the community of Florence should proceed reputably and decorously, which cannot well be the case unless some person of experience and note be placed in charge of them, and seeing that there is said to be no one in the world more capable for such employment than Maestro Giotto di Bondone, the painter of Florence, who is regarded in his native place as both a great artist and an estimable man, and whom it is desirable to have constantly resident there at once for the instruction of others and for the honour of the city * * * They for these reasons resolved by ballot, 'that the said M. Giotto be elected and deputed as director and master of works for the church of Santa Reparata, and for the erection of the city walls and fortifications, as well as for any other public operations that may be undertaken.'"—Vol. i., p. 481.

This act is dated in April, 1334; the salary assigned for these services is stated by Ticozzi at a hundred ducats, a sum equal to seven hundred pounds of our money. Among the contributions of Giotto to the cathedral, it is scarcely necessary to mention the Campanile, whose beauty has passed into a proverb, and whose minute elegance Charles V. wished to protect from contact by glass! Just a century later, the

committee of works wrote to summon from Scotland, for the windows, a celebrated worker in stained glass, who seems to have been an Italian by birth, and who had learned the art at Lubeck.—Vol. ii., p. 445.

It would be easy to multiply proofs of the public spirit of this community. In the thirteenth century the city had fifteen gates, and the same number of bridges as now serves for a much larger population; about 1340 two of these were rebuilt, and a fifth was ordered farther up the stream. The police regulations afford some curious insight into manners and civilisation. In the public prison men were separated from women, debtors from criminals, and a place was provided for the confinement of unruly youths, at the instance of their parents: this was probably at the Bargello, the Stinche being mentioned as a prison for persons of rank. Dyers were enjoined to carry off all foul water under ground. No houses of bad fame were allowed in the city, or under the walls, or along the highways; and contraveners were to be whipped and branded. Chess and drafts might be played in the streets, but no hazard or gambling tables were permitted even in private houses. No one might go out at night without a light, nor could any citizen who had a notorious feud attend public or private assemblages without leave from the magistrates. In 1289 we find a strict injunction against the purchase of peasantry as serfs. Cannons and metal balls were ordered for the defence of the city as early as 1326, at least twenty years before the date generally assigned to their invention.

The first notice we find of the Medici, in connexion with art, is in 1476, when Lorenzo and his brother transferred to the public, for 150 florins (then equal to perhaps 350*l.*), the bronze David of Donatello, which was thereupon placed in the Palazzo-Vecchio, near 'the enemy's chains,' meaning the Pisan trophies, which now hang before the Baptistery door. The embellishment of that Palazzo was a favourite object; the earliest regulation as to which is characteristic of the democratic spirit of the republic; it bears date in 1329, and prohibits any one from placing his own arms or device among the decorations, but in 1461, the sons of Poggio Bracciolini were permitted to have his portrait painted in one of the smaller halls. The earliest frescoes remaining there are those ordered in 1482, from Domenico Ghirlandaio and Filippino Lippi, the latter of whom was employed three years later to execute for the council-hall an altar-piece of the nativity, at the price of twelve hundred lire, besides five hundred for the carved

frame-work, and a hundred and sixty-three more for gilding it. Gaye has recognized this work in a beautiful picture at the Uffizii gallery, where it is attributed to Domenico Ghirlandaio.

Among the extracts are many valuable traits regarding the history and political constitution of the republic, upon which we have at present no space to enter. We must, however, pause for a moment on some notices of 'the all-Etruscan three.' In December, 1368, Urban V. wrote to the priors that he had received their ambassador Giovanni Boccaccio with the consideration due to them and to his own merits. Three years before this, having occasion to send an envoy to Avignon, the seigneury desired him to deliver to the same pontiff this message :

"The celebrity and talents of our fellow-citizen, M. Francesco Petrarca, inspire us with a great desire to attract him back to reside in Florence, for the honour of the city and for his own tranquillity ; for he has greatly harassed himself by bodily fatigues and scientific pursuits in various countries. But as he has here no patrimony nor means of support, and little fancy for a secular life, be pleased to grant him the favour of the first canonry vacant in Florence ; and this notwithstanding any previous promise, so that no one may be appointed canon in preference to him. And you will ascertain from Pitti in what manner this appointment may be obtained for him in the most ample manner."—p. 516.

As to Dante, the only contemporary entry is an indirect one. On the 6th of March, 1303, a subsidy was voted to Charles of Anjou, to aid him in reducing his Sicilian rebels ; on the margin a somewhat later hand has noted that the poet's opposition to this grant formed one of the charges upon which he was exiled. But when his

Name for evermore

Their children's children would in vain adore,
With the remorse of ages,

we find this tardy tribute to the immortal bard : "12th of August, 1373. On the part of many citizens of Florence,—who, for themselves and others, and for their posterity and descendants, desire to be instructed in virtue from the book of Dante, wherein even such as are unskilled in grammar may learn how to escape vice, as well as how to acquire virtue, and adorn themselves with eloquence,—it is respectfully prayed that you, the lords, priors, &c., will select an able and learned person, well versed in the study of such poetry, to prelect in this city upon the book generally called the Dante, to all who choose to attend ; and this daily, excepting the usual holidays, during such time as may seem right, not above one year,

and for a salary not exceeding a hundred florins of gold, payable half-yearly."—[p. 525.]

In succeeding years various lecturers are named : thus Giovanni di Malpaghini of Ravenna, after considerable services, had, in 1412, eight florins a month, at which time Dante was publicly read on holidays. Six years after, the expositor of the poet was Giovanni Gherardi of Pistoia, with six florins a month ; and in 1432, Francesco Filelfo, who held the appointment, was sentenced to three years of exile at Rome, for publicly insulting the Venetian seigneury and their ambassador. In 1495, the great grandson of Dante, who bore his name, had an act of rehabilitation from banishment.

But the Carteggio contains a yet more weighty testimony to the repentance of his countrymen, in the application made by the seigneury to Ostazio di Polenta, the last lord of Ravenna, for the bones of the bard, wherein

'Florence vainly begs her banished dead and weeps.'

"Magnificent lord and well-beloved friend,

"That we and all our people entertain a singular love and predominating affection for the famous and unfading name of Dante Alighieri, the excellent and most renowned poet, cannot astonish you or any one else. For such is the glory of that man, that it undoubtedly reflects his brilliancy upon our state, whilst the blaze of his genius illuminates his native land. For who has heretofore enjoyed a name so celebrated, so undying, as our poet's now is, and so far as we can conjecture, will continue to be ! His writings are composed with an elegance which it would be difficult to conceive excelled : their wisdom and learning, their copiousness and variety, are alike fitted to delight the simple, to teach the most accomplished, to guide and instruct all. But suspending eulogies, more befitting a prolix volume than a brief epistle, let us come to the matter in hand.

"It was long since resolved by this government, that the tombs of those illustrious poets, Dante Alighieri and Francesco Petrarca, should be erected in this their native city with becoming magnificence, and we have now ordained that this object, hitherto postponed, but so commendable and praiseworthy, should be carried into effect. Since then their remains are, by the decree of their country, to be carried hither, and entombed in these monuments, and since the bones and dust of Dante lie in your city of Ravenna, we most affectionately request your highness not to throw any difficulties in the way of their being given up, but so to favour us and this our desire, that we may be enabled to transfer them to Florence with befitting respect. And we trust that it will not be irksome to your highness to meet our wishes in this matter.

"Given at Florence, this 1st of February, 1429—30."—Vol. i., p. 123.

The decree above referred to is printed for

the first time by Gaye. It is dated in 1396, and enjoins the committee of the Duomo to erect there, within six years, under a penalty of a thousand florins, splendid and honourable tombs, suitable to their merit and renown, for the poets Dante, Petrarch, Zenobio di Strata, and Boccaccio, and for the jurist Accursio, after transporting thither their bones, if these could be recovered, but at all events to execute their sepulchres, in commemoration of their fame and that of the republic.

Not less interesting, and more germane to the proper object of his researches, are some notices recovered by Gaye of the commemorative portrait of the poet in the Duomo of Florence, which must be known to many of our readers; and regarding which the conjectures hitherto received had been erroneous. In October, 1455, the committee of works for that church are desired, for the honour and glory of the community, and in memory of the excellent poet Dante Alighieri, to place in its former position a panel picture with his portrait, that it may remain for public inspection. (Vol. i., p. 563.) Of the origin and character of this likeness we have no further details; but it probably served as the model for the one now visible in the Cathedral, the order for which was discovered by Gaye among the documents of that fabric, and is inserted in the preface of his second volume. On the 30th of January, 1465, the committee commissioned from Dominico di Michelino, pupil of Beato Angelico, "a figure, in the form and likeness of the poet Dante, which he is to paint and colour with good colours, mingling gold with the ornaments, as in the sketch given by Alessandro Baldovinetti; and he is to execute it upon a linen canvass, prepared at his own expense, and finish it within six months, for the price of one hundred *lire*. It is to be placed in the chapel in Santa Maria del Fiore; and when terminated the committee will have it inspected to see if it be worth the price aforesaid." In June, Alessandro Baldovinetti and Neri di Bicci, having reported that, besides conforming to the sketch, the work was finished with many farther ornamental details of great difficulty and labour, so as to be far more than perfected, the sum of a hundred and fifty-five *lire* was allowed to the artist. It was desired to be set up "where there was already a figure of the poet," being probably that alluded to ten years before; and, perhaps, the same which, according to a MS. in the Riccardian library, had been placed there in the beginning of the century by M. Antonio, a Franciscan friar, then public lecturer upon Dante.

With another monument in the Duomo we

shall close our references to the 'Regesta.' It commemorates an English name of more note within the Alps than in his own country. Sir John Hawkwood, a soldier of fortune, who plied his profession to such purpose, that from tailoring at Norwich, he came to command armies in Italy, after various successes over the Florentines, was taken into their pay; and, during many years, his famed company of adventurers formed a standing army for their defence. The gratitude of the government, besides endowing him with the now ruined castle of Montecchio, near Arezzo, thus voted him monumental honours during his life. In August, 1393, the committee of works were authorized "to construct, in a distinguished and honourable part of the church, a sepulchre for the mighty and brave Sir John Haucud, of England, captain-general of the armament of the commonwealth, and to decorate it with such marbles, sculpture, and trophies, as two-thirds of them may approve; that his body may be deposited there when he dies, in order to honour and perpetuate his renown, and to manifest the munificence of the state" (p. 536). These instructions were not carried out; but Sir John, who died in the following year, was subsequently commemorated in a colossal equestrian portrait, executed in fresco by Paolo Uccello, on the northern wall of the nave, the companion of which, in memory of another eminent general, Nicolo da Tolentino, is mentioned in the 'Regesta,' as commissioned by the priors in 1455. Among the very questionable transmutations which the interior of this Cathedral underwent in 1841, these two singular monuments were transported from their original 'distinguished and honourable' place, to the lower end of the nave; one of the many instances in which restoration has been nearly synonymous with destruction.

A word as to sumptuary laws, restraining the extravagances of female attire. In 1299 the magistracy thus gravely regulated this matter:—"Should a woman think fit to wear in her head any gold or silver ornament, with jewels, real or imitated, or pearls, she shall pay yearly to the community fifty *lire*, provided always that any woman may wear gold or silver tissue not exceeding the value of three *lire*. And should any woman choose to affix to her mantle a fringe of gold or silver, or of gilt or plated silk, or any gold or silver tassels or pearls, or to wear an ornament of pearls on any other part of her dress, she shall be liable to the same tax." Eight years later, gold and silver stuffs, or tissue, were again sanctioned; but there was a strict prohibition against gold or silver coronets, or jewels on the head, tassels on the

back, and trains exceeding two feet in length. In 1326, the unrestrained use of tresses and fillets was formally authorized.—Vol. i., pp. 442, 447, 470.

The preceding notices may afford some idea of the varied information to be drawn from the 'Regesta.' The contents of the 'Carteggio' are of a still more comprehensive description; and among the earliest are the statutes of painters and jewellers in the fourteenth century. The 'arts,' or guilds, are well known as the political machinery whereby the constitutions of most Italian republics were secured and rendered efficient. They were, in many respects, analogous to the trades' companies of London, and the crafts of Scotch burghs; except that, whilst the representatives chosen from these formed the municipality of their town, the priors of arts were a legislative and executive sovereignty. In Florence, the most important and durable of the democracies, the priors, deputed from the respective arts to the general council or seignury, were changed every two months. From the regulations of these companies much may be learned of the government, economy, commerce, and manners of Italy. Gaye has printed only those of the Florentine and Paduan painters, and of the Siennese painters and jewellers; the latter being then a guild nearly allied to the fine arts, and often the cradle of great names in painting and sculpture. In times when the imitative arts were handmaids, if not objects of devotion, painters were, in many respects, a holy fraternity, and their rules breathed a spirit of extraordinary sanctity. To illustrate this fact, hitherto so little observed, but so material to a correct estimate of the true spirit of early Italian art, we shall quote largely from the prelude to the statutes of the Florentine painters, who were incorporated in 1339; and, by a singular arrangement, were a branch of the medical art.

"In the name of God Almighty, of the blessed Virgin Mary, of Messer St. John Baptist, of M. St. Zanobio, confessor, and of our holy Sta Reparata, virgin; and of the glorious M. St. Luke evangelist, the father, founder, and first cause of this company and fraternity; and for the honour and respect due to the holy mother-church, and to M. the Pope and his brother cardinals, and to M. the Bishop of Florence and his clergy; and for the welfare and consolation of the souls of all such as are or may become of this fraternity,—these are the conventions and ordinances of the company of the glorious M. St. Luke evangelist, made and ordained by those of the art of Florentine painters, to his laudation and reverence, and to the solace of their own souls. * * * * * Seeing that it is our purpose and resolution, whilst in this perilous pilgrimage, to have the blessed M. St. Luke evangelist, for our special

intercessor before the divine Majesty, and before the glorious Virgin Mary, who being mirrors of purity must have pure and sinless service, we therefore ordain, that all such of either sex as shall come to enrol themselves in this company, must be contrite and confessed of their faults, or at least must intend to confess themselves on the first opportunity. * * * * * And all who are received into this company are bound to say daily five pater-nosters and five ave-marias; but should they, from oversight or interruption, have omitted any of these, they may say them next day, or when they recollect them. And, in order that they may devoutly adhere to the service of the blessed M. St. Luke evangelist, they ought to confess frequently, and to communicate at least once a year, if they can well do so."—Vol. ii., pp. 32—34.

A similar spirit pervades the bye-laws of the Siennese painters in 1355, which form a much more complete code than those of the Florentines. There the strict observance of church festivals, in number exceeding the Sundays of the year, and the regular contribution of wax-lights and other oblations, are more insisted on than the proper mysteries of the profession. The rules of the jewellers of that city in 1361 are, however, the most detailed, as to the government and discipline of the guild brethren, the maintenance of their monopoly and fair competition, the standard of their metal and quality of their work. There are also prohibitions against buying valuables under suspicious circumstances, setting false jewels, or making church plate of any but the precious metals.

It would be difficult to find any more glowing picture of the religion prevalent among the devout aristocracy of the fourteenth century, than is displayed in six letters from Nicolo Acciajuola, a Florentine soldier of fortune, who rose to be High Steward of Naples, and whom, notwithstanding the less flattering notice of Boccaccio, Gaye holds up as the mirror of chivalry, the Bayard of his age. In 1341 he had conceived the idea of founding a suburban monastery near his native city, and his zeal increasing with his wealth, his views expanded into the stately Céstosa, one of the most imposing monastic fabrics in Italy. His wishes are thus expressed, in writing to his brother from Naples, in 1356:—

"As I formerly wrote to you, I am much pleased with what you have done for my building (*habituolo*) at the monastery, and I shall be still more so to hear that it proceeds rapidly. Do not imagine that if the fabric turn out very sumptuous, it will on that account be less gratifying, for since all the other substance which God has granted me must go I know not to what heirs, this monastery alone with its ornaments will be mine to all futurity, and will render my name durable and unfading in my native city. And if

the soul be immortal, as Monseigneur the Chancellor maintains, mine will be thereby rejoiced, wherever it may be ordained to dwell. Be pleased, therefore, to promote to the utmost its completion, and I shall send you what aid I can, that you may hurry it on. * * * Let it be your chief care to fortify the monastery; and in excavating the necessary stones, it will be well to see that a deep ditch be left before the wall; * * * but, as I have already said, let your thought be above all to render the place impregnable, for the community must approve of its being provided with every means of defence."

In another letter he warms with his subject:—

"I tell you, James, that all my consolation rests upon our holy monastery. There centres my every resource in trouble and misfortune. Nothing else that I possess seems my own but that monastery. At whatever moment I think upon it, anger and sadness pass from me. Most assuredly, had I money, I should render it the most noble place in all Italy. Yet, by denying myself many things, I hope that, should I live with tolerable luck for four years, I may make it superlatively beautiful. Nor shall I deny my folly, for I had rather that habitation were finished as you have described, than that I had an income of two hundred *moggia* [about 625 quarters] of wheat from the finest land about Florence—nay, I may almost say, above three hundred. I therefore pray you to gratify this longing of mine, and to account it rather a worthy than a vicious one."—Vol. i., pp. 61—64.

There are noticed sales of pearls, gold and enamels, to raise the funds for the fabric, which grew apace, and from the *habituaculo* of 1360 became in 1385 'a vast palace with a church and porticos;' but the munificent seneschal did not live to witness the consummation of his 'folly,' in the citadel convent which spreads a substantial glory around his name.

From a variety of sources, partly inedited, Gaye has brought together some curious facts as to the two baptistery gates at Florence, which Michael Angelo characterized as worthy the portals of paradise. The earlier of them was commissioned in November, 1403, from Lorenzo di Ghiberti, then about twenty-two years of age. He was to finish three compartments yearly, the figures, trees, and other important parts being executed by his own hand; but for the minor details he was allowed to employ his father, Bartolo, and such other assistants as he thought fit; the number of these varied from eleven to twenty, and among them were Donatello and Paolo Uccello, "shop-boy." This limit as to time was not observed, and April, 1424, arrived ere the work was completed. In the following January, Lorenzo began the other gate, which was terminated

in June, 1452, nearly forty-nine years being thus consumed on these master-pieces; an incredible time did we not consider how different the hand-chasing of that age was from the process for bronze-casting now in use, and did we not know that the many intermediate works which occupied his chisel brought to the artist wealth as well as fame (vol. i., p. 106). On the cost of these gates, which is known to have been enormous, our industrious investigator has thrown no new light, but we glean from his researches various particulars regarding the remuneration obtained for works of art. This Lorenzo, in 1427, anticipated four hundred florins for a pair of bronze bas-reliefs he was then chasing for the baptismal font in the cathedral at Sienna, and half that sum for a casket, ordered by Cosmo de' Medici, which is still to be seen in the museum of the Uffizii. The famous *pax* of that collection, executed in niello by Finiguerra, about 1450, was paid for at the rate of one florin an ounce, costing in all sixty-six florins, of which seven tenths were the estimated value of the workmanship. The well-known monuments of Baldassare Cossa in the Florentine baptistery, and of Cardinal Brancacci in the Church of S. Angelo in Nilo at Naples, were commissioned from Michelozzo about 1427, at the respective prices of eight hundred and eight hundred and fifty florins. In the Duomo of Arezzo were those *chef-d'œuvres* of stained glass, which Vasari poetically calls, "things showered from heaven for man's solace," and some fragments of which were lately to be purchased there. Some of them were executed in 1477 for fourteen *lire* (about 2½ ducats), a square *braccio* of twenty two and a half inches, whilst fifteen *lire* were paid for those by Guillaume de Marseilles in 1519. Most of these sums appear enormous, taking the florin or ducat of the fifteenth century at nearly three pounds sterling.

Among the fortress-palaces of Florence, those solecisms of her democratic spirit, none is more conspicuous or severe than that of the Strozzi, none so little in accordance with the scenes of ephemeral gaiety that now hourly pass beneath its gloomy shadow. From a verbose narrative of its origin, drawn up by a son of the founder, and from his own still more wordy will, we obtain some curious insight into the man and the times.

"Filippo Strozzi, having amply provided for his succession, was more intent upon fame than riches: and finding no more ready or certain means of leaving a memorial of himself than by building, for which he had much natural taste and no mean intelligence, he conceived the idea

of erecting an edifice which might celebrate himself and his race, both in Italy and abroad. But there occurred a material difficulty, for as the higher powers (*chi reggeva*) might be jealous that any glory should dim their own, Filippo shrank from doing anything calculated to occasion envy. He therefore began to spread reports, that having many children and a small dwelling, he would have to think about lodging those whom he had begotten, a matter which he could do during his life much better and more wisely than they after his death. He then originated long discourses with builders and architects, avowing the necessity he was put to for a house. At times, he feigned an intention of setting forthwith to work; then he would waver and grumble about spending quickly what he had gained in long years of industrious toil; disguising from all his real purpose and intention, solely that he might more effectually attain them, and even avowing, that all he required was a comfortable burgher's habitation, for use not show. But the architects and builders, as usual, enlarged all his plans, which was indeed very pleasing to him, although he pretended the reverse, declaring that they were compelling him to what he neither would nor could do. * * *

After he had seen and considered the plans, they added the [rustic] stone bosses, and many more ornaments: whereupon the more they persuaded, the more did Filippo simulate dissatisfaction, insisting that he would on no account have the bosses, which were unbecoming a plain citizen as well as too expensive, and that he was building for utility not for display, and meant to make under his dwelling a number of shops, that might yield a revenue to his sons; all which was eagerly opposed by the architects, as unseemly and inconveniently confining the inhabitants. * * * In short, the more he seemed disposed to avoid outlay, and thereby to veil the grandeur of his views, and the extent of his means, the more was he spurred and encouraged to launch out. * * * The result was, that whilst every one thought it next to certain, that so vast a pile must absorb his means ere it could be completed, he calculated upon perfecting it out of his income without encroaching upon his capital."

It was commenced in 1489, but within two years its ambitious projector was removed from the cherished object of his hopes and intrigues, ere it reached the first story. The description of this worthy but vain citizen is highly graphic:—

"In figure, Filippo was remarkably handsome and stout, patient of heat and cold, enduring of hunger and thirst. He was of a disposition so amiable, that when disagreements, such as are frequently incident to humanity, arose among his relations or intimates, all recurred to him as to their head, and he always reconciled them, supplying from his own resources what was necessary to promote their harmony, in addition to his personal trouble. Whatever friend or relative fell into sickness or adversity, he visited them, administering such solace or aid as was requisite, which they enjoyed more than any

other comfort or medicine. In truth, he seemed formed by nature to dispense his wealth not less worthily than he had acquired it."

Nor are his testamentary dispositions less characteristic. His great object was to secure his 'house,' for there was no *palace* in republican Florence but that of the Seigneur, to his heirs male for ever, by stringent clauses which might serve as the model of a Scotch *tailzie*. His next thought was for its speedy completion without curtailment, and for this purpose he enjoined his heirs to maintain at least fifty men at work upon it, and finish it before 1497. On their neglecting to do so, Lorenzo de' Medici, or, in his default, certain public officers were authorized, within two years more, to terminate the building and furnish it out of his readiest means: and these persons were to be thereupon entitled to dine at stated times in it, at the expense of his heirs, but not exceeding fifty small *lire* ahead (vol. i., pp. 354-365). By the will, the house was to be divided into two, half going to the only son of Filippo's first marriage, the other part to his two other sons. The eldest shrank from the task imposed by his father, and it was chiefly by the exertions of his youngest brother that the imposing edifice was completed in 1533. That brother was Filippo, who soon after was taken prisoner in the final struggle of Florentine democracy, and, in conformity with the pagan sentiments of his age and country, sought from his own hand the martyrdom for which he quoted the example of Cato. The intentions of the founder have been more fully realized than usually happens to such testamentary calculations, and the stern old pile still keeps the ownership as well as the name of Strozzi; its almost Cyclopiian strength, unscarred by time, and proof against innovation. Of the still beautiful chapel in the Santa Maria Novella, on which, by his will, at least a thousand florins was to be laid out, of the villas he erected, and the churches, chapels, and oratories he founded or renovated, our limits will not allow us to speak.

The chief architect of the Strozzi palace was Simon Pollaiuolo, generally called *il Cronaca*, the chronicler, from an inveterate habit of telling tiresome stories of his own adventures. The long-established Italian usage of to-names found ample scope among artists of every class, few of whom are known to history by their family surnames. Thus the Corradi of Florence are always called Ghirlandaio, from the profession of their father, a garland-maker. Brusasorci, Sodoma, and L'Ingegno are palpably nicknames. Raffaele, Michelangelo, and Tizi-

and are only baptismal names; Masaccio and Domenichino familiar contractions, meaning dirty Tom and little Dominick. Many, like Correggio, da Vinci, Perugino and Veronese, are called by their birth-place; still more by their patronymics; whilst a few, like Alessandro Bronzino, have assumed the name of their instructors in art. The prevalence of similar customs in modern Italy must have been observed by most of our readers. Nearly all the insurgents lately sentenced in Romagna and Calabria had some *sobriquet* appended to their designations: and, as a general rule, Italians of the lower class seldom know the family names of their next neighbours.

The fluctuations intrinsic to the profession of high art are developed in these volumes by many remarkable and not a few melancholy facts. Whilst on the one hand painters, sculptors, and military engineers (a branch of architecture in early times), appear as ambassadors and magistrates, or as the familiar correspondents of princes, we see them on the other living in the most straitened circumstances, hampered by debts, and actually pleading for subsistence. A tax-return of Jacopo di Domenico, painter, gives this sad account of himself:—"Ever since 1400 have I gone on struggling and eating the bread of others until 1421, after which I returned to Florence, where I found myself plundered and in debt, and totally destitute; and I took a wife and went to Pisa, where I mended the roads about the gates, and stayed four years." In 1461, Agostino di Guccio, called della Robbia, was fortunate enough to get from the Seigneurie of Florence a letter to the envoy from Perugia, dunning for payment of a work he had executed for that city. These tax-returns form a very curious class of documents, to which we are indebted for many dates and interesting facts. As a specimen we take that of Masaccio:—

"Declaration of the means of Tommaso di S. Giovanni, called Masaccio, and of his brother Giovanni, to the officers of the fisc.

"Before you, the officers of the fisc for Florence and the province, we, Tommaso and Giovanni di S. Giovanni from Castel S. Giovanni, in the upper Val-d'Arno, inhabitants of Florence, hereby make known all our goods and substance.

"Our tax amounts to six *soldi*.

"We are two in family, with our mother, who is forty-five years of age; I, Tommaso, am twenty-five, and my said brother, Giovanni, is twenty. We live in the house of Andrew Macigni, for which we pay ten florins a year; I Tommaso, have part of a shop at the Badia, for two florins a year. I owe Nicole di S. Lapo, the painter, 102 *lire*, 4 *soldi*. We owe Piero Battiloro about six florins, and to the pawnbrokers at the signs of the Lion and the Cow, four

florins on pledges; also to Andrea di Giusto, who painted with me, Tommaso, six florins of his salary. Our mother ought to have a hundred florins in dowry, sixty of which from the heirs of her second husband, who also left her a vineyard in life-rent, but she draws nothing from it."

The son of this Andrea bound himself apprentice in the studio of Neri di Bicci for two years, in 1458, being then aged seventeen; he was to have fifteen florins and a pair of shoes yearly.

Of Perugino we have some important notices. In June, 1505, he thus writes to Elizabeth, Marchioness of Mantua:—Vol. i., p. 68.

"Most illustrious and lofty Lady, your worship.

"I have received, by the bearer, Zorzo, your noble ladyship's messenger, the eighty ducats promised me as the price of this picture, on which I have bestowed such care as seemed requisite to satisfy your noble ladyship's honour, and also my own, which I have always considered more than gain. And I humbly pray God, that I may be duly thankful to him for having made something agreeable to your noble ladyship, as my first wish is to serve and please you in so far as in my power, and for that purpose I ever offer myself as your noble ladyship's good servant and friend. I have executed the picture in distemper, having heard that Messer Andrea and Mantegna had done so. If I can perform anything else for your noble ladyship, I am ready, and to your ladyship I humbly commend myself. May Christ keep you in happiness. Done this 14th of June, 1505, by your most humble servant,

PIETRO PERUGINO, Painter in Florence."

This letter is very properly noted as inconsistent with the opinion prevalent as to the mercenary character of this painter, an impression against which Gaye scarcely attempts any defence. That there is a considerable inequality of merit in his multitudinous works is beyond dispute, but this failing seems to have been greatly exaggerated by some critics; and even those pictures at Florence, which are quoted as proofs of his degraded mind and impaired powers, though indifferent Peruginos, would have great merit if passed under the names of most of his pupils. Although surpassed by few in purity of feeling, sweetness of expression, and delicacy of execution, he was not endowed with commanding genius. His timidity sometimes verged upon feebleness, his self-plagiarisms indicated a poverty of invention, and the glory of having instructed Raffaello was purchased at the cost of contrasts between his own style, and that perfection to which it attained in the hands of his pupil. Yet his fresco of the Baptism of Christ stands foremost among the orna-

ments of the Sistine Chapel, and his Entombment scarcely yields the palm to that of Sanzio himself. That this charming painter is neither understood nor appreciated in England is sufficiently accounted for by the prevailing obtuseness among our countrymen to the really high art of the Italian schools.

Perugino appears under more suspicious circumstances at pp. 70 and 143. He had agreed in 1494, to paint two large oil pictures for a compartment in the great council-hall at Venice, for which he was to receive four hundred ducats, finding his own colours; but he afterwards declined the commission unless the price was doubled. About twenty years later the work was assigned to Titian, who offered to do it for the sum originally stipulated, the wages of an assistant lad being also paid, at four florins a month; but this offer was cut down twenty-five per cent. when accepted by the government.

The subject of Raffaele has been so assiduously investigated that little remained for Gaye to bring forth. He has, however, established that the tapestries executed from the Hampton Court cartoons reached Rome before April, 1518, the cost of their transportation from Flanders by Lyons being twenty-nine ducats. They were then eleven in number. Some of them, stolen in the sack of Rome, found their way again to Lyons, and were offered to Clement VII., who, in 1530, refused to pay more than a hundred and sixty ducats for their recovery!* Verily the spirit of Leo passed not to his nephew.

Titian, the friend of princes, the flattered of monarchs, appears here in those bright hues which give splendour equally to his life and to his canvass. On the 5th of March, 1531, the Marquis of Mantua thus writes to him:

"I have received the picture of St. Jerome which you sent me, and which pleases me exceedingly; indeed it is peculiarly acceptable, and I rank it among my best things, on account of its beauty, and appreciate it highly. I know not what greater commendation to give it than to say it is a work of Titian, but under that renowned name it will pass with the reputation it merits. There is another kindness I wish of you as anxiously as I did that you should paint me the St. Jerome. I want you should do for me a holy Magdalene, as tearful as possible, in a picture about the same size, or a trifle larger; and that you should do your utmost to make it beautiful, which will be no great effort for you who cannot make it otherwise: also, that you will complete it quickly, as I wish to present it to the most illustrious Lord Marquis del Vasto,

my devoted friend. Be pleased then, I especially entreat you, to serve me in this," &c.

The anxiety of the dowager marchioness, whose taste and zeal for art these volumes amply demonstrate, induced her to write twice to her son's envoy at Venice on the subject of this commission, and she sent a messenger on purpose to fetch the picture when completed. Forty days from the date of the marquis's order, Titian thus writes to him:

"I have, at length, completed the picture of the Magdalene which your excellency commissioned from me, with every possible speed, having laid aside all my other works. In it I have done my utmost, in some measure to express what is expected from this art; others must judge how far I have succeeded. If my hands and pencil had truly responded to the grand conceptions of my mind and will, I might, indeed, hope to have satisfied my anxiety to serve your excellency: but they have fallen a long way short of that. Yet for such short-coming accord me pardon; that I may more readily obtain which, this Magdalene has promised me to supplicate it with her folded hands, and to beseech it as a favour to herself."

It would, perhaps, be useless to speculate which of the many repetitions of this subject, so attractive to sentimental devotion, was sent to Mantua; the St. Jerome is conjectured by Gaye to have been that now in the Escorial. On the 19th of April, the marquis writes to acknowledge the picture, which exceeded even his expectations, having found it "most beautiful and most perfect; indeed, of all that I have seen in painting, nothing has ever appeared to me finer, and I am more than satisfied. The most illustrious lady, my mother, says the same."

* * * Nothing could be desired better, nor can I express how acceptable it is to me, nor find words to express my good will." The correspondence is concluded by a suitable reply from the artist. (Vol. ii., pp. 223 to 226.) Among other similar letters we find this, dated the 27th of April, 1536.—Vol. ii., p. 262.

"My dearest Messer Titian,
"I should esteem it a great pleasure that you come here, and bring with you that picture of the emperor which you have done for me, for which purpose I have thought fit to write you this, by a special express, to induce you to come; and should you want a carriage or riding horses for the journey you will let me know, informing me, at the same time, where and when to send them, and your commands shall be executed: and being so soon to see you, I shall only say how much I am at your disposal.

"THE DUKE OF MANTUA."

* Query, are these the tapestries lately offered for sale in London?

This picture referred to, Gaye thinks was a portrait of Charles V., but it was more likely one of the series of the Cæsars, which Titian executed for the Palazzo del T., and regarding which we find letters from the marquis to him in the following spring.

We have also a number of letters between the marquis and Julio Romano, his chief architect and decorator of the palaces at Mantua and del T., which are not only valuable for art, but pleasing illustrations of the honourable position accorded in those days to men of genius. The duke addresses the painter as "our noble and very dear;" yet, but a few weeks after, the dilatory proceedings of the latter brought down upon him this very altered style.

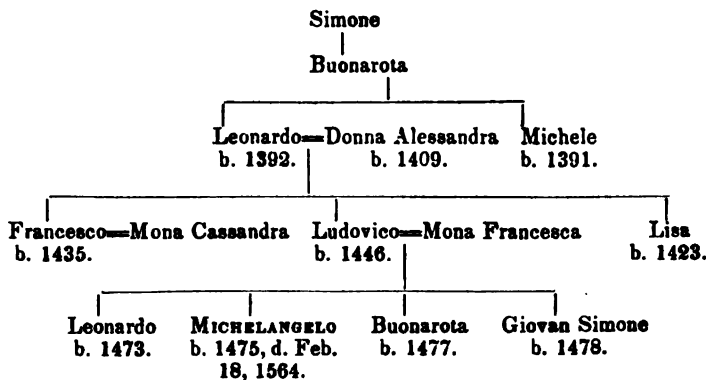
"Julio! With the utmost displeasure we have heard that the chambers and rooms, which you were willing to finish decorating a week ago at latest, are not yet ready; nor have you wanted for money, though we are well aware that half more has been spent than you said was requisite. And much we wonder at your working so slow; and we tell you that if by next Thursday, when we intend for certain to be in Mantua, we do not find all these rooms and apartments finished, and in all respects complete for our habitation, we shall cut the matter short with you in a way that will annoy you excessively; do not, therefore, give us reason for anger with you."—Vol. ii., p. 242.

Julio's death on the 5th of November, 1546, is thus feelingly announced by the Cardinal Gonzaga to his younger brother.

"We have lost our Julio Romano, with as much regret as if I had been deprived of a right hand. I was in no haste to give your excellency this news, believing that the longer you were of hearing of such a loss, the less painful it would be, especially as you are at the mineral waters. Like those who would always extract some good from evil, I begin to fancy that the

death of this remarkable man will in some degree profit me, by taking away my appetite for building, and accumulating plate, pictures, and such like. For, in fact, I shall have no longer any inclination to make such things, without the designs of that fine genius, so that, after completing the few things for which I have the sketches by me, I mean to bury with him all my longings that way. May God grant him peace, which I with good reason hope, having found him a worthy man, very pure towards the world, and I trust also towards God. I cannot tire of speaking of his merits, with tears in my eyes, but I must have done, since it has pleased Him who disposes of all to end his life."—Vol. ii., p. 501.

In 1531, the Marquis of Mantua commissioned one of his relations to supplicate Clement VII. that Michelangelo might be allowed to do something for the Palazzo del T., working for him on holidays and at any spare moments when not actually employed upon certain things which he had promised to finish for his Holiness, ere he undertook any farther orders whatever. Regarding this great artist, for whose idle hours foreigners thus canvassed, we have many new and important notices and documents. The tax-returns of his property for 1534, when he was at the height of his fame, exhibit his means as having progressively increased under careful management. Of eight farms and vineyards, seven are noted as purchased by himself in 1505, 1512, 1515, 1518, 1519, 1520; there are three houses in the Via Ghibellina, one of which was that in which he lived, and which, to the honour of his heirs, has been preserved much as he inhabited it, even to the furniture and ornaments of the sitting-rooms and studio. The schedule does not contain the usual information regarding the state of his family, but from other previous returns Gaye has appended materials for this genealogy.—Vol. ii., p. 253.



There is a remarkable set of documents regarding one of the earliest and most remarkable productions of Michelangelo's chisel, which serve to acquit him in a great degree of its defects, and which correct the loose account given of it by Vasari. About 1463, a colossal statue had been executed by Agostino di Guccio (whose true name, now first restored by Gaye, had been hitherto confused with the family name of Della Robbia), and set up in the Via dei Servi, which the committee of works for the Duomo of Florence resolved upon imitating, in a series of statues to be placed on pilasters round the exterior of the church. They, therefore, in August, 1464, ordered from that artist a figure of Carrara marble, seventeen feet high, in four pieces; it was to be finished in eighteen months for three hundred florins. It does not appear under what circumstances the work was suspended, after having received, up to a certain point, the approval of the committee, having been wrought from a single block. It seems, however, agreed that it was the same referred to in August, 1501, when the guild of woollen manufacturers engaged Michelangelo "to complete and terminate a certain human figure called the Giant, of nine bracci, lying in the workshops of the cathedral, long since botched by M. Agostino * * * of Florence, and that within the next two years, at a salary of six florins a month." Should the deacons of the company consider, on its completion, that it was worth a larger sum, they were to refer it to arbitration. The task was commenced on the 13th of September, and in five months was proceeding so well that the price was raised to four hundred florins, and the name David had been then bestowed upon it. It was nearly ready in January, 1503, when the question as to its site was referred to twenty-eight of the best artists in Florence. Their opinions are given at length, beginning with that of M. Francesco Araldo, architect, who says, "You have two places which would support this statue, that (in the Loggia di Lanzi) where the Judith now is, and that in the middle of the court of the Palazzo Publico, where the David (by Donatello) stands. As to the first, Judith is a fatal emblem, and not suitable, as our emblems are the cross and the lily; nor is it decorous that the woman should slay the man, especially as it was set up under an unlucky star; indeed, ever since, you have gone on from bad to worse, and have since lost Pisa. The David in the court is a defective figure, for the right leg is bungled. I therefore advise you to put up this statue in one of these situations, but rather where the Judith is." Several other places are

suggested, but on the opinion of San Gallo that the marble was of a soft and perishable quality, the general opinion became in favour of the Loggia di Lanzi. Accordingly, in May, 1504, it was transported there from the Duomo, on rollers, four days and seventy-six lire being spent in the operation, and it was set up in the site of the Judith, which was moved to the Palazzo. (Vol. ii., p. 454, &c.)

As a curious illustration rather of the writer than of the painter to whom it was addressed, we shall give a letter to Michelangelo from the scurrilous ribald, Pietro Aretino.—Vol. ii., pp. 333—7.

"To the great Michelangelo Buonarroti, at Rome,

"Signor Mio,

"In looking at the entire sketch of your Day of Judgment, I am enabled to appreciate the singular grace of Raffaele, and the captivating beauty of his conceptions. Farther, as a Christian, I blush at the liberty, so unpermissible to the imagination, which you have taken in expressing your conceits, as to the conclusion towards which tends every sentiment of our most unquestionable creed. Thus Michelangelo, the unequalled in fame; Michelangelo, the noted for prudence; Michelangelo, the admired of all, has thought fit to display to the world not less irreligious blasphemy than pictorial perfection! Is it possible that you, who in fancied divinity despise the fellowship of men, have done such things in the worthiest temple of God, over the chief altar of Christ, in the grandest of earthly oratories, wherein the great cardinals of the church, the reverend prelates, the vicar of Christ, make confession with sacred rites and holy orisons, and adoringly contemplate his body, his flesh, and his blood? Were it not loathsome to introduce such a comparison, I might boast of my virtue in the treatise of the *Nanna*, preferring my own prudence to your indiscretion, seeing that upon a licentious and obscene subject, I not only employ guarded and decorous words, but even speak in chaste and unexceptionable language; whilst you, in treating a theme so lofty, exhibit angels and saints, the latter devoid of earthly beauties, the former destitute of heavenly grace. Look to the heathens! who made no such displays, not only in the sculpture of a draped Diana, but when modelling a nude Venus, whom they make conceal with her hands what should not be displayed; and where is the Christian who, considering art more than religion, thinks it a fine exhibition that martyrs and sainted virgins should abandon decorum; not to speak of the indecent attitude of him who is borne away, towards which even a brothel would shut its eyes in astonishment. Your composition would beset a voluptuous bath, not a celestial choir. With such a creed, it would be a worse sin than you suppose, to impair the faith of others. But even now the excess of such rash extravagances goes not unpunished, since their marvels are fatal to your fame. You had, therefore, better repair your popularity, by making of your flames modesty pieces for the damned, and others for the beatified out of the

sunbeams ; or you may imitate the Florentine decorum, which veils your fine Colossus (the David) with some gilt leaves, though standing in a public piazza, and not in a consecrated place. And now, God pardon you all this, for I speak not thus from anger against such omissions, but because you ought diligently to perform what you promised to send me, and thereby appease my indignation, which would not have you persuaded but by Gherardi and Tomai. But if the treasure left you by Julius (II.), that you might deposit his remains in a tomb of your sculpture, was inadequate to make you observe your engagement, what hope have I ! Yet not your ingratitude and greed, oh, mighty painter ! but the bounty and worth of the pontiff, occasioned that ; since it is God's will that his fame should be immortalised by simply having his tomb made during his own life, not by any haughty machine of a sepulchre in virtue of your style. Hence your having failed in your obligation is accounted equal to a theft. And, since your souls have more need of devotional feeling than of energetic design, may God inspire his Holiness Pope Paul, as he inspired St. Gregory, who formerly thought fit to disembellish Rome of her superb idol-statues, the merit whereof attracted the respect due to the humble images of saints. Lastly, if in composing the universe and the spacious void, and paradise with the glory, and honour, and terror, therein depicted, you had been guided by the learning, the example, and the literary acquirements which the age reads in me ; I dare say that nature and every benign influence would have in no ways regretted giving that distinguished intelligence, which renders you the *beau idéal* of a prodigy of eminent talent ; but that all-watchful Providence would have given such a superintendence to the work, that it might have even observed the laws proper for the government of these hemispheres.

"Your servant, ARETINO.

"From Venice, November, 1545."

"Now that I have, in some degree, vented my rage against the cruelty you have shown towards my devotion, and that I have pretty well proved, that if you are of wine [*divino*], I am not of water ; tear this to bits, as I too have done ; and also take it into your consideration that I am one whose letters even kings and emperors answer."

Passing over some not less singular testimony to the character of this foul-mouthed reprobate, and to the inexplicable success of his insolence, we shall extract a letter from the Grand Duke Cosmo I., which might well console Michelangelo under the lash of his libels.

"To Messer Michelagnolo Buonarroti.

"As the state of the times, and the accounts of your friends, give us some hopes that you are not alien to the wish of returning once again to Florence, in order to revisit for a time your country and possessions, after so many years, this would afford us a pleasure proportionate to the desire for it we long have entertained. We have, therefore, thought it right to exhort and pray you by this our letter, as we do now most heart-

ily exhort and pray you to this step, persuading you to put yourself in the way of being very graciously received by us. Nor need you nourish a doubt lest we should impose upon you any sort of irksome duty or labour, for we know well the respect in every way due both to your age and to your extraordinary talents. Come, therefore, freely, and we promise that you may pass, entirely at your choice and liking, such stay as it may suit you to make, for to see you here is quite sufficient for us. For the rest, the more you enjoy your relaxation and quiet the better pleased shall we be, nor shall we take any thought but for your honour and comfort. May our Lord God preserve you ! From Florence, 8th May, 1557."—Vol. ii., p. 418.

The kindly feeling of the Medici towards artists was of early date. In 1450 we find Giovanni, the younger son of Cosmo, *Pater Patriæ*, addressed by an organ-maker as 'my dearest comrade,' in a letter full of gossip of his trade. Still quaintest is an epistle to him, from one who subscribes himself 'the painter of Camerino who played upon the lute,' containing this proposal :—

"Should you not have taken a wife, I, for the great affection and duty I bear towards your highness, will, with your leave, seek for your highness a certain noble girl, who is paternally of the house of Chiavelli, daughter of the late Signor Battista of Fabriano, and by her mother of the house of Varano, being daughter of the Lady Guglielmina, the aunt of our magnificent sovereigns. She is a maiden about thirteen years of age, and in virtue and worth, I do not believe there is her like in Italy ; as to her beauty, she will please you before all rivals, and she has a good dowry. I therefore beg that you will condescend to write me your ideas as to this, for it is enough that I have the will in order to bring matters about. And now I recollect that your highness lent me three ducats, and your brother Piero four, when we went to the baths of Petregliolo."—Vol. i., p. 162.

Although this Giovanni is scarcely known to history, he seems to have been a zealous patron and collector of art, and he is often so mentioned in the Carteggio. In 1448, he sent an agent into the Low Countries to purchase tapestries and other rich furniture, who reported that he had found nothing of the quality and size wanted for his saloon, the finer descriptions of work being generally made to order. He however mentions having been offered an excellent piece with the history of Samson, which was too large and too full of dead men, as well as too dear at seven hundred ducats ; also a smaller one of Narcissus at a hundred and fifty (about 450*l.* in modern value), which was scarcely rich enough. (Vol. i., p. 158.)

We might easily swell our pages by similar notices of the Medician princes, of which the third volume in particular is full. It may

however be more acceptable to the reader to glance at a despatch from the ambassadors of Sienna to Pope Gregory XI. at Avignon, in 1373. The envoys were four in number, including Andrea Vanni, who was equally esteemed as a painter and a politician. At Pisa, their port of embarkation, they found an embassy from Florence bound for the same quarter, and they joined in hiring vessels for the transport of both parties. For a bark to carry themselves, they were to pay a hundred florins of gold, and three others were engaged to take the horses, at the rate of four florins for each horse. The Florentines are described as an imposing cavalcade with twenty-four horses, besides a baggage beast for each person, and as handsomely dressed in a uniform colour, with many fine burgess cloths. The Siennese, jealous of this splendour, and anxious for the honour of their republic not to be outdone, immediately purchased a handsome horse for each of their number, costing in all two hundred florins, and also resolved by God's grace to buy each a cloak of fine cloth, without regard to cost, being determined to spend their all rather than fail in doing credit to their mission. But whilst they report this spirited resolution to their government, they take the opportunity of bringing under notice the heavy travelling expenses they were incurring, their lodging alone at inns costing two florins a day, and they being out of pocket in that sum daily beyond their pay; all which they pray may be taken into due consideration, bearing in mind the amount to which their whole journey will at this rate run, incurred only with a view to maintain the credit of the state against invidious sneers. (Vol. i., p. 76.)

From some curious documents in the archives of the same republic, we are enabled to form an idea of the tenure by which the small Italian townships were held in the fifteenth century. The lady Anna Palegina, daughter of Luke Grand Duke of Romeia, and formerly consort of the ex-emperor of Constantinople and the Greeks (a personage as to whom history seems silent) received a grant from the Seignury of Sienna, in 1472, of the ruinous castle of Montacuto, to her and her heirs, so long as they were neither Italian sovereigns nor the sons of such, nor under suspicion of that commonwealth, to be held with mere and mixed jurisdiction, for the honour of Sienna, to which they were to swear allegiance, and to pay an annual cense of five pounds of wax, and two ducats towards providing a *pallium* for the cathedral there, besides a quit-rent of five *lire* every ten years. She and her Greek followers had licence to build there, within five years,

a town for at least a hundred families, who were to be subject to the fiscal regulations of Sienna, but might exercise their national customs and laws except in cases of capital crimes. Should they depart within fifty years, the republic was bound to repay two-thirds of their outlay on ameliorations. (Vol. i., p. 247.)

Upon many of the most valuable historical materials which these volumes contain, our limits forbid us to enter. We must however, in conclusion, advert to a series of letters addressed by Cola di Rienzo to the government of Florence, during the brief period of his singular ascendancy. They are rare examples of selfish ambition and immoderate conceit, hurried onwards by religious enthusiasm, and disguised under a mantle of holy zeal. Verily, as regards human folly, nothing is new under the sun, and there are few phases even of error and absurdity which have not occurred under congenial circumstances. The cant of the Roundheads surpassed not the extravagance of these despatches, and the devotional phraseology of the Roman Tribune might have flowed from the pen of the English Protector, who fell as far short of him in vanity as he excelled him in talent. "Nicholas the knight, stern yet clement, the candidate of the Holy Ghost, the liberator of the city, the renovator of Italy, the friend of the universe, the august tribune," elsewhere swells his sonorous designations, as "tribune by the authority of our ever merciful Lord Jesus Christ for freedom and justice, illustrious liberator of the holy Roman republic, and distinguished prefect of the favoured city." There is throughout his letters a pervading tone of self-glorification, in the double character of a heaven-commissioned envoy, and an efficient reformer of all-prevailing abuses.

His first despatch, dated from the Capitol, on the 7th of June, 1347, sets out with announcing to the government and community of Florence, "the joyous gift of the Holy Spirit, which our pious father and Lord, Jesus Christ, on this venerable feast of Pentecost, designed in mercy to bestow, through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, upon this sacred city and its population, and upon all of you the faithful and orthodox people of Christ, who constitute his members." After this imposing prelude, the tribune thus depicts with eloquent exaggeration the state in which he found Rome. "The condition of the favoured city, its inhabitants, and the entire Roman province was, by the fault of its corrupt and cruel rulers, or rather destroyers, thoroughly convulsed, and so reduced to ruin and misery that, even in the

city itself, justice was violated, peace banished, freedom trampled upon, security abrogated, charity scouted, truth trodden down, pity outraged, and piety profaned, and neither strangers, pilgrims, nor even our Roman citizens and beloved neighbours and country folk, could resort hither, or dwell here in safety. On all sides indeed were oppression, sedition, arming, open war, homicides, robberies, raids, and incendiary fires, remorselessly perpetrated on sea and land." These things are described as fatal to pilgrimages and holy visits to the capital of Christendom, which was thus rendered a perilous desert and a den of robbers, whence pious believers could derive neither counsel nor consolation, even the ostensible government conniving at such abuses. In this state of affairs, at the intercession of St. Peter and St. Paul, the tutelary patrons of Rome, Jesus Christ, "by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, recalled the people to unity and concord, inflamed them with the desire of freedom, peace, and justice, and stimulated them to seek for safety and defence," which they were enabled to effect by "unanimously in full public and solemn parliament, committing to our unworthy selves, absolute power, entire authority, and unfettered discretion, for reforming and providing for the tranquil state of the said city and whole Roman province; which commission and authority we have undertaken with devout heart and undaunted resolution, knowing our own feebleness and insufficiency for the support of such an honour, but assured also that it is the Lord's doing, and wondrous in our eyes." This inflated rhapsody at length resolves itself into three requests: that the seignury of Florence would join in returning public and festal thanks to the Saviour and his apostles for their divine interposition; that they would send deputies to the parliament summoned by Rienzo for the ensuing anniversary of St. Peter and St. Paul, to deliberate upon the welfare and peace of all Italy; and that they would send a skilful jurist to sit at Rome as a consistorial judge during six months, with an experienced die-cutter to prepare a new coinage. A postscript adds that, "a friend of the Lord came, after this letter had been sealed and despatched, whispering to us on the part of our Lord Jesus Christ, that we must postpone the day therein announced until the feast of St. Peter *ad vincula*," which was done accordingly. The remaining letters, which come down to the 9th of November, are full of equally curious illustrations of the Tribune and his times.—Vol. i., pp. 53, 395—407.

Those who would watch the expiring efforts of Florentine freedom will find in the

Carteggio a multitude of notices as to the fortifications supplied by San Gallo and Michelangelo for the last struggles; indeed the many details regarding military engineering which it supplies are generally precious for history. But it is time for us to close these volumes, which are fertile with important and minute facts as to artists and art, and enriched with valuable notes, supplying or correcting a multiplicity of dates, and affording at the same time a store of æsthetical suggestions and critical inferences. Although prematurely cut off in his meritorious career, Gaye has left here a legacy for which the student of art may well be grateful, and which we trust will not be the only portion of his papers and collections given to the public. For the one fault of the work, although it is a material one, he is not to blame—the total absence of such a consulting index as can alone render it generally useful.

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- ART. V.—1. *Gedichte von Ferdinand Freiligrath. Sechste Auflage.* (Poems by FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.) 6th edition. Cotta, Stuttgart, and Tübingen, 1843.
 2. *Ein Glaubensbekenntniss. Zeitgedichte von Ferdinand Freiligrath.* (A Confession of Faith. Poems for the Times, by FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.) Mayence, 1844.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH, born on the 17th of June, in Detmold in Westphalia, where his father was a teacher in the burgher school, was early destined for the pursuit of commerce. He is said to have given proofs, even in childhood, of a poetic temperament, and, at the age of seven, to have delighted his father by the production of his first copy of verses. This we cannot help thinking was a perilous thing for the schoolmaster's son. Heaven only knows how narrowly the boy's genius escaped being spoiled beyond cure by educational quackery; but his better genius interposed in the shape of an uncle, a rich merchant, who decreed that his promising nephew should walk in his own footsteps. In consequence of this decision, young Freiligrath was not only permitted, but encouraged, to indulge those tastes and feelings which had been awakened in his infant mind by the pictures in the old family Bible, and by the comments upon them that flowed direct from a mother's lips to the soul of her child. Visions of the East played continually before his vivid fancy; books of travel, and narratives of ad-

venture by sea and land, were the cherished companions of his leisure; and when he left the gymnasium of his native town at the age of fifteen, to be initiated into the mysteries of commerce under his uncle at Soerst, that worthy and enlightened man allowed his young nephew full opportunity to pursue his favourite studies. He remained six years in Soerst, where he made himself acquainted with the English, French, and Italian languages; and how thoroughly he mastered the first two at least, is manifested in his numerous poetical translations, all of them excellent, and some of them perfect prodigies in their way.

From Soerst he removed, in 1831, to Amsterdam, where he was employed until 1836, as clerk, in a considerable mercantile house. Now, however uncongenial the air and soil of Holland may generally be to the growth of poetry, it did not prove so in Freiligrath's case. His mind had already taken its decided bent, and not all the prosaic details of the wharf and the counting-house could smother the fire of genius within him: on the contrary, his vigorous imagination thrived well upon such food as would have killed a weaker one of indigestion. Invoices of sugar and whale-oil are not, perhaps, the sort of reading best fitted, in all instances, to nourish and develop the more poetic faculty; but in every tub of oil, Freiligrath had bodily before him the life of the hardy whaler, its perils, hardships, and bursts of intense, joyous excitement; every cask of sugar spoke to him of tropic skies and tropic vegetation, of tornadoes and earthquakes, of pirates and slavers, and negroes toiling under the white man's lash, who, in their own wild land, had fought victoriously with the lion and rhinoceros for their spoils. The sights and sounds of the sea, which the great bulk of his countrymen know only by report, became for him visible and audible realities; he mingled with travellers and seafaring men, for his muse was not of that squeamish sort that 'loves not the savour of tar and pitch;' and many a band of emigrants, from his own Germany, did he see departing for the New World, and he talked with them of the untried homes they were seeking, and of that dear land they were never again to visit but in dreams. Thus his mind accumulated a vast store of images, not isolated or partial, but concrete and entire; he could say of himself,

'My eyes make pictures when they're shut,'

pictures which he projected into his verses, glowing with the vivid colours of the most intense life.

His poems, which he began to publish in 1830, in various periodicals, were first issued in a collected form in 1838, and they have now, in six years, reached as many editions. The causes of his extraordinary success are simple and obvious. In the first place, it was thoroughly deserved; the book was a genuine and original book, not faultless certainly, but possessing incontestible merits of no ordinary kind. And then, in addition to its intrinsic worth, it had the incalculable advantage of being well timed. The voices of all the great poets of Germany were mute; the public ear was wearied and disgusted with the endless monotony of their thousand and one imitators, and prepared to receive, with passionate delight, the first manly utterance that should break in upon the falsetto chorus. Then it was that Freiligrath stood forth among his countrymen as the first adventurer in a new field of lyric poetry, new at least in Germany. Everything about him wore the impress of individuality; nothing was borrowed, nothing conventional; his thoughts, his diction, were his own; and, above all, the stuff he wrought in was honest, substantial stuff, immeasurably different from the moonshine which his brethren delighted to spin. *His* poems were pictures, startling portraiture of real things; *theirs* were pictures of nothing.

It has been repeatedly remarked, that the very titles of Freiligrath's pieces betoken the peculiar bent of his imagination; many of them might figure appropriately in the catalogue of a gallery of paintings: *e. g.* 'The Emigrants,' 'The Skating Negro,' 'The Awakener in the Desert,' 'The Burial of the Bandit,' 'The Bivouac,' 'The Picture Bible,' 'Henry the Seafarer,' 'The Steppea,' 'The Lion's Ride,' 'The Traveller's Vision,' 'Under the Palms,' 'Leviathan,' &c., &c. The most celebrated of all his productions is 'The Lion's Ride,' a poem of great vigour, though we do not subscribe to the common opinion that it is the author's masterpiece.

THE LION'S RIDE.

The Lion is the desert's king; through his domain so wide
Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to ride.
By the sedgey brink, where the wild herds drink,
close crouches the grim chief;
The trembling sycamore above whispers with every leaf.

At evening on the Table Mount when ye can see no more
The changeful play of signals gay; when the gloom is speckled o'er

With Kraal fires ; when the Caffre wends home
through the lone karroo ;
When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by
the stream the gnu ;

Then bend your gaze across the waste : what
see ye ? The giraffe
Majestic stalks towards the lagoon, the turbid
lymph to quaff ;
With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he
kneels him down to cool
His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the
foal and brackish pool.

A rustling sound—a roar—a bound—the lion sits
astride
Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king
so ride !
Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of
state
To match the dappled skin whereon that rider
sits elate !

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged
with ravenous greed ;
His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of
the steed.
Upleaping with a hollow yell of anguish and
surprise,
Away, away, in wild dismay, the camel-leopard
flies.

His feet have wings ; see how he springs across
the moonlit plain !
As from their sockets they would burst his
glaring eyeballs strain ;
In thick black streams of purling blood full fast
his life is fleeting ;
The stillness of the desert hears his heart's
tumultuous beating.

Like the cloud that through the wilderness the
path of Israel traced,
Like an airy phantom dull and wan, a spirit of
the waste,
From the sandy sea uprising, as the waterspout
from ocean,
A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the
courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companion of their flight the vulture
whirls on high ;
Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce
and sly,
And hyenas foul, round graves that prowl, join
in the horrid race ;
By the footprints wet with gore and sweat their
monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake
with fear, the while
With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his
cushion's painted pile.
On ! on ! no pause, no rest, giraffe, while life
and strength remain ;
The steed by such a rider backed, may madly
plunge in vain !

Reeling upon the desert's verge he falls and
breathes his last ;
The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the
rider's fell repast.

O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is
descried :—
Thus nightly o'er his broad domains the king of
beasts doth ride.

The last rhyme of the second stanza—
karroo, gnu—is an instance of an artifice
much used by Freiligrath, and often with
excellent effect. He is fond of proper
names, and foreign or local terms, particu-
larly in his rhymes, where they strike more
sharply on the ear ; his purpose being, by
the aid of these foreign accessories, to at-
tune the reader's mind to that precise pitch
which shall best harmonize with the poet's
strain. Milton abounds with passages in
which proper names are found to exercise an
indescribable charm over the imagination :
for instance—Satan's shield—

“ The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,” &c.

And the celebrated simile in Book IV.

“ As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest ; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many
a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean
smiles.”

The remarkable identity of subject be-
tween ‘The Lion's Ride’ and a poem by
our lamented countryman, Pringle, has led
to the very plausible conjecture that the for-
mer was borrowed from the latter. Freili-
grath, however, positively assured Nodna-
gel* that he had never seen Pringle's lines,
but had founded his own on a brief remark
by some traveller. In truth, the story of the
lion lying in ambush for the giraffe, and be-
ing carried away on the back of that magni-
ficent creature, is not the invention of either
the German or the Englishman. The fact
does actually occur, or, at least, its occur-
rence is matter of very general belief among
the people of South Africa ; it was related
to Pringle by old Teysho, a Bechuana chief.
As the reader may be curious to compare
the two poems—with all due allowance for
the disadvantage at which one of them is

* ‘Deutsche Dichter der Gegenwart.’ Darm-
stadt, 1842 : erster Heft.

placed by the process of translation—we beg to refer him to the note.* exhibit the author's fancy in one of its lighter and more sportive moods.

The following pretty and ingenious lines

DIE AMPHITRITE, Mai, 1832.

Siehst du vor Anker dort
Die Amphitrite liegen!
Festlich erglänzt der Bord,
Die rothen Wimpel fliegen.

Es hangen aufgehisst
Die Segel an den Stangen;
Der graue Meergott küsst
Schäumend der Gattin Wangen.

Sie ist zurueckgekehrt
Aus fernen Morgenlanden,
Hat sich im Sturm bewährt,
Und Linienglut bestanden.

Der Schiffer steht am Mast,
Die Lenden roth umguertet;
Er weiss nicht, welchen Gast
Sein räunig Schiff bewirthe.

Das ist der junge Mai,
Der südliche Geselle;
Den trug des Prachtgebäu
Durch die tiefblane Welle.

Er lag in India
Am Rand des schattigen, dichten
Bananienhains, und sah
Das Schiff die Anker lichten.

Da sprang er auf vom Sand,
Zu schnueren die Sandale,
Zu ordnen das Gewand,
Und die reichen, weichen Schawle.

Da flog er hin an's Meer,
Und warf sich in das graue,
Und rastete nicht eh'r,
Bis an der Schiffes Taue.

THE AMPHITRITE, May, 1832.

Yonder at anchor see
The Amphitrite lying,
With gaily painted sides,
And crimson streamers flying.

Her snowy wings are furled;
The sea-god on his breast
Lulls her with kisses soft,
And whispers her to rest.

From eastern coasts afar,
The good ship is returned;
She hath braved the storm that blew,
And the tropic sun that burned.

In girdle red, against
The mast the skipper leaneth;
And what a guest doth grace
His craft he little weeneth.

A southern wight that guest,
The young and lusty May;
He hath crossed the deep blue waves,
He is here with us this day.

On Indian verdure lapped,
Beneath the odorous shade
Of the banyan thicket's verge,
He saw the anchor weighed.

Up leaping then he bound
His sandals on in haste,
Closer his mantle drew,
And the rich shawl round his waist.

Into the sea he dashed,
Bravely the surge he breasted,
And till a rope he clutched,
Ne'er faltered he or rested.

* THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

Wouldst thou view the lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled rill
Oozes from the rocky hill,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim
Couchant lurks the lion grim;
Watching till the close of day
Brings the death-devoted prey.
Heedless at the ambushed brink
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink;
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy. The desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
The prey is strong and he strives for life.
Plunging oft with frantic bound
To shake the tyrant to the ground.
He shrieks—he rushes through the waste,
With glaring eye and headlong haste;

In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.
For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is mustered in this hour of need:
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.

'Tis vain; the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking;
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er:
He falls—and, with convulsive throes,
Resigns his throat to the ravening foe!
—And lo! ere quivering life has fled,
The vultures, wheeling overhead,
Swoop down to watch, in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

PRINGLE.

Mit leichten Fuessen, keck,
Vom Schiffsvolk ungesehen,
Schwang er sich auf das Deck,
Und liess den Landwind wehen.

Und nun die Brigg allhier,
Im Hafen angekommen,
Ist er mit bunter Zier
Sofort ans Land geschwommen.

Es flattern vor ihm her
Die Störche als Propheten ;
Ein Zauberer, ein Jongleur
Hat er den Strand betreten.

Nackte Bäume macht er gruen,
Und blumig kahle Stätten ;
Bunte Tulpen lässt er bluehn,
Hyalinthen und Tazetten.

Die Erde wunderbar,
Schmückt er mit färbigem Schimmer.
Dank, ruetiger Laskar !
Willkommen, lockiger Schwimmer !—

Siehst du vor Anker dort
Die Amphitrite liegen ?
Festlich erglänzt der Bord,
Die rothen Wimpel fliegen.

He swung him light on deck,
Unseen by all the crew ;
Straightway at his behest
A pleasant landwind blew.

And now arrived in port,
Quickly the shore he sought ;
Marvellous goodly things
This new comer hath brought.

The storks, his heralds, fly,
Proclaiming through the land,
"A wondrous guest is ours,
A wizard treads our strand !"

Bare trees he clothes in green,
Bare spots with blossoms fills.
Bright tulips, violets dim,
Hairbells and daffodils.

The earth arrayed most fair
With thousand hues doth glimmer.
Thanks, blithe and hale Lascar !
Right welcome, lusty swimmer !

Yonder at anchor, see
The Amphitrite lying,
With gaily painted sides,
And crimson streamers flying.

Ghosts, goblins, and all other supernatural visitants have long been unsparingly hunted out from every nook of Christendom, and have disappeared from amongst us as utterly as though they had never been. It would be almost as difficult to catch one of themselves by gas-light, as to find an Englishman, capable of writing his own name, who would avow a firm faith in their existence. The very miners of Germany, formerly proverbial for their credulity, are becoming freethinkers as to the article of kobolds, while the workers in our English coal-pits, as Mr. Kohl feelingly remarks, are downright materialists, and never see an inch into the black stones they pick at, or dream of the sprites that lurk within them. The feelings of wonder, awe, and terror, will now respond only to natural instigations, and the poet and the romance writer must own that a part of their occupation is gone. But there is yet one vast region of the earth, the last asylum of proscribed phantoms, across the borders of which philosophy finds that her writ does not run. There are spirits in the deserts of Africa as surely as there are honest men in Pennsylvania, or virtuous sages among the journalists of La Jeune France. Do you doubt the fact ? Look at the mirage. On a spot where a moment before nothing met your eye but interminable, bare, brown sand, and a sky of brass, you shall see all at once a broad rolling river, with a noble forest waving on its banks, and beyond it hills covered with human dwellings and crowned

with fortresses. You see this, your companions see it, every man in the caravan sees it. Philosophy cannot explain the phenomenon, but will shabbily put you off with mere talk about 'optical illusions,' words that leave you no wiser than you were before. She cannot define the nature or law of these illusions, or determine beforehand *what shape they shall necessarily assume*. Then there are illusions of hearing too ; for did not the author of *Eöthen* hear the bells ringing to church in the desert, as plainly as ever he heard them in his native parish among the Blaygon hills ? The sight of a ghost, we imagine, could scarcely have surprised him more. In sober earnestness we appeal to the strictest rules of logic, and we ask : If it is certain that spectres of rivers, lakes, forests, hills, and buildings, do rise up suddenly out of the sands, and vanish as they came, no man knows how, what greater improbability is there that apparitions of men, women, dromedaries, and horses, should come and go in the same mysterious fashion ? With this preface we proceed to lay before our readers 'The Traveller's Vision' (*Gesicht des Reisenden*), or, as we should rather call it,

THE GHOST-CARAVAN.

'Twas in the desert's depths we took our night-rest on the ground,
Our steeds unbridled, and by each a Bedouin sleeping sound.

Afar the moonbeams gleamed upon the long low hills of Nile,
Round us white bones of camels strewed the sands for many a mile.

I slept not : for a pillow my light saddle propp'd my head ;
A wallet with my store of dates served in a bolster's stead ;
My caftan was my coverlet ; and ready to my hand
My naked sword, my lance, and gun, lay by my couch of sand.

All silent, save the flickering flame, or crack of thorn in burning ;
Save the hoarse croak of some vulture to his eyrie late returning ;
Save the fitful stamp of hoofs in sleep among our tethered cattle ;
Save the hasty clutching of a lance by one who dreamed of battle.

At once the earth is rocking, ghastly vapours wrap the sky,
Across the waste, in frantic haste, affrighted wild beasts fly ;
The horses snort and plunge—our sheikh grasps the banner—like a man
Unnerved, he drops it, muttering, " Lord, the ghostly caravan ! "

It comes. The phantom drivers lead the camels with their freight
Of lovely women, all unveiled, throned in voluptuous state.
Next after them walk maidens bearing pitchers, like Rebecca
At the fountain ; horsemen follow, and they gallop on for Mecca.

Still others, still, past counting ; ever endless seems the train.
Look ! look ! the bones around us strewn are camels once again ;
And whirling up in dusky wreaths, fast changes the brown sand
To men, that seize the camel's rein each in his dusky hand.

For this the night, when all o'er whom the sand-flood ever heaved,
Whose wind-tossed dust this day, belike, unto our tongues hath cleaved,
Whose crumbling skulls our coursers' hoofs beat flat upon the plain,
Arise, and march to kneel and pray at Mecca's holy fane.

Still others, still ; the hindmost of the train not yet have past,
And back, even now, with slackened rein, come the foremost trooping fast.
O'er Afric's breadth, from Cape de Verd to the shores of the Red Sea
They've galloped, ere my struggling horse from the foot-rope could get free.

The horses, ho ! they're breaking loose :—quick, each man to his own !
For shame ! like sheep by lions scared—why quake ye so and groan !

Though they press you close, though their floating robes your very beards are brushing,
Shout, Allah ! Allah ! and away the spectre host goes rushing.

Stand fast, till in the morning breeze your turban feathers stream,
Glad cheer will come with morning's breath, with morning's ruddy gleam.
One beam of day, and dust are they, these pilgrims of the night,—
And see, it dawns ! with joyous neigh my courser greets the light.

Objectors have not failed to note what they call our author's excessive predilection for things outward and material, rather than for what is inward, spiritual, and ideal. Heine, whose fame he eclipsed, and who seems to bear him little good-will, has a fling at the sensuous character of Freiligrath's muse, that is worth mentioning at least for its wit. The hero of Heine's poem, 'Atta Troll,' is an old bear, one that has received a superior education, has seen the world, and danced before the *beau monde* in the most fashionable resorts of the Pyrenees. He runs away from his keepers and escapes to his den, where we hear him recounting his experiences, and indulging in melancholy reflections on the injustice of man towards the rest of the animal creation. In what respects are the beasts, he asks, especially the bears, inferior to man ? What architect can surpass the beaver ? Are there not learned pigs and horses skilled in arithmetic ? Are there not bears, and giraffes, and dromedaries that sing and compose ballads ? *Is Freiligrath no poet ?* (Ist Freiligrath kein Dichter ?) A critic in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' attributes to our author, 'une imagination assez peu Allemande.' In the limited sense in which we may admit the phrase to be true, it conveys praise rather than censure ; it implies bold innovation made where it was much needed. A man ought not to be robbed of his rights of literary citizenship because he sets his countrymen the first good example of departure from inveterate bad practices. We heartily wish that Germany had many Freiligraths : a little less of metaphysics, and a little more consideration given to the realities of God's breathing world, would tend vastly to exalt the wisdom, welfare, and dignity of the Teutonic nations. We think the Germans might reach this desirable consummation without un-Germanising themselves : but perhaps the French critic is of opinion that the character of Martin Luther's mind was 'assez peu Allemand.' He would have the Ger-

man, who would be a German indeed, bend his eyes perpetually inward, after the manner, we suppose, of the monks of Mount Athos, as described by an abbot of the eleventh century. 'When thou art alone in thy cell, shut thy door and seat thyself in a corner: raise thy mind above all things vain and transitory; recline thy beard and chin on thy breast; turn thy eyes and thy thoughts towards the middle of thy belly, the region of the navel, and search the place of the heart, the seat of the soul. At first all will be dark and comfortless; but, if thou persevere day and night, thou wilt feel an ineffable joy; and no sooner has the soul discovered the place of the heart, than it is involved in a mystic and ethereal light.*' Heaven knows how long learned Deutschland has been practising this manœuvre, with what effect let history tell. Surely the time is come when a change of posture would be a welcome relief to her.

We need not enter upon any formal disquisition to prove that Freiligrath is no mere mannerist, and that he is capable of something better than fiddling, however well, upon a single string; fortunately he has, by the publication of his new volume, rendered unnecessary any such vindication of his general powers, and of his warm and generous sympathies. The 'Confession of Faith' does him honour as a poet and as a man. We cannot better elucidate its tone and temper than by quoting the author's modest and manly preface, for the fuller understanding of which, it may be proper to premise one or two remarks. In 1839, encouraged by the enthusiasm with which his first volume was received, Freiligrath withdrew from commercial pursuits. His means, which were probably not large, were increased, in 1842, by a small pension spontaneously bestowed on him by the King of Prussia. Whatever sinister motives may have prompted this seemingly graceful act of patronage, sure we are that it was received in no sordid and truckling spirit. Vulgar minds thought otherwise; the pension increased the unmerited odium Freiligrath had incurred by his opposition to the popular idol of the day, George Herwegh; and by his bold and honest protest, in the name of common sense, against the ranting nonsense of that very conceited young man. He saw plainly that the cause of national freedom might be damaged, but could never be faithfully served by such champions as Herwegh and his followers: mischief only could be expected when such planets ruled the hour, and he

resolved to bide his time. The King of Prussia had made most liberal promises on his accession to the throne, and the frank-hearted poet would not, while a hope remained, believe his king guilty of deliberate falsehood. Leaving, therefore, to others to man 'the battlements of party,' he chose his own station on 'the lofty watch-tower' but having looked thence in vain for any token of royal justice and good faith, he has come down and mingled in the fray with the determined energy of a man whose purposes are not caprices, but whose warm earnest heart acts in happy concert with his sound, clear head. The following is the preface:

"The turn which things have very recently taken in my more restricted fatherland, Prussia, has, in many respects, painfully undeceived me, belonging as I did to the number of those who still hoped and trusted; and this it is, which has called forth most of the poems in the second section of this volume. Not one of them, I can safely affirm, is a made thing (*gemacht*): every one of them has grown out of current circumstances, and has been a necessary and unavoidable result of the clashing of those circumstances with my sense of right and my convictions, just as has been the resolution simultaneously adopted and carried out, of resigning into the king's hands my much talked of little pension. About new year, 1843, I was much surprised by the intimation that it had been conferred on me; since new year, 1844, I have ceased to receive it.

"Whilst I thus, by word and deed, openly and decidedly declare myself on the opposition side, I do at the same time prefix the first section of this volume to the second; before the unambiguous utterances of a thoroughly defined and firmly fixed system of political opinion, I publish the less sure and certain expressions of an inchoate system, of one yet undergoing the process of formation. I cannot do otherwise. He who stands at the goal should not deny even the circuitous route by which he has reached it. This is my creed, and this is the sole reason that induces me, on this occasion, to republish those older poems. Other motives, and especially those of hatred and envy, which were imputed to me on the occasion of my song against Herwegh, are as foreign to me now as they were then, and I here absolutely disavow them. The main object I have in view is to bring to a conclusion, visible to myself and others, a now past transition-period of my poetical and political education.

"And so I trustingly commit this collection, old and new, to the heart of the German people. The judicious and deliberate will, I hope, easily discover the numerous clues that lead from the first section to the second. They will, I hope, perceive that there can be no question in this case of anything else than a progress and a development; none of an act of desertion, none of a prostitute change of flag, none of a flippant and frivolous catching after a thing so holy as the love and esteem of a people. They will, perhaps, the more readily perceive this, if they consider, at the same time, that the whole cr

* Gibbon, xi., 388.

schooling which I, as an individual, have gone through before the eyes of the nation, is, after all, the same which the nation collectively had to undergo, and is still partially undergoing, in its efforts after political knowledge and thorough political education;—and the worst they will have to allege against me will probably, in the end, be limited to this one fact, that I am now come down from the 'loftier watch-tower' to the 'battlements of party.' To this charge I must certainly plead guilty. Firmly and unflinchingly I take my stand by the side of those who are resolute to breast the current of despotism. No more life for me without freedom! However the lot of this book and my own may fall; so long as the oppression endures under which I see my country suffering, my heart will bleed, and heave indignantly, and my mouth and my arm shall not weary of doing what they may towards the winning of better days. Thereto help me, next under God, the confidence of my fellow-countrymen! My face is turned towards the future."

The fine hearty song of which we are about to offer a translation, has the first claim on our attention, not more for its intrinsic excellence than in consideration of its having been honoured with the *veto* of the Upper and Lower Courts of Censorship.

FREEDOM AND RIGHT.

*O say not, believe not, the gloom of the grave
For ever has closed upon Freedom's glad light,
For that sealed are the lips of the honest and brave,
And the scornors of baseness are robbed of their right.
Though the true to their oaths into exile are driven,
Or, weary of wrong, with their own hands have given
Their blood to their jailers, their spirits to Heaven—
Yet immortal is Freedom, immortal is Right.
Freedom and Right!

*O, glaubt nicht, sie ruhe fortan bei den Todten,
O, glaubt nicht sie meide fortan dies Geschlecht,
Weil muthigen Sprechern das Wort man verboten
Und Nichtdelatoren verweigert das Recht!
Nein, ob in's Exil auch die Eidfesten schritten;
Ob, müde der Willkür, die endlos sie litten,
Sich Andre im Kerker die Adern zerschnitten—
Doch lebt noch die Freiheit, und mit ihr das Recht!
—Die Freiheit! das Recht!

Nicht mach' uns die einzelne Schlappe verlegen!
Sie loerdert die Siege des Ganzen erst recht;
Das wirkt dass wir doppelt uns rühren und regen,
Noch lauter es rufen: die Freiheit! das Recht!
Denn ewig sind Eins diese heiligen Zweie!
Sie halten zusammen in Trutz und in Treue:
Wo das Recht ist, da wohnen von selber schon Freie,
Und immer, wo Freie sind, waltet das Recht!
—Die Freiheit! das Recht!

Let us not be by partial defeats disconcerted;
They will make the grand triumph more signal and bright;
Thus whetted, our zeal will be doubly exerted,
And the cry be raised louder of Freedom and Right!
For these two are one, and they mock all endeavour
Of despots their holy alliance to sever,
Where there's Right be ye sure there are freemen, and ever
Where freemen are found, will God prosper the Right.

Freedom and Right!

And let this thought, too, cheer us—more proudly defiant
The twins never bore them in fight after fight,
Never breathed forth a spirit more joyous and buoyant,
Making heroes of dastards in nature's despite.
Round the wide earth they're marching; their message they've spoken,
And nations leap up at the heart-thrilling token;
For the serf and the slave they have battled, and broken
The fetters that hung upon black limbs and white.

Freedom and Right!

Und auch das sei ein Trost uns: Nie flogen, wie heuer,
Die freudigen Zwei von Gefecht zu Gefecht!
Nie fluthete voller ihr Odem und freier,
Durch die Seele selbst brausend dem niedrigsten Knecht!
Sie machen die Runde der Welt und der Lande,
Sie wecken und werben von Strande zu Strande,
Schon sprengten sie kühn des Leibeigenen Bande,
Und sagten zu denen des Negers: Zerbrecht!
—Die Freiheit! das Recht!

Ja, ihr Banner entfaltet und weht allerorten,
Dass die Unbill gesühnt sei, die Schande gerächt!
Ja, und siegen sie hier nicht, so siegen sie dorten,
Und am Ende doch siegen sie gründlich und ächt!
O Gott, welch ein Kranz will sie glorreich dann zieren!
All' die Lauber, die Voelker im Fahmentuch führen!
Die Olive des Griechen, des Kleeblatt des Iren,
Und vor Allem germanisches Eichengeflecht!
—Die Freiheit! das Recht!

Wohl ruhn dann schon manche, die jetzo noch leiden—
Doch ihr Schlummer ist süß, und ihr Ruhn ist gerecht!
Und licht an den Gräbern stehen die Beiden,
Die wir ihnen auch danken—die Freiheit! das Recht!
Unterdess hebt die Gläser! Ihr Wohl, die da stritten!
Die da stritten, und muthig in's Elend drum schritten!
Die das Recht uns verfochten, und Unrecht drum litten!
Hoch ewig das Recht—und die Freiheit durch's Recht!
—Die Freiheit durch's Recht!

And battle they still, where the voice of earth's
sorrow

Tells of wrongs to avenge, of oppressors to
smite ;

And conquerors this day, or conquered to-morrow,
Fear ye not, in the end they will conquer
outright.

Oh! to see the bright wreath round their victor
brows shining,

All the leaves that are dear to the nations
combining,

Erin's shamrock, the olive of Hellas entwining
With the oak-leaf, proud emblem of Germany's
might!

Freedom and Right!

There are sore aching bosoms and dim eyes of
Weepers

Will be gathered to rest ere that day see the
light ;

But ye too will hallow the graves of the sleepers,
O ye blest ones, we owe to them, Freedom
and Right!

Fill your glasses meanwhile :—To the hearts
that were true, boys,

To the cause that they loved when the storm
fiercest blew, boys,

Who had wrong for their portion, but won right
for you, boys,

Drink to them, to the Right, and to Freedom
through Right!

Freedom through Right!

These lines and a translation of Burns's
brave song, 'A man's a man for a' that,' were
absolutely prohibited for reasons which we
cite as a curiosity in their way. They are
as follows :

"The fundamental notions from which both
poems proceed are in their clear and pure con-
ception and application perfectly true, and may
even be uttered and extolled in a poetical form.
But such a turn and import is given them in the
said poems that a provocative appeal is thereby
made to the tendencies in conflict with the exist-
ing social and political order of things, the first
poem, namely, addressing itself to false ideas of
freedom, the second to the mutually hostile oppo-
sition of the several ranks of society : wherefore
these poems are manifestly at variance with the
principles of the censorship as laid down in the
fourth article of the Instructions."^{*}

And it is in the teeth of such damning

* Die Grundgedanken, von welchen beide Ge-
dichte ausgehen, sind bei klarer und reiner Auffas-
sung und Anwendung vollkommen wahr, und mögen
auch in poetischer Form ausgesprochen und ver-
herrlicht werden. Es ist aber denselben in vorlie-
genden Gedichten eine solche Wendung und Bezie-
hung gegeben, dass damit den gegen die bestehende,
sociale und politische, Ordnung der Dinge ankämp-
fenden Tendenzen—in dem ersten den falschen
Freiheits-Ideen, in dem andern der feindlichen
Entgegensetzung der verschiedenen Stände—in
auffregender Weisheit das Wort geredet wird, wes-
halb die Censurwidrigkeit dieser Gedichte nach
Artikel iv. der Censur-Instruction sich klar her-
ausstellt.

BERLIN, den 13 Februar, 1844.

Das koenigl. Ober-Censurgericht, BORNEMANN.

evidence as this that here and there some
crotchety Englishman can affect to mourn
over the poet's descent into the ignoble re-
gion of political strife! As if freedom were
not the living breath of all true poetry, or as
if there could be found no champion more
fit than the poet himself to defend the dig-
nity and the existence of his noble art. Shut
up your poet in a cage, a golden one if you
will, give him a court censor for a singing
master, and forbid him to warble his native
note as his own tuneful instincts prompt him,
and then rejoice as you may in his perform-
ance. If he obeys, you will have mere
tricks of sound, suited to tickle the ear of a
Sybarite, but from which every manly hearer
will turn away disgusted. But, thank
heaven, the true poet will not, cannot obey;
his voice will be heard indignantly protest-
ing, warning, chiding, or it will be silent for
ever. "Poetry," forsooth, "ought not to be
degraded to common tasks." So says a con-
temporary : but is it a common task to rouse
the mighty heart of a whole people, to put
a living soul into the unformed mass of popu-
lar feeling, a voice into the inarticulate
moanings of a nation's wo, to send forth
winged words that shall pierce the despot's
ear, despite his triple guard of pomp, cus-
tom, and authority? What powers were too
great for a task like this ; or what gift can
the patriot deem too precious to bestow on
his suffering country? "Rougher weapons
may suffice for this strife ;" but weapons must
be wielded by strong hands, and hands are
nothing without hearts. Music, like poetry,
is an incorporeal thing ; yet men ply the
rude trade of war to its invigorating strains.
No great poet, from Homer downwards, has
ever been indifferent to the social and civil
interests of his own times ; not a few have
drawn their noblest inspirations from the bat-
tle between right and might, waged before
their own eyes. True it is, that Germany
has been much infested of late by a tribe of
political poetasters, journalists run mad, who
write volumes of newspaper diatribes and
leading articles in rhyme : but these men
mistake their vocation ; Poetry disowns
them ; the man whom she marks for her
own will not dishonour his high calling,
whatever be the field in which he is pleased
to exercise it. Let us, then, deal trustingly
with Genius ; it can walk safely by its own
transcendent light, and needs not the farthing
candle held up to it by critical pedantry.

Revenons à nos moutons. In a parallel
between the character of Hamlet, and that
of the Germans in general, Freiligrath places
bodily before his countrymen that cardinal
defect to which their political degradation is
before all things ascribable.

HAMLET.

Deutschland ist Hamlet!—Ernst und stumm
In seinen Thoren jede Nacht
Geht die begrabene Freiheit um,
Und winkt dem Männern auf der Wacht.
Da steht die Hohe, blank bewehrt,
Und sagt dem Zaudrer, der noch zweifelt:
"Sei mir ein Rächer, zieh' dein Schwert!
Man hat mir Gift in's Ohr getrauefelt!"

Er horecht mit zitterndem Gebein,
Bis ihm die Wahrheit shrecklich tagt;
Von Stund' an will er Rächer sein—
Ob er es wirklich endlich wagt!
Er sinnt und träumt und weiss nicht Rath;
Kein Mittel, das die Brust ihm stähle!
Zu einer frischen, muth'gen That
Fehlt ihm die frische, muth'ge Seele!

Das macht, er hat zu viel gehockt;
Er lag und las zu viel im Bett.
Er wurde, weil das Blut ihm stockt,
Zur kurz von Athem und zu fett.
Er spann zu viel gelehrten Werg,
Sein bestes Thun ist eben Denken;
Er stack zu lang in Wittenberg,
Im Hörsaal oder in den Schenken.

Drum fehlt ihm die Entschlossenheit;
Kommt Zeit, kommt Rath—er stellt sich toll,
Hält Monologe lang und breit,
Und bringt in Verse seinen Groll;
Stutzt ihn zur Pantomime zu,
Und fällt's ihm einmal ein, zu fechten:
So muss Polonius-Kotzebue
Den Stich empfangen statt des Rechten.

So trägt er träumerisch sein Weh'
Verhöhnt sich selber in's Geheim,
Lässt sich verschicken ueber See,
Und kehrt mit Stichelreden heim;
Verschießt ein Arsenal von Spott,
Spricht von gefickten Lumpenkön'gen—
Doch eine That! Behuete Gott!
Nie hatt er Eine zu beschön'gen!

Bis endlich er die Klinge packt,
Ernst zu erfüllen seinem Schwur;
Doch ach—das ist im letzten Akt,
Und streckt ihn selbst zu Boden nur!
Bei den Erschlagen, die sein Haas
Preis gab der Schmach und dem Verderben,
Liegt er entseelt, unt Fortinbras
Rueckt klirrend ein, das Reich zu erben.—

Gottlob, noch sind wir nicht so weit!
Vier Akte sahn wir spielen erst.
Hab' Acht, Held, das die Aehnlichkeit
Nicht auch im fuenften du bewährst!
Wir hoffen frueh, wir hoffen spät:
O raff' dich auf, und komm' zu Streiche,
Und hilf entschlossen, weil es geht,
Zu ihrem Recht der fah'nden Leiche!

Mach' den Moment zu Nutze dir!
Noch ist es Zeit—drein mit dem Schwert,
Eh' mit französischen Rapier
Dich schnöd vergiftet ein Laert!

DEUTSCHLAND is Hamlet. Nightly round
His walls doth buried Freedom stalk;
With mute appeal, in wo profound,
Crossing the warders on their walk.
There stands the ghost in steel arrayed,
And to the doubting falterer saith,
"Be my avenger, draw thy blade!
My sleeping ear was drugged to death."

The story of that deed accurst
Through all his tortured soul doth send
A dreadful light, a burning thirst
For vengeance:—aye, but mark the end!
He ponders, plans; what should he do?
His weak heart wavers, doubt assails him;
For deed of prompt and vigorous hue
The prompt and vigorous spirit fails him.

He has lived in fact too like a drone,
Lying and reading long abed;
His blood wants motion, and he's grown
Fat, heavy, scant of breath; his head
With metaphysics crammed; a mere
Do-nothing, transcendental thinker;
Of, Wittenberg, thy lore, thy beer,
He has been a too assiduous drinker.

So lacking resolution, he
Pretends he's crazed, trusts all to time,
Soliloquises plenteously,
And breathes his choler out in rhyme:
In pantomime he vents it too;
And, once seized with a fighting fit,
He sticks Polonius Kotzebue,
And lets the right man go unhit.

Thus lives he sadly, dreamily,
And still his own faint heart impeaches;
He lets them send him over sea,
And comes back armed with—caustic speeches;
If bitter words could kill the king,
None more expert than he to use 'em;
But downright action! That's a thing
Of which his worst foes can't accuse him.

At last his sword is fairly out:
Something he will do now or never.
Alas, five acts to bring about
This tardy and ill-starred endeavour!
Lifeless beside his felon foes,
The self-undone, behold he lies;
And Fortinbras, while none oppose,
Walks in and makes the realm his prize.

Thank God, we're not yet come to that,
Our fifth act is not yet begun.
Beware, my hero, lest as pat
Even to the end the likeness run!
Here sit we hoping, hoping still;
O for one proof of manhood! Haste
With heart and hand, with wit and will
To right the poor ghost while thou mayst.

Strike while 'tis time! strike bravely now!
Ere treacherous Laertes come
With poisoned blade from France, and thou
Be foully slain; ere trump and drum

Eh' rasselnd naht ein nordiah Heer,
Dass est für sich die Erbschaft nehme !
O sieh dich vor—ich zweifle sehr,
Ob diessmal es aus Norweg käme !

Nur ein Entschluss ! Aufsteht die Bahn—
Tritt in die Schranken kuehn und dreist !
Denk an den Schwur, den du gethan,
Und räche deines Vaters Geist !
Wozu diess Gruebeln fuer und fuer !
Doch—darf ich schelte n, alter Träumer ?
Bin ich ja selbst ein Stueck von dir
Du ew'ger Zauderer und Säumer !

We had marked several other pieces for translation, but their length obliges us to omit them all but one ; this we have chosen as well for its hopeful spirit as for the ingenious manner in which it moralises a local phenomenon, somewhat perhaps as Jaques might have done if ever his habitual melancholy was interrupted by a revulsion of cheerfulness. Willingly do we close our paper with words of good omen. Before he could ven-

An army from the north proclaim
Heirs of thy spoils ;—as for the region
Whence we may now expect the same,
I greatly doubt if it's Norwegian.

But one resolve ! Away with sloth !
Tread valiantly the path before thee !
Bethink thee of thy sacred oath ;
Think whose the voice that doth implore thee !
Why all this quibbling sophistry ?
But can I chide, fantastic schemer ?
Myself am but a part of thee,
Thou evermore unready dreamer !

ture to publish his last volume, Freiligrath was compelled to put himself beyond the reach of royal vengeance, and he is now living in exile in Brussels. Whether or not his foot shall ever again press his native soil, we trust, the time will come when truth, honour, honesty, and genuine, not spurious, loyalty shall cease to be regarded as crimes against the state in any land where the German tongue is spoken.

WISPERWIND.

Der Wisperwind, der Wisperwind,
Den kennt bis Oestrich jedes Kind !
Des Morgens frueh von vier bis zehn,
Da spuert man allermeist sein Wehn !
Stromauf aus Wald und Wiesengrund
Haucht ihn der Wisper kuehler Mund !

Ja, immer, immer nur stromauf
Fährt et mit Pfeifen und Geschnauf ;
Von unten jetzt und allezeit
Braus't er nach oben kampfbereit ;
Nie mit der Welle geht sein Strich,
Nur ihr entgegen stemmt er sich !

Er macht sich auf wo Huetten stehn ;
Wo Huetten stehn und Muehlen glen.
Des Bauern Strohdach ohne Ruh'
Schickt ihn der Burg des Fuersten zu ;
Anfährt er trotzig, sagt mein Ferg,
Schloss Rheinstein und Johannisberg.

Er saus't und wuethet um sie her,
Frisch und gradaus wie keiner mehr ;
Er schiert den Teufel sich um Gunst,
Er pfeift was auf den blauen Dunst,
Der trueb um ihre Zinnen hangt—
Er pfeift, bis klar der Himmel prangt.

Ja, heiter wird auf ihn der Tag ;
Drum braus' er, was er brausen mag !
Er selbst und noch ein Wisperwind :—
Ein neuer Tag der Welt beginnt !
Die Hähne krähn, der Wald erwacht,
Ein Wispern hat sich aufgemacht !

Von unten keck nach oben auch ;
Zieht dieser andern Wisper Hauch
Auf aus den Tiefen zu den Höhn ;
Erhebt sich frisch auch dieses Wehn ;
Strohdach und Werkstatt ohne Ruh'
Schicken der Fuerstenburg es zu !

THE WHISPERWIND.

The Whisperwind is known to all
From north to south both great and small.
The banks of Rhine at morning seek,
You'll feel its freshness on your cheek.
Upstream it blows, from four till ten,
From dewy mead and forest glen.

Aye, piping, whistling, loud and shrill,
Its course is upward, upward still ;
Like one that scorns an easy life,
And rushes gaily into strife,
It will not with the current go,
But ever in its teeth doth blow.

Where cabins stand you'll hear it sound,
Where cabins stand and mills go round ;
From strawroofed cots away it scours,
And dashing at your princely towers,
It shakes them with its sturdy brawl,
Rheinstein, Johannisberg, and all.

A saucy wind ! 'twill budge no inch
Out of its course, nor cares a pinch
Of snuff for etiquette or forms :
Around the battlements it storms,
Knocking their gathered mists about,
Till clear at last the sun shines out.

Aye, clear and cloudless grows the day ;
So let it blow as blow it may !
Itself, and one more of its kin,
O then indeed will day begin !
Loud crow the cocks ; the woods are stirred ;
Another whisper hath been heard !

And upward, upward, bold and strong,
This other whisper speeds along :
From lowly spots it wings its flight
Aloft to every proudest height,
And forth from cot and workshop scours
To whistle round a monarch's towers.

Da hangen trüb die Nebel noch ;
 Geduld nur, es verjagt sie doch !
 Wie zornig sie auch dräu'n, wie wirr,
 Es lässt nicht ab, es wird nicht irr !
 Mit kräft'gen Blasen, Ruck auf Ruck,
 Macht es zunichte Dunst und Druck !

Hab' Dank, du frisch und freudig Wehn !
 Hab' Dank, hab' Dank—o, wär' es Zehn !
 Ja, Kehn und rings der Himmel rein !
 Jetzt, mein' ich, wird es Sechse sein !—
 Der Wisperwind, der Wisperwind,
 Den kennt bis Oestrich jedes Kind !

Dim hang the mists those towers upon ;
 But patience, they will soon be gone !
 For all so big they look and frown,
 The Whisper will not be put down,
 But charging at them, blast on blast,
 Scatters their sullen heaps at last.

So may it be ! amen, amen !
 Blow on, good wind—O were it ten !
 O were it ten, and clear the sky !
 'Twill now methinks be six well nigh.—
 The Whisperwind ! 'Tis known to all
 From north to south both great and small.

ART. VI.—*Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official.* By Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. SLEEMAN, of the Bengal Army. 2 vols. London : Hatchard and Son. 1844.

THE popularity of Indian topics is increasing rapidly. Not a month, scarcely a week, passes without bringing along with it some new work on Indian topography, manners, or politics. The growth of the interest which, as a people, we take in Eastern subjects bears a very close analogy to the growth of our Empire in the East. At first it was exceedingly feeble. Few cared to know what was doing in those remote regions, to bring intelligence from which required the lapse of more than half a year. The news, in fact, was already old before it reached us. We, therefore, troubled ourselves comparatively little about it, and exhausted our attention on matters which, though of much smaller dimensions, eclipsed the far greater objects lying at a distance. By degrees the circle of our power in India was enlarged, and its augmentation was accompanied by an enlarged sympathy at home. A sort of indefinite consciousness pervaded the public mind, that we had sown the seeds of great things in Asia, and might expect some day, no one exactly knew how or when, to behold them ripen into the glorious harvest of empire. Out of this feeling a particular department of our literature sprang up. A connexion was established between India and Great Britain which, obviously promising to be permanent, suggested to speculative men the necessity of explaining its origin, and pointing out how it might be rendered most profitable to both countries. For a while the class of persons affected by these speculations was exceedingly small. It required much leisure and severe habits of study to be able to comprehend the vast fabric of Indian society, with its strange and mysterious religion, its intricate system of castes, its various forms of government, its peculiar civili-

sation, the mixture which it exhibits of refinement and barbarism, its extraordinary population at once heterogeneous and uniform, its history losing itself in the obscurity of the fabulous ages. Writers, however, persevered, and readers gradually presented themselves. 'One topic first and then another was investigated and explained. People perceived there was beauty and grandeur where at first they could discover nothing but a chaos of uncouth forms ; and a sympathy was created for that modification of humanity which peculiar influences have invested with a hue of bronze. In this way we have arrived imperceptibly at the conviction, that the Hindús are our fellow-subjects, we might now perhaps almost say our fellow-countrymen, since India and England are only different parts of the same empire which, connected together by the ocean, studs the surface of the globe with large spaces rendered healthy and populous by industry, and radiant with the light of freedom.

We are now perhaps in danger of remaining in ignorance of many things connected with India, from the notion that because much has been written, our knowledge is already sufficiently extensive. In reality, however, we have a great deal still to learn, as any one who reads Colonel Sleeman's '*Rambles and Recollections*' may perceive. No doubt some topics are dwelt upon in these volumes which have already occupied the pens of other writers ; but mingled with these are many curious revelations of Indian society, which will probably surprise even those who consider themselves best acquainted with the East. It is implied in this that Colonel Sleeman is an acute and careful observer. He is much more. United with remarkable abilities, we find in him a forbearing and tolerant disposition, a keen sense of what is due to the subject races of India, and a generous desire to make amends to them, by kindness and good government, for what they may have lost on the score of na-

tional independence. For this reason we regard it as a duty strongly to recommend his work to the public. To say that it is replete with information of the most valuable kind, would not be to state half its merits; because, while enlarging the sphere of our knowledge, and correcting the judgment, it perpetually entertains the fancy with rich and brilliant pictures, stores the memory with lively anecdotes, and warmly interests all the better feelings of our nature in behalf of the Hindús. It has been made, we believe, a reproach against Colonel Sleeman, that he has followed no strict method in the arrangement of his materials. In some sense this may be admitted to be a fault, though the general reader will scarcely object to it; since, through what is deemed a delinquency against the ordinary rules of art, the object of all art has been attained, which is at once to administer instruction and delight.

Notwithstanding what has been said, we are far from adopting, on all subjects, the views of Colonel Sleeman, who is often most whimsically inconsistent. No man can be more thoroughly convinced than he that our government is the source of innumerable blessings to the people of India. He seizes upon every occasion that presents itself to reiterate, that it is the best system of rule they have ever known. Nay, he proves it by unanswerable arguments, and undeniable facts, and assures us, that the better and more enlightened portion of the natives frankly acknowledge it. From which might be inferred, that Colonel Sleeman advocates the extinction of those Hindú and Mohammedan despotisms which still deform the face of society in India, and inflict so much misery upon their subjects. Here, however, our author's humanity forsakes him. He ceases to be the friend of the Hindús, and stands forward, according to his own views, exclusively English. He would not have us extend the advantages of our rule to every part of India, for the most extraordinary of all reasons, that it would deprive our own subjects of opportunity for comparing their condition with that of their neighbours, and feeling, by contrast, how much happier they are. This is an atrocious fallacy, which assumes various forms according to the temper of those who put it forward. We have, in former articles, exposed its wickedness when made use of to show that the native governments ought to be suffered to exist in order to supply us with something to fight with, and keep the bayonets of our sipahis from rusting. It assumes a new phase in Colonel Sleeman's theory, but is the same fallacy still. He fancies and endeavours to persuade his reader that the people of India

would not be able to appreciate good government or know when they were kindly treated, if they had not perpetually before their eyes the detestable examples of oppression and tyranny supplied by the native states. His arguments, stated in his own language, are as follows:—

“There are two reasons why we should leave these two small native states under their own chiefs, even when the claim to the succession is feeble or defective; first, because it tends to relieve the minds of other native chiefs from the apprehension, already too prevalent among them, that we desire, by degrees, to absorb them all, because we think our government would do better for the people; and, secondly, because, by having them as a contrast, we afford to the people of India the opportunity of observing the superior advantages of our rule.

“‘Tis distance lends enchantment to the view’ in governments as well as in landscapes, and if the people of India, instead of the living proofs of what perilous things native governments, whether Hindú or Mohammedan, in reality are, were acquainted with nothing but such pictures of them as are to be found in their histories and imaginations of their priests and learned men (who lose much of their influence and importance under our rule), they would certainly, with proneness like theirs to delight in the marvellous, be far from satisfied, as they now are, that they never had a government so good as ours, and that they never could hope for another so good were ours removed.”

With regard to the first of Colonel Sleeman's reasons it can only be supposed to possess weight by those who believe, that our empire may be endangered by fostering such apprehensions as he describes among native rulers. In reality, however, there are no princes in India from whom we have anything to fear. They may believe what they please, and imagine what they please; their belief and their imaginings must always be matter of indifference to us, so long as we rule our own subjects wisely and justly. Besides, there is not and cannot be a native chief in all India who does not know as well as the governor-general himself, that the natural tendency of our system is to spread rapidly and overthrow, one after another, the various petty despotisms which stand in our way. The fact unquestionably and obviously is so, and no hypocritical show of moderation on our part could possibly disguise the truth from any who have an interest in becoming acquainted with it. Unless defeated by some rival state and driven out from India, it is and must be our policy to extend and consolidate our power there. The native princes cannot possibly withstand this tendency. Every day their means of resistance are diminished, while ours are multi-

plied and augmented. Nothing, therefore, that we could do would render them more inclined than they are at present to cabal and combine against us. Our security does not consist in their good will, but in their utter incapacity to harm us. We shall put them all down, and they know it, and await their certain destiny with the same composure that men look forward to the stroke of death. They are sure it will come, but cannot foretell the day or the hour, and therefore, in the meantime, enjoy themselves.

There is nothing to which Colonel Sleeman appears to be more inimical than the lust of conquest; and he expends a great deal of virtuous indignation against all who have fought for the extension of empire, from Alexander the Great to Sir John Malcolm. For the man of Macedon we need just now make no apology. A good deal has been said of him first or last, and, we dare say, the world has finally made up its mind respecting his merits or demerits. Not so with Sir John Malcolm. This distinguished Indian statesman is still but imperfectly understood. He was not by any means, however, what Colonel Sleeman would insinuate, a mere physical force conqueror. On the contrary, as far as we have been able to comprehend either his writings or his actions, his policy was precisely that which we must eventually follow if we desire to remain masters of India. Sir John Malcolm advocated the utmost forbearance towards the native princes, was most anxious that they should be treated with consideration, and desired, above all things, that in our dealings with them we should not only be just but merciful. At the same time he felt, and, indeed, could not avoid feeling, that our duties as a great nation by no means consisted in consulting the humours of nawabs and rajahs, but that, besides what might be due to ourselves, we had carefully to consider what was due to the people of India, invariably oppressed and rendered miserable when subjected to the sway of those rulers.

Latterly the conscience of the country has been a good deal disturbed by highly coloured pictures of our warlike proceedings in India. We have been represented as a conquering caste overthrowing venerable institutions with the sword, and violently putting an end to mild and paternal governments. We profoundly reverence the solicitude of the public, that things should not be so. Lord Ellenborough no doubt was guilty of very extraordinary caprices; but, with the exception of these, there is no act of our Indian government which might not be clearly shown to be for the advantage of mankind. Properly to estimate what we have already

effected for India, it is necessary to understand the state of society which existed all over the country before we became masters of it, and which, in spite of all our efforts, exist still in many parts, and will long continue to defy our utmost vigilance. Colonel Sleeman supplies numerous illustrations both of the weakness of the former governments, and of the fearful demoralization of the people, which may be regarded as one of its necessary consequences.

It would not, however, be dealing fairly with the subject were we to confine ourselves to the political impotence of the native rulers. That might, perhaps, be regarded rather as their misfortune than their fault. They were active perpetrators of iniquity, and still are wherever the power to be so remains with them. Not content with the revenues which the most refined arts of extortion can wring from their subjects, they constantly keep in their pay gangs of robbers and murderers, who spread themselves over the whole surface of India to commit crimes and collect booty, with which they retreat to the territories of their patrons, who afford them protection for a share of the spoil. These organized bands of criminals abound more especially in Central India, whence they issue perpetually to spread assassination and terror through the neighbouring districts of the Company's territories. It was remarked long ago, by a very accurate observer of human society, that the vices of the great constitute the patterns which minor villains copy. It cannot accordingly surprise us to find, that where princes do not refuse to profit by offences, which in civilized communities would bring both principals and accessories to a shameful death, the lax and profligate of inferior grades should imitate their example. The great travelling gangs of stabbers and poisoners maintained by the sovereigns excite the envy of their ambitious subjects, who tread diligently in their footsteps. Consequently assassins of various kinds prevail everywhere. Sometimes, when circumstances render it practicable, they club their courage and ingenuity, and do business on a large scale; sometimes, when their means are limited, their operations are carried on by a few partners; and occasionally, when the stars are exceedingly unpropitious, they take to the road singly or in families, and inflict upon their honest neighbours what suffering or sorrow they can. We know that not two centuries ago, the passion for poisoning prevailed widely in a neighbouring country, infecting even ladies of the highest rank, and urging them into crimes which, in some cases, were expiated on the scaffold. It will therefore scarcely surprise us to be-

hold destitute and desperate persons, among a people besotted by the worst of superstitions, which has almost obliterated from the mind the distinction between vice and virtue, perpetrating deeds which make us shudder with horror. Colonel Sleeman's book is full of examples of such atrocities, which deserve, all of them, public attention, because they are to be imputed in part to the religion, but chiefly to the native governments of the Hindús. We select a single example, which may be regarded as one of the most touching narratives of the kind ever laid before the public ;—

"People of great sensibility with hearts overcharged with sorrow, often appear cold and callous to those who seem to feel no interest in their afflictions. An instance of the kind I will here mention ; it is one of the thousand I have met with in my Indian rambles. It was mentioned to me one day that an old Fakeer, who lived in a small hut close by a little shrine on the side of the road, near the town of Moradabad, had lately lost his son, poisoned by a party of Dhutooreas, or professional poisoners, that now infest every road throughout India. I sent for him and requested him to tell me his story, as I might perhaps be able to trace the murderers. He did so, and a Persian writer took it down, while I listened with all the coldness of a magistrate who wanted merely to learn facts, and have nothing whatever to do with feelings. This is his story literally :—

"I reside in my hut by the side of the road, a mile and a half from the town, and live upon the bounty of travellers and people of the surrounding villages. About six weeks ago I was sitting by the side of my shrine after saying prayers, with my only son, about ten years of age, when a man came up with his wife, his son, and his daughter, the one a little older, the other a little younger than my boy. They baked and ate their bread near my shrine, and gave me flour enough to make two cakes. This I prepared and baked. My boy was hungry and ate one cake and a half ; I ate only a half one, for I was not hungry. I had a few days before purchased a new blanket for my boy, and it was hanging in the branch of a tree that shaded the shrine when these people came. My son and I soon became stupified. I saw him fall asleep, and I soon followed. I awoke again in the evening, and found myself in a pool of water. I had sense enough to crawl towards my boy. I found him still breathing ; and I sat by him with his head in my lap, where he soon died. It was now evening, and I got up and wandered about all night picking up straws, I know not why, I was not yet quite sensible. During the night the wolves ate my poor boy. I heard this from travellers, and went and gathered up his bones, and buried them in the shrine. I did not quite recover till the third day, when I found that some washerwomen had put me in the pool, and left me there with my head out, in hopes that this would revive me ; but they had no hope of my son. I was then taken to the police of the town ; but the landholders had begged me to say nothing

about the poisoners, lest it might get them and the village community into trouble. The man was tall and fair, and about thirty-five ; the woman short, stout, and fair, and about thirty ; two of her teeth projected a good deal ; the boy's eyelids were much diseased."

"All this he told me without the slightest appearance of emotion, for he had not seen any appearance of it in me or my Persian writer, and a casual European observer would perhaps have exclaimed, 'What brutes these natives are ! the fellow feels no more for the loss of his only son, than he would for that of a goat !' But I knew the feeling was there. The Persian writer put up his paper and closed his inkstand, and the following dialogue, word for word, took place between me and the old man.

"*Question.*—'What made you conceal the real cause of the boy's death, and tell the police that he had been killed as well as eaten by the wolves ?'

"*Answer.*—'The landholders told me that they could never bring back my boy to life, and the whole village would be worried to death by them if I made any mention of the poison.'

"*Question.*—'And if they were to be punished for this they would annoy you ?'

"*Answer.*—'Certainly ; but I believe they advised me for my own good as well as their own.'

"*Question.*—'And if they should turn you away from that place, could you not make another ?'

"*Answer.*—'Are not the bones of my poor boy there, and the trees that he and I planted and watched together for ten years ?'

"*Question.*—'Have you no other relations ? What became of your boy's mother ?'

"*Answer.*—'She died at that place when my boy was only three months old. I have brought him up from that age ; he was my only child, and he has been poisoned for the sake of the blanket !' (Here the poor old man sobbed as if his heart-strings would break, and I was obliged to make him sit down on the floor, while I walked up and down the room.)

"*Question.*—'Had you any children before ?'

"*Answer.*—'Yes, sir. We had several, but they all died before their mother. We had been reduced to beggary by misfortunes, and I had become too weak and ill to work. I buried my poor wife's bones by the side of the road where she died, raised the little shrine over them, planted the trees, and there have I sat ever since by her side, with our poor boy in my bosom. It is a sad place for wolves, and we used often to hear them howling outside ; but my poor boy was never afraid of them when he knew I was near him : God preserved him to me, till the sight of the new blanket, for I had nothing else in the world, made these people poison us ! I bought it for him only a few days before, when the rains were coming on, out of my savings, it was all I had.' (The poor old man sobbed again and sat down while I paced the room, lest I should sob also ; my heart was becoming a little too large for its apartment.) 'I will never,' continued he, 'quit the bones of my wife and child, and the tree that he and I watered for so many years. I have not many years to live ; there will I spend them, whatever the landholders may do—they advised

me for my own good, and will never turn me out."

"I found all the poor man stated to be true; the man and his wife had mixed poison with the flour to destroy the poor old man and his son, for the sake of the new blanket, which they saw hanging in the branch of the tree and carried away with them."

The above anecdote may be said to exemplify at once the evil and the good side of the Hindú character. We shall now extract a passage which, though it may give rise to regret, that a people, in whom feelings so kindly prevail, should be subjected to the sway of so frightful a superstition, will at the same time exhibit to us the manner in which they sometimes contrive to extract a blessing, out of what in itself must be regarded as a curse. Everybody has heard of the numerous pilgrimages undertaken by our Hindú subjects, often, no doubt, to gratify the passion for a wandering life, often from much worse motives. Occasionally, however, the devotee is sent forth on his long and weary errand by feelings of which the noblest people on earth might be justly proud. Colonel Sleeman supplies us with a short relation of the pilgrimage of a whole family, prompted by these better motives, which our readers will, doubtless, be glad to find here.

"One morning the old Jemadar, the marriage of whose mango-grove with the Jasmin I have already described, brought his two sons and a nephew to pay their respects to me on their return to Jubbulpoor from a pilgrimage to Jaggannat'h. The sickness of the youngest, a nice boy of about six years of age, had caused this pilgrimage. The eldest son was about twenty years of age, and the nephew about eighteen.

"After the usual compliments, I addressed the eldest son. 'And so your brother was really very ill when you set out?'

"'Very ill, sir, hardly able to stand without assistance.'

"'What was the matter with him?'

"'It was what we call a drying up, or withering of the system.'

"'What were the symptoms?'

"'Dysentery.'

"'Good. And what cured him, as he now seems quite well?'

"'Our mother and father vowed five pair of baskets of Ganges water to Gugadhur, an incarnation of the god Seva, at the temple of Byjoo-nath, and a visit to the temple of Jaggannat'h.'

"'And having fulfilled these vows your brother recovered?'

"'He had quite recovered, sir, before we set out from Jaggannat'h.'

"'And who carried the baskets?'

"'My mother, wife, cousin, myself, and little brother, all carried one pair each.'

"'This little boy could not, surely, carry a pair of baskets all the way?'

"'No, sir, we had a pair of small baskets made especially for him, and when within about

three miles of the temple, he got down from his little pony, took up his baskets and carried them to the god; up to within three miles of the temple the baskets were carried by a Brahmin servant, whom we had taken with us to cook our food. We had with us another Brahmin, to whom we had to pay only a trifle, as his principal wages were made up of fees from families in the town of Jubbulpoor, who had made similar vows, and gave him so much a bottle for the water he carried in their several names for the god.'

"'Did you give all your water to the Byjoo-nath temple, or carry some with you to Jaggannat'h?'

"'No water is ever offered to Jaggannat'h, sir, he is an incarnation of Vishnoo.'

"'And does Vishnoo never drink?'

"'He drinks, sir, no doubt; but he gets nothing but offerings of food and money.'

"'And what is the distance you went?'

"'From this to Bindachul, on the Ganges, two hundred and thirty miles; thence to Byjoo-nath, a hundred and fifty miles; and thence to Jaggannat'h, some four or five hundred miles more.'

"'And your mother and wife walked all the way with their baskets?'

"'All the way, sir, except when either of them got sick, when she mounted the pony with my little brother till she felt well again.'

"'Here were four members of a respectable family walking a pilgrimage of between twelve and fourteen hundred miles, going and coming, and carrying burdens on their shoulders, for the recovery of the poor sick boy, and millions of families are every year doing the same from all parts of India. The change of air and exercise cured the boy, and no doubt did them all a great deal of good, but no physician in the world, but a religious one, could have persuaded them to undertake such a journey for the same purpose.'

It would have afforded us much satisfaction to lay in this place before our readers all those passages of Colonel Sleeman's 'Rambles' which serve to illustrate the character of the natives of India. But this we find to be impossible. We must, therefore, confine ourselves to such extracts as may serve to show the disadvantages under which they always laboured till Providence conducted the English into their country. We beg it may be borne in mind that Colonel Sleeman is not the advocate of conquest, but that, on the contrary, he contends strenuously for the upholding of the native governments, and directs all the force of his political economy, such as it is, against Sir John Malcolm, and all who agree with us in thinking that even for Hindús good government is more desirable than bad. His theory, however, does not betray him into the suppression of facts. His arguments look one way, his testimony the other. He is, consequently, a more unexceptionable witness than if his narratives were given in

support of the hypothesis which, in our opinion, they are alone calculated to uphold. Our conviction at any rate is, that the generality of impartial persons will rise from the perusal of Colonel Sleeman's book thoroughly persuaded that the sooner all India is placed under the mild and beneficent sway of Great Britain the better will it be for those who inhabit it. Frequently the most forcible illustrations of the pernicious influence of the indigenous despotisms are not found in political disquisitions, but occur by the way where the author is describing manners and customs, or recounting circumstances which he observed in moving along. For example, in giving a description of the prodigious extravagance of which Hindûs of all ranks are guilty in the celebration of their children's marriages, he says :—

"One of the evils which press most upon Indian society is the necessity which long usage has established, of squandering large sums in marriage ceremonies, instead of giving what they can to their children to establish them, and enable them to provide for their families, and rise in the world; parents everywhere feel bound to squander all they have, and all they can borrow, in the festivities of their marriages. Men in India could never feel secure of being permitted freely to enjoy their property under despotic and unsettled governments, the only kind of governments they knew or hoped for; and much of the means that would otherwise have been laid out in forming substantial works, with a view to a return in income of some sort or other for the remainder of their own lives, and for those of their children, were expended in tombs, temples, suraes, tanks, groves, and other works, useful and ornamental, no doubt, but from which neither they nor their children could ever hope to derive income of any kind. The same feeling of insecurity gave birth, no doubt, to this preposterous usage, which tends so much to keep down the great mass of the people of India to that grade in which they were born, and in which they have nothing but their manual labour to depend upon for their subsistence. Every man feels himself bound to waste all his stock and capital, and exhaust all his credit, in feeding idlers during the ceremonies which attend the marriage of his children, because his ancestors squandered similar sums, and he would sink in the estimation of society if he were to allow his children to be married with less."

By the operation of the same causes the same effects have everywhere been produced. Hence the inhabitants of all despotic states are confessedly remarkable for the laxity of their morals, their proneness to snatch, at all hazards, and enjoy, at any price, the pleasures of the hour, because they know not what the next may bring forth. Let us eat and drink, say they, for to-morrow we die. This accounts for the

inferior standard of morals which prevails universally through Asia, without having recourse to those differences of race, which some fanciful speculators are so fond of putting forward. Under the pressure of tyranny continued through many ages, even the Englishman would be found to degenerate into a liar and a profligate, as any one may convince himself, who will be at the pains to contrast the godless rabble who took up arms for Charles I., and swarmed afterwards about his son, with the stern and magnanimous puritans, who, in the words of the preacher, Irving, 'made their chivalry to skip.' But it is not the morals only that are deteriorated by the influence of despotism, which is found to wither even the intellectual powers.

"A great difference appeared to me to be observable between the minds and manners of the people among whom we were now travelling, and those of the people of the Sangor and Nerbudda territories; they seemed here to want the urbanity and intelligence we find among our subjects in the latter quarters. The apparent stupidity of the people when questioned upon points the most interesting to them, regarding their history, their agriculture, their tanks and temples, was most provoking; and their manners seemed to me to be more rude and clownish than those of the people in any other part of India I had travelled over. I asked my little friend, the Sureemunt, who rode with me, what he thought of this!

" 'I think,' said he, 'that it arises from the harsh character of the government under which they live; it makes every man wish to appear a fool, in order that he may be thought a beggar, and not worth the plundering.'

" 'It strikes me, my friend Sureemunt, that their government has made them in reality the beggars and the fools that they appear to be.'

" 'God only knows,' said Sureemunt; 'certain it is, that they are neither in mind nor in manners what the people of our districts are.'"

It has been observed above, that the princes of Central India, not content with the revenues which, by the ordinary processes of oppression, they can extort from the unhappy people under their sway, ally themselves habitually with robbers and assassins to replenish their treasuries. This, at first sight, may look like satire or exaggeration. But if we examine carefully the history of all Asia, we shall find not only that the sovereigns of that part of the world have associated themselves with thieves, but that, in many cases, they have themselves been members of that worshipful fraternity. What but a robber was Jenghiz Khan, or Timûr, or Nadir Shah? They carried on, indeed, their *chuppaows* upon a large scale; but in their vocabulary, conquest and robbery

were synonymous terms, and the same thing may still be predicated of nearly all the native princes of India.

"There is hardly a single chief of the Hindû military class in the Bundelcund, or Gwalior territories, who does not keep a gang of robbers of some kind or other, and consider it as a valuable and legitimate source of revenue; or who would not embrace with cordiality the leader of a gang of assassins by profession, who should bring home from every expedition a good horse, a good sword, or a valuable pair of shawls, taken from their victims. It is much the same in the kingdom of Oude, where the lands are, for the most part, held by the same Hindû and military classes, who are in a continual state of war with each other, or with the government authorities. Three-fourths of the recruits for native infantry regiments are from this class of military agriculturists of Oude, who have been trained in this school of contest, and many of the lads, when they enter our ranks, are found to have marks of the cold steel upon their persons. A braver set of men is hardly anywhere to be found, or one trained up with finer feelings of devotion towards the power whose salt they eat. A good many of the other fourth of the recruits for our native infantry are drawn from among the Ovjeynee Rajpoots, or Rajpoots from Oujeyn, who were established many generations ago in the same manner at Bhaupore, on the banks of the Ganges."

From the sovereigns the practice descends to their dependants through all grades of society. What the supreme chief permits himself, is considered not only lawful but honourable by those who square their conduct after his example. Accordingly, all their Jaghiredars, we are told, "live beyond their legitimate means, and make up the deficiency by maintaining upon their estates gangs of thieves, robbers, and murderers, who extend their depredations into the countries around, and share the prey with their chiefs and their officers, and under-tenants. They keep them as *poachers* keep their *dogs*; and the paramount power, whose subjects they plunder, might as well ask them for the best horse in the stable as for the best thief that lives under their protection. In the Gwalior territory the Mahratta amirs, or governors of districts, do the same, and keep gangs of robbers on purpose to plunder their neighbours; and if you ask them for their thieves, they will actually tell you that to part with them would be ruin, as they are the only defence against the thieves of their neighbours!"

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising to find that the great body of the people here, as elsewhere throughout India, desire to pass under British rule. An example of the blessings which their own na-

tive governments procure them, the public have just witnessed in the Raj of Kolapore. There the prince being an infant, public affairs were necessarily entrusted to ministers, who, having no interest in the stability of the government, thought only of turning their brief period of authority to account. Against their oppressions the people first complained, and then broke forth into rebellion, not from any distinct, well-founded hope of deliverance, but because the yoke under which they groaned was insupportable. Owing, however, to our absurd theory of moderation and forbearance, we have here again, as in so many other cases, been compelled to interfere on behalf of despotism against the suffering people. When shall we be sufficiently enlightened to perceive that it would be more honourable to our character, more consonant with the natural maxims of a Christian state, to root out from all India the nests of petty tyrants that now infest it, and disturb its tranquillity? Many of the states of India are at this moment under the nominal sway of infants, which means that they are abandoned to the extreme of mismanagement. The result in these cases may be said to be before the world, in the Southern Mahratta state we have mentioned above, in Gwalior, and in the Punjâb. Yet, Colonel Sleeman is anxious to persuade us, that our wisest and best course is to leave things precisely as they are, except, perhaps, in Gwalior, where the state of things is too execrable to be tolerated even by him. Among the Bundelas he finds attachment even to the wretched forms of tyranny, which our affectation of disinterestedness still tolerates in Bundelcund. We cannot, of course, otherwise than admire the spirit of independence wherever it may be found. There must always exist other good qualities when the attachment to country is strong. But, if our government of India be accompanied by all that justice and mildness which the spirit of our national institutions is calculated to inspire, we shall surely be able to make up to the Hindû of every caste and occupation, for the imaginary loss he may sustain by the overthrow of despots, who have nothing in common with him but their creed and colour. To illustrate the feelings of the natives towards their rapacious and oppressive masters, Colonel Sleeman relates the following anecdote:

"A poor, half-naked man, reduced to beggary by the late famine, ran along by my horse to show me the road; and to the great amusement of my attendants exclaimed: 'That he felt exactly as if he were always falling down a well,' meaning, as if he were immersed in cold water. He said:

'That the cold season was suited only to gentlemen who could afford to be well clothed, but to a poor man like himself, and the great mass of people, in Bundelcund at least, the hot season was much better.' He told me: 'That the late rajah, though a harsh, was thought to be a just man, and that his good sense, and, above all, his good faith, had preserved the principality entire, but God only, and the forbearance of the Honourable Company, could now save it under such an imbecile as the present chief.' He seemed quite melancholy at the thought of living to see this principality, the oldest in Bundelcund, lose its independence. Even this poor, unclothed, and starving wretch, had a feeling of patriotism, a pride of country, though that country had been so wretchedly governed, and was now desolated by a famine."

Sentiments like these must, indeed, be deeply rooted in the hearts of the Hindús, or the circumstances of their condition would long ago have eradicated them. No people on the surface of the globe have had a longer or more bitter experience of misrule. By the great conquerors who set up their thrones in Hindustan they were always treated ignominiously, and in many cases, having been first deprived of their political rights, were robbed also of their property, nay, had their wives and children torn from them to be immured in the zenanas of their oppressors, or converted forcibly to their religion. Examples of such acts of power, as Lord Clarendon would have termed them, occurred perpetually under the Mohammedan emperors, whose 'munificent charities' Lord Ellenborough went out to emulate. It is impossible that the voice even of tradition should for ages to come cease to relate transactions such as these. The natives of India cannot, therefore, forget from what kind of thralldom we have delivered them, or cease to be deeply sensible of the difference between the manner in which we exercise our authority and that in which their Tartar conquerors wielded theirs. As Colonel Sleeman observes, however, there exists hitherto no necessity for invoking the testimony of the past. Wherever a native principality has survived, whether Mussulman or Hindú, there ignorance and crime, injustice on the part of the rulers,—rebellion and revenge on that of the subject, keep in a state of perpetual development the drama of demoralisation. Should the reader have ever been tempted to accuse the East India Company of inordinate ambition, we intreat him to consider well, the import of the passage we are about to lay before him. It is not written by an advocate of territorial aggrandizement; it is not brought forward by its author to justify or palliate the annexation of provinces. It is the voluntary confession of a writer

who, in spite of what he relates, contends strenuously for the expediency of preserving, for the sake of moral contrast, all those sources of iniquity, known under the name of native governments. If we be not grievously mistaken, Colonel Sleeman's facts will prevail over his arguments. The people of Great Britain are not a nation of Jesuits. As it is not their custom to do evil that good may come, so neither is it their custom to suffer evil that they may derive advantage from it. To overthrow the native princes may occasion us some pecuniary loss, may expose us to some obloquy; but, in the name of heaven, let us brave these trifling evils, which can affect only ourselves, that we may not be wanting in our duty to the natives of Hindustan, who look up, and have a right to look up to us, for protection. The condition from which we may deliver them is thus described:

"Though, no doubt, very familiar to our ancestors during the middle ages, the *Bhoomeawut* is a thing happily but little understood in Europe at the present day.

"*Bhoomeawut*, in Bundelcund, signifies a war or fight for landed inheritance, from *Bhown*, the land, earth, &c.; *Bhoomeea*, a landed proprietor. When a member of the landed aristocracy, no matter however small, has a dispute with his ruler, he collects his followers, and levies indiscriminate war upon his territories, plundering and burning his towns and villages, and murdering their inhabitants, till he is invited back upon his own terms. During this war, it is a point of honour not to allow a single acre to be tilled upon the estate which he has deserted, or from which he has been driven; and he will murder any man who attempts to drive a plough in it, together with all his family, if he can.

"The smallest member of this landed aristocracy of the Hindú military class, will often cause a terrible devastation during the interval that he is engaged in his *Bhoomeawut*, for there are always vast numbers of loose characters floating upon the surface of Indian society, ready to 'gird up their loins,' and use their sharp swords in the service of marauders of this kind, when they cannot get employment in that of the constituted authorities of government.

"Such a marauder has generally the sympathy of nearly all the members of his own class and clan, who are apt to think that his case may be one day their own. He is thus looked upon as contending for the interests of all; and if his chief happens to be on bad terms with other chiefs in the neighbourhood, the latter will clandestinely support the outlaw and his cause, by giving him and his followers shelter in their hills and jungles, and concealing their families and stolen property in their castles. It is a maxim in India, and in the less settled parts of it a true one, that, 'One pindara or robber makes a hundred'; that is, where one robber, by a series of atrocious murders and robberies, frightens the people into non-resistance, a hundred loose

characters, from among the peasantry of the country, will take advantage of the occasion, and adopt his name, in order to plunder with the smallest possible degree of personal risk to themselves.

"Some magistrates and local rulers, under such circumstances, have very unwisely adopted the measure of prohibiting the people from carrying, or having arms in their houses. The very thing which, above all others, such robbers most wish; for they know, though such magistrates and rulers do not, that it is the innocent only, and the friends to order, who will obey the command. The robber will always be able to conceal his arms, or keep with them out of the reach of the magistrates; and he is now relieved altogether from the salutary dread of a shot from a door or window. He may rob at his leisure, or sit down like a gentleman, and have all that the people of the surrounding towns and villages possess, brought to him; for no man can any longer attempt to defend himself or his family.

"Weak governments are soon obliged to invite back the robber on his own terms, for the people can pay them no revenue, being prevented from cultivating their lands, and obliged to give all they have to the robbers, or submit to be plundered of it. Jansee and Jhalone are exceedingly weak governments, from having their territories studded with estates, held rent free, at a quit rent, by Powar, Bondela, and Dhundele barons, who have always the sympathy of the numerous chiefs and their barons of the same clans around.

"In the year 1832, the Powar barons, of the estates of Nonnere, Signee, Odegow, and Belchree, in Jansee, had some cause of dissatisfaction with their chief, and this they presented to Lord William Bentinck, as he passed the province, in December. His lordship told them, that these were questions of internal administration, which they must settle amongst themselves, as the Supreme Government would not interfere. They had, therefore, only one way of settling such disputes, and that was to raise the standard Bhoomeawut, and cry, 'To your tents, O Israel.' This they did; and though the Jansee chief had a military force of 12,000 men, they burnt down every town and village in the territory that did not come into their terms, and the chief had possession of only two,—Jansee, the capital, and the large commercial town of Alow, when the Bandelah rajahs of Orcha and Duteea, who had hitherto clandestinely supported the insurgents, consented to become the arbitrators. A suspension of arms followed, the barons got all they demanded, and the Bhoomeawut ceased. But the Jansee chiefs, who had hitherto lent large sums to the other chiefs in the provinces, were reduced to the necessity of borrowing from them all, and from Gwalior, and mortgaging to them a good portion of their lands.

"Gwalior is weak itself in the same way. A great portion of its lands are held by barons of the Hindú military classes, equally addicted to Bhoomeawut, and one or more of them is always engaged in this kind of indiscriminate warfare, and it must be confessed that unless they are always considered ready to engage in it, they have very little chance of retaining their possessions on moderate terms, for those weak go-

vernments are generally the most rapacious when they have it in their power.

"A good deal of the lands of the Mohammedan sovereigns of Oude are, in the same manner, held by barons of the Rajpoot tribes, and some of them are almost always in the field engaged in the same kind of warfare against their sovereign. The baron who pursues it with vigour is almost sure to be invited back upon his own terms very soon. If his lands are worth 100,000*l.* a year, he will get them for 10,000*l.*; and have this remitted for the next five years, till ready for another Bhoomeawut, on the ground of the injuries sustained during the last, from which his estate has to recover. The baron who is peaceable and obedient, soon gets rack-rented out of his estate and reduced to beggary.

"In 1818, some companies of my regiment were, for several months, employed in Oude after a young Bhoomeawutee of this kind, Seid Ruttun Singh. He was the nephew and heir of the Rajah of Pertabghur, who wished to exclude him from his inheritance by the adoption of a brother of his young bride. Seid Ruttun had a small village for his maintenance, and said nothing to his old uncle till the governor of the province, Gholab Hoseyn, accepted an invitation to be present at the ceremony of adoption. He knew that if he acquiesced any longer he would lose his inheritance, and cried, 'To your tents, O Israel!' He got a small band of three hundred Rajpoots, with nothing but their swords, shields, and spears, to follow him, all of the same clan and true men. They were bivouacked in a jungle not more than seven miles from our cantonments at Pertabghur, when Gholab Hoseyn marched to attack them with three regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and two nine-pounders. He thought he should surprise them, and contrived so that he should come upon them about daybreak. Seid Ruttun knew all his plans. He placed one hundred and fifty of his men in ambuscade at the entrance of the jungle, and kept the other hundred and fifty by him in the centre. When they had got well in, the party in ambush rushed upon the rear, while he attacked them in front. After a short resistance Gholab Hoseyn's force took to flight, leaving five hundred men dead on the field and their two guns behind them. Gholab Hoseyn was so ashamed of the drubbing he got, that he bribed all the newswriters within twenty miles of the place, to say nothing about it in their reports to court, and he never made any report of it himself. A detachment of my regiment passed over the dead bodies, in the course of the day, on their return to cantonments from detached command, or we should have known nothing about it. It is true we heard the firing, but that we heard every day; and I have seen from my bungalow half-a-dozen villages in flames at the same time from this species of contests between the Rajpoot landholders and the government authorities. Our cantonments were generally full of the women and children who had been burnt out of house and home."

Having thus exhibited some few of the features by which the governments of the native princes are distinguished, it may be

useful to suggest, rather than describe, the contrast supplied by our own rule. History mentions it among the merits of one of the military states of antiquity, that the women of the capital had not, during five hundred years, beheld the smoke of an enemy's camp. To the praise of having so long protected India from foreign invasion, we cannot yet lay claim; but, as we have already observed, it is now upwards of eighty years since the natives of Bengal have been visited by the scourge of war; and, throughout the whole of the peninsula, and Hindustan itself, we may boldly affirm, that the paroxysms of contest and anarchy, which invariably precede the downfall of a state, have constantly been growing fewer, and less violent, in proportion to the growth of our influence. Nor has this fact escaped the notice of the inhabitants. They feel and enjoy the state of tranquillity which our arms have procured for them. Throughout the northern provinces, the peasant will point out to any one who visits the country, immense tracts of land, now covered, as far as the eye can reach, with a sea of waving grain, interspersed with smiling hamlets and homesteads, which, not many years ago, were an unproductive waste, ravaged with fire and sword by the Sikhs and Mahrattas. In those days, the farmer ploughed his field with a sword buckled to his girdle, while a strong guard of matchlockmen was stationed at the several corners of his field, to prevent him and his cattle from being swept away by gangs of marauders. Now, the same individual is found whistling or singing at his work, while the sword hangs up rusting in his cottage, or has been bartered away for something useful at the neighbouring town. For this state of things, it is universally felt the country is indebted to the English. Another blessing which we have conferred on the Hindús may, perhaps, be thought of more equivocal character here at home. We allude to the entire abolition of the pilgrim-tax throughout India. It is, of course, difficult for us to enter into the religious feelings of a people like the Hindús, who regard as something inestimable the privilege to visit, without let or hindrance, the various holy places which exist in their land. But so it is; and, in consequence of our having facilitated this progress, when a body of pilgrims meet an Englishman on any of the great roads, they are sure to greet him as he passes with shouts and blessings. Secretly, it would almost appear that they attach something of sacred to their conception of our character. Few are the instances on record of natives rising against an Englishman. When the wives and daughters of our officers arrive at Calcutta, and have to

join their husbands and fathers at distant stations, they fearlessly undertake a journey of twelve or fourteen hundred miles, from the Hooghly, for example, to Indiana, without escort or servants, and attended only by the Hindús who bear their palanquins; yet there is no instance on record of the slightest insult having ever been offered to any of these ladies. Another evidence of respect for the English occurred during the mutiny at Barrackpore. Though resolved to set the government of the province at defiance, in order to carry a point on which they had set their hearts, the idea of inflicting injury on any particular member of the ruling caste never occurred to them; or if it did, only presented itself to suggest the necessity of guarding against it. The mutinous soldiers bound themselves by oath, not under any circumstances to molest or injure any English lady or child, and, to show that the greatest faith was put in their professions, it may be mentioned that the children of Major ——— were suffered to wander into the lines of the mutinous regiments and play with the soldiers up to the very hour in which the artillery opened upon them.

Another very curious proof of the favourable light in which we are beginning to be contemplated by the sacerdotal caste which necessarily exercises the greatest influence over the minds of the people, is thus given by Colonel Sleeman.

"A very learned Hindoo once told me, in central India, that the oracle of Mahadeo had been, at the same time, consulted at three of his greatest temples—one in the Deccan, one in the Rajpootana, and one, I think, in Bengal, as to the result of the government of India by Europeans, who seemed determined to fill all the high offices of administration with their own countrymen, to the exclusion of the people of the country. A day was appointed for the answer; and when the priest came to receive it, they found Mahadeo (Swea), himself, with an European complexion, and dressed in European clothes! He told them that their European government was in reality nothing more than a multiplied incarnation of himself; and that he had come among them in this shape, to prevent their cutting each other's throats, as they had been doing for some centuries past; that these, his incarnations, appeared to have no religion themselves, in order that they might be the more impartial arbitrators between the people of so many different creeds and sects, who now inhabited the country; that they must be aware that they never before had been so impartially governed, and that they must continue to obey those governors, without attempting to pry further into futurity or the will of their gods. Mahadeo performs a part in the great drama of the Ramaen, or the Rape of Secta, and he is the only figure there represented with a divine face."

Of such a nation it is obvious we may make anything we please, by an upright and beneficent course of policy. Throughout the whole of our vast empire they entertain the most exalted opinion of our character, intellectual and moral. Much has been said, and is still repeated, even by Colonel Sleeman, of our neglect to strew the face of India with architectural, and other material monuments of our greatness and proficiency in the arts and sciences. We admit that something might be done in this way, and that it is not for a wise people to neglect any means of benefiting and inspiring with respect those who are subject to their sway. But we have wisely commenced at the right end, that is, have endeavoured to improve the institutions and moral habits of the people, and to better their domestic condition, after which, if time permit, we may dazzle their imaginations by erecting magnificent structures in the various Presidencies. However, it is mere prejudice to imagine, as many do, that if we are driven out of India to-morrow, we should leave behind us no enduring monuments of our occupation. We have built numerous churches, hospitals, school-houses, and bridges, and constructed great roads to facilitate the transit of merchandise and agricultural produce from one part of the country to the other: we have ameliorated the native system of tillage; we have improved the breed of horses, sheep, and cattle: we have taught the natives 'to lay out parks and plant gardens;' and, what is of infinitely greater importance, we have inspired them with the belief, that so long as the government of their country shall remain in our hands, they may without the slightest fear enjoy and display their wealth in any manner they may think proper. Nay, more, we have imprinted on the national mind of India a new impress, which will never permit us to be forgotten. They have learned of us to believe that good government is their due, and will therefore henceforward be satisfied with nothing less. This is a monument far more glorious and beautiful than any bequeathed to India by the Mohammedan emperors. The Tag Mahal will perish—the very marble of which it is composed will be disintegrated and mingled with the dust—but the feeling and persuasion that justice is due to the governed from all who dare pretend to rule over them, will be immortal in Hindustan, and compel its people to bless the name of England. It was well remarked several years ago by Colonel Sutherland, that the government of India by the Company is one of the most perfect systems of its kind ever invented. Still this government is not without its defects. Its law courts and police,

for example, might be very greatly improved, and we think that Colonel Sleeman has done very great service by pointing out in what those defects consist, and suggesting how they may be removed. Up to this time public opinion has not been brought sufficiently to bear on the affairs of India. When abuses have sprung up, therefore, it has been a long time before they have been observed. The case is now altered. A hundred publications have their attention steadily directed to the East. No act of mal-administration can pass there unnoticed. It was the press that recalled Lord Ellenborough, and the same power will recall his successor if he shall be found unequal to the performance of his duty. Of this the Tory cabinet are beginning to be aware, and therefore direct their own section of the press industriously to bespeak public favour for their governor-general. This is a fact at which the people of India may rejoice as well as we.

It would be improper to conclude this notice, without remarking that the illustrations to Colonel Sleeman's work are extremely beautiful, and represent some of the most extraordinary monuments in Northern India.

ART. VII.—1. *Survey of the Isthmus of Tekuantepec, executed in the Years 1842 and 1843, with the intent of Establishing a Communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and under the Superintendence of a Scientific Commission appointed by the Projector, Don JOSE DE GARAY.* London: Ackermann and Co. 1844.

2. *L'Isthme de Panama, Examen historique et géographique des différentes directions suivant lesquelles on pourrait le percer et des moyens à y employer, suivi d'un aperçu sur l'Isthme de Suez.* (The Isthmus of Panama, a historical and geographical Inquiry into the various directions in which it might be cut through, and the means to be employed for that purpose, with some brief Considerations on the Isthmus of Suez.) Par MICHEL CHEVALIER. Paris. 1844.

RIGHTLY has it been said in a recent number of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' that 'with no other interest in view than to have for minister on one side Sir Robert Peel, on the other M. Guizot, you will never effect what can justly be called an alliance between two nations. All you will effect will be a compact between men actuated by selfish ambition.' What an eloquent commentary

on this text is supplied by the events of the last few years, and above all of the last few months! How plainly do they show that whilst a 'cordial understanding' subsists between the ministers on either side of the channel, there is secret war between their respective nations:—if that indeed be war, 'ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum,' where France is the constant aggressor, and England must patiently endure incessant insult and injury. To thwart England, right or wrong, is the darling wish of French politicians, to accomplish which they will stick at no meanness or wickedness. The atrocious slave trade must be maintained and its horrors aggravated, because England desires to put it down. Spain, just emerging from the deluge of civil war, must be overwhelmed more hopelessly than ever, not more for sake of the gain that may ultimately accrue to Louis Philippe's dynasty, than for the purpose of spiting his dear friends the British. Intrigues prompted by the same devilish spirit of mischief have been practised with the like success in Greece. The Ottoman empire is insidiously urged on to its destruction, that piratical France may share in the scramble for its spoils, and rejoice at all events over the downfall of a bulwark, in the integrity of which England has always felt so deep an interest. Such are a few of the pleasant fruits we gather from the 'cordial understanding.' Our interests and our honour as a nation are bartered away:—but what of that? There abides with us the sweet consolation of knowing that we suffer for the convenience of the Tory administration. Relieved from the trouble of watching our tricky rivals abroad, Sir Robert Peel has the ampler leisure at home to jockey his friends and cajole his enemies; and while we are fooled by the foreigner, Lord Aberdeen, canine man, eats his porridge and says nothing.

It may be alleged that in the instances above alluded to France had some direct positive advantage to hope for as the result of her policy; but no such excuse can be offered for her crooked dealings in the affair of the Cairo and Suez Railway. Here her motives must have been purely negative, purely and gratuitously inimical to Great Britain. It is notorious that the project of the railway was not merely approved of by Mohammed Ali, but that it was one on which he was earnestly bent, as a safe, easy, and expeditious mode of greatly augmenting his revenue. French intrigues have prevailed with the old viceroy, and have induced him to forego his cherished scheme. No one, we presume, will venture to deny that it was the duty of our foreign secretary to counteract those intrigues, nor can we im-

agine that the most unblushing, thick-and-thin defender of ministerial imbecility, will affect to doubt that Lord Aberdeen could easily have done so, had he and his subordinates exerted for good a tithe of the activity which his friend, M. Guizot, has put in operation for evil. God forbid we should push any man upon enterprises cruelly disproportioned to his powers or his courage; but here was a case that seemed provided on purpose for his lordship's timid hand to deal with. There certainly needs no colossal effort to induce a man, whose choice is perfectly free, to do the very thing he has both the will and the means to do, a thing which would enrich himself, benefit others, and injure no one. The dullest apprentice in diplomacy might have ventured successfully upon a task like this: it was as easy, and quite as safe, as doing the dirty work of the despicable Sardinian government.

Our hopes of completing almost indispensable arrangements for speedy communication with our Indian empire by means of an Egyptian railway are now indefinitely postponed: meanwhile our attention is solicited elsewhere to a kindred project of immeasurable importance. Don José de Garay having been empowered by the Mexican government to effect a communication through its territory between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, now lays before the British public his credentials, and a report of the survey made under his directions by an accomplished engineer and his assistants. M. de Garay alleges that he has ascertained the perfect practicability of carrying a ship canal across the great American isthmus, and he publishes decrees of his government, by which the most ample rights and immunities are conferred on him, on condition of his accomplishing the proposed work. Upon the security of these concessions we presume he intends to raise the necessary funds; and it is a significant fact, that his first step after completing his preliminary arrangements, was to come to this country and put forth the work, the title of which stands at the head of this article. We are bound to say that the case he has made out is, *prima facie*, an exceedingly strong one, and merits the serious attention of our capitalists, merchants, men of science, and others. It is superfluous to remark, that before Englishmen engage their capital in the proposed undertaking, they will carefully verify all the projector's statements, and obtain full security for their investments, as far as he is concerned. These are matters wherein they must rely on their own sagacity; but they will also have need of other precautions, for which they must have recourse to the gov-

ernment of their country. They will require protection against the open or secret machinations of unscrupulous foreign rivals, and against the not impossible contingency of bad faith on the part of Mexico. Can they hope for such protection at the hands of the present ministry? The fate of the Cairo and Suez Railway is a melancholy omen. Nevertheless, let us not despair: a sordid and pusillanimous administration may be forced to assume a virtue that is not its own; nor is its tenure of office perpetual, whereas a determination to vindicate their indefeasible rights is an imperishable instinct in the breasts of the British people.

The idea of a direct navigation between Europe and the eastern shores of Asia is no new birth of modern times. This was indeed the grand thought that filled the mind of Columbus, when he steered his adventurous course westwards; not as has long been erroneously supposed, in search of a new continent, but of a shorter passage to the golden and spice-bearing shores of Japan and Cathay. He found not what he sought, but something infinitely beyond his boldest hopes. Such is the fortune that commonly befalls all the great efforts of innovating intellect. New objects are proposed; new means are devised for their attainment; and these means, whether or not they effect the special end originally aimed at, rarely fail of producing a rich harvest of results, all the more welcome for being wholly unexpected. So it may be in the instance we are now about to consider. It is impossible to believe that human enterprise will long endure the obstacles presented to it by the narrow barrier that separates the Atlantic from the Pacific waters; and equally impossible is it to foresee the scope or the details of that stupendous revolution in the affairs of nations and the course of civilisation, which will be occasioned by the opening of the American isthmus.

Both Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci died in the full persuasion that the lands they had discovered were appendages of Asia: but even after it was apparent that a new continent had been revealed, imagination ceased not to dwell with impassioned delight on the wealth and marvels of India and Cathay; and the primary impulse still prompted adventurers to seek out some strait or arm of the sea by which they might make their way *al nacimiento de la especeria*, to the regions where spices grew. In 1517 Magellan discovered the straits that bear his name; but these were too remote to facilitate the intercourse of Europeans with Asia. Meanwhile Cortes was achieving the conquest of Mexico, and during the brief period of his friendship

with Montezuma he failed not to question that monarch closely as to the *secret of the straits*, and as to the possibility of finding on the Mexican shores some better anchorage than that of Vera Cruz. The Aztec emperor gave Cortes a map of the coast drawn on cotton cloth, whereon was laid down the mouth of a great river, which the Spanish pilots recognized as that of the Coatzacoalcos. A survey was instituted, and showed that there was no strait at that point, but it was ascertained that, between the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos and Tehuantepec, the continent contracts and forms an isthmus, across which a rapid communication from sea to sea was practicable, partly by the Coatzacoalcos and the Chimalapa. Dockyards were soon formed at Tehuantepec, where the vessels employed in two great expeditions were built, at the mouth of the Chimalapa, with wood felled in the neighbouring forests of Tarifa, and other materials imported by the Coatzacoalcos. It would seem, indeed, that even after the hope of discovering a strait through the isthmus had faded away, the sagacious mind of Cortes was fully impressed with the topographical advantages of this region; for here he selected for himself the estate whence he derived his title as marquis. Now, as is remarked by M. Moro (M. de Garay's chief engineer, and author of the report), it is not easy to explain why in the midst of a country so prodigiously fertile the conqueror should have chosen for his own domain the only portion of it comparatively unproductive, unless he clearly foresaw that any mode of communication to be afterwards effected between the two oceans must necessarily pass over this ground.

It was now certain that no strait, connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific, existed in the neighbourhood of the Gulf of Mexico; but still the search was prosecuted further north. The English took up the work which the Portuguese abandoned, and began, at the close of the sixteenth century, those efforts for the discovery of the North-west passage, which have been pushed to their utmost limits in our own day, and which have ended in clearly establishing this conclusion: that recourse must be had to artificial means, if the nations of Europe and their American progeny would realize the idea which they have pursued for three centuries and a half with such extraordinary ardour and pertinacity.

The American isthmus reaches from Tehuantepec and the Coatzacoalcos on the north, to Darien on the south, a length of five hundred and seventy-five leagues, and is traversed through its whole extent by a range of mountains, continuous at either extremity.

ty with the great chains that form the spines of both continents. Nine different parts of this isthmus have been proposed, at various times, as offering special facilities for effecting the desired communication; but it was at length ascertained that only three of these localities were worthy of consideration; those, namely, which, from their principal towns, are respectively designated Isthmus of Panama (properly so called), of Nicaragua, and of Tehuantepec.

The distance from ocean to ocean, across the Isthmus of Panama, is only forty miles. Were our judgment, therefore, to be formed from a mere inspection of the map, an inclination to consider this point the most eligible would be inevitable. The space that divides the two seas is greater at Nicaragua, namely, ninety-five miles, but being intersected by a lake of vast dimensions, this tract of country would also appear to offer considerable advantages. Lastly, the territory of Tehuantepec, forming a continued line of 130 miles, is that which, upon a superficial examination, appears to be the least suited for the accomplishment of the object contemplated.

"However, notwithstanding these appearances, as a greater or less distance is not the only circumstance to be considered, it precisely happens in the three above-mentioned instances that the practicability of the work is in an inverse ratio to the shortness of the distance; and thus, while in the present state of our knowledge, it is apparently impossible at Panama, and attended with immense difficulties at Nicaragua, we find it practicable and easy at Tehuantepec."—*Moro*.

It is known that a special survey of the Isthmus of Panama has recently been made by order of the French government. The report has not been published, but it is generally supposed to be unfavourable. Even supposing, what is by no means certain, that the nature of the ground offered no formidable engineering difficulties, there are others quite sufficient to condemn the project, and these are, unfortunately, insurmountable. In the first place, it is absolutely necessary that the proposed canal, wherever executed, shall be navigable, from sea to sea, by trading vessels of a large class, without their being compelled to discharge their cargoes. Works on a smaller scale would, indeed, confer vast benefits on the country through which they passed, and these would, no doubt, react indirectly on Europe: but they could never offer the great commercial nations of the Old World such advantages as should induce them to lend the undertaking that financial aid, without which there seems no likelihood of its accomplishment. Now, as M. Chevalier observes:

"This condition of a maritime canal which shall permit vessels from Europe or the United States to hold on their course, from ocean to ocean, without unloading, and to reach their respective destinations at Lima, Acapulco, or Mexico, infers another likewise which must not be overlooked. The canal must be in immediate connexion with the deep sea. Each of its extremities must open into a port affording suitable anchorage to vessels, not merely at a certain distance from the shore, but close up against the land. In many harbours, that of Panama for instance, the anchorage is at some distance from the land, and the loading and unloading of vessels is effected by means of boats. This is but a trifling inconvenience in a port where the voyage terminates; it adds a little to the cost of shipping or unshipping the cargo, and that is all. But at either extremity of an oceanic canal it would be nothing less than a full stop put to a vessel's course: it would be as effectual in this way as a wall a hundred feet high stretched right across the middle of the canal. This supplementary clause in the programme will not be easy to fulfil [in Panama], and an accomplished captain in our royal navy, just returned from a cruise off the isthmus, told me with very great reason, that it seemed to him likely to occasion more trouble than the cutting even of a canal five or six metres deep between the two oceans. Lastly, this maritime canal must, of necessity be free from tunnels. In fact, to make these passable for ships, even with their top-masts struck, their arches should be loftier than that of Posilippo, unless ship-builders devise some way by which all the masts can easily be laid level with the deck."

M. Chevalier likewise observes very justly, that among the circumstances to be kept in view in selecting the line of the canal, one of the most important is its salubrity. However great, he says, might be the saving of time effected by steering through the isthmus, it would always be shunned by vessels if it were to prove a charnel-house. Now the climate of the Isthmus of Panama is confessedly noxious, a fact confirmed by Humboldt and other writers. To this grievous cause is to be ascribed the paucity of population, and the want of the necessary means of existence in that isthmus; and as the climate does not permit the increase of the former, there is no possibility of augmenting the latter.

"The population is thinly scattered, and generally not well-disposed to work. . . . The presumption is, that it would be necessary to bring over masons, miners and even excavators, from Europe. Were the natives even willing to work they have not the requisite skill. . . . On the other hand there is a fearful responsibility involved in the act of transporting European workmen to the isthmus. The climate is in fact a dangerous one for all who have not been born in it, or who are not prepared for it, but it is deadly for all who expose themselves to the heat of the

sun, or who inhale the miasmata of the marshes, and those which always issue from the soil when recently turned up. It would be necessary to find shelter for the workmen, to encamp them, and to provide for all their wants; it would be necessary to lay down strict rules for the preservation of their health, and what is far more difficult, even with every means supplied them, to make them observe those rules in spite of the temptations strewn in their way. During the six months of the rainy season, from May to October, all operations in the open air must necessarily be suspended. What should be done then with the multitude? How protect them from the diseases of the country and from all the mischiefs engendered by idleness?"—*Chevalier*.

The Isthmus of Nicaragua possesses a fertile territory, a healthy climate, and is not deficient in population. Its breadth, measured directly from the port of San Juan de Nicaragua, is ninety-five miles; obliquely, from the same point to San Juan south on the Pacific, it is 155; and from San Juan de Nicaragua to Realejo, it is more than 250 miles. But by far the greater part of this space is occupied by the Lakes Leon and Nicaragua, the deep river Tipitapa, which flows from the former into the latter, and the ample bed of the San Juan, by which the Lake of Nicaragua pours its waters into the Atlantic. The resemblance between this noble body of water and the chain of lakes which has been converted into the Caledonian canal cannot be overlooked, and the probability seems strong, on a first view, that nature has here laid down the basis of a great oceanic communication, which invites the fashioning hand of man to complete it. As to harbours on either coast, all accounts speak favourably of that of San Juan on the Atlantic side. Mr. Bailey, of the English navy, says, it is 'unexceptionable,' but small; whilst all other testimonies agree in attributing to it considerable extent. MM. Rouhaud and Dumartray say it is 'vast and perfectly safe,' and according to M. Chevalier, 'some skilful members of the French marine, sent to examine it in 1843, expressly declare that it is a *vast and safe asylum*, a fine *situation*, an *excellent port*, with a *good anchorage close to the land*.' On the Pacific we have San Juan south, which, however, is inadequate from its small dimensions; a score of vessels it is said would be enough to fill it. But further north, nearly coinciding with the direction of the axis of Lake Leon, is Realejo, one of the finest harbours in the world. Hence, and on account of the nature of the ground between the lake and San Juan south, which would render a tunnel inevitable in that direction, it is probable that if ever a Nicaraguan canal shall be constructed, it will be in the direction of the longest of the three

lines specified above. Its actual length, when completed, would probably be about 300 miles. The portion of this space occupied by the lakes and by the Tipitapa would need no outlay, except an inconsiderable one to enable vessels to pass one fall of thirteen feet in that river: but the difficulties on the other parts of the line would probably be formidable.

The course of the river San Juan, with all its windings, is about ninety-five miles in length, more than four miles of which are obstructed by four rapids, caused by banks of rocks stretching across the whole width of the river. These obstacles have been considered so formidable as to suggest the construction of a lateral canal, as an easier operation than that of rendering the river itself navigable for large vessels; and the cost of this work alone, taking the average engineering prices of the United States as a standard, has been estimated by Mr. Stephens, from data furnished by Mr. Bailey, as amounting to ten or twelve millions of dollars.

Unfortunately we have as yet no certain data to enable us to say what may be the amount of difficulty to be overcome between the extremity of Lake Leon and the Pacific. All we know is, that from Moabita, at the north-west point of the lake, the distance to Realejo is twenty-two miles, and to Tamarrindo, another port on the same shore, nine miles, and that the nature of the ground is apparently favourable. All this country is yet to be explored. These regions, so interesting as regards the commerce of the whole world, so fascinating by their beauty, their wondrous fertility, and the exquisite charms of their climate, have hitherto been less frequented by inquiring travellers than the inhospitable steppes of Tartary, and the burning or icy deserts of Africa or the pole. It is said, that the crest to be surmounted or cut through, is probably not much elevated above the level of the lake; but that a great number of locks would be indispensable in order to descend from the level of Lake Leon to that of the Pacific, the difference between these two being forty-eight mètres (157 feet).

One fact must by no means be left out of consideration in discussing the Nicaraguan line. 'There is not,' says Humboldt, 'on the face of the globe another spot so thickly studded with volcanoes as that part of America which lies between the 11th and 13th degrees of northern latitude.' These volcanoes, and the earthquakes, which are their sure concomitants, are of evil omen for the success of the project.

We come now to the isthmus of Tehuantepec, the first chosen and long regarded as the most eligible point for the great work,

the execution of which was definitively appointed to take place here by a decree of the Spanish Cortes, dated April 30, 1814. Then came the war of independence; and, when peace was restored, and the government of Mexico returned to the consideration of the project, the isthmus unhappily fell into unmerited discredit, in consequence of the grossly erroneous reports made by General Orbe gozo, who was sent to survey it, much against his will, and with instrumental and other means ridiculously inadequate to the task he had to perform. The recent labours of Signor Moro and his associates have completely reversed the false judgment pronounced on the isthmus by General Orbe gozo, and adopted by M. Chevalier on his authority in the work named at the head of this article.

The breadth of the isthmus in a straight line from the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos is 220 kilomètres (130 miles), but the greater part of this space is occupied on the south by lagoons and extensive plains, and on the Atlantic side by the course of the Coatzacoalcos, which can easily be rendered navigable up to its confluence with the Malatengo. The principal works, therefore, to be executed would be comprised between latitude $16^{\circ} 36'$ and $17^{\circ} 3'$ N., including a space less than thirty-one miles in extent, wherein no excavation whatever exceeding the usual limits would be required. The highest point to be surmounted is at the Portello de Tarifa, a pass between the mountains only 200 mètres (656 feet) above the level of the Pacific, and 160 mètres above the mouth of the Malatengo. There is an abundance of water, which may be applied with great facility to the service of the canal, being derived from the Chicapa or Chimalapa and its confluent the Monetza, and from a more considerable river, the Ostuta, which, like the former, flows into the lagoons not far from the town of Tehuantepec. The grand condition of a good harbour at either extremity of the line seems capable of being amply fulfilled in this case. The mouth of the Coatzacoalcos, 700 mètres wide, and with never less than twenty-one feet of water on its bar, quite enough to float a frigate, is, according to Balbi, 'the finest port formed by any one of the rivers that discharge themselves into the Gulf of Mexico, not even excepting the Mississippi.' Hitherto it had been very generally supposed that no harbour could be established on the Pacific side; but Signor Moro has cleared up this difficulty. The lagoons near Tehuantepec have a depth seldom less than five or six mètres, and this could easily be increased by dredging, the bottom being nothing but

mud and shingle. The Boca Barra, by which they empty themselves into the ocean, is not obstructed by a true bar, but a little way within it there is an accumulation of sand which might be destroyed with extreme facility, whilst the cause of its deposit might be effectually removed. The isthmus is but scantily peopled, but it was once possessed by a dense and thriving population until the devastations of the buccaneers converted it into a wilderness. There is no reason why it might not again become as populous as ever. It possesses a fine climate, and in many places a most fruitful soil. Timbers for ship-building, dyewoods, superb mahogany, and other close-grained trees are to be found in profusion in its vast and dense forests, and the abundance of cattle and resources of all descriptions would enable vessels passing through the canal to renew their provisions at easy prices, in the isthmus, so that they might devote a greater portion of their holds to the stowage of merchandise. Lastly, among the advantages offered by the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, not the least considerable is the mildness and salubrity of its climate, precisely in those localities where the assistance of European workmen would be required. This matter was sufficiently tested in 1830, when an abortive attempt was made to found a French colony in the isthmus. The unfortunate settlers, shamefully deluded by the projectors of the colony, found themselves from the moment of their arrival destitute of all resources, having neither food nor shelter provided for them; yet there occurred amongst them no case of yellow fever or other epidemic.

As to the probable cost of the undertaking, M. Moro speaks with becoming diffidence, not being in possession of all the data requisite to enable him to make an exact estimate. Many circumstances he thinks would combine to reduce the rate of cost below the European average; nevertheless, he takes for his standard of comparison the cost of an analogous work, the Caledonian Canal, generally admitted to have been exceedingly expensive, from a combination of adverse circumstances; and in applying that standard to his own project, he purposely disregards many favourable circumstances, and exaggerates others of a contrary nature. The result is, that the maximum cost of the canal of Tehuantepec would probably not exceed 85,000,000 francs (say three millions and a half sterling); and M. Moro thinks the work might possibly be completed for less than 2,500,000*l.* sterling.

Assuming that it should even cost four millions, there can be little doubt that an ample return might be realized by a moderate

toll, even should we found our calculations on the existing state of commerce and navigation, and leave wholly out of consideration the vast increase they would infallibly receive so soon as the barrier of the isthmus was broken down. The new route would then be taken by all vessels from Europe destined for those points which are now reached by doubling Cape Horn; that is to say, the whole western coast of North and South America, and the islands of the South Sea. It would be taken by all vessels from the United States to China, and probably by a large proportion of those leaving Europe for that destination. The latter would not indeed gain anything as to mere length of way; they would even lose something in this respect; but this disadvantage would be more than compensated by the assistance of the trade winds and the gulf stream, and by the total absence of danger during the greater part of the year. The opportunity of making port half way in a country that seems likely, from its natural wealth, to arrive at a high degree of prosperity, would be a strong attraction; and steam-vessels, proceeding by this course to China, would be able to estimate very closely beforehand the probable duration of the voyage.

Having laid before our readers this mere outline of a subject so vast and important, we must refer them for further details to M. de Garay's publication. There is a class of politicians in England, at this moment unhappily an influential one, to whom the idea of *any* canal through the American isthmus is distasteful. These men may prevent the execution of the work under English auspices, but their power can extend no further. Executed it certainly will be by others, if not by us. The French government has given unequivocal proofs of its desire to promote this great undertaking, and the shrewd people of the United States too well know their own interests to refuse their aid, should it be solicited. That nation will certainly be placed in a position of peculiar advantage, whose wealth shall realize the grandest of all engineering schemes, and whose children shall colonize the superb wilderness which will then pour its teeming riches into the lap of industry. We scorn to waste arguments on those who deem that the proud and fairly won supremacy of the English flag is to be maintained by imitating the pettyfogging policy of France in the affair of the Cairo and Suez railway; men like these would put out the sun, if they could, in order to protect their own trade in coals and tallow candles. A most rare opportunity is offered us of achieving honour, profit, and influence, by means perfectly legitimate;

if the prize be suffered to pass into other hands, England will have had one more cause to rue the effects of Tory ascendancy. The cold and narrow conservatism of our Henry VII. stood between his people and the gift of a new world, which Columbus would have conferred on them; we may owe a more grievous loss to the sinister influence of the Peel cabinet.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (New Musical Journal.) Leipsic. 1844.
2. *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* (Universal Musical Magazine). Leipsic. 1844.

Music has within a few years so greatly extended the sphere of her influence, and enlarged the circle of her votaries, as to render her future operations and destiny a subject of the most interesting speculation. Who will give the art her next impulse?—to whom is it reserved to take Music from its present state, and carry it forward to some remote point of improvement, as Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven severally did in their day? This is a natural inquiry; and though the supposition implied may seem incredible, in this age of artificial excitement and mechanical industry in music, yet we have no doubt but that nature, in her infinite and mysterious combinations, will one day solve the difficulty after her own manner, by bestowing on some favoured individual the powerful genius—the rare idiosyncrasy of the first-rate composer. Instead of feeling oppressed, cramped, and confined, by the numerous examples of perfection that the classics of the art have now accumulated in every department, the invention of this man will be free, he will neither attempt to avoid nor imitate; he may erect new landmarks in symphony, dramatic and chamber music, but this only, when having tested and confirmed his powers, he has gained self-reliance in proportion, and can unreservedly follow the dictates of his fancy. This example of the faith which 'removes mountains' has been displayed in every epoch of the transformation of art by him who has accomplished it—it is the necessary accompaniment of the great composer, the warrant of his genius, the stamp of his fame. The difficulties which beset the ordinary artist are unknown to him, he hesitates not nor leans his head upon his hand for an idea; prompt in conception and rapid in execution—original without seeking to be so, his works follow one another in one constant stream of vari-

ety, nor cease but with his life. Such a composer was Mozart. Yet for all that is come and gone, he must be a great infidel who obstinately disbelieves that nature can ever repeat her own work; on the contrary, we would rather infer from the profound stillness that has prevailed through the latter part of the present century, as respects high composition, that she has some such operation in hand, and certain we are that the regenerator of music, appear when he may, will never be too early for our wants.

The prevailing musical characteristic of the present day is an immense activity in supplying the demand for novelty. Since the time when Gluck, Mozart, Haydn, Sarti, Sacchini, and Jomelli were contemporaries, what a change has taken place in the aspect of the musical world? Individual models of composition may have declined, but what a multitude of composers has arisen, what an increase of music shops, what an important branch of European commerce, a true index to the public which supports it, has music become! Formerly, the most precious composition was with difficulty disposed of; now, the new works of Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., are marketable commodities, that command at once for the copyright the price affixed by their authors. This eagerness in the public for new forms of musical beauty may be traced to the gradual influence of the works of the great musicians of the eighteenth century, who, however, cultivated their art amidst many personal vicissitudes, which mingle regrets in the train of their triumphs. Not all the powers of Europe could produce a new '*Sinfonia Eroica*,' or revive the melodious charm of a '*Le Nozze di Figaro*,' and yet Beethoven lived in apprehension of want, and Mozart could only exist by occasional resort to ball-room composition. The misfortunes of artist-life, during a period of transition in taste, were not confined to these illustrious examples; the chronicle of them during the last century, when patronage was confined to a few princes and men of cultivated minds, is unfortunately frequent and full. Their successors, however, have profited; thanks to them music is now universally one of the necessities of polite life, moderate talents find an existence, great ones are amply rewarded. As for poor Mozart, who left this earth some two or three hundred pounds in debt, which his widow subsequently scraped together and duly repaid, what a source of 'riches fineless' have his works been—what a legacy to Europe—to the world! Apart from what we owe him, as the minister to our most spiritual enjoyments, his works have been a constant benefaction to a large tribe

of the humbler artists, singers, music teachers, and orchestra players, who owe to him, and others like him, a large proportion of the means to their physical existence.

In instrumental music Germany retains the pre-eminence over other countries, which she gained through the completion of the modern style by Haydn, and the revolution in the orchestra by Mozart. There is an atmosphere of artist-life in Germany peculiarly favourable to that branch of composition, which requires fancy, learning, taste, and feeling; in short, a stretch of the poetical faculty to which it is impossible to rise without the excitement of continual comparison and friendly collision. Continental living is altogether better adapted to this object than that of England; the social footing of artists is easier and more unreserved, and a more exact pace with the progress of the day is maintained. Even some Englishmen of talent have become very successful instrumental composers abroad, of which Onslow and the fine harpist Parish Alvars are examples; and we notice these artists the more particularly as the preponderance of the merit of native composition has been for some years decidedly vocal. The advantages of the German Kapellmeister consist in a perpetual intercourse with his art, as exhibited in its finest varieties of music for the church, theatre, concert-room, or chamber; in the power to find recreation as well as study in his profession; in easy and assured circumstances, which leave his mind at liberty; and, above all, in freedom from the soul-blighting, mechanical routine of tuition. Admiration of something beautiful just performed is his inducement to compose, and affords him the necessary stimulus in composition: thus one work generates another. Without that natural *pabulum* to the mind of the composer, which is derived from an atmosphere of fine music, and social sympathies inspired by congenial taste, high composition cannot be carried on; the flame of genius burns feebly or totally expires. The tenure of the artist's position—constant production and constant excellence—is honourable in proportion to its difficulty, and it frequently happens in this strife that a man's most doughty antagonist is himself. We hardly know who would come unscathed out of the contest, did it not happen that music diverges into many styles; a man grown too famous in one may avoid comparison in another; habit comes to his assistance, he achieves a new success, and his fame in a particular style remains untarnished. And fortunate it is when ill-opinion is thus disarmed, for the more eminent the reputation and services of any master, the greater in

general is the alacrity of the scientific world to discover the symptoms of his decay, and to obtain the first glimpse of the 'bottom of the bag.'

Of the living masters who have most honourably acquitted themselves in the career of the musician, we must hail as first the veteran Louis Spohr. The European celebrity of this fine artist has been nobly earned;—it has been the reward of an immense and very successful application to composition, with an uncompromising fidelity to the *ideal* of his classical predecessors. It compensates somewhat for the inferiority of our own times in point of musical invention, that the improved condition of artists enables them to dispense with those popular considerations and appeals, from which Mozart and Haydn were never entirely free. Hence, in the finales to certain of their instrumental works, trios, quartets, &c., we see the obvious necessity of composers who must 'please to live,' exhibited in a condescension to the favour of the majority, to which the artist of the present day would not give an instant's admittance. All that he has now to do, is to follow out his fancy, write the best he can, and commit it fairly to the public—let who will admire or not. It is true that, with this severe standard of chamber music, and this entire absence of triviality and commonplace, we miss the fascination of Mozart's pen; the charming vivacity, the entire new face on every composition, and that most characteristic art, by which a mean or vulgar theme is suddenly represented under an aspect the most surprising and delightful to the connoisseur. It suits well with the qualities and condition of modern genius to be free from these difficult necessities of self-vindication. Spohr and Mendelssohn differ from the great founders of the modern school in nothing more than in the obvious mould of their composition: their new works seldom or never disclose entirely new scenes, free from reminiscences of themselves or others. With Mozart and Beethoven it was not thus; the physiognomy of their works is of an inexhaustible variety, and it must have been utterly impossible to the most gifted auditor of any new sonata, trio, or quartet, by them, to infer from one what would be the appearance of the next.

If, however, intellectual novelty be not the prevailing feature of modern composition, we have reason to admire the industry with which its place is supplied by new designs, new combinations and effects. Spohr, at an age when most men are not indifferent to repose, and when, by one of his approved good service to music, it might be most honourably enjoyed, has entered upon a new

path in his art as a pianoforte composer. His first sonata in A flat, dedicated to Felix Mendelssohn, contains, in the opening allegro, one of the loveliest effusions of vocal style that the art has known since the days of Dussek. A designed compliment to the author of the '*Lieder ohne Worte*' seems to have excited all his powers of song, while the new medium of expression, a keyed instrument, and not a violin, has been favourable to his ideas, and corrected a vicious mannerism and monotony, into which his figures,* for the latter instrument, have a tendency to run. His three new concertante trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, are characterized by a great superiority in the writing and effects of the stringed parts over those made by mere pianoforte writers, and supply that mixture of refinement of style, and difficulty of execution, which is the main requirement of the chamber music of the day. The master is evident in the handling of everything of Spohr's, from the two-part exercises of his admirable violin school, to the profound counterpoint of his double quartets. And yet, such is the peculiarity of Spohr—his predilection for a certain chromatic harmony—for the enharmonic change, for sundry closes and cadences, which are at once recognized as his, and give an unmistakeable air to his music, that though he has attempted nearly all the styles of the art, he has completely succeeded only in a part of them. What he produces from the energy of his own nature is truly admirable; his feeling being profound and his taste exquisite; but when it becomes expedient that he change the style, he is not so happy. For this reason his operas, with the exception of the pretty and *naïve* '*Azor and Zemira*,' will be remembered chiefly for isolated beauties and single scenes of merit, rather than for connected and condensed interest, as entire works. The same defect of fancy which militates against the success of his dramas, also places his orchestral symphonies, in the aggregate, at a distance from those of Mozart and Beethoven, which will not permit us to consider them very successful. Even the two last, '*The Power of Sound*,' and the '*Historical Symphony*,' descriptive of the various epochs of the art, seem neither in England, nor on the continent, to have realized the new effects that the programme promised. The most complete successes of Spohr relate to branches of composition, in which his mannerism has been less sensibly conspicuous as an impediment to gratifica-

* Figures (*figuren*), so the Germans term the form of certain bravura passages, or the motion of certain subjects.

tion. His oratorios, 'Die letzten Dinge,' and its successor, the 'Crucifixion,' have a sweetness, gravity, and depth of religious feeling, to which nothing, in modern music, can make equal pretension; their feeling flows entirely from the author's breast, without reviving any idea of model or exemplar. Let us recall his numerous quartets, quintets, and double quartets, for violins, his concertos for violin, clarinet, &c., his magnificent overtures—of which that to 'Faust,' will always remain a striking example; the sacred music above-mentioned—his nonetto, and other pieces of harmony; his separate songs and dramatic scenes, constructed somewhat on the model of Mozart,—and we have a *coup d'œil* of the available services to music, public and private, of this celebrated master. By his side we may now place for a moment one or two memorable artists deceased during the present century. Hummel, though limited in the range of his compositorial endowments, had a most pleasing warmth of fancy, and an air of inspiration in his composition, with a total absence of mannerism; he was also first rate in two styles—concerted pianoforte music, and in the masses of his own church. Since the death of Haydn, Catholic music has scarcely received any contribution so effective and splendid as the masses of Hummel,—whether clearness of the fugues, brilliancy and richness of the orchestral accompaniments, or a certain ecclesiastical gusto, are considered. The fault of the classical Hummel was a treacherous memory, which betrayed him into the unconscious appropriation of many good things, originally belonging to Mozart and Beethoven. It is remarkable, that neither Hummel nor Cherubini, another acknowledged master of the orchestra, contributed a single symphony to vary our slender stock of first-rate works of that class; Clementi was the only man of their rank of inventive genius, who had the courage to signalize his incapacity by an attempt. If the abstinence of musicians from any style in which perfection has been achieved, with numerous examples of the failure in it of the most redoubted talents, be any criterion of the difficulty and honour of the path, this retrospective glance certainly elevates Spohr as a symphonist. But, though interest and amusement are sustained by the productions of modern pens, we recede farther and farther from the poetical gusto of the style; the art, in its present condition, desiderates a revival—an entire freedom from the magical and absorbing influence of the past—a new pen, in which the dead shall not speak, as they do ever and anon in the novelties of Spohr and Mendelssohn. This, too, has been attempted by Berlioz, in Paris, with

ludicrous failure; and it seems to be the fate of symphony, that from the time of Holzbauer and Vanhall, the predecessors of Haydn and Mozart, to that of our contemporaries, Berlioz and Potter, whole reams of paper should have been blotted to no other purpose, than to establish the indisputable pre-eminence of some thirty or forty classical works.

In justice to Mendelssohn it should, however, be observed, that his symphonies, of which a very respectable family is by this time accumulated, show progressive interest: his last in A, heard here during the late Philharmonic season, is rich in the newest and most impressive orchestral effects, and though he has certainly attained the period of life at which the artist has generally reached his culminating point—the vivid fancy of youth being in him now tempered with the judgment and experience of considerable practice—it would still be hazardous to attempt to set bounds to his career. The individuality of this most interesting master is not less striking than that of Spohr, though manifested in a totally dissimilar manner:—while the one is wedded to the peculiarities of his own elegiacal style and graceful turn of harmony and cadence—the works of the other are characterized by an adroit fusion of all the classics of the art. Of the composers from whom Mendelssohn has most liberally borrowed, the principal are certainly Bach and Beethoven. We speak this in no dishonourable sense; for his charming and discriminative reminiscences have not only been highly conducive to the gratification of the amateurs of the day, but have consolidated the principles of true taste, and awakened new faith in the classics—we allude to it, therefore, rather as a fact in connexion with his compositions, which imparts to them their strongest character and colouring. To catch the tone and style of the greatest musicians without suffering them to degenerate or awaken mean comparisons, could only be accomplished by great native power, profound science, and varied resources, blended with a principle of combination as rare. We cannot, and would not, separate Mendelssohn from those of his musical idols with whom his entire intellectual and sensitive being is involved, to ascertain the exact merit and extent of his originality. It is for him to pursue rejoicingly the path that he has selected, and for the public to enjoy.

Seated at the piano as solo or concerto player, Mendelssohn certainly realizes the most complete idea of the accomplished artist. Trusting much to his impulses, and capable of great emotion and enthusiasm, he is yet never transported in the improvisation of his cadenzas into any combinations of the

difficult, the surprising, or the eccentric, which his execution imperfectly masters. There order reigns throughout; and the hearer has only leisure to admire the uncommonly forcible and polished execution when he has dismissed his surprise at the far-sighted calculation of effect, the *keeping* maintained with the composition in hand, and the fine extravagance of fancy manifested. The extempore cadences of Mendelssohn to Bach's triple concerto, performed by him, Thalberg, and Moscheles, at the morning concert of the latter, and to Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in G, performed by him at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, were certainly the most memorable things of the last London musical season. On the former occasion it was extraordinary to notice the diminished lustre of that professed master of effect, Thalberg, when required to illustrate Bach by the side of Mendelssohn—not only were the ideas destitute of the true character, but even the touch seemed inferior—and so powerful and appropriate was the form of cadence selected by Mendelssohn (an unison passage in double octaves which recalled the fantastic style of the pedal solos in Bach's organ fugues), that when once heard each previous attempt was forgotten, and this alone seemed to stamp truth and conviction on the mind of the connoisseur.

As a composer for the pianoforte, Mendelssohn has effected a large opening for the best music in his '*Lieder ohne Worte*,' which from being gently attractive at first, through pleasing melody and novelty in the harmonic disposition of the hands, has gradually extended itself in designs of greater elaboration that demand a first-rate execution to express them, and revealing many fine combinations and new effects peculiar to the author's style of playing, at length interested the whole body of musicians. This new form of composition, which originated with Mendelssohn, seems happily designed to give local habitation and a name to certain little jets of fancy and effect, probably not worth the development of a sonata, and yet too good to be lost. Accompanying these lighter effusions we have concertos, pianoforte quartets, and trios—and sonatas, chiefly of late, with violoncello obligato—a combination in which the composer has worthily followed up what Beethoven long since most admirably began. In all his chamber music for the pianoforte and stringed instruments, there is reason to admire the broad and open style—the masterly accompaniments and the fine contrast of effects. Some of the solos of his pianoforte quartets (of the one in B minor for instance), may be distinguished as the finest

specimens of brilliant harmonic figures—combining the utmost clearness in the progressions with rapidity of movement—that modern times have produced. In his quartets for stringed instruments, of which we are sorry to say we have heard but few, he appears to us less successful—seeking effect at the expense of greater difficulties than belong naturally to that refined style of chamber music, and often employing more counterpoint than fancy or feeling.

An organ performer and a devoted student of that sacred instrument, Mendelssohn is found naturally in his element in fugues and church performances. '*St. Paul*' is a sombre and severe specimen of the modern oratorio—its science and elevation of style extend at times to the characteristics of Bach and Handel; but the ariose beauty of the latter is wanting; and though the hearer is often exalted in the course of the performance, his final sensations are those of weariness. Vocal melody is certainly not the *forte* of the composer, correct as is his theory with regard to the style—the simplicity and purity of sacred song. The interest of the well-known air '*Jerusalem*'—if air it can be truly called—is purely harmonic. Herein is the deficiency which may prevent our receiving any numerous collection of extensive sacred compositions from Mendelssohn; for popular favour, or, indeed, any permanent impression, in pieces of great length, diversity of air is required, and not merely of chorus or orchestral effect. In shorter sacred compositions he has, however, succeeded perfectly; and in none more so than in his motets for female voices; and in his '*42nd Psalm*'—the lovely opening chorus of which, and the verse for five men's voices, will equally interest the admirers of Beethoven, and of our later English cathedral writers.

The newest effort of the composer has been dramatic:—music to a German version of the *Antigone* of Sophocles. Freed here from the necessity for solo and air, which must have brought him into immediate contact with Gluck and Mozart, he has expressed in choral strophe and antistrophe, the striking and universal sentiment of the Greek tragedian. Nor has he suffered to escape in this congenial work of chorus-writing those means of new effect, which the appliances and improved cultivation of the modern lyric stage had placed at his disposal. In this work, we for the first time meet with recitative delivered in the gigantic tones of a chorus in unison—and also with another effect, which, though capable of historic precedent, has through disuse become a novelty in the musical drama, namely, spoken words accompanied by symphony. The expression by

instrumental music of sentiment and situation carries us back to an early age of opera, and brings in review the 'Pygmalion' of Rousseau, the 'Ariadne in Naxos' and 'Medea' of Benda, and the 'Semiramis' (a lost monodrame) of Mozart, all of them works founded in the true philosophy of the art, and in their degree conducive to the perfection ultimately attained by opera; yet rather, if we rightly recollect, aiding the expression of the actor by the interspersions of symphony as in accompanied recitative, than attempting the simultaneous movement of music and language. Some slight idea of this last may, perhaps, be revived in those who have witnessed the incantation scene of 'Der Freischütz,' which, before its monsters come into operation, delights every poetical mind, and is certainly very solemn and imposing.

In fact Mendelssohn's greatest fame will not be obtained in the direct track of Mozart and Beethoven—nor yet in that of Bach and Handel; it is his excursions into 'fresh fields and pastures new,' from which he always returns with honour, and with the advantage of a first discoverer, that raise him in opinion, and seem most aptly to fulfil his mission as an artist.

Spohr and Mendelssohn are, in England, the only acknowledged representatives of German art, while their country, truly viewed, is actually an ant-hill of musical labour. Performers no longer wait to have compositions written for them, but compose for themselves, and the capacity to execute this task respectably is almost as common as the talent of the solo-player. The numerous specific distinctions in the old-fashioned generic term musician are thus abolished, and to be in modern times an artist on the violin, piano, or any other instrument, includes, at least, such a knowledge of composition as a man may require to exhibit himself, and more particularly to dispose favourably in his concerto of the rarest feats which he may have mastered in his private practice. By this prudent economy nothing is lost to the player, however his composition may suffer in point of connexion, unity, and true inspiration. The music-shops of Leipsic, Francfort, and Berlin, teem with these 'occasional' compositions, fantasias, &c., the productions of virtuosi for themselves, which having performed with 'unbounded applause,' they commit to paper and print during the first ebullition of popular astonishment. These things, evanescent as the spring fashions, are highly characteristic of modern Germany, where no one is too poor to publish, or so unhappy as not to find a publisher. The last century was one of manuscripts, of which some memorable specimens have

struggled into light—the present one, notwithstanding its luxuriance of paper and print, seems to address itself principally to a posterity of trunk-makers and cheese-mongers.

The productions of the German instrumental composers of the second rank, Lindpainter, Reissiger, Kalliwoda, Lachner, &c., are really curious for their fidelity to a good style, for the science and ability they display, and for their number, under circumstances of no great public encouragement. There is a national pertinacity about the composers of this class; they like to accumulate works, content now and then to hit the mark of public satisfaction, anxious at all times to maintain an honourable rank by industrious and conscientious efforts, which, whatever their deficiency in genius, never sacrifice good taste. Where players are numerous, novelty must be had—be it novelty in name rather than in substance. But long comparisons of works of this kind with the beautiful and imperishable remains of the Mozart and Haydn school has awakened in many places, somewhat tardily, the notion of patronage as a means to the revival of genius, and we are not to believe that if a composer of the good old sort were to appear he would be left to pine in obscurity, or to write waltzes and polkas for his living. Premiums for symphonies have now been offered from various quarters for several years, and Laureates have been found;—however that any approach to a new Beethoven has been made we will not venture to assert. The favourite symphonist and present director of the Leipsic concerts, Neils. W. Gade, a young Dane, obtained his first distinction in this way, a symphony of his having been crowned by a prize offered at Copenhagen, which was adjudged by Spohr and F. Schneider. The Leipsic amateurs hailed the appearance of this youthful talent—they discovered that his physiognomy resembled Mozart's, while the letters of his name composed the four open strings of the violin; and, with pardonable superstition, they drew from these circumstances favourable prognostics. Gade has, indeed, shown every disposition to avail himself of the advantages of study afforded by the highly musical city of Leipsic, but his second symphony has appeared, and is pronounced to be very much like his first. The second work is the touchstone of a new pen in any walk of art; but we would not deal in unfavourable omens where so fair a career of life seems open. Had nothing further been done to evince the general sense entertained in Gade's merits than his election to an office of conductor, in which his two immedi-

ate predecessors were Mendelssohn and Hiller, that alone would have sufficed. The Leipzig subscription concerts are becoming quite a venerable musical foundation, they have great influence on instrumental music throughout Germany, while their annual list of twenty performances gives ample room to admit new competitors by the side of the standard classical masters.*

We can do little more than indicate the state of instrumental solo composition, such an enormous troop of artists and adventurers at present occupy that profitable field. The pianoforte is in an anomalous state:—with a mechanism brought to such perfection as should render it one of the most delightful of instruments, it is but too frequently employed in public to delight gaping curiosity by a low species of harlequinade in which music has no share.

We can sympathize with the enthusiasm which may naturally arise on seeing the almost invincible difficulties of the mechanism of the pianoforte thoroughly mastered; but this sensation is transient, the spell of surprise is at length broken by the mere congregation of the wizards, and, without music to fall back upon, how poor the chance of a permanent reputation! The Liszts, the Thalbergs, the Döhlers, the Myers, *et hoc genus omne*, what is their reputation as musicians—as composers? Nothing—they have absolutely produced nothing but the pompous and imposing inanities which form their private exercises. The profit, which any one may fairly calculate upon who has accomplished the art of making the public stare, offers a great bait to cupidity, and life, shifting the scene from town to town, sweeping in the proceeds of performances, and amid the perpetual jollity of new acquaintance, may have its charms. But the poet-musician, without quitting the solitude and stillness of his chamber, we must not forget, has entertained still greater audiences. And how much more nobly, let Hummel bear witness, whose delightful church and chamber music have associated, with the sylvan retirement of Weimar, feelings as strong as any that Goethe or Schiller have connected with it in poetry. We mention this master,

whose solid works are before the public of Europe, the rather because his appointment is now possessed by Liszt, a man who has produced nothing; for which degeneracy how he will answer to his patrons, or to the 'inexorable judge within,' is more than we can tell. Liszt made Kapellmeister at Weimar, and Dreyschock at Darmstadt, may encourage ingenuous youth to practise the scales and emulate the *Tarentella furiosa* and *Galope chromatique*—hardly to undergo the severer ordeal of contrapuntal study. But though a new *hexen meister* of this bad school, a Dane named Wilmers, has appeared, again out-Heroding Herod, we trust that it is nodding to its fall. A strong party, supported by all the good taste of the country, has declared in favour of the classical in form and style, and endeavoured to rescue the genius and character of the pianoforte from the eccentric usage which threatens to overwhelm them. Sonatas of the old solid construction are welcome revivals at the present day, not only from Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Thalberg, but from younger pens desirous to identify themselves with music at any rate, even should the wish rather than the accomplishment be discerned. This is a hopeful symptom in the music of Young Germany; another peculiarly appropriate to this age of restoration and conservatism is the passionate recognition of the merits of the old masters. Mortier de Fontaine, a pianist of celebrity, has not only performed in public several of Handel's concertos for keyed instruments, but has found sufficient encouragement to publish them. Then, again, we now possess, for the first time, collected into one uniform edition, in ten volumes, beautifully printed, and as carefully edited by Czerny, the whole of the pianoforte or Clavier works of J. S. Bach, among which are several most exquisite fugues never yet published. A work repeatedly commenced by various continental houses, and as often laid aside through distrust of public encouragement; a work the essence of which is abstract and remote, and whose beauties are ideal and profound, is a testimony to the progress of the actual musical world not easily confuted. How delightful to the musician to be enabled to drink at the same Helicon which nourished the infant genius of Mendelssohn! While we listen to the remains of this immortal master, proved by his chromatic fantasia, the undoubted founder of the modern school, for the modulation therein exhibited, and that of Beethoven seems absolutely coeval, we can scarcely believe in the existence of a public, eager for waltzes or trifles of mere ostentation, ambitious of difficulty for its own vain display—still less

*The eight concerts of the London Philharmonic Society rarely admit novelties. During the last season we had, indeed, one curiosity, the overture to 'Fierabras,' by Schubert,—selected by her Majesty—but which, notwithstanding, threatened to act upon the musicians like the celebrated medication of that name, which the knight of La Mancha administered to himself and squire in the castle of the enchanted Moor. Gade's symphony was rehearsed, but rejected. We fear the society is swayed too much by names and too little by real merit.

in that of artists willing to pander to them.

The art of Orpheus on the violin seems to have been little cultivated since the death of Paganini, which is in some respects an advantage to good taste—though Ole Bull still cleaves to the money-making of the craft, and entertains with *diablerie*, which is equally well rewarded by the public and the connoisseurs, and brings coin on the one hand and disdain on the other. Less profitable than the pianoforte, the violin has happily in its train fewer charlatans, and the removal of pecuniary temptation to the abuse of their powers, renders its professors the most absolute votaries of the art. The German school, renowned for its technical solidity, from the days of Fraenzl to Spohr, and the reputation of which is still so well supported by Molique, David, &c., is at present considerably influenced by the admirable artists from time to time turned out of the Conservatorio of Brussels, and who as naturally migrate to Germany as the young water-fowl moves by instinct to the pool. De Beriot, partly, if not wholly, withdrawn from public life, has devoted his leisure with the greatest advantage to the prosperity of this institution, he has enlarged by twelve his stock of concertos, and imbued his young countrymen and pupils with the chivalrous style, and the fine qualities of tone and intonation, and with the elegance and variety of bowing, for which he has long been conspicuous. This Belgian infusion has ameliorated the purely German system of the violin, whose solidity tended to heaviness; it has added originality and lightness to the *coups d'archet*, and in some measure assimilated the salient features of the various continental schools. A violin player, properly so called, will now hardly be discovered by his play to belong to any one nation in particular—the French are solid and scientific, the Germans light and elegant, the Belgians both;—in fact, a long peace has so diffused intercourse, and encouraged community of studies and feelings, that strong features of nationality are disappearing from groups and masses, and are detected now chiefly in the peculiarities of individual artists. One distinction most truly earned by Germany regards the technical part of musical education. It has multiplied the finest artists, by watching genius in the bud of infancy, bestowing on it the most philosophical culture, and gathering its fruits only when mature. The youthful perfection which has been manifested on the violin of late years has been truly surprising; if, indeed, anything can be rightly so admitted, where *work* has been gained from ingenious, happily consti-

tuted children, and each step of it directed by consummate experience. What is to accrue from the manhood of such a boy as Joseph Joachim, who, at the age of fourteen, performed during our last London musical season such pieces as Beethoven's Concerto, Mendelssohn's Overture, Beethoven's Sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer, &c., &c., all of them requiring finished style and great powers of physical endurance, it may be for some future amateur to discover. The whole relation would seem fabulous, were it not told of a boy wonderfully endowed, both intellectually and corporeally. That this early development of the musical nature is, however, a work that incurs risk, and should be prosecuted with caution, we have lately had a melancholy instance in the death of one of the Eichorns, at the age of twenty-two—formerly in the tenderest infancy a *Wunder-Kind*, and then, with his little brother, astonishing Spohr and other good judges of the difficulties of the violin with feats that were deemed prodigious. Such is too often the fate of talent—it ripens into the great artist, or becomes an early sacrifice to death.

Pre-eminence on the violoncello belongs also to Belgian art; and the modern concerto style of that instrument, in which the whole finger-board is traversed, and the strings crossed up to the bridge, with a great display of flexible bowing, and variety of *coups d'archet*, assimilates the mechanism and manipulation to those of the violin, while thus its successful cultivation depends as much on muscular power and endurance as on musical requisites. The violoncello, played as it is now played in continental concert-rooms, is a truly formidable instrument—it now attacks all the difficulties of the violin; the rapid and brilliant allegro, with its double notes and octave passages—the vocal adagio, with its modifications and fine inflections of tone, the piquant rondo, with its playful and eccentric phrases,—are all given by it in turn, and at the end admiration is often divided between the address and taste of the player and his immense physical power. A finished specimen of endurance and mastery combined was lately given by Demunck, a young man, professor of the violoncello in the Conservatorio of Brussels, by performing at one of the concerts of that institution, an arrangement of De Beriot's Violin Concerto in B minor, a feat that excited general astonishment among all who were able to judge practically of its arduous character. But the first man of the day in the new art of handling the violoncello, an art which has made it even transcend the violin in the variety of its effects, is undoubtedly the Belgian violoncellist, Ser-

vais. He takes this position naturally and unopposed, having now added to that fine practical skill, which was so justly admired in England, a solid reputation as a composer for his instrument. Servais, and his young countryman Vieuxtemps, the violin player, do great honour to the music of Belgium; their progress in Germany has been rendered doubly successful by excellent compositions as well as performances, their names have become classical, and half the young aspirants to instrumental celebrity on the continent hope to make a more auspicious commencement by producing themselves in one of their pieces.

Such artists as these who are received with the warmest greetings wherever they appear, and whose travelling concerts soon replenish their purses, and repay what has been expended by them in self-cultivation or in composition, would seem to mark the difference between the love of the instrumental art in Germany and England. Here there is an absolute want of patronage for a concerto-player:—if one happen to have cultivated his art with great enthusiasm and self-denial, M. Jullien may possibly introduce him to the public for a few nights at the Promenade Concerts, but then his glory wanes, and he may trim his course as he can between ambition and expediency. This discouraging frigidity of the public is the reason why English performances on the violoncello rarely extend beyond the solo, the quartet, or the obligato accompaniment, in which, though we may observe a certain beauty and sweetness of tone characteristic of this country, through the influence of that remarkable quality in Lindley's play, yet there is none of the grandeur and magnificence of style which belong to the habitual concerto player. Putting Lindley's *old world* concertos out of the question, which indeed were never of any merit as compositions, or distinguished by pretension to classical structure, if mere antiquity had not exempted them from consideration, as connected with the modern art of the violoncello, we may say that the concerto style of that instrument is totally unrepresented, and almost obsolete in England. It is nearly as bad with the violin, on which we have several professors of great industry, talent, and ambition;—distrust of audiences—fear of playing music too good to preserve the player's popularity, has made the concerto give way to the flimsy show-piece, and both the style and manual execution have become deteriorated in consequence. The vice of high English patronage has been to believe nothing worthy of it that is not foreign—'far fetched and dear bought;'—an exclu-

siveness not only unnatural, but which has established a prescriptive superiority in the continent, and made many go abroad to learn, and some to live. Whatever may be the faults of German artists, it can, however, be only said of their country, that she is in the highest degree liberal and friendly to all who appear before her with the credentials of talent.

The interest felt by the Germans in the cultivation of stringed instruments is not confined solely to grand displays of mechanism and of difficulty successfully combated; but is distributed between concert-room music and the quartet style, which is still the delight of the most polished musical society. The classics of this art, as established by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, do not satisfy the ardour of the day for new pleasures, nor quell the rising ambition of young artists—quartet composition is, therefore, a strong feature of the chivalry of modern music; it is a constant form of publication, exhibits a variety of pens and as varied success, with one object unchangeably in view—reputation. The art can never, we suspect, fall into any great danger of total neglect and decay while this abstract motive is well supported. Robert Schumann of Leipsic has gained great applause by his *début* as quartet composer, and from one quarter or another, out of the numerous attempts made, some in the old and symmetrical form of Haydn, some in the fantastic style of Beethoven, or in the piquant and effective manner of Onslow, a fair contribution of interesting novelties is gathered, and in a mode of writing which the greatest musical wits have confessed to be difficult. Mozart, in the preface to his six quartets, dedicated to Haydn, speaks expressly of the 'labour and pains' which their composition had cost him. But, whatever may be the relative merit of new quartet compositions, the charm of that social style of performance is certainly carried to its height in Germany at the present day. Sometimes it unites four composers, in which *réunion*, if the composition rendered be really no better than it would be in the hands of merely practical artists, there is something still to flatter the imagination. At other times a family of brothers has been seen to devote themselves entirely to social practice and improvement; custom confirming always as a theory founded on experience, that towards the true beauty of quartet performance there will ever be something more wanting than the presence of four competent players casually brought together. The chamber concerts at Leipsic, during the early part of last year, presented a great attraction in Mendelssohn's 'Otello,' led by David, with

the parts of first and second tenor sustained by the composer and Neils. W. Gade of rising orchestral celebrity. We may be sure that the violas on this occasion were not the least listened to, and it will be a new gratification to the admirers of the genial Mendelssohn to know that he can become the heart of the social musical circle in this humble capacity.

It is pleasant to observe among the musicians of the actual epoch, some who bear the names of certain great organists formed in the school of Sebastian Bach, viz.: Krebs, Kittl, &c. These are, doubtless, the descendants of composers, in whom, after lying dormant for a generation or two, the spirit of music is again awakened. We are thankful even for a name that revives associations with great masters or solemn styles of music, and we could not see among the able organists of Berlin that of Thiele without remembering that such a name is connected historically with the formation of Handel's individual and majestic style on the organ. Meantime new names have sprung up allied to deeds of fame in composition and practical skill worthy to forestall antiquity. Adolph Hesse, organist of the cathedral of Breslau, is one of this class. He has written the most excellent organ music, besides six symphonies for the orchestra, that are exceedingly well received among new compositions of that kind; while his playing discovers a noble style, and a mechanism so neat, smooth, and distinct, that Spohr, mentioning him with admiration, once exclaimed 'He makes the pedals sing.' The musical traveller who visits the cathedral cities of Germany, finds the imposing effect of the spacious and venerable *Dom Kirche* greatly enhanced in most cases by the size, magnificence, and architectural symmetry of its enormous organs, an edifice itself, and not an unimpressive one even in its silence, adorned as it is by sumptuous wood-carvings, by figures of jubilant angels with uplifted trumpets, and every symbol of sacred harmony and solemn adoration. The liberality which furnished these fine instruments is like the whole plan of Gothic ornament and architecture, one of the magnificent mysteries of the past. Such an organ as we have described, of an immense semicircular front covering the whole breadth of the choir, and rising to its greatest height at the wings, angel crowned, stands in the cathedral of which Hesse is the principal organist. This, with its noble pedal pipes, and endless stock of combinations, might well pique the skill and invention of the artist, who, in this particular instance, has become the first performer of his country; but similar advantages enjoyed

here and there by others, together with the quiet life of Germany, have conspired to keep organ music at a very high state of cultivation, and we take this pursuit, which is often prosecuted with great ardour in comparative solitude, to realize as much of Arcadian simplicity and enjoyment as musical life is capable of affording. We have followed, with great pleasure, Hesse to Paris, whither he was invited to display the effects of a new organ erected in the church of St. Eustache, and to introduce the German style of organ playing, as exhibited in the execution of Bach's fugues and Toccatas. We can imagine the surprise with which this fine music, with its splendid examples of the obligato pedal, must have burst upon the French artists, who, though not destitute of talent of a certain order, were wholly so of mechanism, playing to their extemporary compositions nothing but *pizzicato* basses, and that only with one foot, while the other rested very conveniently on a ledge made, as it seemed, for that purpose. Notwithstanding this backwardness in the management of their organ, the musicians at St. Eustache understood and relished good music: the motets of Palestrina were the order of the day among them, and from the appreciation of so severe a style to that of Bach's organ music, is but a gentle gradation. Let us hope that Hesse has established a school of execution which will shortly find as many disciples in Paris as it has already obtained among the rising musicians of London.

The lyric drama of Germany seems rather to be distinguished by the abundance of its modern repertory than by the quality or intrinsic merit of individual specimens. New operas are almost as complete a necessity of German life as of Italian, and what the workmanship of native talent fails to supply in this respect is made up by translations and adaptations from the French and Italian stage. In observing the crowd of musicians who think themselves qualified to exercise the vocation of dramatic composers, we are little surprised at the ephemeral character which prevails in their productions. For the truth is, that opera music has ceased to fulfil any higher object than that of pastime, and being thus degraded from its original standard as the interpreter of sentiment and situation, which the art of the musician displayed and contrasted with the happiest resources of his genius, it calls no longer for any remarkable individuality of nature, but may be indifferently the work of any one who has a technical acquaintance with the orchestra, and is versed in the routine of combination and effect. The bulk of this work is of imitative origin, therefore artifi-

cial, and incapable of rooting itself in the mind or affections. Wagner, who is at the head of the German opera at Dresden, was shortly one of the favourites of expectation, through his lyrical treatment of Captain Marryatt's popular tale, 'The Flying Dutchman;' but in his new five-act opera, 'Rienzi,' he has not soared so triumphantly, having, as some think, in that lengthy exhibition of scenic pageantry and display, sunk down into the confirmed imitator of Meyerbeer. It in this opera, we believe, that a chorus is sung by men on horseback, a new choral medium for the expression of heroic sentiment, and a sure card for applause. The public like to be addressed from the back of an animal, and Liston, we remember, used to mount an ass for the occasion, in doing which, however, he consulted the effect rather than the dignity of his appearance; and in much the same way the equestrian opera writers balance between novelty and propriety. How gladly however would the admirer of the lyric drama exchange all the effect, the glare and glitter of the modern heroic opera of the Meyerbeer school, with its processions, costumes, and pompous array of the chivalry of the middle ages, for some scenes touched with human interest and with nature, which in the truest poetry or romance still most delightfully come home to the bosoms and business of men! Such are the true materials for music, and of such, without going far back for examples of them, were the dramas which Weber composed—music that lives in the heart and the imagination, and which, when it has temporarily ceased to be heard at the theatre, has a new existence on the pianoforte of the amateur. But for the big bulks of operas, now spun out to five acts, we may see by their inelastic nature how destitute they are of soul and spirit, the cessation of their term being for them complete oblivion, a death from which there is no resurrection. It is plain, therefore, that imagination and feeling must animate the mass in the opera as well as the poem destined to last—and that the theatre, supplied as it is with flashy and artificial resources, cannot by a general contribution of her artists in the least supersede the labours of real genius—that faculty which informs, pervades and influences the whole; and which, instead of borrowing any aid from scenery or costume, lends it. There is scarcely a theatrical barn so poor as to be unable to muster costumes for the classical opera, and the fine music of 'Don Juan,' and the 'Freischütz' has often been given, we fear, to lighten the labours of those important performers in ballet and pantomime—the scene-shifters. But in spite of this mana-

gerial indignity the music lives, while the grand opera of the day becomes antiquated in a season.

There are some things about Wagner that render it doubtful how far he will fulfil expectation, or satisfy that immense anxiety to catch a composer in which modern Europe, and Germany especially, pays a tribute to the past. In the place once held by C. M. von Weber, whose industry and taste first raised the German opera of Dresden into importance, he has not evinced the due love for, or study of the musical classics, which is naturally expected from a young composer. The connoisseurs were lately surprised to hear Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre*, 'Don Giovanni,' conducted by him in a manner that defied all tradition as to the time of the movements. This argues as ill for native feeling as for study, and when we examine the fruits of Wagner's genius, we find that, like Meyerbeer's, they are choral from first to last. We possess, however, already but too much of this, and require fine melodious airs to restore the opera. Another dramatic composer who affects the comic style, Albert Lortzing, appears to have struck out a path that promises more originality and entertainment. Both these composers unite in one particular which is important to the music of the theatre—they are both the authors of the *libretti* of their operas, and can thus the better consult the effect of movements from collocation and contrast.

There is little encouragement in the present state of Catholic Church government to attempt to supply new orchestral compositions for the service,—masses, motets, &c., of which so many admirable specimens have been furnished within these few years by Hummel and Cherubini. Indeed it seems doubtful at present whether orchestras will not be entirely forbidden to assist in the offices of the Catholic Church, a movement to that effect having taken place in Flanders, the especial domain of popery; but still, under orders, so imperfect in authority, and so partially influential, that the musicians driven from one church have found refuge and countenance in another. It is not a very easy or a very safe matter to attempt innovations where pleasure has, for a series of years, gone hand in hand with duty; and the restoration of the austere plain chant of the Gregorian era, endangers heresy in those who are accustomed to the benignity and graciousness of religion according to the beautiful versions of it given in Mozart's and Haydn's masses. We know of no more portentous thing than the sounds of a Gregorian *canto fermo* delivered in a requiem or other solemnity from the thick throats of a

number of hale priests, who seem as if they had learned music of bulls, bass-horns, and ophicleides; the effect of their unison on the nerves of a sensitive stranger is tremendous, it fills the imagination with gloom and horror. But the impression of this atrabilious music is weakened by habit, and though one must here recognize a powerful engine if occasionally employed, or in the hands of a good composer, yet nature resists continual denunciations, and vindicates a pleasantness as her constant mode of life even in religion. Curiously enough it happens that while the Catholics are identifying their service with this severe, unisonous chant, the Puseyites are endeavouring to introduce the same into the reformed Anglican church; by which we may see that the Gregorian *canto fermo* is a powerful lever in religion, and of admirable utility as a first step in the assimilation of creeds. This innovation will, however, certainly meet with resistance in Germany, particularly at Dresden, Munich, and Vienna, where there are fine orchestras which have tended much to incorporate music with divine service in those places, and to render one hardly distinguishable from the other. This is, perhaps, as it should be; ancient doctors having discovered, in the elements of harmony, the symbols of the Trinity. At all events, whatever disagreements may exist among the hierarchy as to the proper style of church music, the mass, according to the form which its music has assumed in the hands of Haydn and Mozart, possesses devotees who will support it independent of churches and the opinion of zealots. This they do purely out of musical enthusiasm: the mass exhibits such admirable varieties of treatment, admits such pathos, elegance, choral grandeur, and beauty of instrumentation, that it stands out, like the symphony, a test of very peculiar talents in the art of composition appreciable by secular ears as well as those of the orthodox. Thus Reissiger employs himself with much zeal in extracting new effects from the fine choir and orchestra of the church of Our Lady at Dresden; and others, without his advantages, are tempted to the same kind of employment through the premiums offered by private societies, and their own natural inclination to the task. The protection of church music by persons totally unconnected with the church, is a peculiar characteristic of this age—it is a thing of passion and sentiment like the Gothic arch, or storied window, those mute chroniclers of faded

chivalry and romance—and the feeling abounds alike in Germany and in England. Perhaps no more memorable instance of it was ever given, than when, a year or two ago in London, some of the first musicians and amateurs met together to perform 'Tallis's Litany' after a dinner at a tavern. The enthusiasm of publication, whether of Catholic or Protestant music (for in this distinctions of creed are unknown), keeps pace with that of performance. Whatever excellence the past has, which may be conducive to modern delight or advancement, finds its way into public. Among the novelties of old music, that the musician will view with delight in the immortality of print, are a number of the manuscript cantatas of Sebastian Bath, of which one hundred and thirty-four were collected at Berlin about the commencement of the present year. We shall now see this great composer—incontestably, as facts have proved, the most voluminous musical author that ever lived—placed by the side of Handel in vocal composition. It were presumption to anticipate a futurity of thirty years as to the probably then existing opinion upon these great composers; but the march of time and opinion, at present, is strongly in favour of Bach, a man whose style necessarily awaited an age of cultivation for due homage. This Albert Durer of music seems to have anticipated all the grace and charm of modern melody, without having made further acquaintance with the Italian models of his day than might be found in an occasional journey to hear Hasse's operas at Dresden. The cadences and harmonies of Mozart and Beethoven abound in his works, as they do also in the works of the great Henry Purcell; while Handel, who had travelled in Italy, has decidedly a more antiquated air.

We had designed to speak of the societies for part singing in Germany—half festive, half musical, but our space is exhausted. The glee or four part song for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, is now sometimes produced; but when will Germany realize the exquisite performance of the Vaughans, Harrisons, and Bartlemans? For such a performance we must not leave England—still rich as it is in the finest traditions of concerted song.

ART. IX.—*Portraits of the Game and Wild Animals of Southern Africa, delineated from Life in their Native Haunts during a hunting Expedition from the Cape Colony as far as the Tropic of Capricorn, in 1836 and 1837, with Sketches of the Field Sports*, by Major Sir WILLIAM CORNWALLIS HARRIS, drawn on Stone by FRANK HOWARD. London: Pelham Richardson. 1844.

No man can have set his foot upon the wilds of Africa, without feeling himself to be in a country totally different from all others. This is the case throughout every part of the vast continent, but more especially in that southern horn which formed the scene of Sir Cornwallis Harris's sporting excursions. It consists of a most strange assemblage of mountains and plains, of spots lovely and picturesque beyond description, and gifted with inexhaustible fertility, and of seemingly boundless plains where barrenness reigns so completely paramount, that the very principle of vegetation appears to be extinct. At a certain distance from the colony, we enter upon regions over which the most delightful clouds of ignorance—almost the only clouds one meets with—still brood. We traverse large rivers, which rise no one knows where, and envelope their exits in equal obscurity. Ranges of mountains, also, with appellations uncouth, and hiding God knows what treasures of the animal and vegetable kingdoms in their unvisited recesses, sweep before us along the verge of the horizon, dim, blue, and shadowy, like so many fragments of fairy land. And if the great outlines of the landscape be original and bold, the filling up and colouring are no less so. Everything upon which the eye rests, has the appearance of having been cast in a mould, nowhere else made use of in the system of nature. Among the terrestrial animals what bulk and fantastic formation! How numerous and strikingly contrasted are the groups that present themselves! In their character and habits what extremes appear to meet! How unspeakably lavish seems to be the waste of vitality! Yet who will dare to say, that in this prodigious outpouring of animal life, there is a single creature that does not enjoy and adorn the scene on which it moves? If there be anything we should be disposed to think out of place, it is the stunted representatives of humanity, which, under the name of Bushmen, roam in indescribable misery and degradation over those sublime savannahs. To a man of imagination, nothing more inspiring can be conceived than climbing one of the breezy peaks overlooking that strange wil-

derness, at the moment that the dawn is busily unfolding all its varied features. From every tree the heavy dew-drops pour like rain: streams of white mist, smooth and glassy as a tranquil river, float slowly down the valleys, reflecting from their surface the trees, and cliffs, and crags on either hand. Here, through openings between feathery mimosas, weeping willows, and tall trembling reeds, we catch a glimpse of some quiet lake, the haunt of the hippopotamus; while a herd of graceful, purple antelopes are seen drinking on its further margin. There, amidst thick clumps of camel-thorn, we behold a drove of giraffes with heads eighteen feet high, browsing on the top of trees. Elsewhere the rhinoceros pokes forth his long ugly snout from a brake. While the lion, fearless in the consciousness of his own strength, parades his tawny bulk over the plain, or reclines in sphinx-like attitude beneath some ancient tree.

Of the rich garniture of plants and flowers, which adorn several portions of this division of Africa, Sir Cornwallis Harris speaks in terms of eloquent admiration.

"At every step we take," says he, "what thousands and tens of thousands of gay flowers rear their lovely heads around us. Of a surety the enthusiasm of the botanist has not painted the wonders of these regions in colours more brilliant than they deserve; for Africa is the mother of the most magnificent exotics that grace the green-houses of Europe. Turn where we will, some new plant discovers itself to the admiring gaze, and every barren rock being decorated with some large and showy blossom, it can be no exaggeration to compare the country to a botanical garden left in a state of nature. The regal Protea, for whose beauties we have from childhood entertained an almost instinctive respect, here blossoms spontaneously on every side, the buzzing host of bees, beetles, and other parasites by which its choice sweets are surrounded, being often joined by the tiny hummingbird, herself scarcely larger than a butterfly, who perches on the edge of a broad flower, and darts her tubular tongue into the chalice. But the bulbous plants must be considered to form the most characteristic class: and in no region of the globe are they to be found so numerous, so varied, or so beautiful. To the brilliant and sweet-smelling *Ixia*, and to the superb species of the *Iris*, there is no end; the morell, the corn-flag, the amaryllis, the hamanthus, and pancratium, being countless as the sands upon the seashore. After the autumnal rains their gaudy flowers, mixed with those of the brilliant orchidee, impart life and beauty, for a brief season, to the most sandy wastes, and covering alike the meadows and the foot of the mountains, are succeeded by the gnaphalium, the xeranthemum, and a whole train of everlasting, which display their red, blue, or silky white flowers among a host of scented geraniums, flourishing like so many weeds. Even in the midst of stony deserts

arise a variety of aloes and other fleshy plants—the stapelia, or carrion-flower, with square, succulent, leafless stems, and flowers resembling star-fish, forming a numerous and highly eccentric genus, in odour so nearly allied to putrescent animal matter, that insects are induced to deposit their larvæ therein. The brilliant mesanbryanthemum, or fig marigold, comprising another genus almost peculiar to South Africa, extends to nearly three hundred species, and while they possess a magazine of juices, which enables them to bear without shrinking a long privation of moisture, their roots are admirably calculated to fix the loose shifting sands which form the superficies of so large a portion of the soil. But amid this gay and motley assemblage, the heaths, whether in number or in beauty, stand confessedly unrivalled. Nature has extended that elegant shrub to almost every soil and situation—the marsh, the river brink, the richest loam, and the barest mural cliff, being alike

‘Empurpled with the heather’s dye.’

“Upwards of three hundred and fifty distinct species exist, nor is the form of their flowers less diversified than are their varied hues. Cup-shaped, globular, and bell-shaped, some exhibit the figure of a cone, others that of a cylinder; some are contracted at the base, others in the middle, and still more are bulged out like the mouth of a trumpet. Whilst many are smooth and glossy, some are covered with down, and others, again, are encrusted with mucilage. Red in every variety and depth of shade, from blush to the brightest crimson, is their prevailing complexion; but green, yellow, and purple are scarcely less abundant, and blue is almost the only colour whose absence can be remarked.

“In emerald tufts, flowers purple, pink and white,
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery
Buckled below fair knighthood’s bending knee,
Fairies use flowers for their character.”

Such is the scene over which the sportsman pursues his game over South Africa. Of the animals hunted we can say but little. Sir Cornwallis Harris has described them with the most graphic beauty, and added to his descriptions large lithographic portraits, which, for truth of delineation and delicacy of colouring, have never been surpassed. Nor is this all. Each animal is represented in a landscape resembling that in which he is found in nature: and as the features which extra-tropical Africa puts on in the southern hemisphere are peculiarly strange and magnificent, every illustration may be regarded as a rich pastoral piece. Where vegetation abounds we have trees, and plants, and flowers, all of peculiar shapes and hues; some standing detached, and appearing like a succession of leafy platforms, smoothed and levelled, to be the scene of the midnight gambols of fairies, high in air—others, gnarled and tortuous, meeting and interlacing above, and supporting, besides, a lavish profusion of para-

sites, stretch over the green sward a canopy impenetrable by the rays of the fiercest sun; while others, again, rising on the margins of lakes and streams, bend down their drooping arms towards the water, as if enamoured of their reflected images. Elsewhere we are placed upon the surface of the wild Karroo, almost scorched to a cinder by the heat. Even here, however, the rich play of light invests the scene with something like beauty. A variety of colours is sprinkled over the waste. Thin filmy vapours, impregnated with silver or azure rays, expand like a mantle over the eminences and fill up the far background with uncertain forms. Beheld in wildernesses such as these, even the strangest animals appear at home. We are not surprised to view the quagga, or the gnou, the giraffe, the oryx, or the black antelope, occupying the foreground of landscapes so singular. Africa has always enjoyed the reputation of being the mother of monsters; and if we group together in imagination the fantastic creatures portrayed in Sir Cornwallis Harris’s ‘Portraits of Game and Wild Animals,’ couple together the tall and brilliantly painted camel-leopard with the lumbering hippopotamus, resembling a huge cylinder of fat, supported awkwardly on stumps, and the ungainly rhinoceros, looking, in his corrugated skin, like a shrivelled hodman who has got into a coat a world too wide for him; if we place the slender leopard, agile, springy, light, and flexible as an eel, beside the cumbrous bulk of the elephant, striding along the plain, which seems to shake beneath him; if we set side by side the cerulean antelope and the lion, the springbok and the wild boar, the sassabe and the gnou, the zebra and the eland, the minute humming bird and the gigantic ostrich—if we do this, we say, and compare the proportion and structure of the various animals, we shall probably conclude, that poetry has seldom fabled anything more unlike our ordinary notions of reality than what nature has actually produced on the further extreme of the African continent.

That a sportsman like Sir Cornwallis Harris should enjoy a journey through such a region may easily be conceived; but the relentless hostility with which he pursued his quarry, is scarcely to be accounted for on the same principles. He appears to have declared perpetual war against the whole four-footed race, and never to be happy but when engaged in thinning their numbers. His horse and his rifle are part of himself; he lives on powder and two-ounce balls. He stalks abroad in the morning, and death follows his footsteps. No sooner is the sun above the horizon, than the fatal rifle

is at work, and throughout the day its report never ceases to be heard amongst the hills, or along the sun-burnt face of the plain. Sometimes he dwells with a sort of rapturous admiration upon certain animals—upon the giraffe, for example, or that huge antelope, equalling a horse in size—and you begin to imagine that he longed only to gaze upon its beauty—to behold it move to and fro before him, to tame and to make a pet of it, and lead it about over the wilderness as the ornament of his wandering *kafla*. No such thing: he only wanted to kill it! He reminds us of the story of Zeus and Semele; he approaches with thunder and lightning the object of his affection, and destroys it through intense love. Could the ostrich or the zebra speak, however, it would exclaim, 'Heaven defend me from the preference of a sportsman!' But, after all, there is an unspeakable charm in excitement, and it is excitement that the hunter seeks, when, at break-neck pace, he pursues the flying game over hill and dale, dashes through brakes—or plunges into streams and quagmires. No man, perhaps, was ever more strongly possessed by the passion for the chase than Sir Cornwallis Harris, or more capable of imparting his feelings to the reader. His magnificent volume is accordingly by no means what its exterior would seem to promise—a succession of poetical or pastoral pictures—but abounds everywhere with narratives of the most stirring interest, 'during the perusal of which, we expect to part company with our author, and behold him snapped up by a lion,—pen, pencil, and all,—or drowned in some swampy river, or hurled headlong down some treacherous precipice. Many of his most romantic adventures we strongly desire to lay before the reader; but our limits not permitting this, we are compelled to content ourselves with extracting one or two passages; merely premising, that there are hundreds of others equally vivid and exciting.

"On the morning of the 9th of October, when the waggons had started on their way to the Meritsane river our next stage, I turned off the road in pursuit of a group of brindled gnoos, and presently came upon another which was joined by a third still larger; then by a vast herd of zebras, and again by more gnoos, with sassaybes and hartebeests pouring down from every quarter, until the landscape literally presented the appearance of a moving mass of game. Their incredible numbers so impeded their progress, that I had no difficulty in closing in with them, dismounting as opportunity offered, firing both barrels of my rifle into the retreating phalanx, and leaving the ground strewn with the slain. Still unsatisfied I could not resist the temptation of mixing with the fugitives, loading and firing,

until my jaded horse suddenly exhibited symptoms of distress, and shortly afterwards was unable to move. At this moment I discovered that I had dropped my pocket compass, and being unwilling to lose so valuable an ally, I turned loose my steed to graze, and retraced my steps several miles without success: the prints of my horse's hoofs being at length lost in those of the countless herds which had crossed the plain. Completely absorbed in the chase, I had retained but an imperfect idea of my locality, but returning to my horse, I led him in what I believed to be a north-easterly direction, knowing, from a sketch of the country which had been given me by our excellent friend Mr. Moffat, and which together with drawing materials I carried about me, that that course would eventually bring me to the Meritsane. After dragging my weary horse nearly the whole of the day, under a burning sun, my flagging spirits were at length revived by the appearance of several villages. Under other circumstances I should have avoided intercourse with their inhospitable inmates, but dying with thirst, I eagerly entered each in succession, and to my inexpressible astonishment found them deserted; the same evidence existing of their having been recently inhabited. I shot a hartebeest, in the hope that the smell of meat would as usual bring some stragglers to the spot, but no: the keen-sighted vultures, that were my only attendants, descended in multitudes, but no woolly-headed negro appeared to dispute the prey. In many of the trees I observed large thatched houses resembling hay-stacks, and under the impression that these had been erected in so singular a position by the natives as a measure of security against the lions, whose recent tracks I distinguished in every direction, I ascended more than one in the hope of at least finding some vessel containing water; alas! they proved to be the habitations of large communities of social grosbeaks, those winged republicans, of whose architecture and magnificent edifices I had till now entertained a very inadequate conception. Faint and bewildered, my prospects began to brighten as the shadows of evening lengthened; large troops of ostriches running in one direction, plainly indicated that I was approaching water, and immediately afterwards I struck into a path impressed with the footmarks of women and children; soon arriving at a nearly dry river, which, running east and west, I at once concluded to be that of which I was in search.

"Those only who have suffered as I did during this day from prolonged thirst, can form a competent idea of the delight, and, I may say, energy, afforded me by the first draught of the putrid waters of the Meritsane. They equally invigorated my exhausted steed, which I mounted immediately, and cantered up the bank of the river, in order, if possible, to reach the waggons before dark. The banks are precipitous, the channels deep, broken, and rocky, clusters of reeds and long grass indicating those spots which retain the water during the hot months. It was with no small difficulty, after crossing the river, that I forced my way through the broad belt of tangled bushes which margined the edge. The moonless night was fast closing round, and my

weary horse again began to droop. The lions, commencing their nightly prowling, were roaring in all directions, and no friendly fire or beacon presenting itself to my view, the only alternative was to bivouac where I was, and to renew my search in the morning. Kindling a fire, I formed a thick bush into a pretty secure hut, by cutting away the middle, and closing the entrance with thorns; and having knee-haltered my horse, to prevent his straying, I proceeded to dine upon a guinea-fowl that I had killed, comforting myself with another draught of *aqua pura*. The monarchs of the forest roared incessantly, and so alarmed my horse that I was obliged repeatedly to fire my rifle to give him confidence. It was piercingly cold, and all my fuel being expended, I suffered as much from the chill as I had during the day from the scorching heat. About three o'clock, completely overcome by fatigue, I could keep my eyes open no longer, and, commending myself to the protecting care of Providence, fell into a profound sleep. On opening my eyes, my first thought was of my horse. I started from my heathy bed in the hope of finding him where I had last seen him, but his place was empty. I roamed everywhere in search of him, and ascended trees which offered a good look out; but he was nowhere to be seen. It was more than probable he had been eaten by lions, and I had almost given up the search in despair, when I at length found his footmark, and traced him to a deep hollow near the river, where he was quietly grazing. The night's rest, if so it could be called, had restored him to strength, and I pursued my journey along the bank of the river, which I now crossed opposite to the site of some former scene of strife, marked by numerous human bones, bleached by exposure. A little further on I disturbed a large lion, which walked slowly off, occasionally stopping and looking over his shoulder, as he deliberately ascended the opposite bank. In the course of half an hour I reached the end of the dense jungle, and immediately discovered the waggon-road; but as I could detect no recent traces of it, I turned to the southward, and, after riding seven or eight miles in the direction of Sicklajole, had the unspeakable satisfaction of perceiving the waggons drawn up under a large tree in the middle of the plain."

We remember once, in the same quarter of the world, following the track of a lion, along the sandy face of the desert. We had never yet beheld him in his own domains. How, therefore, did our heart beat as we advanced, expecting every moment to see him leap forth from between the rocks to put the mettle of our whole party to the test. What careful priming of pistols and rifles was there!—with how keen an eye did we examine the burning horizon all round! From the length of his bound, he had evidently been pursuing some fleet prey—probably the light gazelle. The sand had been freshly scooped up; so that unquestionably he was somewhere in our neighbourhood, though we had not the good or ill-

fortune to fall in with him. We can enter, however, fully into the feelings of our author, when, sitting quietly in his solitary bush, he listened for hours to the music of the king of beasts, while making a progress through his territories by starlight.

In the section appropriated to the ostrich, Sir Cornwallis Harris touches upon the province of comedy, and he must indeed be a grave reader who does not laugh heartily as he proceeds. All the fun, however, is not extracted out of the ostrich, though he is made to contribute his share. The natives of Africa, though gifted with little aptitude for civilisation, according to our notion of the thing, have yet, in some particulars, exhibited a boldness of conception which the most refined philosophers of the north might envy; for example, it is they, and only they, who have had the boldness to convert a bird into a steed. It is quite a mistake to suppose, that the negroes have no brains in their woolly pates; were any libeller of these descendants of Ham to behold a couple of them astride upon an ostrich, while the animal was moving across the desert at a speed superior to that of the best patent steam-engine, he would probably learn to respect their genius. We can only lament, that if the President of the Zoological Society were to take it, some fine morning, into his head to enjoy a canter round the gardens upon one of the ostriches of the society, for the amusement of the cockneys, he would only be imitating the woolly-headed professors of the interior of Africa. The chase of such a creature must be greatly calculated to improve one's wind. Just listen to Sir Cornwallis Harris while he describes a troop of them, putting their best foot foremost upon the desert.

"They have already been peering over their shoulders at you for a considerable time past, and having apprehended your design, now raise their white-plumed wings above their backs, and working them like paddles, with a motion corresponding with that of the legs, are getting gently under weigh. No sooner do they perceive by your increased pace that you are really in earnest, than, letting on their steam, they begin to travel at a rate that beggars all description, moving their pillar-like legs with a rapidity that might make you believe they were skimming above the ground, did not their great heavy toes make the dust and pebbles fly behind them, and create as much clatter as a horse in trotting. With their long, straight, slender necks, reared high above the withered shrubs, like knobbed stakes in a hedge-row, and their delicate white plumes floating in the rude breeze of the desert—those snowy plumes which are destined perhaps some day to wave in regal palaces above the marble brow of beauty, with long, hasty strides, oars and paddles going, here come 'the

running ostriches ;' and in ten more seconds will cross the path from which, in another direction, you are urging your panting courser to meet them. A noble cock is leading, in stature some yard or so loftier than yourself, and clad in a suit of deep mourning, his sable shroud surmounted by three bunches of nodding plumes argent. Now you are nearly across his bows. Halt ! as he luffs up in the wind to pass you—abandon your blowing steed, who, by the bye, is not very likely to run away from you, hold your breath tight :—as the gigantic bird thunders past, let drive at his swarthy ribs."

Everybody has heard of the stupidity of the ostrich ; but Sir Cornwallis Harris is disposed on this point to call in question the testimony of naturalists. He makes it a point of conscience to rescue from ridicule the victims of his rifle ; neither will he admit the charge of want of affection so liberally preferred against the giant bird. Beyond the tropics, at least, they perform like kind parents the task of incubation, both cocks and hens taking the duty in turns. No doubt their nests are not of the most elaborate construction, consisting only of a large hollow, like a bowl, scooped out in the sand, but furnished with an elevated rim to prevent the numerous eggs from rolling away. To capture these spoils was one of the chief amusements of our traveller's Hottentots. They never apparently inquired whether the shell contained young birds or not, but gobbled up its contents with indiscriminating relish. His account of the style in which the black-faces robbed the nests is singularly grotesque.

"We always," he says, "considered fresh eggs a prize worth carrying away. The old birds are said to kick them to pieces, should even the print of a human foot be discovered ; but our followers were so unable to endure the idea of leaving a single one behind, that they never failed to render this trouble superfluous. The number being often far greater than could be conveniently dealt with, the expedient by which the removal was effected proved highly diverting. Taking off their leathern inexpressibles, which, by the way, were more frequently carried on the muzzle of their guns than on their nether extremities, the Hottentots tied the lower ends, so as to form a double sack, and cramming them full, and placing them either across the saddle or their own backs. Few exhibitions can be conceived more grotesque and diverting than the appearance of the bandy-legged gentlemen *en chemise*, their baboonish physiognomies protruding betwixt the straddling legs of such a load, and each diligently smoking a clay-pipe as he advanced."

Let us now return to the quadrupeds, and join our Indian Nimrod in the chase of the gnou. Field sports in these northern latitudes are, it must be owned, very tame

amusements compared with those which may be enjoyed along the northern frontier of our Cape colony. There, all the courage and mental resources of the hunter are constantly called forth. In order properly to follow the game, he must adopt for a time all the habits of nomadic life : must live for months together in his waggon, and consort the whole time with savages. But then, what wild pleasures does he enjoy ! By what vast varieties and multitudes of game is he surrounded ! At one season of the year the springboks issue from the desert—where, Heaven knows on what they feed—in countless myriads, and spread themselves over the cultivated country like prodigious locust swarms, stripping the whole earth of every vestige of vegetation. Various other animals are sometimes, also, beheld in almost equal numbers ; what a picture of the superabundance of animal life does the following passage present to us !

"It would be difficult for those who have never visited the interior of South Africa, to form even a remote conception of the countless herds of this ungainly quadruped, which are occasionally to be met with on the bosom of her broad plains. Lack of water, the curse, and the prevailing feature of these savage regions, frequently compels the *fera natura* to assemble in countless companies, around the last dregs of expiring moisture, without reference either to caste or hereditary animosities ; and on such occasions the picture they present to the eye of the sportsman is one of no common enchantment. Delighting in shade, the brindled gnou especially resorts to level tracts, thinly sprinkled with the picturesque and feathery mimosa, reclining beneath spreading clumps of which, or scattered over the boundless landscape, like 'cattle grazing upon a thousand hills,' they impart to the sylvan scene a truly pastoral effect. At a single *coup d'œil* may be seen mixed multitudes of those inseparable friends, the kokoon and Burchell's zebra. The Damon and Pythias of the brute creation, interspersed with gaily painted groups of the hartebeest and sassaybe, both seeming to have just escaped from the hands of the sign dauber. Some are quietly cropping the short grass, and others are huddled together beneath the shadow, cast by some tall, umbrella-shaped mokaala, the tree that forms the favourite food of the stately giraffe. From the spreading boughs of this magnificent species of acacia, the only approach to a tree which may be seen in these regions, dangle clusters of evergreen mistleto, sparkling with scarlet berries. And under the deep shadow cast on the sunny landscape by yonder clump, the twisted branches of which literally groan under the huge, hay-stack-looking nests of the republican bird, stand the sombre and massive figures of two elands, indolently defending their sleek, pury sides, from the buzzing persecutions of a host of yellow-bodied cattle flies, or leisurely chewing the cud in the midst of a knot of recumbent gnoos, whose high humps peer above

their elliptical horns. Mixed squads of kokoons and zebras are practising their wild gambols over the level plain, kicking, frolicking, butting, and pursuing each other with untiring perseverance. Here a pair of exasperated combatants are engaged in deadly joust, in the presence of a group of dames, who, as of old, will bestow their favours on the most valiant. Battering their hard fronts against each other, tossing their curled manes aloft, and lashing their swarthy sides with their streaming tails, their fierce little round eyes glisten the while, like sparks of fire, beneath their shaggy forelocks. Umpire-like, on one side of the scene of this gentle passage of arms, behold a few solitary bulls at gaze, posted, apparently, as sentinels, and standing full to the front, their dark eyes glancing wildly from the duellists to the enemy, and a deep hollow moan occasionally escaping from their innermost recesses. The human foe still approaches, and is observed to be armed with weapons of offence: up go their taper heels with a sideling flourish, the signal for the cessation of intestine hostilities, and for an indiscriminate retreat. With their high Roman noses, almost raking the earth, *saute qui peut*, away they scour in headlong haste, turning up the sand by bushelfuls. Now the sleek variegated coats of a well-drilled troop of Burchell's zebras glisten in the rays of the sun as they charge furiously past in close squadron; at one moment obscured under the gloom of an avenue of spreading mokala trees—at the next emerging in unbroken files, followed by a smoke-like pillar of dust, which traces their serpentine course long after they have disappeared over the brow of yon gentle eminence. Crack goes the rifle, and the leading gnou of the next sable section, arrested in full career, cuts three or four perfect somersets, measures his shaggy length upon the ground, and is trampled under foot of his thronging companions. Troop upon troop pour in from every quarter, and continue to join each other until the whole plain seems alive, and thousands still bearing down from every point of the compass, a vast extent of country, which presently becomes checkered white and black with their congregated masses, at length presents the appearance of a moving mass, of a tremendous charge of cavalry, or the rushing of a mighty tempest. Their incredible numbers so impede their onward progress that the horseman experiences no difficulty in closing with the motley band. As the panic caused by the repeated reports of his rifle increases, the rear ranks pressing tumultuously upon the heels of the leaders of the retreating phalanx, cause indescribable confusion, dense clouds of dust hover over them, and the long necks of troops of ostriches are to be seen towering above the heads of their less gigantic neighbours, and sailing past with astonishing rapidity. Groups of purple sassaebes and brilliant red and yellow hartebeests, charging down from every direction, likewise lend their aid—while a host of hungry vultures, which, wheeling in airy circle, like small specks in the firmament, have been gradually descending, and now stoop with the velocity of lightning, as each succeeding flash of the deadly tube gives token of prey—serve to complete a picture which must be seen to be under-

stood, and which beggars all attempt at description.

“Rolling and blackening, swarms succeeding swarms,
With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms,
Dusky they spread, in close embodied crowds,
And o'er the vales descend in living clouds.”

Notwithstanding what has been said, we feel that we have not done justice to this superb work, which, in all respects, is one of the most beautiful that have ever issued from the press. The illustrations are worthy of the letter-press, which the reader, we feel assured, will agree with us, is the highest praise we could bestow on them. Taken together they may be said to transport Southern Africa, with its landscapes, its animals, and its skies, into our drawing-rooms and libraries; and if the author's former volume entitled ‘Wild Sports’ be got up on a smaller scale, it yet deserves to keep company with its more colossal companion.

ART. X.—1. *The Chinese Repository*. Vols. VII.—XII. Canton. 1839–1843.

2. *Lecture on the War with China, delivered before the Massachusetts Historical Society, December, 1841*. By the Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS of Massachusetts, United States of America.

3. *An Aide-de-Camp's Recollections of Service in China*. By Captain ARTHUR CUNYNGHAME. 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1844.

4. *Narrative of the Voyages and Services of the Nemesis*; from the Notes of Commodore W. H. HALL, R.N., with personal Observations by W. D. BERNARD, Esq., A.M. Oxon. Second Edition. London: Colburn. 1844.

5. *Fifth Annual Report of the Morrison Education Society, for the Year ending September 28, 1843*. Macao: S. Wells Williams. 1843.

6. *Notices of China, &c.*, By the Rev. W. C. MILNE. (Manuscript.)

It is important to consider at the present moment the state of our relations, commercial, political, and religious, with the Celestial Empire. The subject may be said to be almost new; for though China, within a few years, has attracted a great, though not a disproportionate share of public attention, more has been said of the brilliant achievements of the late war—so calculated to strike the imagination; more of the history—so uncer-

tain,—of the antiquities—so little understood,—of the manners—so quaint and apparently barbarous—of the people ;—far more has been said of all these, than of the hopes that may be legitimately entertained, of profitable intercourse with our new allies. Absolute silence, it is true, has not been maintained on this branch of the question. But the speculations indulged in have generally been so vague and indeterminate as to fly the grasp of criticism, and dissolve if subjected to the operation of analysis. When reduced to any tangible form, they invariably present themselves in some such shape as this,—that wonderful things are to be expected. On what ground, few give themselves the trouble to inquire.

Political writers in England are, indeed, compelled to base their conclusions respecting China upon a scanty foundation. There are a great many notions floating up and down in society that are useful to awaken curiosity and promote inquiry, but will not bear the weight of the least systematical superstructure. A steady gaze disperses these shadowy materials, and reveals the extent of our poverty. It is not the object of the present article to explain, but in some slight degree to remedy, this state of things. Though many of the valuable facts brought home by those who figured in the war, or in the negotiations that accompanied and succeeded it, have been suppressed by the foreign office, a good deal has transpired in printed works, or been communicated in familiar conversation. We purpose to give a general sketch of the relative position of the Chinese and British empires, principally with the object of leading the mind of the reader to contemplate the nature and amount of the mutual influence they are to exercise. No attempt will be made to enter into detail. It will be impossible at present to do more than indicate the nature of the intercourse that is to exist henceforward.

Few persons have any accurate knowledge of what has taken place in China since the signing of the supplementary treaty, or what has been the result of our commercial operations there. No more striking proof of this can be given than the fact, that the misrepresentations of a French paper with respect to certain provisions of the treaty itself, found, a little while ago, almost implicit credence in England ; at least a great many mercantile men, together with a considerable portion of the public, were deceived ; and it was not until Sir Henry Pottinger himself, at the dinner given him by the merchants of the City of London—and this by the bye was the only plain piece of information that ventured to present itself amidst the crowd

of courtly compliments on that occasion—distinctly denied that any blunder had been made by us, or any advantage gained by the Chinese. It would be useless to multiply similar evidences of the popular ignorance, which is very extensively shared even by the press. Among the honourable exceptions we may particularise the 'Morning Chronicle,' which, in its view of the money market and summary of city news, as well as elsewhere, exhibits great familiarity with all questions relative to the China trade.

In discussing the present posture of affairs, we cannot altogether avoid saying something of the war, just as it is difficult to contemplate a calm without recurring to the storm that preceded. We are invited to do so by two works which have recently made their appearance. One of these is by Captain Arthur Cunynghame, and merits the name of a pleasant and agreeable book, quite such a book as one would like to read about a country of which we had never before heard, and might never wish to hear again, incomplete of course with reference to the general subject, but quite satisfactory as far as it goes. Interspersed throughout are capital anecdotes, comic stories, and amusing personal adventures ; but there is also a good deal of political information communicated carelessly, as if the writer was not anxious to show that he had thought much of the subject. Occasionally there are passages of a higher strain, in which Captain Cunynghame, irresistibly influenced by his subject, approaches the dignity of history. There is no effort observable, but the reader's mind suddenly feels itself carried along and kindled by the sparks of enthusiasm that pass into it like the electric fluid, through the medium of ink and paper. The description of the ascent of the Yang-tse-Kiang, impresses us with a very high idea of the author's powers. The topic certainly was worthy to employ the pen of a Thucydides. A whole fleet and army, brought from the opposite quarter of the globe, projected into the heart of one of the largest of empires, up a stream famous for violent currents, never before stemmed by any European craft, whose banks bristled with batteries and frowned with fortifications, was a glorious picture to portray. The succession of victories, made brighter by the clemency and humanity of the victors ; the approach to a capital once so vast and populous, now so abject in itself, and yet encircled by so much of its former reputation that those who have eyes cannot see, and will persist, despite the evidence of their senses, in believing it still to count its millions of inhabitants ; the turn of circumstances by which this mysterious city was

permitted to remain unentered by a British army, though encamped without its walls; the negotiations that ensued, and the final conclusion of a treaty with an emperor, now humbled, but who until then had refused to acknowledge his equal upon earth—these are subjects of the deepest interest, and are related admirably by Captain Cunynghame. All, therefore, who would peruse the most vivid and animated account of the splendid closing scenes of the Chinese war must necessarily resort to his volumes.

Another work of great value is the narrative of the voyage of the *Nemesis*, sent out to solve the problem of the utility of iron steamers, as instruments of war, in the eastern seas. It was a fine idea so to group the events of the struggle round the vessel that took such an active part in it, as to render it in some sort the hero of the piece. An epic interest is thus imparted to the work which could have been derived from no other source. The simple announcement of the idea awakens curiosity; and the execution, while it cannot be said to exceed, certainly does not fall short of expectation. Though the writer, Mr. Bernard, lacks much of that power of imagination which would have enabled Fenimore Cooper to infuse life into the *Nemesis*, and force us to sympathize with her as if she were a moral personage, yet he has good historical abilities, relates with considerable vivacity, and intersperses judiciously, though with a sparing hand, many really philosophical remarks.

The fault of both these writers is a certain timidity when they have to deal with the future. The majesty of the Chinese empire overawes their minds, and they unwillingly perform a sort of intellectual *koutou* before it. In this, however, they are not singular. It has become the fashion to abdicate the use of reason on entering the China seas. Persons who can think justly on almost any other topic, become bewildered when they approach the Celestial Empire. Sensible men—men who are fit to be entrusted with the management of their household affairs—are not ashamed to chatter about eternal, or quasi-eternal, Chinese dynasties, the most modern of which began before the birth of history. Those whose orthodoxy prevents them from falling into this absurd strain, date the commencement of Chinese national existence from 'the first dispersion of mankind.' All seem to agree in representing the Celestials as an anomalous people, possessed of a sort of god-like immutability; and in ascribing to them the invention of almost every art, science, and convenience that ever has been invented. Criticism becomes powerless as soon as it touches the

shores of China, as if stupefied by the vapours of opium; and implicit credence is placed in the histories, chronologies, and traditions of a people eminently distinguished for lying and deceit. With the fact staring them in the face, that the histories, chronologies, and traditions of the Chinese become more minute, more full of details, in proportion as they recede into antiquity, few ever venture to question their accuracy. Persons remarkable for incredulity in this quarter of the globe, travel to Eastern Asia to satisfy the appetite for belief inherent in every mind, and take for granted whatever is advanced in the imperfect and inartificial language of the Chinese. On its assertions, scholars and philologists build back a causeway into the past, which retires, leaving dynasties, kingdoms, empires, epochs, the deluge, the creation itself, on either hand, until it penetrates, supported on the airy foundations of fancy, so far back into the unfathomable abysses of time, that the weary and exhausted mind at length refuses to follow it any longer!

All this, however, would be harmless enough did not the influence of such a habit of thought extend to political discussions. When one bold set of statesmen, far in advance of their age, had determined to measure the strength of the British empire against the colossal power of Eastern Asia, the greater part of the world stood appalled. What temerity! what rashness! what unheard-of hardihood! War with four hundred millions of men!—with one third of the human race!* Why the mind of man never in the drunkenness of its pride conceived so impossible an enterprise! We are giants it is true, but can we do battle with the gods?—Such was the language of the enemies of the liberal administration. Even many of its friends trembled for the consequences of

* On the subject of the population of China we have at present no space to enter. But we cannot refrain from copying an extract out of a clever little manuscript essay, written by Ashing, one of the lads in the Morrison School at Macao, as a theme, to exhibit his acquaintance with the English language:

"I have often read and heard descriptions of China, which represented it as being a wide country situate in the south-eastern part of Asia, and shut up for many ages, and that therefore it was not much known. It has been supposed that China is the most populous country, and contains a third part of the population of the world, but this is not true, for the people were numbered in the eighth year of the Emperor Hin-Lung, and the amount did not exceed fifty millions. It may be increased since that time, but it is impossible for the census to have multiplied to the number of two hundred and sixty millions, that is, a third part of the computed population of the world."

the imprudent undertaking, and he was considered rather an eccentric individual, who did not despair of the commonwealth. A vast party in this country, numbering many politicians of distinguished ability, hungry after place, led on by the eager desire of power, and the keen appetite for emolument, blinded by ignorance or anger, joined in one long savage howl against the war. It must not be supposed for a moment that the movement which took place was hypocritical. There was a general impression abroad that we had neither the power nor the right on our side. The mass of the people was deceived. A few self-devoted persons undertook, on that occasion, to bear the whole burden, the entire responsibility of the falsehoods it was found expedient to utter. By these men all the fabulous history and statistics of China were brought forward to witness against those wise statesmen who had so accurately calculated the might of the country whose destinies they wielded. The awful phantom of Chinese omnipotence and diuturnity, was conjured up in the House of Commons, to frighten the ministers from their posts; and the attempt all but succeeded. It was only by a majority of nine that the British Parliament declared that this country *was* competent to engage in war with the Celestial Empire, and that it was *not* better to trade than to fight with a people, who every day waxed more insolent and more profuse of outrage towards us. On the continent, the same awe, based on the same ignorance, existed, to give countenance to different passions. It was confidently predicted that the tide of conquest, which we had been so long pouring over Asia, would impotently break against the bulwarks of the Chinese empire, and be probably rolled back with tenfold fury upon us. And here we must do justice to an American, no less a person than John Quincy Adams, who, in spite of the popular feeling against us at the time, boldly stood forward in a public lecture-room, and refused to call in question the justice of our cause, or the efficacy of our arms. At that time this argued no mean self-confidence, no small amount of political knowledge, and it is therefore worth while to record the fact, though the composition we allude to, vigorous and masculine as it is, is deformed in almost every page by instances of atrocious bad taste.

In considering the present state of our relations with China, we must look beyond the cabinet of the diplomatist. We must comprise the interests of two whole empires within our own view. Political arrangements, however subtle the negotiations by which they are brought about, or what skill

soever is displayed in their construction, are important only from their influence on the happiness of nations. It would be matter of mere curiosity to know that we are now at liberty to trade with five Chinese ports instead of one, that we are permitted to appoint consuls, that British ships of war are to be stationed along the coast, that changes have taken place in the commercial tariffs of the empire, did we not expect to derive some important advantage therefrom. All who remember the riots in the manufacturing districts in 1842, produced purely and simply by want of a foreign market of a sufficient extent, will acknowledge the intimate connexion of external policy and commercial treaties with the domestic concerns of the country. We are in this sense dependent upon foreigners. If they refuse to buy what we have to sell, we must perish, or, at least, sink amidst mighty convulsions to the level of a fourth-rate state. The industrial spirit of this country, when it accorded with the ambitious projects of its rulers, was suffered to develop itself with amazing rapidity. This it was that widened the basis of our empire. On this our fame, our power, our wealth, our general prosperity, our hopes of still increasing happiness depend. It is not an instrument that can be used to effect a particular purpose, and then thrown away. We must retain and continue to use it. There is no other alternative but this or destruction. The vast population it has created cannot be got rid of. It cannot emigrate, cannot turn to other employments, will not consent to go out of the world. We are under a necessity, therefore, of continuing to trade in the produce of our manufacturing industry. Unwise and iniquitous laws, it is true, are fast closing most of the ports of the world against us. Europe, in retaliation of the enormous imposts we lay upon its staple produce, corn, is building up along its shores a wall of tariffs, more impenetrable than the Chinese wall; the example is reflected on the opposite side of the Atlantic. Our merchants know not which way to turn. Driven from one market after another, they are crowding the ports of Brazil with their ships, laden with goods for admission at the low duty, before the expiration of the treaty excludes us from that quarter also.

This state of things is not of recent occurrence. The description in its general features applies to almost any period within the last eight years. The crisis, which produced the agitation against the corn-laws and the disturbances to which we have alluded, was mainly warded off by the news of the commercial treaty with China. Hope, which had almost been extinguished in the

breasts of our manufacturers and capitalists, was again revived. The energies of Englishmen are not easily broken down. Once more heavy volumes of smoke blackened the atmosphere of our midland counties; once more the quick sharp stroke of the steam-engine resounded amidst the hills of Lancashire; warehouses, crammed with hitherto unsaleable commodities, were emptied; there was a commotion among the operatives, among their masters, among the merchants, and among their clerks; wagons and vans and carts crowded the road to Liverpool; ships that had lain lazily in dock for years deserted except by a solitary guardian, began to teem with life; enormous cargoes were taken in; the canvasses were spread, and a whole fleet of merchantmen sailed across the ocean towards that El Dorado, whence it was expected we were to derive the restoration of our former prosperity. Anxious were the hours, the days, the weeks, the months that elapsed, while these ships were at the mercy of the winds and waves. Many desponded, others, amidst their fears, —beheld bright visions of future prosperity. We know not what streams of wealth were to flow from the wounded flanks of the Celestial Empire. So great was the delusion in some minds, that they seemed to acquiesce in the decision of our discomfited foes, that we were merely 'outside barbarians,' and that the dawn of real prosperity was to break upon us from behind the curtains that had been withdrawn from this mysterious empire of the East. All who watched the course of public affairs during those anxious times will agree that this is no exaggerated picture. It is well remembered, that even to venture a hint of the possibility that those fond expectations might prove groundless, was considered the mark of an ill-disposed and cynical disposition, desirous of inflicting unnecessary pain. The public, however doubtful, however agitated, however prone to despond, was not tolerant of evil prophets. It was dwelt upon and repeated, that nothing but prodigious and unheard-of advantage was to be derived from a new commerce with 'one-third of the human race!' The principles of political economy forbade any other supposition. The thing was beyond a doubt, and yet many doubted, there was many an anxious heart, many an eager and watchful eye when the least particle of news arrived,—many a prayer was delivered up in secret for the prosperous issue of that great speculation, in which a nation's welfare was supposed, in a great measure, to be at stake. And much did really depend, much still depends, on the event. No slight interests were involved. A second complete stagna-

tion of business, the result of over-production, stimulated by too great hope, and yet not commensurate with the vociferous demand for labour, would certainly, at the present moment, convulse society to its very base, and endanger our internal peace, if not our national safety.

Well, time wore on. Advices came one after another of the safe arrival, with no more than the usual casualties, of the various cargoes in China. It was soon discovered that the wide market that had been expected was not to be found immediately. But the political arrangements were not quite completed; the consuls had not yet been stationed at the various ports; the Chinese had not, as yet, acquired confidence in us, or in their own government; it was not yet quite certain that the treaty was rightly understood by both parties; the wounds inflicted by the war were not yet quite healed; the hong merchants were disposed to throw obstacles in our way; the linguists appeared in the character of extortioners:—all these, and many more, were the reasons brought forward to explain why, as the vast fleet of merchantmen came successively to anchor, there was found to be no demand for what they brought. Next it was discovered, that warehouses were not to be had for love or money. This was attributed, sometimes to the evil disposition of the authorities, sometimes to the cabals of the hong merchants. But these difficulties were gradually overcome, and a few small channels of trade were opened to draw off the immense accumulation of merchandise that every day increased.

It will be unnecessary to go into the details of the various commercial transactions at Chusan, Hongkong, and the ports on the coast, where purchases to any amount were made. We have here only to deal with the general facts of the case. Certain it is, that whatever bargains were concluded, the supply of goods from Europe far exceeded the demand. Every fresh sail that appeared in the offing was looked upon as an intruder; and matters came at last to such a point, that scarcely any traffic at all could be carried on in most articles, except at ruinous prices. The present state of trade seems to be, that the Chinese market is supplied with a vast quantity of British goods that will not sell, not because the people cannot buy, but because, in the first place, we will not take what they have to offer; and, secondly, because foreigners, enjoying the advantage of manufacturing in a country where food is cheap, begin already, taking advantage of the clause introduced by Sir Henry Pottinger into the supplementary treaty, to compete

with us. Formerly, the Americans used to pay for their tea-charges with bills upon London, which were, in course of business, handed to the English; now they send, instead, their own manufactures. It is well known that they have negotiated a treaty on the same terms with ourselves, and obtained besides a slight concession on lead. Saxon and Belgian ladies' cloth, moreover, now goes out packed as English, and is eagerly bought, in consequence of its cheapness, by the Chinese. Our woollen trade, long on the decline, has been almost extinguished by the influx of Russian goods from the north. In short, instead of our being, as we ought to have been, the chief gainers by the opening of China, there seems every probability that we shall be compelled to stand by, and see others gather where we have sown.

Our agents in China, when they perceived the turn events were taking, did not despair, but began to consider what could be the reason of the sad disappointment which they would have to communicate to their employers at home. At first, as is usually the case, they attributed it to insufficient, though co-operative causes. Finding that the French and Swiss chintzes were preferred to ours, and that for many kinds of goods, as Paisley and Manchester ginghams, figured jaconets, satteens, &c., there was scarcely any demand, they wrote that an ill-judged assortment of goods had been made, that coals had been sent to Newcastle, that we had committed a mistake similar to that of the Glasgow manufacturers, when they forwarded muslins adorned with the images of birds, beasts, fishes, and even men, to the Mohamedans of Central Asia for turbans. But a suspicion was soon pretty generally entertained that this was not the sole or principal reason of the unpromising aspect of affairs, and by degrees the light of truth began to break in upon most minds. In order to impart this to our readers also, we must here touch, very slightly indeed, upon the state of society in the Celestial Empire; for British intercourse is destined to affect, not a few ports and towns only, but in a greater or less degree the whole population. We have seen the intimate connexion of the Chinese trade with the prosperity of our humbler classes, and the consequent importance of its influence on our foreign policy. The same principles must be applied to China. Every one of its institutions, every member of its body politic, is connected by some thread or other with the interests immediately affected by its commerce. The mention of that repulsive subject, which we shall dwell on as briefly as possible—the opium trade—will make this evident to all. One of the staple arti-

cles of our trade, if we were to discuss it in its various relations, moral and physical, would more than occupy our whole space. It is agreed on all hands, that this drug exerts a pernicious influence upon the Chinese, and that the authorities, as well as moralists of the empire, are right in interfering to prevent as much as possible its consumption. Some, who long ago arrived at this conclusion, wished to employ it as a weapon to vilify the Indian government. An outcry was raised as if that government was specially interested in corrupting the Chinese people. The questions were never asked—'Can the profitable cultivation of opium be put a stop to in India?' and 'Is the abolition of the monopoly more likely to increase or to diminish its sale?' Those who did not object to our deriving a revenue from ardent spirits in this country, thought it highly criminal to make a profit of opium in Asia. Few, besides, paused to reflect that the drug could be grown in other soils, and nowhere to such an extent as within the limits of China itself; and that, in fact, every interruption in the supply from us caused new fields of poppies to bloom under the very eyes of the mandarins themselves.

The extreme avidity of the Chinese for the demoralising indulgence in opium may be illustrated by the fact, that for no other foreign commodity will they consent to part with their sycee silver, unless we except the commodity of peace which was lately paid heavily for in specie by their government. All the money in the country exhibits a tendency to flow forth in exchange for opium. The tide has long been setting with a strong ebb from the remotest depths of the Mongolian provinces, from the wild and barbarous regions that lean against the central plateau of Asia, towards the coast, where the greater part of it, unless some change takes place in manners or policy, will by degrees collect to be passed into the hands of foreigners. The ancient laws of the empire, forbidding the opening of certain extensive mines in the tea districts, must then be abandoned, or a monstrous nominal value be put upon silver, which would speedily bring back bullion into the country at the expense of its industry. This circumstance—the disappearance of the money we mean, for the Chinese were incapable of foreseeing all the consequences of what they deprecated merely from a blind attachment to the symbol of wealth—had long engaged the attention of the financial department of the government. Memorials from divers learned mandarins were presented, setting forth in flowery language the evils of the constant drain that existed on the re-

sources of the country. Counter-memorials, magnifying the blessings of intercourse with foreigners, and wisely recommending the legalization of the opium trade, in order to bring it within the control of government, also found their way to the imperial footstool. These emanated from a party sincerely desirous of promoting the welfare of the people, and headed by the empress, who exercised a powerful influence over her husband. Her counsels for a time prevailed, and a strong disposition began to be manifested in favour of liberal measures. But the old bigoted spirit of the Chinese took the alarm, and allying itself with the contemptible jealousies of the court, the fears of the financiers, and the natural affections of the emperor, whose son died about this time from the effects of the noxious pipe in his very palace, succeeded in creating a wide-spread, though for the most part hypocritical agitation against opium. Edict after edict was promulgated. Death was threatened. Blood soon began to flow. Executions were multiplied. A reign of terror darkened the face of the land. Every external symptom accordingly of national excitement manifested itself. The order had gone forth that all the world should be moral. Whoever wished to curry favour undertook to be the adjutant of government. Mandarins, with buttons of all colours, turned informers against the meanest offenders. The temperance movement in Ireland seemed repeated on a grand scale. Millions affected to abjure the habit. But the whole change was on the surface. Men gave up their pipes to government and bought new ones. The drug was smuggled in with greater secrecy, in increased quantities, and at a higher price. If it happened that perchance there was one sincere honest reformer in any trading town who would not wink at the introduction of opium, transactions took place by night, in dark coves and solitary creeks, where the precious chests were exchanged, beneath the shadow of rocks out on the lonely sea-beach far from the habitations of man, for that silver which so much stress was laid on retaining. A single little vessel has been known to return to India, from one of these romantic excursions, with seventy thousand pounds' weight of true, genuine, unadulterated sycee. So the export of bullion continued, and the people smoked in their sleeves, and laughed in them too, in spite of the incessant exertions and incessant proclamations of the government. Such is the inevitable issue of any attempt to force a change in manners in opposition to taste and habit. It remains to show the connection of this movement with the European trade.

This may be done in a few words. Finding that whilst any commerce was carried on, the contraband traffic in opium would continue, the emperor sought to frighten away all foreigners from his shores. That this was not done with Japanese inexorability, arose from the fact that a vast population in the tea-districts was interested in the continuance of the legitimate trade. Still the war was produced which resulted in the well known treaties from which such vast benefits are expected to flow. That such will not be the case we do not assert. Almost every requisite condition for prosperous commerce is now found in China. Though the emperor and most of his court may be sullen in their acquiescence, the people, especially those who are not of Tartar descent, gladly hail the prospect of increased intercourse with us. Among the poor, with the exception of the ruffianly population of Canton, there is everywhere manifested great good-will; and it is remarkable, that wherever we had occasion, during the war, to make any prolonged stay, we invariably left a good impression behind. Those who had once enjoyed the advantage of British rule, looked forward with horror to the prospect of returning under the yoke of the mandarins. This is the testimony, not of persons who write under the eye of the Foreign Office, but of all who have had an opportunity of forming an opinion on the subject, and who express themselves with the freedom of confidential intercourse. We lay no stress on the floating rumours to be picked up at Hong-kong, or Macao, or Canton, basing our conclusions entirely on the accounts of actual eye-witnesses. The immense rush of colonists to the first-named place, and the sudden rise into importance of Victoria city, speak volumes for the light in which we are regarded by the Chinese. As to their willingness to trade, it is beyond question. Before the free ports could be opened, a mart was established at Chusan, where a certain amount of business, in spite of the difficulties we have alluded to, was done; and twelve months prior to the actual formal opening of the trade at Ningpo, a foreign goods warehouse was set up in the city.

With respect to the increased facilities afforded by the treaty, much might be said; but it is self-evident, that so vast an empire could not be properly supplied with goods by one channel, obstructed by a vexatious monopoly. The principal demand for our fine goods has always existed in the province of Keang-soo, where stands that abode of luxury, that palace of pleasure, that focus of wealth, fashion, and dissipation, the city of Sú-chau-fú. By our admission into the

port of Shang-hai, we can approach by sea within seventy miles of this important market for our goods. Formerly everything came *viâ* Canton, by the route whose difficulties are described so graphically by the quaint and ingenious Navarette, and that admirably *naïve* writer, Father Ripa. A more modern traveller, the Rev. William C. Milne, who has not yet appeared before the public,* observes in a document which he has placed in our hands :

"I was peculiarly struck, in my inland journey, with the amazing difficulties which the merchants of China have had to encounter, in the carriage of goods into the interior from the port of Canton,—across lofty gaps or passes, along rapid and, in the summer season, shallow rivers,—often on the shoulders of both men and women,—and against wind and current. I have seen more than half-a-dozen boats stuck fast in the centre of a river (all laden with European goods bought up at Canton), in consequence of the deficiency of water. This enormous expenditure of time, labour, patience, and money, the merchants deeply feel; and now that they will be saved a great deal of all this labour and toil, by direct communication with our merchants and shipping at the free ports, the run for our trade will be, I believe, in a few years almost overwhelming."

Another traveller, who travelled along the coast from Nankin to Canton, describes the ridges of mountains, occurring at intervals, as almost impassable, so that the impediments to trade in that direction must have been enormous. A single instance may suffice to show how effectually our manufactures were prevented from percolating through the whole empire; glass bottles were looked upon as objects of wonder in the neighbourhood of Nankin when exhibited by our troops!

"I remember," continues Mr. Milne, "during the same journey, asking a barber, on the borders of Canton province, what the tea-merchants were doing? He replied: 'Why, many of them are holding back. They hear that the foreigners are going to trade at Shang-hai and other ports; and, as they will have less trouble in the carriage of the teas, as they themselves are to be permitted to trade, and as the profits will go into their pockets, instead of the purse of the Cohong, they are reluctant to send their goods to Canton, and prefer trying Shang-hai or Fuh-chau-fu.'"

From what has just been said, it will, among other things, appear that the Chinese, though they wish to trade, desire to

* A work from his pen will, however, very shortly appear, and we are sure from his ability, and the almost unexampled opportunities he has enjoyed, it will meet with great success. He travelled for more than a thousand miles in the interior, disguised as a Chinese, which his perfect knowledge of the language enabled him to do with the greater profit.

give their tea and other productions, as silk, rice, &c., in exchange for our manufactures. But our merchants insist upon receiving a good portion of their payment in dollars, because in England there is only a certain demand for Chinese articles. This arises, not from unwillingness in us to consume more than we now do, but from the enormous duty levied by our custom-house—two shillings and two pence a pound, amounting on tea, even of a very fair quality, to as much as two hundred and fifty per cent. If the duty were lowered to one shilling, there is no doubt that the revenue would be little if at all the loser by it. The exchequer is always benefited by a reduction of heavy imposts on those articles, the consumption of which is limited only by the means of the community. It may be added that, if cheap tea were within the reach of our manufacturing classes, not only would a vast additional amount of sugar be imported, but the cost of production of every article would be diminished and our power to compete with foreigners, in all the markets of the world, materially augmented.

The reason which we have thus assigned for the slowness with which our merchandise finds its way into the Flowery Land, in spite of all the advantages afforded, is so simple and plain that it requires no development. If we will not take, in payment for what we have to sell, that which the Chinese offer, it is our own fault, and if they, in consequence, prefer carrying on commerce with other nations, and receiving civilisation from them, we alone are to blame. Let it be remembered, that it is not merely the pecuniary interests of the two empires that are under discussion. We have other things to offer besides clothing to the Chinese. They are immersed in moral and intellectual darkness, we have the light, let us communicate it to them. They grovel in ignorance, we have knowledge, let us impart it. They profess various rival systems of degrading superstition, we have a pure faith, let us not withhold it. We are under a sacred obligation to carry the gospel over the earth. But the same obstructions which we throw in the way of commerce act also to prevent the efficacious introduction of Christianity among the Chinese. Complete exclusion, however, of the true faith can even now no longer be maintained. Already can the benighted population behold the wall, which has so long kept out the light that has shone over most other portions of the globe, totter and give way. For many long years a few scattered Protestant missionaries have roamed along the outside, looking up at the bat-

lements with envy, and listening to catch even the imperfect and dying echoes of Christian doctrine, which had been aroused in former times by the self-devoted Catholic priests. But in that vast solitude, peopled by a nation that all but denied the existence of God, the voice of truth had well-nigh been stifled, or was heard only amid rocks and caves, or in the most sacred family sanctuaries. The din of scholastic morality, poured forth by those hollow, but sounding instruments, the Chinese philosophers, fell upon the ear on every side; but the true Christian could hear nothing that warranted him in believing that his work had been commenced with any effect.

We have suggested the vastness of the field to be cultivated. The labourers at present engaged in the work of conversion are as follows :

TABLE of Protestant Missionaries now in China Proper.			
Sent by the Americans	16	Many of these	
" " London Missionary Society	9	missionaries	
" " Church Missionary Society	2	are married,	
		and their	
	27	wives are ac-	
Miscellaneous	2	tively engaged	
Native Agents	6	in diffus-	
		ing instruc-	
Grand Total	26	tion.	

It is not necessary, on this part of the subject, to say more than that the disproportion appearing between the number of heathens to be converted, and that of the missionaries sent to begin the work, arises from the fact, that there is, as yet, no national sympathy excited on behalf of the Chinese. To create this, we must multiply our commercial relations with them. The private relations of debtor and creditor are often not the most satisfactory, not the most productive of friendly feelings; but states mutually indebted, which preserve the intention of acting with good faith towards each other, have exchanged pledges of friendship and reciprocal esteem. The Chinese are a people prone to imitate; let them continually see us exercising the virtues of honesty and good faith, and they will quickly feel the necessity and advantage of exercising them likewise, and be thus led insensibly to the source whence we ourselves have derived whatever morality we possess.

It is a truth, however, which all experience teaches us, that the accomplishment of no great and good work is, in this world, permitted without obstacles created by the envy of man being to be surmounted. This indeed it is that gives its value to our exertions. In the present instance we shall have, firstly, the jealousy of the Tartar rulers to encounter; but this may be soothed or disregarded, according to the course of policy we adopt. Secondly, we shall be

impeded, in a certain degree, by the somewhat unscrupulous rivalry of the Americans. We do not wish to be harsh upon Brother Jonathan, but we may assert, without offence, that during the war, they took care, to the utmost of their power, to foster the enmity of the Chinese towards us. Many of their merchants had, from time to time, secret interviews with the authorities of Canton, and gave, it is supposed, their advice as to the best means of thwarting the Britishers. Since the conclusion of the treaty, they have distinguished themselves by an affected contempt of the imperial officers, breaking through the bounds prescribed, and paying visits, in spite of all remonstrances, to cities, the approach to which had been forbidden. Thirdly, the French have played a similar part. Whilst the war continued, they sent a sort of demonstration squadron to the coast of China, in order, if possible, to convince the inhabitants of their national existence. In many places, however, they only succeeded in assisting to swell our apparent force. The body of the people, especially in the interior, has no knowledge of them. Very few even of the officials ever mention the name of the French. 'It is on Britain,' says a letter before us, 'that their hopes and fears, respect, veneration, and terror, are expended.'

Nevertheless, the French were determined, if possible, that this state of things should not continue. It was galling to them that their flag, only elevated after a long interval, at Canton, since the accession of Louis Philippe, should have no commerce to protect, that scarcely a French ship ever made its appearance in port. They accordingly determined, that if they had no real connexion with China, they would, at least, have a seeming one, and they could think of no better way of accomplishing their wishes, than to send out a few ships to ape our manœuvres and follow our movements along the coast. Their maritime vanity was satisfied with this puerile imitation. They were quite content to be insignificant rather than nothing, and coveted the glory which a dwarf can acquire by comparison with a giant. Nor did they care if they excited merriment. A child, when he mimics the marching of a grenadier, is quite as pleased with the smile as with the applause of the bystanders. All that France wanted was a recognition, accompanied with no matter what signs of contempt, that her navy absolutely existed.

And here again, as at Tahiti, and in so many other parts of the world, was exhibited the alliance of Jesuitism with infidelity. When Louis Philippe's government saw a

probability that Protestantism might be made a great instrument of healing the differences between ourselves and China, he condescended to bend his regal person to blow the dying embers of the Catholic faith in China. A gang of priests was raked together in a hurry, and despatched on the errand of mercy, namely, to excite, by all manner of means, the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire against us, to sow discord, to promote disunion, to recommend insurrection and massacre. On some future occasion we may develop more [at length the machinations of the propagand in China. For the present, the following short extracts from the journal of a gentleman, whose name we shall not mention, but who had the best opportunities of knowing what was passing, will give some idea of their doings :

"TINGHAI, CAPITAL OF CHUSAN, MAY 7, 1842.
—Seven Catholic missionaries (I believe French, Spanish, and Italian, with one Chinese), arrived and located themselves in the city and its suburbs. * * *

"MAY 13.—Two more missionaries (said to be versed in the language) arrived on board the French frigate *Erigone*, Captain Cecile, accompanied by *L'Artemise*. * * * Shortly after, a placard appeared upon the city walls, in various quarters, in Chinese, calling upon the people to keep up heart, for the French had come to assist them against the English, and, with a combined effort, the English would be exterminated. Allusion was also made to the French missionaries in the city. The British authorities, of course, saw it their duty to take the matter up. The Frenchmen all denied any lot or part in the matter, staked their honour and so forth, and thus the matter ended."

We cannot refrain from giving a slight sketch of the subsequent proceedings of the *Erigone*. Leaving Chusan she followed in the wake of the British squadron to Shanghai; occasionally showing off and playing all manner of pranks to convince our jolly tars how little her crew understood of nautical affairs. Her mission, however, was political; she had instructions from home. "After our gallant admiral and his companions," says an eye-witness, in a document in our possession, "had proceeded up the river, and after his Excellency Sir Henry Pottinger had issued that noble proclamation, off the mouth of Woosung river, which opened the eyes of the Chinese government to the occasion of the quarrel, and to the just and honest demands of Great Britain, the French commodore sent ashore a proclamation, generously offering his aid to act as umpire between China and England! On Mr. Morrison's return to Shanghai, I put a copy of this into his hands, for he had not seen it, and it excited his surprise not a little. I asked an intelligent

Chinese, who was then on the spot, to give me his impression of it. He replied: 'The French are evidently jealous that England will reap all the benefits of future trade with our country.'"

The monstrous piece of impertinence we have related was passed over with the scorn it deserved. But the French commodore was neither rebuffed nor offended. It entered into his plan, the plan we mean that had been laid down for him, to expose the name of France to obloquy, in the desperate attempt to do injury to the British. Her reputation was not so tender and unspotted that a little exposure could do it much material damage. Like an old battered coquette, her character could not be much the worse for a little rough handling. Accordingly, the worthy commodore, insensible to affront, impervious to the shafts of ridicule, resolved to follow us up the river. That his presence was not indispensable, he had previously received an intimation, which he managed to extract by a piece of *sang-froid* unparalleled, actually sending to H. E. Sir W. Parker, to know if he might count on the assistance of his steamers, in case the amateur *Erigone* should run or any of the sandbanks in the Yang-tse-Kiang. He was politely informed in reply, that he could count on no such assistance. However, up he determined to go, conscious that no French ship of war would ever dare again to venture on the same enterprise; up we say he ventured to proceed under the protection of the British fleet, carefully keeping back until the fighting was over, and then following to perform the only things we had left undone—to insult the unfortunate Chinese, to rob and to plunder. The *Erigone* at last reached the neighbourhood of Nankin, where she was received with cool indifference by the British, which provoked Commodore Cecile exceedingly. He did not think that his achievement was received with the laudation it merited; and, certainly, if we measure his capacity with his deeds, we must acknowledge that he had performed something wonderful. It was not given to every Frenchman to sneak up at the tail of our squadron to the renowned city of Nankin. Few also among that nation can boast of the audacity which induced Commodore Cecile, unexpected, unbidden, to pull, in spite of remonstrance, past the sentinels, who yielded to his obstinacy from mere courtesy, and to climb up the side of H. M. S. Cornwallis, where the treaty-convocation was being held, into the midst of which he actually thrust himself, to the astonishment of Sir Henry Pottinger and the wonder of the grave Elipoo.

All this, however, would have been comparatively harmless, but for what succeeded. When the negotiations had been concluded, when the treaty had been signed, when the British ships, one by one, had dropped down the river, still the Erigone tarried. Her gallant commodore was endeavouring to discover some mode of distinguishing himself before he left. But at Nankin this could not be found. Accordingly, he was compelled at length to weigh anchor. It would not have been prudent to stay too long behind his guardians. Well, he arrived at 'Golden Island' off Chin-kean-fu. Here was a superb Chinese library, over which his Excellency Sir W. Parker had set a guard of marines, and the gate of which he had sealed up, ordering it not to be touched unless terms were not come to, in which case the volumes would have been removed to England. By this time, however, the guard had been withdrawn, and accordingly the French commodore, actuated by the love of science, and committing a dishonest act in the interest of philology, went with a party to the island and meanly stole the contents of the library. To this they may have been impelled by another motive, besides those we have named—a desire, namely, to injure our character; as the Chinese of those parts, never having heard of France, would naturally attribute the robbery to us. The subsequent doings of the French in China it is unnecessary here to record. They have taken care to establish a consul at Canton, in the person of M. Ratti Menton, notorious for his quarrelsome disposition; and they have sent out an embassy, whose performances it is not worth while to chronicle. What we have related will be sufficient to characterize their proceedings. We have noticed them simply for the purpose of letting the public know what kind of obstructions may be thrown in the way of our continued peaceful intercourse with the Chinese.

of Augustus; with Notes and Excursus illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Romans. Translated from the German of Professor BECKER. By F. METCALFE, B.A. London. 1844.

THE history of Rome is eternally new and universally interesting. Veil after veil may be withdrawn, mystery after mystery may be explored, yet there it stands, a problem endless in its variety of aspects, inexhaustible in its interest. Generations after generations exhaust their science and their learning, and leave the subject as a legacy to the science and learning of successors. As the world grows wiser, it derives deeper lessons from Roman experience; as history itself approaches nearer to the character of science, it penetrates more clearly into the mysteries of that prodigious empire. Mark Antony said, that the grandeur of Rome was seen less in what she took from, than in what she gave to the world; and he spoke truly. Everything Rome has given to the world has been of the same stamp of greatness. Her law, her roads, her experience, political and moral, her examples of heroism and her examples of baseness. For good or for evil she has had no equal. Her greatness is of a higher cast, her profligacy of a deeper hue, than that of any nation in history. Rome was rightly named the Eternal City: rightly was she named *Pompeii*, *force*: for even now, when her empire has crumbled to dust, when her city is little better than a heap of ruins, even now her history holds its sway over the imaginations of men, her experience is questioned with avidity by the wise. And what a history! what experience!

A contemporary has recently raised his voice against the study of Roman and Grecian History in our colleges and schools, as tending to foster that warlike propensity which Christianity reprobates. An idle fear. Not only does Christianity, but all the tendencies of modern society, reprobate war; and when this is the case we might as well express our fear of Roman and Grecian History inculcating polytheism, as of their fostering a tendency so distinctly at variance with the peaceful fabric of society. Our youth will not learn to have a greater propensity for war by reading Roman History; but they will learn many other things so desirable as to outweigh that objection, if indeed it were valid. They will read there the virtues of *manliness*: virtues so much needed and so little cultivated in modern society. They will learn to estimate patriotism. They will read, perhaps, with more dispassionate minds, the struggles

AET. XI.—1. *Niebuhr's Lectures on the History of Rome, from the first Punic War to the Death of Constantine.* Edited by LEONHARD SCHMITZ. Ph. D. 2 vols. London. 1844.

2. *Michelet: Histoire Romaine. 1ère partie: République.* 3 vols. Bruxelles. 1840.

3. *Prosper Mérimée: Etudes sur l'Histoire Romaine.* 2 vols. Paris. 1844.

4. *Gallus; or, Roman Scenes of the Time*

which are now going on in the world, and be better able to judge of our poor laws, and corn laws, our reform bills and votes by ballot, when they see the same struggles reflected in the history of an ancient nation. They will see there every form of political error, and the tyranny which results from error; and this may open their eyes to the magnitude and nature of the political dangers of their own state. We are on a vast and stormy sea, steering towards some dim and unknown shore; others have sailed upon that sea before us, and perished miserably; but on the rocks on which they split, beacons are now erected to warn us of the danger; beacons not less useful than the stars which guide us. Rome is a blaze of beacons.

The history of Rome is a strange story, and one profoundly tragic. There is great significance in the symbol of the wolf, which gave the Roman nursing suck, and so nourished a great, brawny, brutal race: a brutal, but a great race; a race which mastered the world, because it deserved to master it; a race which first mastered the world by the sword, and afterwards by the law, conquering its conquerors and taming the savage hordes. Like the wolf, their nurse, the Romans were nourished with the blood of the human race. In the poetry of their early history, as in the terrible prosaism of the empire, we see alike the fierceness and brutality of the wolf's nursling. The very foundation stones of the city are stained with fratricidal blood. The city itself is peopled by means of the rape of the Sabines; and dishonoured by a Tullia and a Tarquin: fit preparations for the proscriptions of a Sylla, and the infinite debaucheries of the empire! And side by side with these dark pictures are the grand portraits of Scævola, Horatius Cocles, Brutus, Cincinnatus, the Scipios, the Gracchi, Cæsar, and Marcus Antoninus; and, greater than all these, the grand figure of the Roman people. Yes, it is as Niebuhr eloquently says:

"The history of all nations of the ancient world ends in that of Rome, and that of all modern nations has grown out of that of Rome. Thus, if we compare history with history, that of Rome has the highest claims to our attention. It shows us a nation, which was in its origin small, like a grain of corn; but this originally small population waxed great, transferred its character to hundreds of thousands, and became the sovereign of nations from the rising to the setting of the sun. The whole of Western Europe adopted the language of the Romans, and its inhabitants looked upon themselves as Romans. The laws and institutions of the Romans acquired such a power and durability, that even at the present moment they still continue to maintain their influence upon

millions of men. Such a development is without a parallel in history. Before this star all others fade and vanish. In addition to this, we have to consider the extraordinary greatness of the individuals and their achievements, the extraordinary character of the institutions which formed the groundwork of Rome's grandeur, and those events which, in greatness, surpass all others; all this gives to Roman history importance and durability."—'Lectures,' vol. i., p. 92.

All books that treat of Rome are welcome; every man's view of so great a subject is worthy of attention. Considering, however, the abundance of the materials, we may express our surprise at the little that has been done to initiate us into the *life* of the Romans. One of the greatest defects in Roman histories is that they do not make Rome present to us, as an actual city, peopled with living men. No doubt the institutions were important; but not less so was the character of the men who made those institutions. Above all things we need a graphic picture of Rome and its inhabitants. Both under the republic and the empire what materials for a skilful artist, and how strangely neglected by historians! Who, in reading the voluminous accounts of Rome, ever realizes to himself a precise image of the eternal city? We think of the Forum and its noisy debates; we think of the baths and their gossiping loungers; but do we picture the Jews lying huddled on their beds of straw—the vociferating pork butchers, and other shopkeepers, in the vicinity of the Forum—the book-stalls, with pillars covered with placards announcing new works, a mode of advertising still largely carried on in Paris—the public schools, to one of which Virginia was hurrying when Appius Claudius leered upon her—the slave-dealers—the gladiators, with whom the young nobles associated to learn from them, and practise with them, the rules of sword exercise, useless in war, as our young nobles formerly patronised the equally brutal members of 'The Fancy'—the improvisatore, of whom Statius was the most illustrious—the plebs, roaring out the rude satire of the Fescennine ribaldries—the vinedressers, singing snatches of Saturnian ballads,

And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves—

the assemblage of almost all the nations of the earth, from the bronze-faced Numidian to the blue-eyed, fair-haired Gaul—the magnificent spectacles and gladiator fights given by the wealthy and ambitious—the bribery both of money and flattery with which the men aspiring to the honours of quæstor, or tribune, like our modern M.

P's., unblushingly purchased the 'sweet voices' of the electors—do we realize these and a thousand other details of the great picture seen in that transparent atmosphere of Italy, which makes every outline so clear and sharp? No; historians neglect these details, and produce incomplete works. Professor Becker's 'Gallus,' though containing many curious glimpses of the everyday aspect of Roman life, omits most of the above details, and others of equal importance. But did the work contain all that is known on the subject, our remark would still hold good, for we spoke of historians. Michelet is the only writer we are acquainted with, who has at all seen the necessity of bringing in such details, on appropriate occasions, to illustrate and enliven disquisition and narrative. In his little work, there is not only erudition and sagacity, but the far higher qualities of an artist. Rome, the city and its people, is in some measure made present to us. The individuals are known to us. We understand their moral, religious, national sentiments, and we understand their actions. Michelet does not paint character by epigrams, nor by epithets. He does not make a catalogue of good qualities, then another catalogue of bad qualities, and affixing to them a name, bid you behold a man. The man himself is before you. You are let into the secret of his soul by his deeds and words; you understand his deeds and words by understanding the secret of his soul. His beliefs, his superstitions, his loves, his hatreds, and his motives, are laid bare; you know him almost as familiarly as you know Hamlet or Jacques, Macbeth or Falstaff. Not only the great men of history are thus marshalled before you; the great people, whom few regard, is almost as vividly pictured. And all this is done with a few brief significant touches, thrown in as it were carelessly, but with most masterly effect; done *en passant*, but calculated to endure. There are some conjectures, in this work of Michelet's, ingenious but questionable, and there are some deficiencies; but, in respect of graphic power, there is no history of Rome to rival it. We shall have occasion to quote it hereafter.

The 'Lectures' of Niebuhr are now, for the first time, published from the MS. notes taken by the students at the time of delivery; arranged, and their statements verified, by Schmitz, the friend and pupil of Niebuhr, and translator of the third volume of the 'Roman History.' Dr. Schmitz gives the following account of the materials upon which he had to work.

"In order to put the reader in a position fully to understand these preliminary remarks, it will be necessary for me to give some account of the materials I had to work upon, and of the principles I have endeavoured to follow. The notes upon which the present work is founded were made in the winter of 1828-29, and the summer of 1829, when Niebuhr gave a course of lectures on the History of Rome in the University of Bonn, the last time that he ever lectured on that subject. His intention was to relate the History of Rome from the earliest times to the downfall of the Western Empire, during the winter course of 1828-9; but the time—he lectured five times every week, and each lecture lasted three quarters of an hour—was not sufficient, and he was not able to carry the history further than the reign of Augustus. In order to fulfil his engagement, he continued his lectures in the summer of 1829, in which he related the history of the Roman emperors. The time allowed for this continuation, one lecture every week, proved again insufficient; and, brief as his sketches of the history of the emperors, and the principal events of their reigns, were, yet the summer course came to its close just as Niebuhr had finished his account of Constantine the Great.

"It must be observed that Niebuhr delivered his lectures before young men who were supposed to be acquainted with the leading events of Roman history, or at least to possess a sufficient acquaintance with the ancient languages to read the Greek and Latin works which form the sources of our knowledge. It was, therefore, not so much Niebuhr's object to fill their memory with all the details of history, as to enable them to *understand* its important events, and to form correct notions of the men and institutions which occur in the history of Rome—hence some events were passed over altogether, and others were only slightly alluded to, especially where he could refer his hearers to the ancients themselves for accurate and satisfactory information."—Preface, pp. 9, 10.

Having collated his own notes with those of a great many of his fellow-students, thus supplying omissions and correcting errors, Dr. Schmitz began the laborious task of verifying every one of Niebuhr's statements, and of giving the references to authorities, which a lecturer would not think of doing. In this task Dr. Schmitz has employed all that patience which is characteristic of German scholarship. He has corrected an immense number of inaccuracies, such as would naturally escape a lecturer in the heat of argument; and with becoming modesty he has corrected them in silence. Whenever he can find no authority for a statement made by Niebuhr, or when the authority given by Niebuhr seems insufficient, Dr. Schmitz carefully warns the reader of it in a note. The consequence of all this is, that we have Niebuhr's vast science, controlled by a scrupulous exactitude in the verification and citation of authorities. It is a book to become popular. For, unlike the 'Ro-

man History,' it is almost entirely a narrative instead of a disquisition; and, indeed, we know of no work where, in so small a compass, the reader will gain so distinct an idea of the leading points of Niebuhr's critical principles, as in the introductory lectures. He here confines himself to results; indicating the leading arguments on which those results are grounded; and so furnishing a popular introduction to the disquisitions of his great work. Moreover, being addressed to students, it has a popular method of exposition; which, without arriving at anything like artistic narrative, is infinitely more amusing than the weighty, but somewhat tedious, passages of the 'Roman History.' It will widen his reputation, but it will not deepen it. More admirers will be gained; but old admirers will not have their admiration increased. Niebuhr is at home amongst corrupt texts and questionable authorities; he there manages a prodigious erudition with amazing skill. No one ever, perhaps, manifested such a power of discerning what was authentic, what was historical, from what was fabulous in a passage; no one, perhaps, ever manifested greater skill in elaborating hints, in bringing passages, before unnoticed, to illustrate or confirm his bold conjectures. No one ever conjectured with greater boldness: few with so great felicity and science. He was the king of all treasure-finders. In spite of his dogmatism, in spite of his rashness, all Europe has acknowledged the truth of his leading views, all historical students are grateful to him for the impulse he has given to the science.

But with all Niebuhr's great qualities, and they were many, he has also very serious deficiencies. With the knowledge of a man of the world, he has not the ability of a man of the world in imparting what he knows. This is principally because he knows institutions better than men; he, therefore, dwells on institutions in preference to dwelling on men. His opinions on finance, and on the executive administration, must command universal respect. His opinions on men, on the characters of great men, or the morals and creeds of a people, do not rise above mediocrity: sometimes, indeed, sinking below it. Hence disquisition, not history, was his forte; and, for the same reason, the 'Lectures' are not of the same value as his 'History.' His portraits of some of the great men that figure in the 'Lectures' are really trivial; wanting not only in the vividness and consistency necessary to give a life-like air, but singularly superficial in the representation of motives. We should cite his Hannibal, Scipio, Sylla, Catiline, Mithridates, and Cæsar, as

specimens of historic portraiture, fully on a par with the portraits by Royal Academicians, which adorn, with their gilded frames, the walls of our annual exhibitions: they are inadequate representations not only of the men they pretend to represent, but of human beings in any state. Niebuhr is prodigal of epithets, as the R.A.'s are prodigal of 'accessories': the epithets are very proper epithets, distinctly expressing some moral or intellectual quality; the 'accessories' are very good accessories: unexceptionable as imitations of gold chains, rings, wine-glasses, and shirt-collars; but the character, the physiognomy, of the soul, they leave as obscure as ever.

Niebuhr's remarks on Sylla are in the highest degree feeble and unsatisfactory: not only does he fail to paint a portrait, but he also fails to judge the man. Sylla's character was indeed a mystery; yet experience of the world, above all experience of the rulers of the world; should have taught Niebuhr to read certain unmistakeable lineaments. Take the sensuality of Barère, the fanaticism of St. Just, the cruel pedantry of Robespierre, and something of the warlike disposition and genius of Napoleon, and you have the leading elements of Sylla's character, developing themselves in a state of society to which the history of the world furnishes only one parallel—the French Revolution. Niebuhr sees nothing of the fanaticism and pedantry; he sees only the cruelty, which, unexplained and unexcused by the fanatic pedantry, is perhaps more diabolical than the Septembrizer's butchery. The regular systematic slaughter of all those who had joined or even sympathized with the Italians, a slaughter conducted not with the blind fury and vindictiveness of Marius, but with the unflinching resolution of St. Just and Robespierre, Niebuhr regards as mere cruelty, and makes the following schoolboy-like reflection on Sylla's death: 'He retired to Puteoli, where he is said to have been attacked by a most disgusting disease; his body was covered with ulcers and vermin. I believe the fact of his having had this disease cannot be denied, and he deserved it. It occurs chiefly in the case of tyrants, such as Philip II., and also in the history of the Jews. It is also said to have befallen a rich landowner, who had been guilty of brutal conduct towards his tenants.'—Vol. i., p. 417.

Now, with all our respect for Niebuhr's vast acquirements, we cannot allow such a passage to pass unnoticed, because the spirit which dictated it, dictated also several others equally absurd. Conceive a man of Niebuhr's eminence—an historian and a man of

the world—endeavouring to connect physical with moral disease! and, independently of the great absurdity, conceive also its great immorality! If this disease were the punishment of God for detestable crimes, what are we to say to its visitation of the innocent? A contemporary has already pointed out the want of any philosophy of history shown by Niebuhr's referring even ordinary events to Providence; and the 'Lectures' have numerous passages, which betray that whenever he was at a loss to solve moral and historical problems, he contented himself with attributing them to Providence. Bossuet was perfectly justified in tracing the finger of God in all historical events; to trace this was his distinct object. But Niebuhr is a historian who undertakes to *explain* historical events, and ought to explain them by moral and historical laws or not at all. As a specimen of historical reflection, take the following:

"As the contemplation of nature shows an inherent intelligence, which may also be conceived as coherent with nature, so does history on a hundred occasions show an intelligence distinct from nature, which conducts and determines those things which seem to us accidental; and it is not true that the study of history weakens the belief in a divine providence: history is of all other kinds of knowledge the one which most decidedly leads to that belief.—Circumstances, which are called accidental, combine in such a wonderful way with others to produce certain results, that men evidently cannot do what they please. For example, the Gauls alone would have been sufficient to crush the Romans; and had they invaded Italy during the first Punic war, the Romans would have been utterly unable to make their efforts against Sicily.—Again, had Alexander, the son of Pyrrhus, tried to avenge the misfortunes of his father in Italy—had he formed connections in Italy at the time that Regulus was defeated, the Romans would not have been able to offer any resistance.—But Alexander's eyes were directed towards petty conquests; the Gauls were quiet, and the Carthaginians had no good generals, except at the close of the war: in short, it was providential that all things combined to make the Romans victorious."—'Lectures,' vol. i., p. 146.

Nor is this a careless passage, accidentally thrown out in the course of lecturing; it commences the lecture, and it is borne out by a number of similar ones. Thus, at page 177, he says, 'If Providence has once decided upon the destruction of an army, all the most unfortunate circumstances will conspire for that purpose.' And at page 183, 'Hannibal ascended the hills from behind in columns, took his station upon them, and placed his light-armed troops where the space between the hills and lakes was narrowest, and formed a very long defile. Here again we see the finger of Providence: for

the day was very foggy.' Again, page 188, 'Providence here again evidently interfered in his behalf; the earthquakes, which announced awful events to the world, had paved his way, and been his battering rams, for the walls of several fortified towns had been thrown down.' One would fancy oneself amongst the Homeric gods, who snatch their favourites from peril by means of mists. Conceive a man gravely teaching his pupils, that Providence sent a foggy day for the especial use of Hannibal! Nothing can be more unlike the philosophy even of Bossuet than this; for Bossuet is at least consistent; whereas Niebuhr first sees the finger of Providence directing Rome, next directing Carthage. Rome became mistress of the world—Rome was unconquerable, because Providence had sided with her. But Niebuhr's Providence is capricious, and sides with Hannibal whenever Hannibal is victorious.

These specimens of historical philosophy are all found in the space of fifty pages; and these are not the only curious notions to be found within them, *e. g.* 'Caius Flaminius had now obtained the unlucky honour of the consulship. It would be unjust to judge of this man, whose name has come down to us in an unfavourable light, by his deeds.' (p. 180.) In the name of history, by what are we to judge of a man if not by his deeds? By his words? a fallacious test; a test we are unable to apply here, since we know nothing of Flaminius except his deeds.

From a mind so constituted we can expect little insight into the characters of men; little penetration into the motives of extraordinary actions. Sylla's abdication is one of those events which curiously stimulate the mind to detect its motives. We never expected from Niebuhr an approach to a solution of the difficulty; at the same time, we never expected such a trivial wavering judgment as that which he has given. 'He was probably exhausted by his long struggles; he may have felt that he was too old to carry on the wars in foreign countries, or he may not have wished to do so: he may have believed that in the republic itself all the necessary reforms were effected, or else he may have despaired of their successful working: in short, he laid down his power to the surprise and astonishment of every one.'—p. 417.

'O lame, most impotent conclusion.' Niebuhr knows not what to think, and contents himself with 'astonishment.'

Although Niebuhr is deficient in the highest qualities of a historian, the philosophical and artistic qualities, he is assu-

redly distinguished, above all men, in the highest qualities of a scholar, and his investigations will continue to be models in their kind. If we have deemed it imperative to lay some stress upon his deficiencies, we trust no one will, therefore, attribute to us any want of respectful admiration of his excellences; but the latter are universally recognized, while the former are seldom mentioned. In Michelet, we recognize some of the highest excellences of an historian: in power of painting the individual or the mass, no historian approaches him; in vivid perception of the true significance of trifles in illustrating a picture, he is alone. But his appreciation of institutions is far inferior to that of Niebuhr: his historical scepticism, and sagacity in the treatment of ancient texts, are still more inferior. These two great writers seem to compensate each other. Read, *pari passu*, Niebuhr for sound knowledge of data, Michelet for truthful pictures,—Niebuhr for the facts, Michelet for the interpretations—these two writers will convey the best notion of Roman History that is anywhere to be obtained.

For those two important periods, that of the Social War and that of Catiline's Conspiracy, the work of Prosper Mérimée, mentioned at the head of this article, may also be consulted with advantage. He has devoted a volume to each subject, and has filled each volume well. M. Mérimée is known as an elegant writer, and successful novelist. His first work, 'Théâtre de Clara Gazul,' drew upon him the notice of Göthe. His 'Chronique de Charles IX.' manifested considerable power, both as a novel and as an historical picture. 'La Jacquerie' showed still greater historical talent, and deserves to be ranked with the admirable works of Vitet. 'Colomba' has been pronounced a perfect tale. The present work, 'Etudes sur l'Histoire Romaine,' will increase his reputation in another direction.

There is a class of persons to whom the fact that Mérimée is a novelist, will be a prejudice against the possibility of his being a trustworthy historian. But the example of Bulwer will be a sufficient proof, that the qualities of a novelist do not necessarily exclude those of the historian. Bulwer's 'Athens' has minor faults, but it has immense merits. And Scott, whom Thierry calls, 'le plus grand maître qu'il y ait jamais eu en fait de divination historique,' has written truer and profounder English history than any other man, before or since. It is easy to cite anachronisms, transpositions of dates, and idealisation of characters in Scott, as the allowable licenses of the romance writer; but it would be difficult to estimate

the impulse he gave to historical science all over Europe, and to appreciate the value and profundity of his own contributions thereto. The studies of the novelist form, therefore, rather a favourable introduction to the studies of the historian; not indeed a fashionable novelist, not even the ordinary romance writer; but the writer who has shown a talent for the historical novel has only to possess the necessary diligence and erudition to become an admirable historian.

Prosper Mérimée has shown that the good novelist can also be a good historian; but, singularly enough, the characteristics of the novelist are by no means prominent in these 'Etudes.' So little are they apparent, that one, unacquainted with his previous works, would never suspect their being novels. He draws his portraits with a sure and steady hand, but without any trace of the idealizing propensity of the romance writer; Niebuhr idealises much more. His narrative is elegant and unpretending; his exposition is clear, and divested of rhetoric. His authorities are quoted with scrupulous exactitude, and sought with proper painstaking. His erudition is by no means extensive; but it is exact, and free from extraneous lumber. He never quotes more than is necessary; does not seem to have read more than was necessary. He indulges in conjecture and with great ingenuity; but never endeavours to palm these conjectures upon the reader as facts. Altogether a very sober work, and a very ingenious exposition of two striking periods of history. The materials for these periods are extremely meagre. Positive evidence can hardly be said to exist. Conjecture is, therefore, naturally busy, and can only be successful in proportion to the imaginative and scientific power of the mind employed in conjecturing. We will give an example from Niebuhr, and one from Mérimée, on the same point. Crassus and Cæsar were suspected of being accomplices in the Catiline conspiracy. Niebuhr thinks, that, 'with regard to Crassus, it was probable, though there was no positive evidence. Cæsar was innocent, and I am perfectly convinced that it was impossible for a mind like his to enter upon such things.' (Vol. ii., p. 25.) A more feeble reason could scarcely have been furnished; especially when we come to understand its real bearing, which we do on finding that Niebuhr supposed Cæsar 'far from being an intriguer, like most men of his time, he was the most open-hearted being in existence. In his connections with others he knew nothing of intrigues, and this led him to overlook many things which he could not otherwise have failed to observe.' (p. 37.) This is one of Niebuhr's paradoxes. Cæsar

'not a man of intrigues! What, he who carried his political designs even into his debaucheries—who chose his mistresses amongst the wives of the influential (Crassus, Pompey, and Silanus, were honoured thus)—who, acting ostensibly as the agent of Pompey in Rome, was in truth only acting for himself—Cæsar, whose life was made up of intrigues, combats, and debaucheries, is pronounced too high-minded for so gigantic a conspiracy as that of Catiline! Let us hear M. Mérimée. Forced to rely solely on his conjectures, he very wisely endeavours to detect the positive and egotistical motives which could have prompted Crassus and Cæsar; interest being the only motive in a state of society wherein all morality is a farce.

"Crassus was divided by two passions: hatred of Pompey, and insatiable avarice. If, on the one hand, he was animated by the desire of reconquering a position which his rival had usurped, and anxious to revenge himself upon the senate; on the other hand, the desire of preserving his immense riches made him shun all dangerous enterprises. He was timid and uncertain; he was a censurer rather than an active and declared enemy. Doubtless, he would have gladly seen his adversaries humbled, perhaps killed; but the idea of a party, of which Catiline was chief, obtaining the power, was alarming to him. What part could he take in any alliance with that crowd of profligates who intended dividing amongst themselves the riches of the republic? Was it prudent in him to associate with men covered with debts, who would not have failed to regard his treasures as a common fund, whence all were at liberty to draw? Finally, although he had commanded armies with success, and played an important part in the last revolution, he had no influence either with the soldiers or with the populace. Despairing of ever rivaling Pompey in war, it was in the Forum that he had endeavoured to obtain success, and thus to balance the power of his rival. Crassus wished to rule the senate, not to destroy it. It is probable, therefore, that his habits of prudence would have prevented any intimate alliance with Catiline, even had not the difference in their customs and positions naturally separated them. He perhaps watched the proceedings of the conspirators; perhaps he had listened to some proposal from them, without ever actually engaging himself. It was his policy to provide for himself some friends among them in case of a revolution—a foresight is common to all wealthy persons—and then awaited the result, hoping that the conspirators, though not strong enough to constitute a government, were at least strong enough to destroy the one he hated as much as they."

This is very rational conjecturing; it proceeds to deduce actions and sentiments from certain ascertained principles both of the character of Crassus and of that of all wealthy and ambitious men. Need we say that this conjecture has more weight with us than

Niebuhr's arbitrary assertion, that Crassus was probably implicated? Mérimée continues:—

"As to Cæsar, his participation in the conspiracy seems still more improbable. Although Rome was not yet aware of his genius, yet all eyes were turned towards him. Everything in him seemed extraordinary and contradictory: his exterior no less than his conduct. His dark eyes, whose fiery gaze none could withstand, contrasted with the habitual smile of his almost feminine mouth. In youth he had a delicate complexion, and his limbs, white and softly rounded, seemed to want vigour; yet he excelled in all bodily exercises, and his health was never affected either by excess of labour or excess of debauchery. On seeing him at the Forum in the morning, robed in his flowing toga, every fold of which seemed adjusted before a mirror, it was difficult to believe him to be the same man, who the evening before had tamed the furious horse on the Campus Martius, or who raised his voice in the name of the people, to accuse, before the tribunal of the decemvirs, a proconsul enriched by the proscriptions of Sylla. Proud of his birth, he loved to remind the Romans that he counted among his ancestors kings and gods; but it was doubted whether he was prouder of having Venus for his mother, than of having Marius for his uncle. Sometimes when he spoke in the curia, the old senators trembled, fancying that Caius Gracchus had re-appeared. The next instant the fiery tribune had vanished, and there remained nothing but the elegant *roué*, more occupied with a new mistress than with the affairs of the republic.

"Did Cæsar know himself? Had he already conceived some grand design? Those only could reply who saw him weep before the statue of Alexander the Great, or who had heard him repeat the verses of Euripides.

Εἶπερ γὰρ ἀδίκειν χρηρ, τορναντός περ
Κάλλιστον ἀδικεῖν· τ' ἄλλα εὐσεβεῖν χρεῖων.

This fearful prodigy of vigilance, audacity, and activity, had early conceived the project of becoming the first citizen of the republic; that is to say, the master of the world; and this project he had constantly before his eyes. At the age of seventeen, in the presence of Sylla, covered with the blood of those proscribed, Cæsar distinctly saw that the real power lay on the popular side, and alone, erect upon the ruins of his house, he had the audacity to stand forth as the heir of Marius, and to oppose the merciless dictator. Some years afterwards, not having yet taken any public office, he succeeded in seducing Pompey, in drawing him away from the senate, and in making him adopt measures, which gave the democratic party its most dangerous arms. Even his very vices had a political tendency: his mistresses were the wives of the most important magistrates; his wealth, dissipated in a calculated profusion, had procured him many friends; his debts attached all the rich men of Rome to his fortune. Adored by the people, the confidant, or rather the evil genius of Pompey, placed by his birth and his known ability at the head of a numerous and powerful faction, what could he anticipate from an alliance with Catiline and his associates? Assuredly Cæsar wished to

destroy the power of the senate; but he knew that the time was not arrived for him to gather his inheritance. No single action indicates his impatience, and everything proves that he knew how to preserve a prey which could not escape him, and which he would consent to share with no one.

"It is possible, however, that the conspirators, more easily to recruit allies, boasted of the adhesion of such men as Crassus and Cæsar to the cause. Among the subalterns, perhaps, many believed in this alliance; and even some of the chiefs flattered themselves with the idea that the first success would raise all scruples, and bring Cæsar and Crassus to their cause."

There is some difference between this reasoning and the school-boy rhetoric about purity of mind and ignorance of intrigues; whether it be conclusive or not let the reader decide for himself: it appears conclusive to us. Michelet follows the common notion, and asserts that both Crassus and Cæsar were implicated in the conspiracy. Indeed the greatest fault in Michelet's work is the want of that historical scepticism in which Niebuhr excelled, and by means of which the past has had quite a different aspect given to it. Michelet does not suspect the story told of Archimedes destroying the ships by means of huge burning-glasses during the siege of Syracuse. He quotes it as if it were unquestioned, unquestionable. Niebuhr justly rejects the story as an afterthought. When once burning-glasses had been invented, people naturally thought of the various applications to be made with them, amongst others, their application in sieges and in burning ships: the possibility became converted into an historical fact, and Syracuse was the spot where it was localised. Polybius said nothing about the burning-glasses: so, at least, Niebuhr conjectures from Livy's silence.

Much of Niebuhr's scepticism is admirable, but some of it seems hazardous and ill-grounded, and not unfrequently accompanied with weak and misplaced credulity. There is a passage in his account of Catiline that unites both these feelings:—

"He was so completely diabolical that I know of no one in history that can be compared with him; and you may rely upon it that the colours in which his character is described are not too dark, though we may reject the story of his slaughtering a child at the time when he administered the oath to his associates."—*Lectures*, ii., p. 14.

This passage is open to double criticism; for its assertion respecting Catiline's diabolical wickedness, and for its incredulity respecting the sacrifice. We have no intention of praising Catiline's virtues; we have no wish of extenuating his vices; but we cannot accept Niebuhr's verdict on a man whose

character and actions are known to us only through his accusers.* That Catiline was engaged in a conspiracy there is no doubt; but that his conspiracy was one of any moral enormity, in comparison with those constantly going on in Rome at that period, we may be permitted to doubt, when we are at the same time informed that it was favoured by the great mass of the people and some considerable portion of the aristocracy. The truth is that Sallust's account is full of contradictions; above all, it is perverted by party animosity. Those who believe Catiline to have been a man, such as he is represented by his accusers, are desired to consider what idea they would have of Cromwell if they had nothing but the libels of the Royalists whereby to judge of him; or what would be their conviction respecting the guilt or innocence of Courvoisier, if they had only read Charles Phillips' defence. As to Sallust and Cicero being contemporary authorities, that only makes their evidence more suspicious, and makes it contemporary slander. Have we not, in our own day, seen Louis Philippe undisguisedly accused of participation in a murder, accused too in a contemporary history of some influence and considerable talent? We might fill pages with instances of party misrepresentation of the grossest kind. Yet upon such evidence Niebuhr asserts that Catiline was completely diabolical, and assures his hearers that the colours in which Catiline is painted by his enemies 'are not too dark.' Remember that, on a former occasion, Niebuhr informed his hearers that they were not to judge of a man's character by his deeds: that would be unjust. He now tells them they may judge of another man's character by the accusations of his enemies, which cannot be too dark for reality: this is perfectly just! That Catiline had the vices of his time is probable; that he had the diabolical wickedness Niebuhr imputes to him, there is no evidence to prove.

We are told to reject the story of his having sacrificed a child on administering the oath to the conspirators. But on what grounds are we to reject it? None are given. Dio Cassius says that a young slave was sacrificed, and that Catiline, having pronounced the oath, confirmed it by taking hold of the entrails of the slave, in which each conspirator imitated him. This was the ordinary rite; except that the victim was usually a beast. Mérimée well observes

* Niebuhr must have been well aware of the fact, that Catiline's character and conduct are known to us only through the representations of his accusers; yet he makes no use of the fact in judging of Catiline!

that such a rite was a species of mysterious devotion capable of striking the imagination of the young accomplices, and thus forming a bond between them and their chief; for at the moment of engaging in some hazardous enterprise, the sacrifice of a human victim was the most certain way, according to ancient superstition, of making the gods favourable to it. Roman history makes mention of several human sacrifices solemnly celebrated by order of the magistrates. 'Interim ex fatalibus libris,' says Livy, 'sacrificia aliquot extraordinaria facta: interquæ Gallus et Galla, Græcus et Græca, in foro boaria sub terrâ vivi demissi sunt in locum saxo conseptum, jam ante hostiis humanis, minime Romano sacro imbutum.' (Liv., xxii., 57.) Plutarch relates in similar terms a similar sacrifice which was celebrated during the consulship of M. Valerius Messala and L. Apustius Fullo. (Plut., *Marcell.*, 3.) Porphyry asserts that the Romans annually sacrificed human victims to Jupiter Latialis; Tertullian and Lactantius assert the same. 'Et Latio in hodiernum Jovi media in urbe humanus sanguis ingustatur.' (Tert., *Adv. Gnost.*, 7.) 'Hodieque ab ipsis Latialis Jupiter homicidio colitur.' (Minuc., *Fel.*, 315.) 'Latalis Jupiter etiam nunc sanguine colitur humano.' (Lact., *De fals. Relig.*, i., 21.) Herodotus, iii., 11., mentions the fact of such sacrifices amongst the Greeks. The oracle of Delphos commands the Messenians to sacrifice a virgin in their war against the Spartans.

Κορνήν ἀχραντὸν νεκροποιεῖ δαιμόνιος
Θυρελάϊτις νεκροποιεῖν ἐν σφαγαίσι.—Pausan., iv., 9.

The sacrifice of Iphigenia by her own father will at once present itself to the reader's memory; and is a proof that the practice was at least accredited.

These passages by no means prove the fact asserted respecting Catiline; but they prove that there is nothing in the assertion itself contrary to the superstitious practices of the time, and it must, therefore, be refuted by some stronger evidence than Niebuhr's dictum. This reminds us to warn the reader against implicitly relying upon Niebuhr's assertions. At page 263 of the first volume of the 'Lectures,' he asserts that Ennius uses the word *ego* as a monosyllable, such as the Italian *io*. This rather startled us: for pronounce *ego* how you will, we conceive it impossible to make a monosyllable of it. The guttural aspirate of the Tuscans, however soft, will still make a decided distinction between the vowels, such as to prevent their being run into each other as in *io*. Be this as it may, we took the trouble of turning over the 'Fragments' of Ennius, as

collected by Merula (in the Leipzig reprint of 1825). The result of our search was this. Ennius uses the word *ego* three times in the course of the fragments extant, and only three times; on each of these occasions the mode of pronunciation is equivocal, because the final vowel, preceding another vowel, is of course elided. As far then as the testimony of the fragments themselves can be relied upon, there is no evidence in support of Niebuhr's assertion: *ego* has only a monosyllabic value in the three instances alluded to, because of the *elision* of the second syllable; but on what grounds are we to conclude, from this, that *ego* was a monosyllable when not followed by an initial vowel? The point is one of little importance in itself; but not without its importance in reference to Niebuhr, whose reputation for scrupulous fidelity in the statement of facts and the use of authorities might induce implicit reliance on his assertions. We do not wish to undervalue Niebuhr, but to rightly value him: to cite his own citation, 'Every man,' says Möser, 'may err, and even the wisest sometimes in the most incredible manner:' we deem it our duty to call attention to his having availed himself of the privilege.

We must now desist from criticism, which upon such great names is always perilous, and give the reader a taste of the 'Lectures,' previous to his sitting down to banquet off the whole. Here are two descriptive of the influence of luxury in undermining the strength of the Roman people.

"The history of Scipio is very instructive, for it shows how the state was hastening towards its dissolution. No one thought of the republic being in danger, and the danger was indeed as yet far distant; but the seeds of dissolution were nevertheless sown, and its symptoms were already beginning to become visible. We hear it generally said that, with the victories of the Romans in Asia, luxury, and all the vices which accompany avarice and rapacity, began to break in upon them. This is indeed true enough, but it was only the symptom of corruption, and not its cause; the latter lay much deeper. After so many years of destructive and cruel wars, during which the Romans had been almost uninterruptedly in arms, the whole nation was in a frightful condition: the poor were utterly impoverished, the middle class had sunk deeper and deeper, and the wealthy had amassed immense riches. The same men who had marched into rich foreign countries as hungry soldiers, now returned with exorbitant riches—the treasures extorted from conquered nations. The officers and nobles had now opportunities to satisfy their desires with splendid buildings and luxuries of every kind, and to fill their houses with costly furniture, carpets, plate, &c. The Romans had grown rich, but the immediate consequence was a brutal use of their riches. Agriculturists are excellent men, so long as they live in favourable circumstances, but when they acquire wealth on a sudden, they exhibit a

striking proof of how difficult it is to make a rational use of it. A similar instance occurs in the history of Dittmarsch, where corruption became general at a time when, after some years of scarcity, the people acquired wealth by extraordinary sales of corn. Thus, the Romans who had accumulated immense wealth, and did not know how to use it, began to abandon themselves to gluttony. Hence it came to pass, as Livy says, that cooks who had been before the most despised class of slaves, now became the most expensive. The Roman pontiffs, as we see from their bills of fare, might in their eating and drinking have rivalled the canons of modern times. Before this time the Romans had lived like simple peasants, but now exorbitant sums were spent upon Greek cooks: gluttony and the most disgusting vulgarity took the place of former frugality. The Athenians lived frugally at all times, and the Greeks are on the whole a frugal nation; the Italians, on the other hand, can be frugal; when they are let loose, they indulge in brutal intemperance."—*Lectures*, vol. i., pp. 254—256.

"In the earlier times the strength of Rome consisted in her free peasantry, but this class of her population was gradually losing its importance and influence. One of those levies which the late wars had required must have ruined numbers of whole families. Another change which had lately taken place, and which could not remain without political consequences, was the importance which capital had acquired. Ever since the end of the first Punic war, when the Romans had gained possession of Sicily, we find capitalists engaged in enterprises and speculations to increase their moveable property, and this spirit was encouraged by the facility and impunity with which they could pursue their objects in the provinces. Usury was indeed forbidden by the Roman law, as it was in later times forbidden by the canon law; but such a law is unnatural, and of no avail, for, in defiance of the canon law, a variety of ways were devised, which enabled capitalists to take the interest with impunity; and similar methods were resorted to at Rome, where capitalists did business with foreigners, or substituted other names for their own. The canon law imposed no restrictions on the Jews, and the Roman law did not extend its protection to the Italian allies, or to freed men; so that a thousand ways were left open to evade the law. In the provinces the spirit of usury found no obstacles. The *Publicum Romanum* had been immensely extended: the tunny-fisheries, the tithes of Illyricum and other countries, put large sums of money into circulation, and the profits made by these things were as great as those made in modern times by speculators in paper securities. Whenever, for instance, a contribution was to be raised, the publicani were immediately ready to offer the money at an interest of at least 12, but sometimes 24, or even 36 per cent., and the governors of the provinces took good care that the debts were paid. This is the manner in which the class of publicani was gradually formed. Distinct traces of them are found in Livy as early as the second Punic war, although it was not until the century following that they acquired their notorious importance. They form a parallel to the money-dealers whom the eighteenth century produced."—*Lectures*, vol. i., pp. 225, 266.

Another point worthy of comment is the facility with which the Romans admitted foreign deities into their mythology. This, no doubt, partly arose from the continual danger and continual war in which they were plunged; they must so often have implored in vain the assistance of their own gods, and so often seen their enemies imploring the assistance of other gods, as by a natural fear, and a natural tendency to imitation, to have been led to test the efficacy of these new deities.* Note also the excessive veneration of the Roman people for forms and ceremonies of all sorts; the fidelity to the letter rather than to the spirit, which made their laws so great and so enduring (according to Mérimée), also made their religion a mere ceremony. The Roman people, as Michelet well says, was not one to become corrupted with impunity. Strange religions, especially the Oriental, introduced new debaucheries; and Roman debauchery affected the excitement of bloodshed. The Romans have ever been sanguinary and sensual. The unnatural debaucheries and the combats of the gladiators were introduced at about the same period. In one year one hundred and seventy women poisoned their husbands to make room for their lovers. The Bacchanals, amongst whose mysteries prostitution and murder occupied a large place, counted, says Valerius Maximus, no less than seven thousand initiated in Rome alone. In fact, amongst the Romans (to apply a joke of Charles Lamb's), '*blood* was made as light of as money in our modern comedies.' The nurslings of the wolf never belied their nurse.

Niebuhr's account of Hannibal's passage of the Alps, though deficient in that picturesqueness which is the charm of Michelet's treatment of the same point, is well worth attention for its historical criticism; that portion of it which endeavours to determine the part of the Alps where the passage took place, we quote:—

"It has been one of the most disputed points of ancient history, in what part Hannibal crossed the Alps, and the ancients themselves differ widely in their accounts. Livy's description is obscure, and Polybius does not enter into any disquisition concerning the localities, because they were known in his time, and no one had any doubt about them. Livy imagines that he passed by Briançon, through the valley of the Durance, and descended somewhere in the neighbourhood of Turin; but this is erroneous. The other ancients are divided in

* Compare Livy: Quò diutius traheretur bellum, et variabant secundæ adversæque res non fortunam magis, quam animos hominum: tanta religio, et ea magnâ ex parte externa, civitatem incessit, ut aut homines aut dii repente alii viderentur facti. xxv. 1.

their opinions; some maintained that he passed over the Little, and others that he passed over the Great St. Bernard; some even thought it probable that he crossed the Simplon. Modern writers are likewise divided; but, after the researches of General Melville, there can be no longer any doubt as to the road which Hannibal took; and if any one who has a practical mind compares with these researches the account which Polybius gives, he must see that no other road is possible. It is strange that even ingenious and learned men have, in this instance, opposed the most palpable evidence. Melville has proved by the strongest possible evidence that Hannibal marched across the Little St. Bernard, and that this took place about the beginning of October. The mountain cannot have been a glacier covered with eternal ice, for not far from its top a little corn was grown, and during the summer months it was a green Alp, which served as pasture. On his arrival there Hannibal found fresh snow and a frequented road. In a district near the Little St. Bernard, in the valley of Tarentaise, he had a severe contest with the Alpine tribes; and Polybius, evidently with the intention to mark Hannibal's road, says that he halted near a *white rock*. Now, there is only one gypseous cliff in those Alps, and that is near Tarentaise, along which the ancient road ran, and which is discernible even at the present day, and known to the inhabitants of the country under the name of *la roche blanche*. This circumstance alone would suffice to remove all doubts, but this road also perfectly agrees with the number of days which Hannibal spent upon his march; and this number differs so widely from the number of days required for the road over Susa, that this place cannot here come into consideration at all. Had Scipio ventured to follow his enemy, Hannibal would certainly have defeated him, and Scipio would have been lost among those Gallic tribes which would have risen against him. The remark of General Melville is true, that Hannibal had marched up the Rhone as far as Vienne, the ancient capital of the Allobrogi, which is not mentioned by Livy. Here Hannibal took up the cause of a pretender, and after having established him on the throne, he received supplies for his army and continued his march. The Allobrogi were at that time in possession of the country between the Isère and the Rhone, of a part of Dauphiné, the western districts of Savoy, and some other neighbouring territories. At Vienne Hannibal left the Rhone. Melville saw here a Roman road leading to Yenne, which was used throughout the middle ages, and down to the beginning of the seventeenth century. From Vienne Hannibal went to Chambéry, and into the valley of Tarentaise up towards the source of the river. General Melville has shown that the march through this narrow valley was a very troublesome one, as it was easy for the inhabitants to defend themselves in their mountains. It is a gross mistake when some writers describe Hannibal as marching over immense fields of ice; for about Tarentaise there are luxuriant plantations of nut trees, and in the valley itself a considerable quantity of corn is grown. The arrival of Hannibal and his army was a fearful calamity for the inhabitants of this valley, for it was a host which consumed everything that these poor people pos-

sessed. The less Hannibal was able to satisfy their hunger with the supplies he carried with him, the greater was the devastation caused by his army! for in such circumstances soldiers destroy everything. However great, therefore, his exertions were in pacifying the mountaineers, yet they manifested a desperate exasperation against him, and the losses of the Carthaginians in these contests were immense. In the last days of September Hannibal reached the Little St. Bernard. Snow began already to fall in those regions, and frosts and the other miseries of winter were now added to the sufferings with which he had been struggling hitherto. His army suffered not less from hunger than the French did on their retreat from Russia: thousands perished in a few days, but yet Hannibal was glad that he had arrived at the summit of the mountains. Those among his soldiers who were rather discontented, and had been lingering behind, now joined him again. The account of Livy, that Hannibal broke the rocks by means of vinegar, is one of those tales which we grieve to see related seriously by an intelligent man. It was undoubtedly derived from Cælius Antipater, and is nothing but a misrepresentation of an actual fact which has been explained by General Melville. The roads in the Alps run along rivers, by which they were originally formed. These rivers often pass from one mountain to another, and then roads run along above the rivers. Such a road is often buried under avalanches, or cut off by a sinking of the ground. Hannibal found such a spot on his road from the Little St. Bernard to the valley of Aosta. He was obliged to encamp there for three days, though suffering severely from hunger, cold, and snow, and to open a new road. General Melville has admirably illustrated this part of the march from Polybius. Livy says, that the mountain formed a precipice of one thousand feet, and that the new road was built down that precipice! This is nonsense, as every one must see.—Lectures, vol. i., p. 170—173.

In his description of the character of Cato, Niebuhr has written *con amore*. He evidently admires Cato; is evidently deceived by Cato's pedantic stoicism. But, as there was really much to admire, the somewhat exaggerated admiration may be accepted.

“If there is any man in Roman history who deserves the reputation which he enjoys with posterity, it is Cato. Cæsar's depreciation of him was only the consequence of his personal irritation. If we possessed Cicero's work on Cato, we should undoubtedly see Cicero's heart in all its goodness and amiability. It does honour to his courage to have written such a work under the circumstances, and it does honour to Cæsar also that he was unprejudiced enough to allow Cicero his admiration of Cato without imputing it to him as a crime. Cæsar declared that Cato had hurt him by his death, as he had thereby deprived him of the pleasure of pardoning him: Cæsar could not have said anything more concise. It is no more than natural that Cæsar should have been deeply wounded by Cicero's praise of Cato, and this feeling induced him to write his work against Cato

(Anti-Cato), in which he may have given the reins to his passion, which would never have arisen in his soul if Cato had remained alive. There was, in fact, nothing that Cæsar was more desirous of than Cato's friendship, a desire which Cato could not gratify. The Stoic philosophy never produced any heroes among the Greeks, if we except Zeno, the founder of the school, and Cleanthes; and not one Greek statesman was a Stoic philosopher. Among the Romans, on the other hand, many a great and virtuous statesman was a votary of the Stoa; and although some of them, such as Cicero, were not real Stoics, yet they admired the system and loved it. It would be a most unpardonable misapprehension of human virtue, if any one were to cast a doubt upon the sincerity of Cato's intentions; and this sincerity is not impeached by the assertion which has often been made, and I think with great justice, that Cato with his philosophy did incalculable injury to the commonwealth. He would have retained the old forms absolutely, and have allowed nothing which bordered upon arbitrary power. There is no doubt that in this manner he estranged the equites from the senate, after Cicero had succeeded with great difficulty in reconciling the two parties. Cato tore open the wound by opposing a demand of the publicani in Asia, which was not unjust, but only advantageous to them. Cato's advice to put the accomplices of the Catilinarian conspiracy to death was not mere severity, but a pure expression of his sense of justice, and perfectly in accordance with the laws of Rome; but it was nevertheless very unfortunate advice. Such was his conduct always, and it was a principle with him not to pay any regard to circumstances; the consequence of which was that, when his opinion was followed, many things turned out far worse than they had been before. His personal character was above all censure and suspicion; dissolute persons, such as A. Gabinus, might laugh at him, but no one ever ventured to calumniate him. It was highly unfortunate for him that he was mixed up with the Pompeian party, and, now that Pompey was dead, his situation was downright miserable. The men of that party acted in Africa like savages, and he saved Utica from their hands with great difficulty; for the leaders wished to plunder the town, because its inhabitants were said to be favourably disposed towards Cæsar, but in reality because they hoped thereby to secure the attachment of the soldiers. The inhabitants of Utica thus looked up to him as their deliverer. He had undertaken the command of the place only for the purpose of protecting it, and he pacified the mutineers by promising that the place should remain quiet, and that, if it were spared, it would not be ungrateful. When Cæsar, after the conquest of his other enemies, appeared before Utica, Cato advised his people not to continue their resistance. The generals took to flight, and Cato's opinion was that the garrison, which consisted for the most part of old men and unprincipled young nobles who were incapable of handling a weapon, should sue for pardon. His own son received the same advice from his father, who thus showed a very amiable inconsistency in his conduct, for here the father got the better of the Stoic. Cato excused himself by saying that he himself had seen the days of the republic, and could live no longer; but my son, he added, who

is a stranger to the republic, can live in different circumstances. He then withdrew to his room, and, in the night preceding the morning when the gates were to be thrown open, he read Plato's 'Phædo,' assuredly not for the purpose of strengthening himself in his belief in the immortality of the soul; for a person who does not possess that belief will never acquire it from reading the 'Phædo,' and Cato had undoubtedly read it so often that he knew it by heart; but in that awful and sublime moment, in which he was to breathe out his soul, it was less the thought of immortality that engaged his attention than the contemplation of the death of Socrates, though he believed in immortality such as it was believed by the Stoics. He took leave of the world by directing his mind to the last moments of one of the most virtuous men of all ages. He then inflicted a mortal wound upon himself, in consequence of which he fell from his bed. When his son and friends found him, they raised him up and dressed his wound; he pretended to sleep, but took the first opportunity to tear open the wound, and died. After the surrender of Utica the other towns soon followed its example."—'Lectures,' vol. ii., p. 78—81.

Those who remember the solemn strain in which Plutarch narrates the death of Cato, will regret that Niebuhr did not preserve it in the close of the above passage; indeed, as we before observed, it is one of the faults of his works to sacrifice the poetry of history whenever he meets with it; not only does he fail to tell his story graphically, he refuses to avail himself of the graphic talent of others.

With all his virtues Cato was an intolerable pedant. His blind adoration of the past is conceivable when we reflect on the dissolute state of society in his day; but conservatism is not cynicism; admiration of the past need not induce puerile opposition to every trifle in the present. When at the games of Flora, the people waited till Cato left the theatre, before demanding an immodest dance, they paid a sincere respect to his purity; but when he, even during his prætorship, walked through the streets without his toga, in a plain tunic, and with his feet bare, like a slave, he insulted every fellow-citizen by a puerile ostentation of simplicity, similar to that which Rousseau displayed in the *salons* of Paris, and from a similar motive. To oppose the corruption of the period with a rigorous simplicity and purity of life was philosophical; to oppose the customs and manners of the period in mere externals, such as dress and modes of speech, was trivial vanity aping philosophy. The cynics and the stoics afford many instances of this puerile ostentation, which imposes on the vulgar mind, but which only the vulgar mind could adopt. Nothing is easier than rudeness; no virtue so cheaply acquired and so

easily practised as the malignity which christens itself 'frankness;' no victory over one's passions is easier than that obtained by dressing differently from others. But rudeness is not moral purity; frankness is not always sincerity; naked feet will no more make men philosophers than turned-down collars will make them poets. To mistake any of these externals for signs of internal greatness is in itself a fatal symptom; to mistake them in your own person is either hypocrisy or madness.

The following remarks on Cæsar are worth quoting:—

"If we consider the changes and regulations which Cæsar introduced, it must strike us as a singular circumstance that, among all his measures, there is no trace of any which could show that he thought of modifying the constitution, for the purpose of putting an end to the anarchy. Sulla felt the necessity of remodelling the constitution, but he did not attain his end, and the manner, too, in which he set about it was that of a short-sighted man; but he was, at least, intelligent enough to see that the constitution, as it then was, could not continue to exist. In the regulations of Cæsar we see no trace of such a conviction, and I think that he despaired of the possibility of effecting any real good by constitutional reforms. Hence, among all his laws, there is not one that had any relation to the constitution. The fact of his increasing the number of patrician families had no reference to the constitution; the patricians had in reality so few advantages over the plebeians that the office of the two *adiles Cereales*, which he instituted, was confined to the plebeians,—a regulation which was opposed to the very nature of the patriciate. His raising persons to the rank of patricians was neither more nor less than the modern practice of raising a family to the rank of nobility; he picked out an individual, and gave him the rank of patrician for himself and his descendants. The distinction itself was merely a nominal one, and conferred no other privilege upon a person except that of holding certain priestly offices, which could be filled by none but patricians, and for which their number was scarcely sufficient. I consider it a proof of the wisdom and good sense of Cæsar that he did not, like Sulla, think an improvement in the state of public affairs so near at hand or a matter of so little difficulty; the cure of the disease lay yet at a very great distance, and the first condition on which it could be undertaken was the sovereignty of Cæsar. Rome could no longer exist as a republic.

"It is curious to see in Cicero's work, '*De Re Publica*,' the consciousness running through it, that Rome, as it then stood, required the strong hand of a king. Cicero had surely often owned this to himself, but he saw no one who would have entered into such an idea. The title of king had a great fascination for Cæsar, as it had for Cromwell,—a surprising phenomenon in a practical mind like that of Cæsar. Every one knows the fact that while Cæsar was sitting on the sugestum, during the celebration of the Lupercalia, Antony presented to him the diadem, to try how the people would take it. Cæsar saw the great alarm which the act created, and declined the dia-

dem for the sake of appearance; but had the people been silent, Cæsar would unquestionably have accepted it. His refusal was accompanied by loud shouts of acclamation, which, for the present, rendered all further attempts impossible. Antony afterwards had a statue of Cæsar adorned with the diadem, but two tribes of the people, L. Cæsetius Flavius, and C. Marullus, took it away; and here Cæsar showed the real state of his feelings, for he treated the conduct of the tribunes as a personal insult towards himself. He had lost his self-possession, and his fate, which carried him onward, had become irresistible. He wished to have the tribunes imprisoned, and all that could be obtained of him was, that he was satisfied with their being stripped of their office and sent into exile. This created a great sensation at Rome. Cæsar had also been guilty of thoughtlessness, or perhaps merely of distraction, as might happen very easily to a man in his circumstances. When the senate had made its last decrees, conferring upon Cæsar unlimited power, the senators, consuls, and prætors, in festal attire, presented the decrees to him, and Cæsar at the moment forgot to show his respect for the senators; he did not rise from his *sella curulis*, and received the decrees in an unceremonious manner. This want of politeness was never forgiven him by the persons who had not scrupled to make him their master, for it had been expected that withal he should behave politely, and be grateful for such decrees. Cæsar himself had no design in the act, which was merely the consequence of distraction or thoughtlessness, but it made the senate his irreconcilable enemies. The affair with the tribunes, however, had made a deep impression upon the people. Cicero, who was surely not a democrat, wrote at the time, '*turpissimi consules, turpis senatus, populus fortis, proximus honorum infimus*,' &c. The praise here bestowed upon the people may be somewhat exaggerated, but the rest is true. We must however remember that the people, under such circumstances, are most sensible to anything affecting their honour, as we have seen at the beginning of the French revolution."—*Lectures*, vol. ii., p. 88—90.

But the account of the conspiracy of Brutus and Cassius is feeble; and that of Cæsar's assassination is miserable:

"On the morning of the 15th of March, the day fixed upon for assassinating Cæsar, Decimus Brutus treacherously invited him to go with him to the curia, as it was impossible to delay the deed any longer. The detail of what happened on that day may be read in Plutarch. C. Tillius (not Tullus) Cimber made his way up to Cæsar, and insulted him with his importunities, and Casca gave the first stroke. Cæsar fell covered with twenty-three wounds. He was either in his fifty-sixth year, or had completed it, I am not quite certain on this point, though, if we judge by the time of his first consulship, he must have been fifty-six years old. His birth-day, which is not generally known, was on the 11th of Quintilis, which month was afterwards called Julius."—Niebuhr, vol. ii., p. 95.

And these are the closing words of the lecture! These are the words in which the murder of Cæsar is dismissed! A more unpleasant specimen of the philologist usurping

the historian, it would be difficult to quote. The death of the greatest man Rome ever produced; and, in his way, the greatest the world ever produced, excites no emotion in the historian, causes no pulse to beat faster, inspires him with no 'burning words' by which to rouse the minds of his auditors. Cæsar is slain. Three lines and a half record the event; six lines and a half are immediately added to discuss the age at which he died. And this is done in the coldest manner: in the very spirit of pedantry. Could such a lecturer have realized history, even to his own mind? We doubt it.

Niebuhr's opinions on the Roman poets have somewhat surprised us: we were not prepared for such sound judgment on so contested a subject. He prefers Lucretius, Catullus, and Ovid, to all the others; an opinion which is daily gaining more ground. His criticism on Virgil is admirable, though not sufficiently discriminative of Virgil's picturesqueness and harmonious sweetness; the remarks on epic subjects go deeply into the question:

"Virgil was born on the 15th of October, 682, and died on the 22d of September, 733. I have often expressed my opinion upon Virgil, and have declared that I am as opposed to the adoration with which the Romans venerated him, as any fair judge can demand. He did not possess the fertility of genius which was required for his task. His *Eclogues* are anything but a successful imitation of the *Idyls* of Theocritus; they could not, in fact, be otherwise than unsuccessful; they are productions which could not prosper in a Roman soil. The shepherds of Theocritus are characters of ancient Sicilian poetry, and I do not believe that they were taken from Greek poems. Daphnis, for example, is a Sicilian hero, and not a Greek. The *idyls* of Theocritus grew out of popular songs, and hence his poems have a genuineness, truth, and nationality. Now Virgil, in transplanting that kind of poetry to the plains of Lombardy, peoples that country with Greek shepherds, with their Greek names, and Greek peculiarities,—in short, with beings that never existed there. His didactic poem on Agriculture is more successful; it maintains a happy medium, and we cannot well speak of it otherwise than in terms of praise. His '*Æneid*,' on the other hand, is a complete failure: it is an unhappy idea from beginning to end; but this must not prevent us from acknowledging that it contains many exquisite passages. Virgil displays in it a learning of which an historian can scarcely avail himself enough, and the historian who studies the '*Æneid*' thoroughly will ever find new things to admire. But no epic poem can be successful, if it is anything else than a living and simple narrative of a portion of something which, as a whole, is the common property of a nation. I cannot understand how it is that, in manuals of *Æsthetics*, the views propounded on epic poetry, and the subjects fit for it, are still full of lamentable absurdities. It is really a ludicrous opinion, which a living historian has set forth somewhere,

that Tasso's '*Jerusalem Delivered*' is a failure, because the subject is not old enough—as if it were necessary for it to lay by for some centuries to go through a kind of fermentation! the question is similar to that as to what subjects are fit for historical painting. Everything is fit for it, provided it is capable of suggesting to the beholder the whole of which it is only a part. This is the reason why Sacred History is so peculiarly fit for historical painting. Every one who sees, for example, a madonna or an apostle, immediately recollects all the particular circumstances connected with those personages; and this effect upon the beholder is still stronger, if he has lived some time surrounded by works of art. When Pietro of Albano or Domenichino paint mythological subjects, we scholars know indeed very well what the artist meant to express, and we are vexed at his little inaccuracies; but the majority of the people do not understand the meaning of the painting, they cannot connect a definite idea with it, and the subject contains nothing that is suggestive to them. Mythological subjects, therefore, are at present a hazardous choice for an artist, and however excellently they may be treated, they cannot compete with those taken from Sacred History. Mythological subjects were as much the common property of the ancients, as the Sacred History is the common property of Christian nations. If a subject is generally known, and much talked of, and if the external forms are not against it, a subject from modern history would be just as fit a subject for artistic representation as any other. But our costumes are unfavourable to art. The ancients, however, very seldom represented historical subjects in works of art, although their costumes were not against it. The case of epic poetry is of the same kind. If a narrative which everybody knows, sings, or relates, is not treated as history in its details, and if we feel ourselves justified in choosing among the several parts of the whole for our purpose, then any of its parts is a fit subject for epic poetry. Cyclic poetry relates whole histories continuously, and is of the same extent as history; but epic poetry takes up only one portion of a whole, and the poet relates it just as if he had seen it. There cannot be a more unfortunate epic than Lucan's '*Pharsalia*:' it proceeds in the manner of annals, and the author wants to set forth prominently only certain particular events. There are passages in it like the recitative of an opera, and written in a language which is neither narrative nor poetry. Virgil had not considered all the difficulties of his task, when he undertook it. He took Roman history such as it had been transmitted by Greek writers; if he had taken the Roman national traditions, he would have produced something which would have had at least an Italian nationality about it. The ancient Italian traditions, it is true, had already fallen into oblivion, and Homer was at that time better known than *Nævius*; but still the only way of producing a living epic would have been, to have taken the national Italian tradition. Virgil is a remarkable instance of a man mistaking his vocation: his real calling was lyric poetry, for his small lyric poems, for instance, that on the villa of Syron, and the one commencing '*Si mihi susceptum fuerit ducurrere munus*,' show that he would have been a poet like Catullus, if he had

not been led away by his desire to write a great Latin poem. It is sad to think that his mistake, that is, the work which is his most complete failure, has been so much admired by posterity; and it is remarkable that Catullus's superiority over Virgil was not acknowledged till the end of the eighteenth century. Markland was the first who ventured openly to speak against Virgil, but he was decried for it, as if he had committed an act of high treason. The fact of Virgil being so much liked in the middle age arose from people not comparing or not being able to compare him with Homer, and from the many particular beauties of the *Æneid*. It was surely no affectation of Virgil when he desired to have the *Æneid* burnt: he had made that poem the task of his life, and in his last moments he had the feeling that he had failed in it. I rejoice that his wish was not carried into effect, but we must learn to keep our judgment free and independent in all things, and to honour and love that which is really great and noble in man. We must not assign to him a higher place than he deserves, but what the ancients say of his personal character is certainly good and true. 'It may be that the tomb of Virgil on mount Posilipo near Naples, which was regarded throughout the middle ages as genuine, is not the ancient original one, though I do not see why it should not have been preserved. It is adorned with a laurel tree. I have visited the spot with the feelings of a pilgrim, and the branch I plucked from the laurel tree is as dear to me as a sacred relic, although it never occurs to me to place him among the Roman poets of the first order.'—Lectures, vol. ii., p. 155—159.

But what does he mean by calling Catullus 'a gigantic and extraordinary genius?' And surely there is some injustice in asserting that 'it shows the greatest prejudice to say that he (Catullus) is not equal to the Greeks of the classic age.' We have a hearty admiration for Catullus; but remembering how saturated his poems are with the Greek spirit, how obviously the best of his poems are but transcripts from Greek originals, we cannot rank him with the models he imitates; or, at any rate, cannot admit that prejudice alone would place him below those models.

We might continue extracting and gossiping to an indefinite length; but over long articles editors remonstrate and readers yawn; so we, deeming both remonstrance and yawn, things especially to be avoided, hasten to draw our lucubrations to a close. We close them with a brief notice of the last book on our list: 'Gallus; or, Roman Scenes of the time of Augustus.' Erudition and patient research, joined to a not inconsiderable amount of critical ability, have here produced a work acceptable to almost all classes of readers. The scholar will find it a collection and digest of an immense mass of materials, scattered over many regions; the general reader will find it an intelligible description of many Roman customs and peculiarities, which will enable him better to

understand his Horace, Catullus, Martial and Juvenal; the mere idler will find it a readable story. A work of art it is not; neither is it a complete picture of Roman life. But it is a more agreeable handbook of Roman Antiquities; being more readable and erudite than any other handbook we have met with. There may the curious learn much about the Marriages, Slaves, Studies, Books and Booksellers, Houses, Carriages, Inns, Gymnastics, Baths, Dresses, and Banquets, which he cannot learn elsewhere without considerable research. The story of 'Gallus' itself labours under the difficulty almost insurmountable in such undertakings: that of conveying the requisite information while preserving the character of fiction. The two objects are somewhat incompatible. We should prefer a series of dissertations, and then a story nourished with, but not dependent on them. As it is, however, the book will gain additional readers from amongst those who would not be induced to look at a series of dissertations.

Though on the whole highly approving of 'Gallus,' there are separate portions to which we must demur. It strikes us, for instance, as a great deficiency in the excellent account of the slaves, that only their occupations are described; one would desire a fuller account of their moral condition. We miss also an important piece of information respecting them, viz.: the classification of occupations according to national aptitudes; thus, the Greeks of Alexandria were the buffoons; the Greeks of the continent were the teachers, artists, and artisans; the Gauls and other northern races were the gladiators, porters, &c.; the natives of Asia Minor were the usual attendants on feasts and ministers of the debaucheries of their lords.

We have also to complain of an occasional want of distinctness in the references. This is a fault very common amongst the erudite; they never seem to consider that all their readers cannot be so familiar with every book as themselves; they never seem to consider that their books may be read by men who live elsewhere than in libraries, and have other things to occupy their minds than the titles of the obscure works of obscure authors. As an example, Becker gives this reference: 'Brisson. d. v. s. v. *manus*.' Who is Brisson? What is his book? We never heard of the gentleman: a great want of erudition, doubtless, but a sober fact; perhaps some of our readers are in the same predicament. And who, or what, may be Veget. i. ii.? (another of Becker's references:) Can it be Vegetius, who wrote on military affairs in the time of

Valentinian the Younger? or the other Vegetius, who wrote on the same subject in the middle ages? Perhaps so; but the reference is in the highest degree vague; so also is the following: 'and often thus in the *Dig.* and in *Apul.*' Probably 'Ulpian's Digest,' and 'Apuleius' *Metamorphoses* are meant; but how is the general reader to know this? and what information is conveyed in the following: 'and Philænis says (vii., 67. 6)? Who is Philænis? can it be that Becker here refers to the Philænis sometimes mentioned in Martial's epigrams? If so, Martial should have been referred to. We call the translator's attention to this point, because, as he leads us to expect a version of Becker's 'Charicles,' he may be induced to remedy the fault in his translation of that work. We trust also that he will not follow the plan adopted in 'Gallus,' of only giving references to certain passages quoted by Becker from the Greek and Latin authors. Space is certainly gained by this; but not utility. It is quite a mistake to suppose that people ever verify references, except for especial purposes: the trouble of rising from your seat, searching for the work, and then searching for the passage referred to, will only be taken on some special occasion; whereas, if the passage be quoted, it will be read. Moreover all persons do not possess the work referred to: even in the libraries of scholars curious deficiencies occur: e.g., Charles Nodier had not a copy of Virgil! Among those who actually possess the works some have them not at hand; there is such a thing as *lending* books: an expensive luxury! On all these accounts we are for having passages of any reasonable length quoted, instead of simply being referred to. And these passages in the 'Charicles' should be translated. Göthe very properly remonstrated with scholars for their having given up the ancient and excellent practice of never quoting Greek without a translation, either into the vernacular or into Latin. Everybody, as he says, may be supposed to know Latin, but few comparatively know Greek. It would slightly increase the translator's trouble, if he took Göthe's advice, in his version of 'Charicles;' but it would incalculably increase the value of the book, and extend its circulation amongst a large class who would otherwise be debarred from it. VERBUM SAT.

ART. XII.—1. *L'Inde sous la Domination Anglaise.* Par Baron BARCHON DE PENHOVEN. Paris. 1844.

2. *Speech of Captain William Eastwick, on the case of the Amirs of Sind, at a Special Court, held at the India House, Friday, 26th Jan., 1844.* London: James Ridgway. 1844.

3. *Speech of J. Sullivan, Esq., on the case of the Amirs of Sind, 26th Jan., 1844.*

4. *Papers respecting Gwalior.* 1844.

5. *Further Papers respecting Gwalior.* 1844.

6. *Additional Correspondence relative to Sind.* 1844.

7. *Courrier Français, 3d Sept., 1842.*

IN considering Lord Ellenborough's government of India we shall have principally to deal, not with that nobleman himself, but with those who placed him in a situation of so great trust and responsibility. His lordship has already reverted to his former state of comparative insignificance. He is no longer surrounded by the splendours of an Indian Durbar. He has no longer the chiefs and princes of a great empire at his levée. He has ceased to rival in power the greatest monarchs of the East, and to be able by a mere effort of his will to disturb or tranquillize all Asia. He has shrunk to the dimensions of an ordinary partisan, decorated with stars and ribands, but without the slightest political influence in the state. Except for the mischief, therefore, of which he has been the author, we should have ceased altogether to think of him. Whatever lucrative post or sinecure Sir Robert Peel might have bestowed upon him to soothe his regrets, and break his fall from the highest position an Englishman can occupy to the humble level of ministerial dependence, we should have been little concerned about his fortunes, and have endeavoured to discover topics more worthy of the public and ourselves. But some men, as one of the first masters of wisdom has observed, have greatness thrust upon them, and of this number is Lord Ellenborough. In himself he is mediocrity personified. Capable of much industry, and possessing some little showy powers of eloquence, he might, perhaps, like a celebrated imbecile of other times, have been thought worthy of exercising supreme power had it never been entrusted to him.

If there be any one quality which distinguishes a great statesman from the rest of the world, it is that power of intuition by which he reads the characters of those who press around him for employment. More depends on the proper distribution of men than on anything else which a minister can

be called upon to perform. The government of a country for the time being may be regarded as a combination of intellect, all-sufficient to meet every want of the state, and able, by a species of instinct synonymous with the most exalted wisdom, to station each integral part of which it consists in the post it is best fitted to occupy. This may be regarded as the beau ideal of administrative government. But if he who stands at the apex of this intellectual body detaches from the mass for any particular service that which is unequal to its performance, it is obvious that nothing but confusion can ensue, with perplexities and disgrace to himself.

Let Sir Robert Peel be tried by this test. Consider the men whom he has selected to represent him in various parts of the world—what do we find? Mediocrity, under the name of Lord de Grey or Lord Heytesbury, in Ireland; mediocrity, under the name of Ashburton, capitulating and ceding provinces to the United States in America; and worse than mediocrity in India, under the name of Ellenborough, relinquishing conquered kingdoms, meditating the abandonment of British prisoners to hopeless captivity, exposing the time-honoured name of England to disgrace and infamy, alternately flattering and insulting our Indian subjects, and wantonly alienating from himself the affections of those without whose coöperation he could not possibly perform his own duty.

It may, perhaps, be said, that in judging favourably of Lord Ellenborough's capacity, ministers erred in company with a majority of the nation. No doubt they did. But what then? The error of the majority was pardonable, being founded partly on his lordship's specious powers of eloquence, partly on his industrious application to the affairs of India, but chiefly on the confidence which the Tory ministers themselves had at various times ostentatiously put in him. The same excuse is not to be made for statesmen. Sir Robert Peel pronounced his own condemnation at the parting dinner given to Lord Ellenborough by the Court of Directors. He said he had coöperated with his noble friend during a period of fifteen years, had lived with him on terms of the closest intimacy, had enjoyed opportunities of studying him in the hours of business and in the hours of relaxation, in parliament, in the cabinet, and in society; and with all these advantages, all these facilities for getting at the character, idiosyncrasies, and capacity of the man, had come deliberately to the conclusion, that he was the individual best fitted to be entrusted with the government of India, at a period of difficulty, that

Great Britain could supply. Precisely the same language held the Duke of Wellington. It will not be pretended by the partisans of the administration that these were mere compliments, uttered in the fervour of a convivial moment, but not intended to be understood literally. We might accept this interpretation of the extravagant eulogies then pronounced on Lord Ellenborough, both by his Grace and the minister, unless for one circumstance: Lord Ellenborough was not proceeding to India as a mere traveller for his pleasure, or in search of knowledge; he was about to undertake the government of the greatest and most valuable dependency ever possessed by an empire; was about to be entrusted with the happiness of one hundred and seventy millions of men: nay, was about to occupy a position in which it would be within his competence, by a mere effort of his will, to convulse or tranquillize the largest and most populous quarter of the globe. Knowing this, and aware, moreover, that the responsibility of his election rested chiefly with them, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel would of course be careful to utter, unless they were prepared to stand by them, no praises which must necessarily be understood as predictions. For, if they affirmed Lord Ellenborough to be wise, moderate, and prudent, they foretold that his government of India would also deserve to be so characterized. With all these facts present to their minds, persuaded that the public generally would take them at their word, and having enjoyed ample leisure for consideration, the two most remarkable men of the Tory party, the men who enjoy among them greatest credit for statesmanship, and above all, for calm prudence and moderation, came forward on the occasion referred to, and delivered in the hearing of the persons most deeply concerned, a glowing and enthusiastic panegyric on the governor-general whom they themselves had appointed. It follows clearly that the two Tory leaders were for once sincere, and meant literally what they said. They staked their character for sagacity in the nicest and most hazardous operation of statesmanship, and tacitly entered into a sort of compact with their hearers, that if the subject of their eulogy proved anything but what they declared him to be, they would be ready to forfeit their reputation for judgment, and acknowledge themselves to be unfit for the post which, by the favour of their sovereign, they occupied.

We are far from pretending that it is an easy task for one politician accurately to read another. Nothing is more difficult, especially when the individual to be deciphered has a deep interest in concealing his

real character, and calls into play all his art and ingenuity for the purpose of screening his weak points from observation. But had the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel been worthy of the reputation they enjoy and the great offices they fill, they would not have allowed themselves to be defeated by the tactics of their subordinate, however skilful. They would have comprehended him in spite of himself. The very efforts he made to defeat their scrutiny, to invest the limits of his intellectual powers with obscurity, to cover his defects and imperfections, to conceal the turbid well-springs of his passions, would have roused their suspicions, and invited and constrained them to take a more accurate survey of his aptitude for the cares of empire. With regard to Lord Ellenborough himself, we can readily believe that he thought his own abilities equal to anything. Up to that moment, he had always played the part of a subordinate, had acted under authority, and been accustomed to refer the responsibility even of his own decisions to others. Self-examination had not entered into the circle of his studies. He had never questioned himself as to how he would act, or what he would do, supposing the helm of a great empire to be placed suddenly in his hands. Intoxicated by a puerile vanity, he flattered himself that he could be able, by mere impulse, by the unerring instincts of genius, to achieve anything which fortune might require him to perform. He had hitherto been guilty of no overwhelming blunders; but, on the contrary, had acted in various situations with tolerable prudence. As president of the Board of Control, he had familiarised himself with the theory of our Indian system of government, and had written reports and made speeches, and probably suggested measures not altogether without their merit. Added to all this, he had enjoyed what he pretended to esteem, the inestimable advantage of learning confidentially the views of the Duke of Wellington on Indian affairs. It is by no means surprising, therefore, that such a person so circumstanced should, even before he had enjoyed the benefit of a single day's experience, look upon himself as a sort of oracle removed far beyond the sphere of human error. That, at any rate, he entertained this opinion is quite certain.

When the fact of his appointment became known in political circles, a statesman, deeply versed in the mysteries of Indian politics, familiar with the character of the natives, master of all our external Asiatic relations, wrote to the new governor-general, politely offering to communicate to him any facts or information with which his extensive per-

sonal experience had supplied him. It might have been presumed, taking all circumstances into consideration, that Lord Ellenborough would gladly have availed himself of this offer. But mark the effects of adulation! He had no doubt been told frequently, by the Duke of Wellington among others, that he understood the interests of India better than any man in the country, and upon this assurance, he considered it safe to act. To the liberal statesman whose note we have above alluded to, he returned for answer, that he felt much obliged by his offer, but would not trouble him for advice or suggestions, as he considered himself to be "as well acquainted with the affairs of India as any man in England."

This circumstance at once disclosed Lord Ellenborough's secret. It was evident that he had been raised above his level, and that the dizzy height to which he had not climbed, but been thrust up, had bewildered and rendered him giddy. Farewell to all sober rules of state! He was now, by the breath of accident, wafted to an eminence above his fellows. He felt himself to be an oriental potentate, to be on an equality with the Golden Foot and the Brother of the Sun and Moon. For a time, at least, he should play the part of heir to the Great Mogul. And was it reasonable to suppose that a personage so exalted could stand at all in need of the suggestions of experience! He could not, even in the presence of the Court of Directors, forbear from alluding to his own overweening opinion of himself, but boldly, with little or no circumlocution, set up his claim to rank first among statesmen for profound familiarity with our empire in the East. By a sort of rhetorical artifice, indeed, which could, however, deceive no one, he pretended to derive this superiority from the mystic mantle of the Duke of Wellington, which, he said, had descended on him. At the same time he knew, and all who heard him knew also, that his Grace had never possessed a familiar knowledge of Indian politics, and that such notions as he did possess had now, through lapse of time, grown obsolete. The India of which he had any experience was that of Tipoo Sultan's time, while the India that Lord Ellenborough was going out to govern was that of the present day, placed in new circumstances, and invested, on all sides, with different and more complicated relations.

But the die being cast, and Lord Ellenborough firm in his appointment, what promises did he make, what principles did he profess, what pledges did he give to the authors of his spurious greatness? Conscious

of the ungovernable lust of notoriety which raged within, he raised for the moment before his visage the mask of moderation and pacific intentions. He knew the ruling passion of the Court of Directors, he bore in mind that they were the representatives of a commercial company, aiming, and legitimately aiming, at profit through the medium of a government of more than imperial vastness and responsibility. He could not but be aware that for some generations they had shown themselves averse to extend the limits of our dominions in Asia, swayed chiefly by the opinion which they entertained, that conquest is calculated to exhaust the resources, rather than to augment and knit together the strength of our Indian empire. He could not but perceive, that consistently with these views, they condemned that magnificent scheme of policy which had led to the expedition beyond the Indus, and if faithfully and wisely acted on, would have conducted us to results important beyond calculation, and to the level of which, as discerned through the long vista of unaccomplished events, even the most ambitious mind finds it difficult to raise itself. He adopted tacitly the opinion of Sir Robert Peel, that our power in Asia is 'not founded on the narrow edge of the sword, but on the broader basis of the people's happiness.' He was, therefore, all for peace and internal improvement, and surplus revenue. Anxious, moreover, to play for once the gentleman before his constituents and patrons, he succeeded in subduing the paltry impulse to be unjust to his predecessor. By an extraordinary effort of self-command, he concealed his hostility towards Lord Auckland, spoke with respect of his personal character and his policy, and appeared to think that he was not to be sent out purposely to malign the one and reverse the other. He then repudiated, in some sort, his allegiance to England, observing, that his first duty would henceforward be to India, his 'adopted country,' as if he had been appointed governor-general, not for three years, but for life. Sir Harry Inglis and the High Church party, had they diligently pondered on the import of this speech, might already have discovered in it the germ of the Somnat'h proclamation. Lord Ellenborough declared himself, by voluntary adoption, a Hindú; and having notoriously his religion to seek as well as his country, included, we suppose, the paganism of his new brethren in his flexible theory of adoption.

Let us now jump the interval, and fall in again with Lord Ellenborough on his arrival at Calcutta. As the overland mail had travelled faster than his lordship, the Hindú

gentlemen of Bengal were already in possession of his friendly sentiments towards them. They read, with a satisfaction difficult to be expressed, his lordship's speech at the parting dinner, and regarding him as an adoptive countryman and brother, perhaps as an avatar of Vishnú himself, expected, as they had good right to do, still greater favour and consideration at his hands than they had received from Lord William Bentinck and Lord Auckland; for those rulers had come among them simply as English noblemen, intent upon fulfilling their duty to their country; but, at the same time, not indisposed to show to the natives of India all the courtesy and kindness compatible with their high station. Under these two governors-general the native gentlemen of the province first began habitually to frequent the levées simultaneously with the government functionaries, the civil servants, and officers of the army. On these occasions no distinction was made between the two races. Being in reality citizens of one great state, though differing in blood, in religion, in colour, if not always in language, they were treated altogether as such. Consequently, when Lord Ellenborough's first levée was announced, the Hindús of rank flocked to the capital to pay their respects to him, anticipating the pleasure of a more distinguished reception than ordinary. Seven hundred of our countrymen already crowded the Durbar. His lordship, at the further extremity of the splendid reception hall, smiling and distributing his attentions in the first intoxicating consciousness of imperial power, may be supposed to have been in the best possible humour with himself and the rest of the world. Under these favourable circumstances he was informed, by the proper officers, that a great number of Hindú noblemen and gentlemen had come, according to custom, to the levée, and were desirous to be presented to him. 'Tell them,' cried his lordship, in a tone of insolent indifference, 'that I cannot receive them to-day, but will hereafter fix upon some other time for their reception.' With these few brief, cold words, did he dismiss his adopted brethren from the Durbar; and his underlings, taking their cue from the great man, hustled out the aspirants to equality with Europeans in a manner which sensitive minds might easily interpret into indignity.

Through consideration for the governor-general, the Indian journals refrained from detailing the particulars of this affair, which sunk deep and rankled in the hearts of the natives, and taught them in what sense thenceforward to understand the kindly professions of the man whom the Tories had

sent out to rule over them. Above all nations in the world the Hindús are sensible to insult. In the presence of seven hundred gentlemen of the ruling caste, their respectful homage had been rejected by the governor-general. They had been given distinctly to understand that he did not consider them worthy to mingle with Englishmen, that they must, therefore, retire from his presence, and sneak, submissively, on some future day to the government-house, when he would consent to receive them, clandestinely, as an inferior and a degraded race. This, we think, may be regarded as a tolerably significant commentary on the professions made by Lord Ellenborough at the Court of Directors' dinner.

There is no necessity for enlarging on such a topic. To make the plainest possible statement of the fact, is to create the presumption that the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel had sent out to India the wrong man, and that it would have been far better for their reputation had Lord Auckland consented, as he was requested, to remain at his post, and conduct the affairs upon which he had entered to their final issues. When the Tory governor-general arrived, the inhabitants of Calcutta were assembled in the Town-hall for the purpose of expressing their complete approval of the policy of his predecessor. They knew that Lord Ellenborough had come to reverse that policy, and, probably, foresaw that he would do so in a manner little complimentary to Lord Auckland or creditable to himself. They, therefore, with the independent spirit of Englishmen who would not shrink from giving expression to their opinions, met openly together, voted an address and statue to Lord Auckland, and gave all the publicity in their power to their conviction that the invasion of Afghanistan was a wise, salutary, and justifiable measure. In this circumstance, perhaps, originated Lord Ellenborough's aversion for the civil servants of government, and the inhabitants of Calcutta generally. He found them, on the very day of his reaching the capital of Bengal, engaged in condemning the course he was about to pursue, which he interpreted into setting him at defiance. Further, he soon discovered that Lord Auckland himself had been making unwonted exertions to facilitate his future movements, whatever they might be, had been collecting together the materials of war, providing the means of conveyance, and doing whatever else was necessary for removing impediments out of the way of his successor. This was an unpardonable affront to a man of Lord Ellenborough's temper. He would have been

infinitely better pleased to find him indolent and negligent of his duty. Previously disposed to think everything wrong that had been done by his predecessor, he was now fully resolved to prove that it was so, and immediately set about the composition of his famous Simla proclamation, which Lord John Russell, very properly, in the House of Commons, denominated 'a puerile and foolish' document. His lordship might, with equal propriety, have added that it was as malignant as it was foolish, and, if possible, still more calculated to inflict injury on the interests of Great Britain in the East, than to bring down ridicule upon its author. The people of India, generally, understand nothing of our party struggles here at home. To them the terms Whig and Tory convey no distinct meaning. They contemplate us as a homogeneous, united, and, therefore, most powerful nation. They conceive, and upon the whole are warranted in conceiving, that the policy which has rendered us triumphant over all our rivals in Asia, is the offspring of the most dispassionate reason, that it allies itself with whatever force can be derived from experience, that it is a pure and permanent principle which, whoever may, for the time being, be selected to represent it, operates like a law of Providence. Lord Ellenborough's Simla proclamation was calculated to destroy this salutary opinion. He invited the attention of the whole east to the bitter censure he pronounced on his predecessor. He caused it to be distinctly understood that with each successive governor-general the people of India might expect to behold the beginnings of a fresh system of policy. In their presence he arraigned Lord Auckland, and, by implication, the great statesmen who had appointed him, of having yielded to the vulgar lust of conquest, of having overstepped, rashly and inconsiderately, the natural boundaries of our Indian empire, at the instigation of weak persons and upon a most superficial knowledge of the real state of things in Afghanistan. Could anything be conceived more likely to exert a mischievous influence over the minds of the people of India than such a proclamation? If they put faith in it, they must at once rank us in their estimation with the barbarous rulers, Mahomedan or Hindú, who had, in former ages, tyrannized over them. Caprice was their principle of action: they marched great armies into the field, and acquired or lost kingdoms merely to escape from that *ennui* with which empty and ignorant minds are habitually afflicted. In us better principles and better feelings were supposed to bear sway, until Lord Ellenborough undertook, by procla-

mation, to dissipate their prejudices in our favour, and teach them that we were no better than other men.

There can, of course, be no doubt that this notorious document originated in the instructions given to Lord Ellenborough by the Tory cabinet. It breathed all that rancorous spirit of hostility towards the Whigs which every member of the faction, from his Grace the Duke of Wellington down to the meanest scribbler for the press, equally at times exhibits. But the style was Lord Ellenborough's own. He had obviously been imbuing his susceptible spirit with the inflammatory and grandiloquent literature of the French revolution, and more especially that portion of it which was contributed by Napoleon. His lordship could discover no good reasons, nor can we, why he should not mimic King Cambyses' vein as well as that remarkable person. He was sent out to develop the destinies of a much vaster and more wonderful empire than it ever fell to Napoleon's lot to govern; so that, if inferior in genius, he was greatly superior in the extent of his command, and might possibly, under the auspices of fortune, become the author of equal mischief. It was under some such conviction as this that the wisest of Indian statesmen, in the opinion of the Tory cabinet, concocted his party proclamation. For the best of all possible reasons he felt sure of approval at home. He knew the spirit of his instructions, and was certain that he could not go so far in inflicting injury on the Whigs as to give offence to his military patron. Accordingly the Duke of Wellington has since, in parliament, declared his entire approbation of Lord Ellenborough's proceedings both on that and every other occasion. His Grace is a staunch and intrepid friend. Even to the gates of Somnat'h he will advance with Lord Ellenborough, setting at defiance the censures of public opinion, and even the decisions of morality and religion. Sir Robert Peel does not think it prudent to go quite so far. He is ready to befriend and defend the great Indian statesman of the party up to a certain point, that is to say, as far as he can do so without interfering with his majority. Rather than endanger that, he would fling Lord Ellenborough and many other persons overboard, however wise in council or distinguished in action he might affect to consider them. We say, then, that, on the subject of one at least of Lord Ellenborough's proclamations, there was a difference between Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. The minister condemned the governor-general, and distinctly gave parliament to understand that he had sent out a

despatch to India censuring and reprimanding him; while his noble colleague, in the other house, more completely swayed by motives of friendship, and postponing the interests of the empire and of the ministry to his predilection for an individual, declared, most emphatically, that he was prepared to defend everything Lord Ellenborough had done. Let this be borne in mind while we state our objections to the Tory policy in India, and point out its folly, and iniquity, and injustice.

In the growth of empire no rule is so necessary to be observed as this, that no motive to aggression on neighbouring states should ever be acted on unless sanctioned by justice and humanity; but that an external movement having been made in obedience to such a motive, the very existence of the state should be perilled, rather than authorize a retreat. The reason it is scarcely necessary to state. To relinquish a design entered upon argues weakness, physical or moral. And to be weak is the greatest misfortune that can befall a state. Lord Ellenborough and his colleagues, in palliating the evacuation of Afghanistan, pretend, we know, that the act betrayed no evidence of weakness, because they did not abandon the country till they had recovered our prisoners from the hands of the enemy, gained several victories, and destroyed certain villages, mosques, and bazaars. But if any impartial person were required to pronounce an opinion on the affair, he would indisputably confess, that to have retained Afghanistan, with all the advantages which its possession would have conferred on us, had been a more unequivocal sign of power than relinquishing it after perpetrating ever so much mischief there. At least, it is in this way that history judges of the force of empires. The Tartars, under their monarch Timûr, subdued and ravaged in a few years more than the Roman republic conquered in so many centuries. But will any one pretend to compare the strength of Timûr's political system with that of the Romans? The one passed over the earth like a destructive meteor, flashing and burning as it flew, but vanished as suddenly as it had appeared; the other rose upon the horizon gradually, like the sun, pursued its course steadily, diffusing light and heat and vitality, and only sank and disappeared when its mission, whether for good or for evil, had been fully accomplished. It is not by the amount of devastation we committed in Afghanistan that the Asiatics will estimate our power as a people. They will say, that whatever our strength may be, it was not sufficient to maintain us in the position to which we had

rashly advanced: The impression will remain on their minds, that we aimed at annexing the country to our Indian dominions, but found ourselves unequal to subdue the resistance of the Affghans, and therefore, to mitigate in some degree the bitter consciousness of defeat, blew up the fortress we were compelled to evacuate. This is the way they will reason both within and beyond the frontiers of India, as any one may convince himself who will consider the subsequent events in Sind and the Punjáb. It was the loss of Affghaniistán that led to the annexation of the valley of the Indus. For the Amirs, unable to comprehend the paltry feeling which regulated the policy of the Tories, imagined they beheld us tottering, and invited the Sikhs to unite with them in expelling us from India, since, as in their homely phrase they expressed it, we had been 'Kicked out of Kabul.' Lord Ellenborough felt the full force of the insulting inference. He saw what evils might spring from the dastardly course he had been directed to pursue, and to convince the world that our energy was not completely effete in India, put an end to the hostile intrigues of the Amirs, by the very means which, a few months before, he had so fiercely condemned when employed by his predecessor.

But there is another point of view in which our abandonment of Affghaniistán ought to be considered. When we advanced with an army into that country, for the purpose of restoring its ancient sovereign to the throne, and maintaining him in the possession of it, we found, or made there, numerous partisans who, by declaring for us, by following our fortunes, by facilitating our marches, by giving up their strong places into our hands, by supplying us with provisions, and, above all, by taking up arms and fighting at our side against their countrymen, laid us under the imperative obligation of protecting them, thenceforward, from the consequences of their friendship for us. We gave them a pledge that we would provide for their safety. The Affghan nation was accordingly divided into two parts, the one consisting of the agricultural classes, who found themselves, under our rule, delivered from perpetual oppression; of the manufacturers and townspeople, to whom we afforded security in the pursuit of their industry; and of the more far-seeing and enlightened among the chiefs, who hoped, through our means, to rescue their native land from poverty and barbarism:—the other composed of the marauding tribes and soldiers of fortune, who had subsisted, from time immemorial, upon the pillage of the industrious peasantry, and to whom confusion and anar-

chy constituted the sole element in which they could exist. Between these two parties there was a tacit enmity before our coming; but afterwards it was no longer concealed. They who were friendly to civilisation and the developement of the country's resources, aware of what we had effected in India, sided with us; while their natural enemies, the men of plunder and bloodshed, were for the former order of things. Nor let it be supposed, that in the latter, there was any superior spirit of patriotism. They were ready enough to join the Russians, or any other foreigners under whom they could hope to carry on their chuppaows against the peaceful villages, or with impunity plunder travellers and caravans.

From what has been said, it will be seen that we possessed numerous adherents in Affghaniistán; and we have the testimony of General Nott for including amongst the number all the inhabitants of the southern provinces, who were engaged in the cultivation of the soil. There also, and in every other part of the kingdom, numerous chiefs, and men of large property, showed themselves favourable to our rule. To all these persons, it is obvious, we had contracted the most binding of obligations: the obligation of the powerful to protect the weak, who have consented to hazard all for their sakes. In the belief that our occupation was to be permanent, they had begun to modify their thoughts and predilections, to form opinions, and partly to give utterance to them. Such of their neighbours, therefore, as secretly adhered to Dost Mahommed and the old system of tyranny, would necessarily mark them as enemies, to be cut off on the first favourable opportunity. In every city, town, and village, these parties found themselves face to face, the one arguing openly in favour of the English, the other against them. There was, perhaps, scarcely a single family in the country which had not declared on one side or the other. While our power remained paramount, however, no evil consequences ensued from these divisions, for we restrained the ferocity of our partisans, and would not permit them to wreak vengeance on their adversaries. But we could not restrain them from exhibiting the inclination, from uttering jeers and taunts and menaces, which were faithfully treasured up in the memory, in the hope that a day of reckoning might some time or another arrive. It must be obvious that, when the pressure of our authority was removed, all these causes of anarchy and confusion would break forth at once into full operation. Lord Ellenborough himself anticipated this.

He remarks, in one of his inflated proclamations, that we 'Will leave it to the Affghans themselves to create a government amidst the anarchy which is the consequence of their crimes.' His lordship overlooked, however, the principal feature in the transaction, which was this: that, by evacuating the country, we basely and treacherously left all our faithful friends there, to become the victims of new crimes, and to expiate their attachment to us with their lives. No record has reached us of all the murders and massacres that took place; but we know generally that they were very numerous, that the Affghans throughout the country rose against each other, that civil strife raged in almost every village, and that, up to this moment, the contest has not terminated. They who put faith in our professions have since, therefore, had good reason to lament their credulity, and, doubtless, breathe forth daily execrations against the name of England, which, they suppose, has betrayed and ruined them; though, in reality, the guilt attaches to an odious faction which, in every part of the world, has perpetrated similar baseness. It will require the lapse of many years, and the steady and conscientious perseverance in a contrary policy, to restore us to the high place we held in the estimation of the Asiatics before Lord Ellenborough's infamous retreat.

Though the part which the Tories compelled us to play towards the Affghans be sufficiently disgraceful, there is another circumstance connected with our evacuation of Affghanistan which may possibly appear still more base and pusillanimous: the reader will at once perceive that we allude to the projected abandonment of the English prisoners. In the disasters which befel our army at Kabul, and during the retreat towards Jellalabad, a number of our countrymen, with their wives and children, fell into the hands of the ferocious enemy, who, having been satiated with slaughter, seemed to have spared this small remainder from very weariness. Among these captives were several officers of distinction, who had achieved for themselves an historical reputation by their conduct and courage and invincible fidelity to their country; and ladies, whose names will long be remembered; and children—in all amounting to upwards of a hundred and twenty—not to mention the sipahis, whose number could not be accurately ascertained. The slightest possible acquaintance with the character of Lord Ellenborough will suffice to convince any one that he would trouble himself very little about the fate of such unfortunate persons, while the authorities who sent him out in-

structions from home stood obviously in the same predicament. It is by no means surprising, therefore, that, in their despatches to the governor-general, they either overlooked the prisoners altogether, or directed him to take his measures for retreating within the Indus without any reference to them. Whether this was the case or not, it is very certain that Lord Ellenborough issued orders to General Pollock in the north, and General Nott in the south, to break up their camps with all speed, and retire upon the Indus without making any effort to recover such of their countrymen as had fallen into the hands of the Affghans. His lordship's whole solicitude was now concentrated upon the military force; we mean upon its entireness and physical well-being. Its honour he thought a matter of minor consideration. Indeed it seems never to have occurred to him that there was any disgrace in running away. In extenuation of this cold-blooded policy it has been argued, that there was no necessity for employing an army to rescue prisoners whose deliverance could be much more safely effected through the intermediation of slave-dealers! Why, in fact, should we purchase with the lives of our sipahis and British officers what we could more easily purchase with rupees? The theory of political morals implied in this view of the matter is particularly Tory. It wears the mask of humanity, but at bottom is in all its tendencies as destructive of civil society as it is dishonourable to those who maintain it. It was the professors of this theory that, in the decline of the Roman empire, purchased the temporary forbearance of the barbarians, and, as a rule of state, substituted gold for the sword. The consequences have been written in blood and desolation over the whole surface of the globe. It is the most fatal of all doctrines. The effort by which it is put forward is one of the paroxysms that precede death. Even to be able to hear it propounded with patience, and to tolerate those who seek to give it currency, are acts of deep criminality, subversive of all that is most venerable and holy in the social state—humanity and benevolence, and the love that binds man to man. They who doubt this should have tried the character of their opinions while the fate of the prisoners in Affghanistan was still in suspense. They should then have gone to the habitations of the friends of those prisoners, to their anxious and trembling mothers, to their agonized wives, to their children, expecting to be made fatherless. These persons they should have endeavoured to persuade that it would be wise and patriotic at once to march our troops towards India, and

abandon without an effort their beloved friends to the slaughter that awaited them, or to the doubtless interference of the slave-dealer. The voice of nature would speedily have refuted their cruel sophistry. Those desolate persons would have replied: 'When our sons and husbands took up the sword to fight the battles of their country, it was surely with the understanding that they should enjoy the utmost protection which that country could afford them; that if, by the accidents of war, they fell into the hands of the foe, every effort should be made to deliver them; and that if, contrary to the law of nations, they were treacherously cut off, the utmost vengeance would be exacted to deter other enemies of England from following the pernicious and disgraceful example.'

Even at this distance of time, when the event is no longer uncertain, it is impossible to contemplate with coolness the effects which would necessarily have been produced by Lord Ellenborough's policy, had public opinion permitted him to act upon it. Every feeling of honour and patriotism in the army of Afghanistan, as well as in the nation at home, mutinied against his decision. The generals, upon the most transparent pretexts, positively refused obedience to the orders they had received. General Nott declined evacuating Kandahar, and General Pollock declared it was impossible to fall back upon Peshawur. Both these gallant men felt, in fact, that the safety of the armies they commanded might be compromised by an attempt to act in accordance with the views of the governor-general. Even the whisper about retreat, which escaped from the mouth of some indiscreet officer, and was circulated through the troops at Jellalabad, produced the most demoralizing effect. Up to that moment they had cherished the most boundless confidence in themselves, and were eager to advance, both that they might enjoy the relish of victory and avenge their comrades, treacherously murdered, whose bones lay bleaching around them on all sides. But, when they learned that the governor-general despaired of them, considered them unequal to contend with the Afghans, and had no hope of preserving their lives, save that which a speedy flight supplied, their courage in reality began to droop, so that it would have required the attack of no very vigorous or gallant enemy to put them completely to the rout. This state of things could not escape the vigilant eye of General Pollock. To revive their spirits and self-reliance, he caused it to be understood that they should speedily advance against the Afghan capital; and, mean-

while, sent them out to scour the country, and show the Afghans how cheaply they held them. By these and other means the moral courage of the troops in Afghanistan was enabled to resist the influence of the governor-general's orders. But could there be a more disgraceful contest than that which was thus carried on between the representative of the Duke of Wellington and the generals commanding beyond the Indus? He issued his commands that they should retire within 'our natural boundaries' at once, without recovering the prisoners, without striking a single blow to convince the people of Asia, and the rest of the world, that we were not effecting our escape like defeated fugitives; *they*, disgusted and ashamed at his pusillanimity, opposed a kind of passive resistance to his mandates; assigning various reasons why they could not take the road towards India, though they stated it to be quite possible to advance. To the absurd apprehensions of Lord Ellenborough, occasioned by the heat of the climate, General Pollock replied, that though Jellalabad was hot it was no hotter than the provinces, and much less so than Peshawur, upon which he was required to fall back; and that whatever inconveniences of climate he and his army suffered might be altogether escaped by advancing upon Kabul. From these representations Lord Ellenborough discovered that the whole army of the Indus was pervaded by one sentiment, that is to say, the conviction that they could not, without eternal disgrace, return to India without having first delivered from captivity their countrywomen and companions in arms. At home the same conviction was forced upon ministers, the sympathies of the whole nation were roused, the people clamoured, the press exerted all its resistless influence, even the House of Commons suffered itself to be warmed with enthusiasm, and Sir Robert Peel saw distinctly that England was not yet prepared to descend into those depths of infamy towards which he and his governor-general had been inviting her. The novelty of English ladies and children being exposed in the slave-markets of Central Asia was not easily to be reconciled to the public mind. Even the Duke of Wellington did not step forward to recommend this Tory innovation. At the eleventh hour, therefore, a despatch, huddled up in trepidation, was forwarded with all the speed of steam to Calcutta, and Lord Ellenborough was instructed to obtain the release of Lady Sale, Lady Macnaughten, Major Pottinger, Lieutenant Eyre, and all, in short, who shared captivity along with them, before he evacuated Afghanistan. This plain unvar-

nished statement of facts will enable the country to estimate the merits of Lord Ellenborough, as well as of the administration that sent him out, and has rewarded his misdoings with an earldom and the promise of a seat in the cabinet. No one can misunderstand the motives by which the performers in this disreputable drama were actuated. Had the conquest of Affghanistân been a measure of their own, Sir Robert Peel would have brought forward a thousand specious reasons for retaining possession of it; the Duke of Wellington would have opposed his iron will to every project for its abandonment, and Lord Ellenborough himself would have been seen enjoying the cool air in the Mosque of Sultan Mahmoud's tomb, instead of despoiling it of its gates. It was purely for party reasons that he commenced the habit of running away in Asia. Sir Robert Peel thought it would be a triumph gained over Lord Palmerston, if by means of his flexible majority he could make it appear that the House of Commons condemned the policy of that great statesman who had won for us an empire in Asia which the Tories acknowledged it to be beyond their power to retain.

We have already adverted briefly to one of the events that may be said to illustrate the character of Lord Ellenborough's Affghan policy. But the invasion and annexation of Sind, the event to which we allude, and which, under whatever governor-general, must sooner or later have occurred, only heralded in the series of petty wars that we must regard as the offspring of the Affghan retreat. The Hindûs fighting under our banners had found by experience that they were superior to the mountaineers, whose prowess in the field had heretofore been so much vaunted. Such of them, therefore, as were discontented with our rule, naturally enough arrived at the conclusion, that by directing against us the courage which had subdued the Affghans, they might shake off our yoke, and recover their independence as a people. No thanks to Lord Ellenborough, but fortunately for us, this feeling was not widely diffused through Hindustân. Among our enemies on the continent it was predicted that the whole machine of our Indian empire would be shaken, that insurrection would spring up in every province, that our very Sipahis would desert us, and that the vast fabric of power which we had so rapidly erected in the East, would in a still briefer space crumble to pieces, and by its dissolution reduce us to the level of a fourth-rate power in the world. When the disturbances in Gwalior commenced, we were supposed to be entering upon the

accomplishment of this prediction. It was known that the Mahrattas of that state possessed a large disciplined army, which had in part been organized and brought to perfection by European officers; that the revenues at the disposal of the prince were very considerable, and that the government of Lahore, having at its command an army of seventy thousand men, was ready to lend its aid in striking at us, what it was fondly hoped might prove a final blow. A great deal was said of the maharajah's formidable park of artillery, consisting of two hundred pieces of cannon. But chiefly reliance was placed on the supposed universal feeling of disaffection prevailing among our Hindû subjects. Under these circumstances it behooved the governor-general to take measures for putting an end as soon as possible to the spirit of revolt in Gwalior. We say revolt, because it was a dependant state, existing upon conditions which we ourselves had prescribed. We are not disposed, therefore, to blame Lord Ellenborough for immediately taking vigorous steps to quell this rebellion. It was his imperative duty to interfere. We had sanctioned the establishment of a given order of things. We had recognized the claims of the prince who appeared to possess the best right to the succession. We had approved of the regent, who had been appointed to govern the state during the rajah's minority. And when all this order of things was reversed—when the regent, known to be friendly to us, was removed, and a vile intriguer, the common steward of the palace, a man as destitute of ability as he was of principle, and only notorious for his aversion to the English, set up in his place—when by riotous assemblages of the troops, repeated acts of violence towards our friends, and a perpetual series of insults offered to our power, the British resident had been compelled to retire to Dholepore—when numerous gangs of robbers had repeatedly crossed the frontier, and then retreated to take shelter under the border authorities of Gwalior—when criminals from our own provinces had one after another fled for refuge into the same country, and been refused to be given up—when, we say, a series of events like these had taken place, and when it was obvious that others still more disastrous would inevitably follow if we stood by and contemplated this spectacle tamely with folded arms, a statesman far less irascible than Lord Ellenborough might have considered himself fully justified in having recourse to armed interference. It is not, therefore, for the steps he took to restore order and tranquillity in the territories of Sindia that we blame the

governor-general. The most ordinary common sense would have decided that no other course was possible. There are those, we know, who, at the enunciation of such an opinion, will immediately exclaim: "What! go to war and shed human blood for such political reasons as these! Why not have recourse still to negotiation? Why not direct against the Gwalior Durbar a shower of menaces, and thus terrify it into compliance with our wishes? Why resort so promptly to the employment of physical force, that last and worst reason of tyrants?" We trust we are as keenly alive to the claims of humanity as any who have ever expressed an opinion on these transactions. We estimate human life at its highest value. We contemplate from the level of Christian charity, all that varied and countless multitude, which, under a thousand names, compose the population of the British empire, and would not voluntarily behold one among those countless millions sacrificed to irrational ambitions. But states like individuals have their duties, and among these the first is self-preservation. Now it would have been nothing less than abdicating our authority in the East, to have permitted the rebellious rabble at Gwalior, with impunity, to set at naught our paramount authority. We had friends and partizans in that state as we had previously had in Afghanistan, and it seems but too probable that, reasoning from analogy, they also expected to be abandoned to their fate. This time, however, Lord Ellenborough was not disposed to re-enact the tragedy which he had performed beyond the Indus. He thought it better to vary his exhibitions, and to follow up that awful drama by a farce. Because there existed good reasons for coercing the Mahratta Durbar, he was exceedingly slow to act upon them. Lord Ellenborough is not precisely a political pedant, for he does not act according to any given rules. He is a political weathercock which points in this or that direction, according to the prevailing gust of passion. How capriciously, how iniquitously, he acted in Afghanistan we have already shown. In Sind he diversified his proceedings. There might have been in the case of the Amirs some cause for hesitation, some doubt, some uncertainty. At all events he would not have incurred dishonour had he temporized a little longer, had he permitted them to develop more completely their schemes of treacherous hostility towards us. But he would then tolerate no delay. Like the Spartan, he might almost be said to strike before he would hear. This was the second phasis of his policy. Another principle

was adopted in the affairs of Gwalior, a principle in general praiseworthy, because it usually forms the basis of action to magnanimous minds—we mean the forbearance of moderation. At length, however, his lordship's patience was exhausted. He collected together his forces, crossed the Chumbul, and, after a twofold victory, beheld the Mahratta state at his feet.

It is not our intention to enter into the military details of this campaign; the reader who is desirous of being familiar with the subject, will find them elsewhere. Our business is solely with the acts of the governor-general as a statesman. Some puerility, perhaps, he exhibited on the field of battle. He had previously also, in common with the commander-in-chief, been guilty of cruel imprudence, in sending back the heavy artillery before the current of events afforded the slightest possible justification of such a step. Perhaps if we employed much harsher language we should not be overstepping the limits of strict equity, for to this senseless proceeding many gallant and valuable soldiers owed their deaths. We forbear, however, because we are not disposed to urge every topic that might be brought against Lord Ellenborough. It is charitable to suppose that his intellect became a little confused amidst the clash of arms. He found it not quite so pleasant as he had at Barrackpore and Dum-Dum, to be at the elbow of the commander-in-chief. He forgot, therefore, many things which he should have remembered, and would, doubtless, had he been farther removed from the scene of action. Over this part of his achievements, therefore, we humanely draw a curtain. With regard to the measures which succeeded, however, so much forbearance cannot possibly be shown. Lord Ellenborough now enjoyed an opportunity of proving to the world, that although he had been found wanting in his duty on one great emergency, he was still resolved not to exhibit, under all circumstances, the same pusillanimity. He had acquired a complete knowledge of the worthlessness of the Gwalior government, and must have been as fully persuaded as we are that no hope could be entertained of its ever fulfilling its duties towards its own subjects or towards us. All the symptoms of decrepitude which have marked the last period of other Indian states, and ushered in their dissolution, were in this case painfully visible. There was no regard whatever for the public service displayed by any of the ostensible servants of the public. Every chief who possessed any influence in the army or the Durbar, exerted it to overthrow his rivals,

not that he might for how short soever a space of time wield the power of the state, but that he might gratify his feelings of personal vanity by the imprisonment, exile, or death of all who stood in his way. Sovereign in reality, there was none. The child who was made to play that part, had not yet acquired the faculty of discerning good from evil, and the widow of the late rajah, if we can bestow that respectable name on a girl scarcely twelve years old, was in her conduct vicious, in her temper most changeable and violent; now subdued by her dread of the British arms, and now encouraged by flattery to set them utterly at defiance. The treasure left by the late rajah was dissipated on favourites in the most profligate manner, or employed in corrupting the fidelity of the troops, detaching them from their lawful commanders, and exciting in them feelings of hostility towards the British, who were systematically spoken of as the oppressors of all India. By arts like these, the camp was split into numerous factions. One day, the Christian commanders—who had introduced whatever discipline existed—had their lives put in peril by the machinations of the queen's favourite; the next, their influence, perhaps, was in the ascendant, because the tumultuous soldiery, yielding to the force of association, had permitted their natural preferences to overmaster their avarice. Scarcely a man in the camp had seen a battle. A long peace and absolute idleness had rendered them reckless and insolent, and the consciousness of possessing arms, the sight of an immense park of artillery, and, above all things, the absence of an enemy, betrayed them into the extremity of rash confidence. Throughout the distant provinces, there was nothing but robbery and anarchy. Oppression was pushed to the utmost extremity, so that the people, finding neither their lives nor their property secure, implored the interference and protection of the paramount state, as their last and only resource. This is the uniform testimony of all who know anything of the country. Not a single feeling of loyalty had survived in the minds of the people, who abhorred the very race and name of Sindiah.

Under these circumstances it appears to us that Lord Ellenborough had, properly speaking, but one honest course to pursue. He should have put an end at once to a system which was alike disgraceful to the governor and disastrous to the governed. He had seen the utter inefficacy of all our attempts to interpose British influence between the unprincipled intriguers of the capital and the wretched inhabitants,

whether in town or country. Nor was there the least room to hope for improvement; since, instead of amelioration, the government had given unequivocal tokens of going on steadily from bad to worse. All this Lord Ellenborough knew, but through the fantastic affectation of being guided by moderate counsels, instead of thrusting forward the broad shield of England to protect the weak from the strong, he placed fresh arms in the hands of the oppressors to enable them the more effectually to fleece and ruin their victims. Here in Europe persons of all parties are invariably found to cry out against such conduct. When the Pope, for example, has, up to a certain point, oppressed the states of the church, he would be compelled to leave off misgoverning if he depended entirely upon his own resources; for the people would resist and beat his Holiness into moderation. Austria, however, has always been ready at hand to pour in her troops, assert the cause of the Pope, and enable him to reduce his subjects to the last extremity of misery. Against this, we say, there is no Englishman who does not vehemently protest, if we except, perhaps, Sir James Graham. Yet similar is the order of things established by Lord Ellenborough in Gwalior. He found the people of that country oppressed and impoverished, but not wholly deprived of hope, since in their worst affliction they always looked forward to the interference of the English on their behalf. We appeared to them in the light of promised deliverers, and they endured what might otherwise have proved intolerable, by flattering themselves that it would be of short duration. To this feeling blank despair succeeded, when they beheld the antiquated system of oppression and favouritism under which they had so long groaned, guaranteed by the British government. Who that knows anything of India can fail to understand the nature of the sentiments which sprung to life in the breasts of the Mahratta people on witnessing this consummation of their misfortunes? Under any other governor-general, the wretched modification of misrule by which they had been tortured and plundered might have been suffered to grow effete and perish of itself, had no special provocation compelled our intervention; but no one, save Lord Ellenborough, would have raised the cup of deliverance to their lips only to dash it again to the ground, and leave them tenfold more a prey to maladministration than they had ever been. With those who give the governor-general credit for having spared, from we know not what romantic motive, the ancient monarchy of Sindiah, we entertain no sympathy. The

duty of a statesman is not to uphold that which is ancient, but that which is good. It is one of the worst species of political pedantry, not to apply to it a harsher name, to babble about ancient monarchies or rather despotisms, when the sufferings of millions of men imperiously demand our attention. But what venerable rust of antiquity had the tyranny of Sindiah acquired that we should abstain from handling it? It was simply the unintellectual blundering rule of a knot of imbecile adventurers exhausting the country, and reducing it to the lowest depths of wretchedness in the name of two children, the one utterly insignificant, the other petulant and capricious. But will the friends of Lord Ellenborough pretend that he has placed the actual government of Gwalior on a permanent footing? Can they expect that so cumbrous and disjointed a machine should long be kept upright though supported on both sides by the hands of England? Everybody knows that we have only put off the evil day, that the ancient monarchy of Sindiah must be overthrown, and the Mahratta state elevated to the fortunate level of British India. All the credit consequently really due to Lord Ellenborough is that of having made a great sacrifice of human life in order to prepare for some future governor-general the absolute necessity of making a similar sacrifice. For we maintain that every life which may hereafter be lost in the reduction of Gwalior will have been wantonly thrown away by the vacillating, unintelligible policy of Lord Ellenborough.

If the reader be now disposed to go along with us in the condemnation of Lord Ellenborough's state maxims, we desire him to reflect that, unwise and wicked as they may seem to him, they were all hatched in the brain of the Duke of Wellington, and cherished by the approbation of Sir Robert Peel. The fugitive of Afghanistan, the annexor of Sind, and the anarchy-monger of Gwalior, was only the faithful representative of the Tory cabinet at home. The iron duke and the subtle baronet supplied the governor-general all along with instructions, directed him when to run away, when to abandon our ambassadors in Central Asia to assassination, when to absorb the Valley of the Indus, when to render confusion worse confounded in the ancient monarchy of Sindiah; and still, after the the Court of Directors has most emphatically denounced his proceedings, and recalled him from his post, lest through his imbecility, or vanity, or caprice, or all together, he should subvert that empire which it had required the unparalleled wisdom of a long series of great statesmen to build up, they profess their readiness to

defend all he has done, to stand critically by his proclamations, to justify his insults to the civil service, his offensive adulation of the army, his removals originating in pique, and his appointments springing from the most flagrant favouritism. And their defence will be listened to in parliament, and applauded also, because they have the command of a majority. But there are, nevertheless, those in the country who will not shrink from contesting the point with them because they happen to be in the command of forty legions. Public opinion they cannot stifle. In spite of their majorities this will rise up against them, and the press will condense and give it utterance, and history will re-echo it and ensure perpetuity to the obloquy which the patronage and advocacy of a shallow and heartless charlatan has branded them with.

Our case, however, against Lord Ellenborough and his patrons is by no means complete yet. In fact, so multitudinous were his absurdities and his iniquities during his short exercise of power in the East, that it would require whole volumes completely to develop them. All we can hope to do is to touch lightly upon the principal, to make a sort of anthology of his political offences, leaving the others to be dealt with at some future day. It will be remembered, that at the farewell dinner given to his lordship by the Court of Directors, he made, as we have said before, a sort of profession of faith, in which he laid it down, as the fundamental principle of his political notions, that the first duty of a governor-general of India was, above and before all things, to establish and preserve peace. He recurred again and again to his predilection for the mighty and generous people over whom he was about to bear sway, and, with his usual pomposity of manner, gave the company assembled to understand, that he meant to rival the munificent charities of the Mohamedan emperors. It is now acknowledged, on all hands, that he achieved the very reverse of what he undertook to perform. Towards the natives, instead of sympathy and favour, he displayed the most unequivocal contempt. He took no steps towards ameliorating their condition: set on foot no scheme for imparting to them even the knowledge which may be required to render them useful subjects; but, adopting the worst prejudices of the worst class of our countrymen in the East, behaved towards the entire Hindú population as towards a despicable rabble, without the slightest claim to political consideration. In extenuation of his complete apostasy from his creed of peace, it has been urged that no statesman contemplating the condition of India from the distance of ten thousand

miles, and through an atmosphere opaque with misrepresentations, can possibly foretell how he may be called upon to act when transported to the country, and placed within the sphere of all the powerful influences prevailing there. But this is mere impudent sophistry. It is not necessary that he should be able to sketch, beforehand, the history of his governor-general-ship, and predict the nature and order of the events which are to take place; but if he understand anything of his own character, if he know with what principles his political education has stored his mind, he may fearlessly, beforehand, state whether he is resolved to extract from circumstances, pretexts for engaging in war, or a justification for adhering to pacific policy. It is impossible to deny this, and, therefore, impossible to excuse Lord Ellenborough for having pledged himself to adopt one line of conduct, and pursuing directly the contrary. The master flaw in his character became visible immediately on his arrival in Calcutta. He had flattered himself that he comprehended thoroughly all the political relations of India, internal and external. On coming in contact with the civil servants in Bengal, he found himself, compared to the meanest of these functionaries, to be a mere child in the knowledge of Indian affairs. His pride was humbled, and he determined to exercise a pitiful revenge upon those who had been guilty of the unpardonable offence of knowing more than he. His first essay was made upon Mr. Amos; that gentleman holding the highest legal appointment in India, had, during the administration of Lord Auckland, been accustomed to attend the meetings of the council, it having been frequently found necessary to consult him on questions connected with the law. No one supposed that Lord Ellenborough could desire to reverse the rule of his predecessors in a matter of this kind, whatever he might think proper to do in the momentous concerns of peace and war. Mr. Amos was, therefore, by the proper officer, summoned, as usual, to attend the first council which met after the arrival of the new governor-general. In obedience to that summons he of course attended. This was an opportunity for playing the great man, which Lord Ellenborough could not suffer to escape. In presence, therefore, of the whole council, he turned sharp round upon Mr. Amos, and, in a tone of saucy superiority, informed him, that as he had no right to be there, he would, before the council proceeded to business, beg him to retire. Conduct like this needs no comment. We accordingly content ourselves with the simplest possible statement of the fact. We

might have thrown the scene into a dramatic form, might have described the attitude and repeated the language of Lord Ellenborough, and spoken of the astonishment of the council, and the indignation and dismay of Mr. Amos. But we forbear. There is no necessity for resorting to amplification in an affair of such a kind. To relate simply what took place is all that can be required to give the reader a perfect insight into the Tory governor-general's theory of gentlemanliness. But the reader, who possibly has some dim recollection of something that took place in the House of Commons, will here, perhaps, inquire whether there was not a letter written to Sir Robert Peel, by a near relation of Mr. Amos, for the purpose of throwing doubt upon this transaction. We are among those who have not forgotten the letter in question. On the contrary, we remember it perfectly well; and we remember, also, the remarks made upon it by Lord John Russell. We beg, therefore, to remind the reader, that there were several persons in Bengal who knew what took place at the meeting of council referred to; and these individuals, had they been appealed to, would have contradicted the report, had it been unfounded. Mr. Amos also, himself, might have told the world that it was incorrect. But ministers have as yet put forward nothing of this kind, so that we may safely conclude that they know it to be true. At least, Mr. Amos felt himself called upon, immediately after what took place, of what character soever it may have been, to throw up his appointment and leave Calcutta.

Before the scandal of this transaction had died away, Lord Ellenborough shot another bolt, which was aimed so skilfully that it inflicted two wounds at once. It is well known that one of the greatest objects of his ambition here at home was to be thought an exquisite and a wit. He studied, therefore, with equal assiduity the cut of his coat and the point and keenness of his sarcasm. Who winced was matter of complete indifference to him. He aimed at being thought one of those who at any time would rather lose their friend than their jest. It was not to be expected that he would suddenly lay aside this habit on arriving in India. On the contrary, knowing that the minutest things acquire the power to hurt when they descend from a great height, he systematically scattered his offensive jokes on all below him. For example, he observed of the second member of council that he was 'the greatest fool in Bengal, except the Bishop of Calcutta.'

But it was not in Bengal only that Lord Ellenborough discovered fools. Wherever, throughout the British dominions in the East,

there existed a person who entertained, on any subject whatsoever, an opinion different from Lord Ellenborough's, that person was a fool. Thus, in Sindé, it happened that Colonel (then Major) Outram took, on certain points, views different from those of the governor-general. He may have arrived at right, he may have arrived at wrong, conclusions. We are not now discussing the merits of his notions, or the extent of his sagacity. It is enough to know that he had been long employed in the valley of the Indus, that he was perfectly familiar with the history of recent events, that he understood the cause and occasion of everything that had taken place, that he knew the character, and was master of the affections of the people, to be thoroughly persuaded that he was fitted for the appointment he held. The same course of reasoning will convince us that those who laboured with him, Captain Postans, Lieutenants Whitelock and Leckie, with several others, were altogether competent to fill the duties of their situation. They had grown up into political agents in Sindé. All the experience they possessed, all the aptitude they had acquired for the management of affairs, had been of Sindian growth. They had given numerous proofs of their efficiency; nevertheless, it occurred to Lord Ellenborough that it would be expedient to get rid of all these political agents at once; and, therefore, abruptly, without deliberation or ceremony, he ordered them to rejoin their regiments. In condemning this proceeding we are happy to find ourselves supported by the authority of so experienced and distinguished an officer as Captain Eastwick, who had himself filled the post of political agent in Upper Sindé, and was intimately acquainted with the character and capacity of all the gentlemen so insultingly dismissed by Lord Ellenborough. In a speech delivered last winter, at the India House, before the recall of Lord Ellenborough, he says: 'I think no one act of the present governor-general is more to be condemned than, on the eve of difficult and complicated negotiations, thus sweeping away all the machinery by which the intercourse between the two states had been carried on for a lengthened period. It was not only unwise, but most unjust to the Amírs, and calculated to instil into their minds the greatest distrust and suspicion.'

But it may be said that on Indian affairs generally we do not adopt the views of Captain Eastwick. We confess that on some points we differ from him—and if anything could make us doubt the correctness of our opinions it would be precisely that circumstance—but on the dismissal of Colonel Out-

ram, and the other political agents in Sindé, we adopt altogether the decision of this officer. And scarcely had the governor-general performed the act when he also found himself in the same predicament, for within less than a month Colonel Outram was restored to his appointment in Sindé, where the public business, it appeared, could not be carried on without him. On the subsequent career of this remarkable man we shall venture to add a few words. When the affairs of Sindé had been brought to an end, finding every avenue to suitable employment closed against him in India, he returned to this country to lay his case before the government. The result was what might have been foreseen. He found both the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel so completely under the influence of Lord Ellenborough's spirit, that they neither would nor could discover anything amiss in his conduct. Neither of them could appreciate the merits of the man whose cause they were considering; they tendered him an inferior political appointment, which, because he abhorred inaction, he accepted, and went back to India. But had not the recent troubles broken out in the southern Mahratta states, Colonel Outram, finding all his exertions in behalf of the natives completely neutralised, feeling that he filled a post altogether unworthy of him, and unable to bear up any longer under the galling sense of injury, would have thrown up his appointment, and returned once more to his native land. The case of Lieutenant Hammersley, though the scene of the event was an obscure town in Beloochistân, is still more melancholy. This able and meritorious young officer, held, during the Affghan war, a political appointment at Quetta; and while he was in charge of this point, occurred the famous check in the Kojuck pass. In self-justification, the commander in this affair let fall, in his despatches to government, something about imperfect information. This was sufficient for Lord Ellenborough; without instituting any proper inquiry, without considering the nature of the circumstances, without paying regard to the commonest rules of equity, he removed Lieutenant Hammersley from his situation; and the indignity, operating upon a too sensitive mind, broke his heart. Next follows the case of Colonel Palmer, who commanded the garrison of Ghuznee, and capitulated to the Affghans. We do not undertake to pronounce a verdict on the character of this proceeding. It has by many, we know, been condemned, though competent military authorities are found to declare that the capitulation was unavoidable. Whether this was the case or not, Lord El-

lenborough did not wait to inquire ; but immediately, on the first rumour of the fate of Ghuznee, while Colonel Palmer was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, he issued a proclamation, declaring it to be his intention to bring his conduct before a court-martial. In palliation of this offence, something may be urged. He desired, perhaps, to neutralise the mischievous effect which the repeated news of fresh disasters might produce on the minds of the people of India. But regard was also to be had to the feelings of an officer who had grown grey in the service of the Company, and who, having behaved well up to that moment, might have seemed to possess some claim to the consideration of the governor-general. The treatment of Major Eldred Pottinger was still worse. On his return to the provinces from Afghanistan, the magnanimous Lord Ellenborough received him with a repulsive coolness, almost amounting to insult, on the bridge of the Sutlej. On the mind of a military man, sensitively alive to the treatment which he meets with from his superior, since that more than anything else determines his position among his equals, such behaviour must produce the worst possible effects. Accordingly, it is believed that Major Pottinger never recovered this blow ; but, giving way to melancholy and dejection, went to seek a premature grave in China.

Much credit has, by certain persons, been given to Lord Ellenborough for the manner in which he distributed the patronage of his high office. He was never guilty, it is said, of nepotism, and steadily resisted the importunities of friends ; appointing to every office the person whom he thought best fitted to perform the duties of it. We greatly envy the simplicity that can give credit to such representations. Lord Ellenborough must have been acting in obedience to some motive when he appointed men to responsible situations. If his motives were such as we suppose, it is easy to understand why the proper persons should not have been chosen. But, if he acted according to the honest dictates of his own judgment, what opinion must we form of that judgment when we consider the nature of many of his appointments and removals ? Mr. Blundell, the Company's principal commissioner for the Tenasserim provinces, had held that honourable and important appointment during many years, with great credit to himself and advantage to the Company's service. No whisper of a complaint against him had been heard. The interests of our commerce were carefully consulted, the dignity of our national character was upheld, and, at the same time, due attention was paid to the happiness of the natives. It happened, however, that Mr.

Blundell's health was somewhat delicate—he had probably suffered from the influence of the climate—and, according to custom, applied for a short leave of absence. His request was not granted, but it suggested to Lord Ellenborough the idea that this tried and faithful servant of the Company might be got rid of to make way for some creature of his own. Dreaming nothing of this, however, Mr. Blundell was consoling himself, as best he might, for the ungracious reply which had been made to his application, when suddenly, without notice or warning, he found himself recalled to make way for some favourite young military officer. It is unnecessary to inquire whether the successor of Mr. Blundell was or was not fitted to the office to which he was thus appointed. The only question is, was Mr. Blundell unfit ? No such pretence is put forward. He is accused of nothing. Indeed, so far as we can discover, no reason of any kind is given for his removal. All that appears upon the surface of the matter is, that Lord Ellenborough had a favourite to provide for, and, in order to effect this, sacrificed, with the most wanton ostentation of injustice, a long tried and most valuable servant in the Indian government.

Again, if we turn to Nepal, a similar act of despotism presents itself. Well might Lord Ellenborough insinuate, at the farewell dinner, that he purposed to imitate the Mogul emperors ; for imitate them he did, and that too in the worst and most offensive of their caprices. The sense of power completely intoxicated him. He was never content but when exercising the force which accident had placed in his hands. Accident did we say ? Let us say rather, the reckless partiality of the Tory cabinet, which, to enrich and gratify an unscrupulous partisan, voluntarily put in jeopardy our empire in the East. But our disgust and indignation are running away with us : we return to Nepal. In the capital of that country Mr. Hodgson, during twenty years, had filled the post of political resident, with singular credit to himself and advantage to the state. He was indefatigable in the discharge of his public duties, and, by those most learned in Indian affairs, it is confidently believed, that it was chiefly through his admirable policy that Nepal was withheld, on several occasions, from leaguering itself with our enemies. The inclination was certainly not wanting at Katmandu. Agents from Kabul, from the Punjab, from Burmah, and even from St. Petersburg, incessantly urged the Nepaulese to strike a blow at us when circumstances appeared to render our footing in India slippery. All these secret machinations were discovered and counteracted by

Mr. Hodgson. Still, in the intervals of public duty, he contrived to find leisure for the pursuits of science, and earned for himself a wide, and, we doubt not, a lasting reputation. On this account chiefly, perhaps, Lord Ellenborough speedily determined to remove him. Like worthy Oliver Goldsmith, who used to lose his temper when he heard a lady praised for her beauty, Lord Ellenborough could not endure with patience that any public functionary in India should enjoy a reputation for superior merit. He, therefore, recalled Mr. Hodgson, who was so disgusted by this unworthy treatment, that he immediately retired from the Company's service. By every person but Lord Ellenborough, and the inexperienced military stripling appointed to succeed him, his resignation was regarded as a great loss to the public; and had the regulations of the service permitted, the Court of Directors would have shown their sense of his merit by restoring to him, on his return, his appointment and rank. But we have not yet done with the governor-general's freaks. It is well known that, during the administration of Lord Auckland, an embassy had been sent to Southern Abyssinia with Sir Cornwallis Harris at its head, designed to open up a trade with the interior of Africa, and obstruct the operations of the slave-trade with Asia. By the bold and judicious conduct of the ambassador, a commercial treaty had been concluded with the King of Shoa, and a most advantageous footing obtained in his kingdom. But the Whigs had sent out the embassy and sketched the plan of its proceedings. It was consequently an eyesore to Lord Ellenborough, who, with blundering and indecent haste, broke up our establishment, and relinquished all influence in that part of the world to the French. Instead of defeating the intrigues of our enemies, and, by his judgment and discretion, promoting the interests of British trade in Eastern Africa, Sir Cornwallis Harris is now, we believe, sporting his Joe Manton in the Highlands. Accident only prevented our having to record another desperate act of folly which was all but perpetrated by Lord Ellenborough; for, although the fact has been hitherto studiously kept from the public, we are in a condition to affirm positively, that he seriously contemplated the abandonment of Aden. The reader is surprised. He apprehends, perhaps, that there may be some mistake. But no! Lord Ellenborough, imagining himself to be, among other things, a great engineer, considered it to be impossible so to fortify the place as to render it impregnable, and therefore entertained serious thoughts of giving it up. As he

never formed any stupendous scheme of mischief without carrying it out to the utmost of his power, he would unquestionably have made a present of Aden to our amiable friends across the channel, had not certain authorities at home disapproved of the sacrifice. Merely to have conceived the design, appeared to them an indication of insanity. Instead, therefore, of permitting him, in this instance, to act in obedience to the impulse of his caprice, he was given to understand that Aden would not only be retained, but put forthwith, no matter at what cost, in the strongest possible state of defence. Let any friend of Lord Ellenborough disprove, if he can, a single item of the foregoing statements; or failing to do that, let him show that, instead of being rewarded with earldoms and places, he ought not rather to be impeached, or driven with ignominy from the arena of public life.

There remains to be touched upon another phasis in Lord Ellenborough's character, which may serve to show that, if he be mischievous and dangerous as a statesman, he is no less pettifogging and ridiculous. It is not our intention to insist on the Sonnat'h proclamation, though it is impossible not to perceive that he deemed it a stroke of the most refined policy. He had found in an article of a treaty concluded between Shah Soujah and Ranjit Singh, that the latter, from a mixed motive, perhaps, compounded of vanity and the desire to humiliate his royal *protégé*, had stipulated for the restoration of the sandal-wood gates. What the maharajah had failed to accomplish, he immediately determined to achieve. Without inquiring, therefore, whether there still existed a temple at Gugerat, dedicated to the concentrated essence of all that is impure and obscene, he despatched his orders to the army of the Indus, directing it to spoil the tomb of Mahmoud of Ghuznee, and bring back the doubtful trophy to Hindustân. He was ignorant, that while his statesman-like intellect was employed in concocting this precious despatch, beggars and cows and asses were huddled together in the same sanctuary to which the gates were to be restored. He was likewise ignorant that there was not a solitary Brahmin in our whole empire, from the Brahmapoutra to the Indus, who would not laugh to scorn his vain-glorious undertaking, and regard with ineffable loathing his sacrilegious plunder of the grave. While engaged in paying this homage to the revolting idolatry of the natives, he did not altogether overlook the policy of conciliating also, in some degree, the Christian clergy. Considerate and impartial man! His capacious mind could

embrace at once the interests of the Vedas, and the interests of the Gospel. He could smile one moment upon Vishnú and Siva, and the next moment turn, with apish reverence, to look towards one, whom in this place we should consider it irreverent even to name. Let the lords spiritual in the Upper House think of this. Let Sir Harry Inglis and the University of Oxford think of it; and when the question before parliament shall be, whether Lord Ellenborough deserves reward or impeachment, let them solemnly consult their consciences before they decide. For ourselves, we should be glad to be able to give him credit even for being a sincere Hindú. It would mitigate our aversion for him to suppose that he believed in anything. But the Duke of Wellington, it may be said, has undertaken his defence, and the Duke of Wellington is a great theologian, being Chancellor of the University of Oxford. We bow to his grace's theology, and proceed to something else.

Most persons will, perhaps, recollect that, in commemoration of the governor-general's military achievements, a succession of balls and dinners was given to him by the officers of the army and others at Barrackpore, at Dum-Dum, and at Calcutta. On these occasions he endeavoured to put in practice the poetical maxim that it is delightful to play the fool in the proper place. He nearly made all the exquisites in Calcutta burst with envy. Nothing could equal the pomp of his appearance, the gallantry of his behaviour, the elegance of his mien, the brilliancy of his smile, or the Ciceronian eloquence of his after-dinner orations. But he who should have supposed that Lord Ellenborough would in such speeches confine himself within the circle of compliments and steer clear of politics, would only have shown how very little he knew of the man. Sir Robert Peel, in his speech at the London Tavern, had presumed to read a sort of friendly lecture to the greatest of all Indian statesmen; in the course of which he maintained, in a sentence of great beauty, that our empire in the East is not founded on the narrow edge of the sword, but on the broad basis of the people's happiness. Lord Ellenborough evidently considered this a piece of impertinence on the part of the minister, and, at almost every one of the dinners above-mentioned, took occasion to refute his friend's doctrine. He affirmed most emphatically, and repeated the affirmation again and again, that India was won by the sword, and that on the sword entirely and exclusively our power reposes. He now no longer remembered his boasted declaration that he meant to imitate the magnificent

charities of the Mogul emperors, no longer alluded to his relationship, by adoption, to the mighty and generous people over whom he ruled: but, throwing himself without reserve into the hands of the military, gave those present distinctly to understand that all his affections lay concentrated within the circumscribed limits of the camp.

Let no one misunderstand us. We also are strongly attached, both by admiration and sympathy, to the Indian army, whose deeds of valour and generosity we would gladly be the means of transmitting to the remotest posterity. It is not for his attachment to that brave and enlightened body of men that we censure the ex-governor-general, but for the puerility of his display of it, and for his gross and absurd prejudices against the civil service. It is the paltry mind only which knows not how to reward the merit of one man without converting his success into a calamity to his neighbours. Lord Ellenborough, however, systematically exhibited this indication of imbecility, and if they who witnessed his vagaries may be relied upon, he carried on one occasion his folly so far as to harangue the officers around him with profusions and promises of what mighty things he would achieve for them when he returned to England, 'to occupy, perhaps, a far higher post than he then filled.' To what post could he have alluded: to that of Sir Robert Peel, or to that of Oliver Cromwell? His lordship, perhaps, will have the goodness to offer some explanation of this in his place in the House of Lords.

As through the favour of the Tory administration, Lord Ellenborough was enabled for two whole years and three months to occupy a prominent place on the stage of public affairs, and afterwards descended from that bad eminence never to rise again, we may speak of his character as a thing belonging wholly to the past. This has, indeed, been done several times by others. But as they have rather attempted to exhibit their familiarity with the rules of psychological anatomy, than correctly to apply them, we shall subject it once more to investigation, and see whether it deserves to rank so highly as it has sometimes been placed. Lord Ellenborough possesses few of the qualities of a statesman. He is laborious, quick of perception, plausible, impassioned, and, therefore, to a certain degree, eloquent; he had the sagacity, at an early period of his life, to discover the intrinsic importance and grandeur of Indian affairs, and to feel that it yet remained to reveal their vastness to the people of this country. He applied himself, therefore,

with diligence to the study of that department of politics, and consequently acquired a degree of knowledge uncommon among the members of either house of parliament. To this praise he is entitled, and we desire to bestow it on him without grudging. Nay, we may go still further, and maintain that, sitting calmly and quietly here at home in the Board of Control or in the House of Peers, it was completely within the competence of Lord Ellenborough to take, on many points, extremely sound views of Indian politics, and even to judge dispassionately enough of the worth of the individuals engaged in them. The faculty to do this, however, is not by any means a high or a rare one. It does not ascend to the level of speculative wisdom. For this, assuming the present as its point of view, is able to look into the future and at least foresee, if not control, the issues of things; whereas the faculty possessed by Lord Ellenborough was merely that which enables us to judge of actions and events already accomplished. The distinction we desire to draw is palpable. Lord Ellenborough could criticise nicely and often justly the measures of other men; but, when placed in their position, was unable to originate judicious measures of his own. There accordingly could not have been committed a greater mistake than to appoint him Governor-general of India. Transplanted suddenly from the calm and silence, and methodical arrangement of an office, to the soil of active life, quick with passion, and shaken by conflicting impulses, he necessarily felt beside himself. He was like a man, who, requiring to occupy a fixed point in order to arrange and methodize his ideas, is cast on a plank floating down the boiling and impetuous surface of a torrent, and desired to think calmly there. Of the India reports and documents he understood something; but of the real geographical division of the world so called, peopled by countless millions, separated from each other by some feelings, united by others, here actuated by one impulse, there impelled by its contrary, while numerous and dissimilar systems of interests prevail and impart to society a distinct character in every division of the land—of this living and breathing India we say Lord Ellenborough knew absolutely nothing. He thought it a fine field on which to fight the battles of party and nothing more. All his measures were taken with a view to afford satisfaction to the Duke of Wellington, not to diffuse plenty and contentment and happiness through a hundred nations for the present, and to sow broad-cast through Asia the seeds of prosperity and unassailable strength

for future generations. Little dreamed he of the harvest of permanent glory which he might have reaped. It never occurred to him to imagine that, by wisely and honestly performing his duty, he might win for himself a place in the heart and memory of every man in India, and leave behind him a name that would be pronounced with gratitude and emotion so long as a fragment of the Hindú race remained. No thoughts we say, like these, warmed the breast of Lord Ellenborough. All he went out to perform on the opposite side of the globe was to inflict pain on his political opponents, to calumniate Lord Auckland, to throw discredit on Lord Palmerston; and, to torture them while in opposition, by showing them how easy it was to overthrow and destroy in a few months what they had been years in bringing to maturity. He knew that nothing would occasion them greater anguish than to behold our Indian empire put in jeopardy, and the name of Great Britain on the point of being covered with ineffaceable infamy. He, therefore, in the sight of the whole world, kept the vast fabric for months tottering on the very verge of destruction, where a breath seemed able to overthrow it; and, with the certainty before him of having his own name classed for ever with those of Ephialtes and Tarpeia, whose treachery shed a gloom on the period in which they lived, he meditated the base abandonment of our prisoners to the Affghans.

Yet in the teeth of these facts, there are those who attribute to Lord Ellenborough the qualities of a great statesman. We are told that he found the East filled with danger and confusion, and left it in perfect safety and tranquillity. Let us not be supposed to want faith in our country's destiny. We believe that Providence has placed within our reach the most glorious sceptre ever wielded by any nation, and that if true to ourselves we may yet grasp and retain it. At the same time it would be madness to deny that Lord Ellenborough has so demoralized and sapped the fidelity of our native Indian army, that we may have to engage in many fearful struggles, may have to inflict dreadful punishments, may have to steel our hearts again and again against the touch of mercy, before we can restore our Eastern rule to that healthy state in which this representative of the Duke of Wellington found it. And here, perhaps, we touch upon the secret ground of Lord Ellenborough's recall. It was clearly foreseen that the spirit of mutiny could never be quelled among the native troops while so frantic an experimenter remained at the head of af-

fairs. He thought it sufficient to distribute medals, and to have the colours of various regiments emblazoned with the name of Kandahar or Ghuznee, forgetting that such compliments, though agreeable enough to the soldier's mind, would neither support his family, nor ensure his own personal comfort. Upon this painful subject we do not choose to dwell at length. To others, who like the task better, we leave it to predict the many misfortunes which may yet befall us in consequence of the perilous quackery of Lord Ellenborough. We return to his policy.

To be convinced that he was guided by no principle, but simply blown hither and thither by the breath of accident, we have but to recapitulate the few acts he performed. He retreated from Afghanistan, and then immediately made the discovery, that the whole political world looked down upon him with scorn for his pusillanimity. To wipe away as he hoped this stigma, he suddenly reversed his maxims of policy, and conquered and annexed Sind. Again he found that in the estimation of many he had made another false step, and been this time guilty of violence and injustice. What, therefore, should he do? The next time he found himself placed in a difficult position, the best thing he could think of was to do the very contrary of what he had done before. He therefore invaded Gwalior, fought two battles, rendered himself, at a vast expense of human life, master of the country, and then to render it past doubt that he was bewildered, and could under no circumstances see his way clearly, he relinquished whatever advantages he had gained, and restored to the Gwalior state its former anarchy. For this at least he expected rewards and eulogiums at home. Was his zigzag policy so rewarded? Far from it. The amazed and disgusted Court of Directors no sooner learned what had taken place, than they determined upon his recall, and urged it upon ministers as an act altogether indispensable. Previously even to this, they had become thoroughly convinced of his incapacity, and made representations to that effect to the cabinet. But the Duke of Wellington was there, with his unaccountable but invincible partiality, to screen Lord Ellenborough, and obtain for him a little longer interval to play the madman in Asia. The Court of Directors reluctantly suspended the blow they meant to strike; but on each arrival of the Indian Mail, were more and more resolved to strike home at last. Meanwhile, the unhappy governor-general stood in the midst of the Indian empire looking helplessly around him, unable to devise

anything that could give satisfaction to the authorities at home. Whichever way he advanced, his movements were disapproved of; if he stood still, he was laughed at for his inactivity. To deliver himself from this humiliating state of perplexity, he collected an army on the Sutlej, and formed the design of trying his luck once more at the game of war; but was arrested in the midst of his preparations by the intelligence of his ignominious recall—an insult, a mark of reprobation, which had been put on no other governor-general. From Warren Hastings to Lord Auckland, all had escaped this damning proof of unusual wickedness or insufferable incapacity.

Of the ethical character of Lord Ellenborough it is unnecessary to speak. We could say no good of it, and it is not our desire to say any harm. It will probably be sufficient to remind our readers that few persons whether in or out of parliament care to claim the honour of his friendship, save the Duke of Wellington. His grace, however, would appear to rejoice at this. He desires, apparently, to monopolise the patronage of this bankrupt statesman. His grace may have his reasons for so acting. There are mysteries in public as well as in private life, and his grace's partiality for Lord Ellenborough is one of them. Nobody can conceive on what it is based. It reminds us of the story of the baker who loved Robespierre. Though all the world was blind to the man's good qualities, he still found something to love in him. Just so is it in the present case. The Duke of Wellington, no doubt, knows for what it is that he loves Lord Ellenborough; but we believe that we are quite within bounds when we say, that no other human being does. For the sake of his extraordinary friend, the Duke of Wellington treated the whole Court of Directors with almost unprecedented harshness and contempt. He suffered unequivocal tokens to appear that he was boiling with indignation. At first, nevertheless, he kept some guard over his language. He only said, that in recalling Lord Ellenborough they had not been 'discreet.' Proceeding with his accusation, and warming as he advanced, he soon arrived at the positive, and affirmed that they had been 'indiscreet.' But this was not sufficient to satisfy his grace's friendship for the disgraced governor-general. His anger, gaining the mastery over his judgment, soon found fitting words in which to vent itself, and characterized the act of the Court of Directors as a 'most gross indiscretion,' nay, as the 'grossest indiscretion he had ever in all his life heard of.'

It may and will be said here that the man

who could inspire [the Duke of Wellington] with such a friendship must unquestionably possess some merit. We think so too. We believe it may without offence to truth be granted, that Lord Ellenborough is an excellent boon companion, that his conversation abounds with capital jokes, that he tells an anecdote well, that he laughs and is joy-

ous, and inspires all around him with gaiety: and is not this sufficient to explain his grace's partiality? We have not the slightest desire to depreciate Lord Ellenborough's convivial powers. He may, for aught we know, be the most sociable and jovial person in the world: we only maintain that he is the worst governor-general upon record.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Reineke der Fuchs. Vierte verbesserte Auflage. Mit neuen Kupfern verschönet, nach Zeichnungen von PROFESSOR L. RICHTER, in Dresden. Leipzig. Sq. 18mo.

Reinhart Fuchs, aus dem Mittelniederlandischen, zum erstenmal in das Hochdeutsche übersetzt von AUGUST FRIEDR. HERRMANN GEYDER, Doctor beider Rechte. 8vo. Breslau. 1844.

The most delectable History of Reynard the Fox, and of his Son, Reynardine. A revised version of an Old Romance. London. 12mo. 1844.

The History of Reynard the Fox, from the Edition printed by Caxton, in 1841. With Notes and an Introductory Sketch of the Literary History of the Romance. By WILLIAM J. THOMS, Esq., F. S. A. London. Reprinted for the Percy Society. 8vo. 1844.

Reynard the Fox. A renowned Apologue of the Middle Age, reproduced in Rhyme. Small 4to. London: Longmans. 1844.

WE can scarcely transcribe the titles of these additions to the numerous volumes already dedicated to the history of the wanton knaveries, cunning shifts, and malicious contrivances of that arch rogue, Reynard the Fox, without anticipating that some of our readers, mindful of the many occasions on which the Reynardine fable has been made the subject of comment in the pages of the 'Foreign Quarterly,' will exclaim—

'What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom!'

We can plead in excuse our belief, for reasons detailed in our previous articles, that from its quaint humour and racy spirit, this old world fable is destined to retain its immemorial popularity—so long as books are printed, and people read them.

The first of the books on the present list is a

German metrical version, chiefly remarkable for its clever illustrations, by Professor Richter of Dresden. They are designed with considerable humour and artistic feeling, and what is yet better, with a thorough appreciation of the spirit of the story; and although not to be compared with the more elaborate productions from the graver of Kaulbach (the publication of which, by the by, is said to be suspended for the present, by the interference of the Prussian censorship), they will abundantly satisfy the admirers of the German art.

The second work is one of far higher character. In the first place it is a well executed German translation, very nearly word for word, and line for line—from the middle Flemish version published some years since by the authority of the Belgian government, under the skilful editorship of that most patriotic antiquary, J. F. Willems, of Ghent.

But though curious as exhibiting the close affinity which exists between those cognate languages this is perhaps the least of its merits. It is well known that the several versions of the old poem supply valuable illustrations of the manners, customs, and in short of the whole spirit of society in past ages, and have even served greatly to elucidate some obscurities in the antiquities of the Germanic laws. As long since as 1768, the learned Dreyer made this last part the subject of a special essay, which is reprinted in his 'Nebenstunden.' Following Dreyer's example, Dr. Geyder has appended to his translation a great body of notes and illustrations, explanatory of those numerous passages scattered throughout the poem, which contain direct reference to the forms and observances of the old German laws, or are couched in its peculiar phraseology. From the connection which exists between many parts of the ancient laws of this kingdom, and those of our Teutonic kindred, these notes of Dr. Geyder, which occupy

upwards of one hundred pages, cannot but be read with satisfaction by all who are interested in the study of legal archæology.

The third work inserted in our list is one of the volumes of 'Parker's Collection in popular literature'; and its selection for publication in such a form, affords strong presumptive evidence of that undying popularity of 'Reynard's History,' for which we have been contending. The editor of this revised version appears to be acquainted with Grimm's valuable and learned history of the romance, and we, therefore, cannot but feel surprised at some of the strange inaccuracies into which he has fallen in his preliminary notice.

The ample title of the fourth volume, above named, sufficiently describes its contents. To an English reader the homely wit and quaint humour of Reynard's story are greatly heightened by the rich antique mother English of the father of English printing. Caxton's version of this romance, translated from the Flemish prose history, furnishes a valuable and interesting specimen of the state of our language towards the close of the fifteenth century; while the 'Introductory Sketch of the Literary History of the Romance,' prefixed by the editor, exhibits a far more abundant and curious stock of materials upon the subject than has ever before been collected together in this country.

The last volume on our list is a rhymed version in octosyllabic metre, founded chiefly, but not wholly, on Alkmar's text. The author, Mr. Naylor, deserves our gratitude for his labour of love, and the printer and the publisher have well performed their part, and done all that type and paper could do to second the pious design of the poetical antiquary. All who know and love this racy fable will renew their old delights in perusing Mr. Naylor's version, and those who have not yet made acquaintance with Reynard, may now see him in his proper garb. Verse is his only wear. The translation is executed with so much spirit, that we the more regret the necessity of denouncing some blemishes that painfully disfigure it. We too often discover in it the artfulness that evinces want of art, and we are vexed with the use of distorted phrases and of slang words, that want the only beauty of which they are capable; namely, that of being apposite. Instances even of elaborate violation of syntax are not wanting, e. g. (p. 158):

"Whomso his faulchion well shall wield,
I'll dub him knight upon the field."

"From Isingrim (whom I pretended
Wore boots) I caused to be slit
His skin, which was for high-lows fit."—p. 168.

But perhaps the worst offences we have to complain of, are the odious cockneyisms repeatedly perpetrated in the rhymes. Who can endure such rhymes as these: alarmed—calmed (p. 94): sought—port (p. 100): sworn—dawn (p. 96): brought—court (p. 187): claws—wars (p. 189)? Can anything be worse than the following couplet (p. 104):

"To practise after my papa—
Through life my light and exemplar."

Bokhara, its Amir, and its People. Translated from the Russian of Khanikoff, by the Baron CLEMENT A. DE BODE. London: Madden. 1845.

THIS is a very important and well-timed publication. Much interest has recently been excited about the Khanat of Bokhara, by the tragical events connected with the death of Colonel Skoddart and Captain Conolly; and with the temporary detention of Dr. Wolff. The Baron de Bode, therefore, was extremely judicious in selecting the present season for publishing his translation of Khanikoff, and extremely fortunate in finding an original so highly deserving of being translated. The work of Sir Alexander Burnes had already made the Khanat of Bokhara familiar to a considerable portion of the public, but, since his time, a long succession of circumstances has greatly changed the political condition of Central Asia, and rendered it imperatively necessary to review once more the force and tendencies of its various populations. A part of this task has been ably performed by Mr. Levchine, whose valuable work on the Kirghiz Kazaks has cleared up many difficult points connected with the geography and social condition of the people of those regions. The same thing may now be said of Mr. Khanikoff, who, during a long residence at Bokhara, collected much new and authentic information respecting the country and its inhabitants, which, in the present work, he has arranged in a popular form. He enters into very full details on the geography and natural features of the country, institutes various inquiries into the sources of its wealth, and investigates minutely, as if for some political purpose, the military and moral strength which it could oppose to an invading army from any quarter. The result, in our opinion, is, that the Khanat is weak and might easily have been chastised for the murder of our ambassadors, had we possessed a foreign minister of any moral courage or resolution; but into questions like this, it is not necessary for us to enter at present. Mr. Khanikoff's work, which is most ably and freely translated, must be extensively circulated, and will in a short time enable the public to enter properly into discussions such as we shall shortly perhaps open up. The history and character of the present khan are exceedingly curious; as are also his relations with the Persian adventurer, who now serves him in the capacity of minister. Altogether we strongly recommend Mr. Khanikoff's book to public attention—it has rendered its author an object of suspicion to the Russian government, though written for the use of the czar, and with highly patriotic intentions.

Travels in Luristan and Arabistan. By the Baron C. A. DE BODE. 2 vols. London: Madden and Co. 1844.

THESE pleasant volumes will be read with great interest by a large portion of the public. They contain the account of a journey from Teheran through Isfahan to Persepolis, and back by Shiraz and Behbahan, through the country of the Mamasseni and Khogilu tribes, in part unvisited by any

previous traveller. The author, who was secretary to the Russian embassy, travelled with great advantages, the political influence of the czar in Persia insuring safety and respect for those of his subjects who undertake to travel. At many points of his journey he encountered friends, holding positions of authority, who gave him every facility for prosecuting his researches; and he enjoyed, also, the especial favour and protection of the Moëtémid Daulet, or governor of the most important and dangerous provinces through which he passed. We cannot pretend to give even an outline of his journey. We can only say generally that he has visited some of the most interesting cities and tracts of south-western Persia. His description of Persepolis is full of eloquence, and presents a very vivid picture to the mind. With great judgment, however, he dwells comparatively briefly on this, so many other travellers having visited the spot. But he enlarges on the royal tombs at Nakshi Rostam, having entered one which had not been visited by Sir Robert Ker Porter. He also, during his journey, discovered many important remains of antiquity, among others those of Tengi-Saulek, which must really be very extraordinary. We can promise a rich treat to all interested in antiquarian research, but cannot further allude to the numerous topics of this nature on which he touches so graphically, and with so much ingenuity. Other parts of his work are to us more interesting—namely, the personal adventures, the anecdotes, the sketches of manners and customs, the description of scenery, the lively narratives interspersed. We never remember to have seen a more charming picture of pastoral life than Baron de Bode's account of Iliyat migration. It carries us back to the time of Abraham. We have really never read any passage in any Persian traveller with more pleasure, and much regret that we have not space to extract it. However, we are sure that all who are fond of ethnological information communicated in so agreeable a manner, cannot fail to refer to the volume before us. We must not forget to notice the 'Essay on the Marches of Alexander and Timur,' which con-

cludes the work. It is a learned and ingenious performance, and in general conclusive. The baron had ample opportunities of verifying his theories, by examination of the ground over which the two conquerors marched; and, as we have hinted, over a certain portion of the space no traveller had preceded him. He has thus the merit of revealing a new and extensive tract of country to the world.

The History of the Defection of the United Netherlands from the Spanish Empire. Translated from the original German of Schiller, by Lieut. E. B. EASTWICK. Frankfort on the Maine. 1844.

THE author of this translation says it has been his 'study to be literal, and to preserve, as far as possible, not only the meaning of the author, but his exact words, and even the structure of the sentences, so that to the student of German the work may be useful, as easy to re-transpose into German.' He has succeeded admirably; his version has the rare merit of combining ease and fluency with close literal fidelity. Lieutenant Eastwick, who has passed many years of active service in India, is favourably known to Oriental scholars as the translator of several very rare and curious Persian works connected with the history and religion of the Parsees, and as having compiled the most complete vocabulary yet known of the dialect of Sindé. The present is, we believe, his first attempt at translation from the German, and was entered upon as a preliminary exercise before engaging in the laborious task with which we rejoice to hear that he is now occupied. He is busy upon a translation of the second part of Bopp's 'Comparative Grammar of the Sanskrit, Greek, and German Languages.'

Want of space has compelled us to postpone several reviews of books which we had prepared for this number.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, Nov. 10th, 1844.

ENGLISH readers and English reviewers also, Mr. Editor, are wont frequently to complain of the too exuberant fertility of our own press. Books are multiplied more rapidly than the most persevering and indefatigable reading power can dispose of them. Then what quantities of merest trash deluge our library tables, and the shelves of the booksellers! How much chaff is mingled with the corn! Ungrateful public!—*O fortunati sua si bona norint.* English readers! Your rich crop

is mingled with weeds, is it? Know you not that weeds indicate the fertility and strong productive power of the soil? You grumble over the rank exuberance of your harvests. How would dead sterility content you? Receive then with patience, long-suffering, ay, with gladness, all Essays, Histories, Treatises, Memoirs, Travels, Novels, and other printed ware whatsoever. It has been written that 'A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in't,' and the dictum has—very unlike most other dicta—more instead of less sense in it than the

writer of it intended. When books with nothing in them are thrust upon us, there will, it is certain, be plenty of books rich in matter. The writing faculty reaches latest those who are least capable of writing well; and when blockheads write it is that all write.

Would to heaven that such was our condition here in Italy! Would to heaven that it could be permitted to Italy to receive the product of the unnumbered rich intellects of her sons, now compelled to unwilling, nay, agonizing silence, at the simple cost of receiving also, and disposing of as best she might, all that her weaker vessels might be induced by unlimited license of publishing, to bring forth. Gunpowder Plot! Foolish Guy Fawkes! What is your gunpowder plot to a printer's ink plot! What may not that be expected to blow up!

It is this incalculably dangerous printing-ink plot that the sovereigns of Italy are unceasingly active in providing and guarding against. When the traveller has reached the confines of *la bella Italia*, what does the sagacious Charles Albert of Sardinia most anxiously inquire of him? What is the grand object of the minute scrutiny to which his baggage is subjected? Books and tobacco. To the latter the intelligent monarch objects, as being himself exclusive tobaccoist to his unfortunate cabbage-leaf-smoking subjects. To the former article his antipathy is positive, invincible, and in truth not unreasonable. Not unreasonable, Charles Albert! For despite thy caution, thy guards, thy trained douaniers, this so damnable printing-ink is too subtle an agent to be kept out. Stop up every crevice of your darkened dominions as you may, fatal leakages appear in all parts. Already the danger is imminent. The destructive element is gaining on you. And, trust me, those who best know the nature of this magic fluid consider your doom and that of your fellows to be sealed!

Yes! despite the systematic and well-combined endeavours of the Italian sovereigns—with one exception—to crush the intellects of their subjects—to keep down every manifestation of intelligence—to shut out the light, and to keep their people in a condition of childhood—progress is observable in a right direction.

Botta's history has now recently been published entire in Lombardy, for the first time. It is an important fact. For no work has given more offence to the Austrian government, or has been more rigorously prohibited and excluded. Are we then to suppose that Austria has changed either her own views, or her opinion of the tendencies of Signor Botta's work? By no means! But Austria has given up excluding Botta 'as a bad job.' It has found that an untenable point; and has retreated. And so it will be with another and another. And through the hole by which Botta has now passed, a bigger than Botta will soon be able to squeeze himself.

The result of this forced and most involuntary relaxation on the part of the rulers of Italy is beginning to manifest itself in all quarters. And although the state of things is still such, that no Italian can dream of writing on any of the great questions that most immediately concern the social and moral well-being of mankind, yet the Italian mind is becoming gradually awakened; opinion is beginning timidly and cautiously to show itself,

creeping out to the light of day by such indirect paths and small outlets, as the vigilance of despotism finds it impossible to close hermetically;—and as a necessary consequence, books are multiplied.

The one exception, alluded to above, which exists to the universality of despotic and anti-social principles among the sovereigns of Italy, is obvious enough to all who have ever interested themselves in Italian affairs and prospects. The exception presented by the Grand Duke of Tuscany is an important and a bright one. The Grand Duke is, probably, one of the most liberal-minded men in his dominions. The misfortune is, that he is far more so than the majority of his people. In fact, the excellent government of Tuscany, the character of its prince, and the affection of all classes of his people for him, are obstacles in the way of revolution in Italy. There are no revolutionists in Tuscany. Everybody is too well contented with things as they are. And Italian patriots of other cities fail not to upbraid the Florentines with their *poco-curante* political apathy. It is in Bologna, in Rome, in Milan, and in Naples, that the fermenting materials must be sought which are to revolutionize the Peninsula. Oppressive governments, imbecile and bigoted princes, tyrannical institutions—these are the surest and most effectual abolishers of despotism.

It is much believed that the Grand Duke of Tuscany would willingly lend his aid to the establishment of a free constitutional government in his dominions, if it were in his power to do so. But Austria, with its dead weight of leaden influence, oppressing, like the hideous nightmare, the heaving breast of Italy, says No! And Tuscany has no power to resist the *brutum fulmen* of the imperial despotism.

It is, nevertheless, abundantly clear, that the liberal feelings and principles of the Grand Duke are by no means entirely inoperative in Tuscany. They are, on the contrary, visible in a thousand small matters of internal administration; and in things literary especially symptoms of toleration are observable, which cannot but have the effect of attracting to Tuscany the intelligence and talent of the Peninsula, and tending thus to render Florence the capital, at least, of intellectual and literary Italy.

Thus, last year, when Niccolini's 'Arnold of Brescia' appeared, it was rigorously prohibited throughout Italy. It was, indeed, a book to make her tyrants tremble on their thrones. A more awakening cry against the twofold tyranny of the church and the empire—of Austria and of Rome—under which Italy is groaning, has not been heard by her people. A more vigorous and damaging attack against the unholy alliance of 'Cæsar,' and 'Peter,' for the spiritual and temporal oppression of the nations, has never aroused the rage of Vienna and the terrors of the Vatican. A more thrilling cry to union has never been sounded from the Alps to the point of Calabria. The volume was printed at Marseilles; and was instantly prohibited with the utmost rigour throughout the states of Italy. Tuscany could not stand alone, and refuse to join in the prohibition. 'Arnaldo da Brescia' was a prohibited book also in Tuscany. But three thousand copies were sold in a few weeks in Florence; and the author, instead of taking up his residence in St. Elmo, as he would

have done had his home been Naples, or been marched off to Spielsberg, as would have happened had he had the misfortune of being a Milanese, continued and continues in the undisturbed and peaceable enjoyment of the affection and society of his friends, and the applause and admiration of his fellow-citizens. It is, moreover, within our knowledge, that when some would-be-lick-spittle parasite, who little knew the man he wished to toady, offered to the Grand Duke to write a reply to 'Arnaldo da Brescia,' the proposal was rejected with marked coldness, and its author dismissed with the answer that the grand duke did not wish anything to be said upon the subject. It should be mentioned, too, that Niccolini was enjoying, and still enjoys, a government salary as professor at the Academy 'delle belle Arti.'

All honour, therefore, from every friend to Italy to Leopold II. of Tuscany—a despotic monarch against his inclinations;—a liberal prince and enlightened philanthropist despite his position; and most righteously entitled by his administration to the appellation, which ancient Florence selected as most expressive of its reverence and affection for a beloved ruler, of 'Pater Patriæ.'

While Orioli of Bologna pines in his distant exile at Corfu;—while poor Bozzelli, of Naples, innocent of aught save of having been mentioned to one friend by another known to hold constitutional opinions, in a letter intercepted by the spies of the government, is passing his weary days and nights in the hopeless dungeons of St. Elmo;—while so many others of Italy's best and worthiest sons are atoning for their patriotism in prison or in exile, the author of 'Arnaldo da Brescia' has been tranquilly preparing for publication an edition of his collected works, which has just appeared in three volumes, post 8vo.

A considerable quantity of new matter has been added by the poet to the old favourites of the Italian reading world in these volumes. Two new tragedies—'Agamemnone' and 'Beatrice Cenci,' are the most important additions. A 'Discourse on the Tragedy of the Greeks, and on that of Italy,' occupying nearly a hundred pages of the first volume, is also now published for the first time, being prefixed to the Agamemnon. This essay expresses in strong language the veteran poet's opinion of the modern romantic school of art. He laments the desertion of the high ideal for the low natural, and complains that it is to this notion that we are indebted for 'Marion Delorme,' and the truly monstrous 'Lucrece Borgia.'

From this he goes on to instance in the 'Mysteries of Paris,' the truth of the principle 'that the imitation of evil ever goes beyond its example, as contrarywise that of what is good falls short of it.' After giving a brief resumé of the story, he adds: 'This is what a resume for art and for the ideal has brought us to! If the innovators, who usurp the name of philosophers, had better known the eternal laws of human nature, they would have been aware that, inasmuch as the sentiment of the beautiful is conjoined to that of what is good, outrages on morality would follow upon outrages on good taste.'

These opinions of the Italian patriot poet I have transcribed for the benefit of your readers, Mr. Editor, not for the sake of their intrinsic value, for in truth I do not think that our admired Niccolini

has at all seen to the bottom of this matter, and your readers will probably agree with me in thinking, that the causes of some of the prevailing tastes and forms of literature, are not to be so easily, simply, and briefly accounted for and condemned by attributing to their authors and admirers an ignorance of the eternal laws of nature, and a contempt for art and for the ideal. I have no intention here either to defend or condemn that literature, which has so vehemently excited the indignation of the veteran poet; but assuredly there is very much to be said on both sides of the subject, and larger social questions are involved in the debate than he, looking at the matter merely with the eye of a poet educated in the study of the ancient classical models, and formed by the contemplation of their regular and lofty beauties, dreams of. But his opinions on the subject are highly curious,—indeed important,—as specimens of the opinions of an Italian liberal, radical reformer, regenerator, and innovator. Political liberalism then, in Italy, it should seem, by no means necessarily involves a participation in the whole system of opinions and tastes which usually accompany it in France and England. Here is a reformer with literary tastes and creeds the most 'rococo.' Here is a favourer of 'la jeune Italie,' professing a system of critical ethics the most decidedly 'perruque.'

The explanation of this phenomenon—the causes why Italian liberalism is different in many respects from the liberalism of England or of France—'twere long to tell; at least too long for me to attempt to do so in this letter, which ought to be already drawing to its close. Suffice it for the present that it very clearly is considerably different. And at the same time that many well-wishers to Italy may be dissatisfied with manifestations which *they* may conceive to show, that even her foremost minds in the march of intellectual progress are lamentably behind the rest of Europe, let her at least reap the advantage which may arise to her cause, from proving to that party in England and France, who are prejudiced against liberal political opinions, because they deem them to be indissolubly connected with '*décousues*' principles in literature and morals, that in her case, at all events, aspirations after political regeneration are not necessarily connected with *innovating* doctrines in literature, morals, or religion.

Niccolini, though an ardent patriot, and determined enemy of that union between a corrupt church and a corrupt state, which has for so many centuries strengthened in their tyrannical oppression the hands of both these contracting parties, nevertheless holds many opinions that would be deemed by English and French liberals to savour of obsolete prejudice and bigotry. Thus he is led to speak with but scant praise of Shelley in the above-cited discourse. He speaks of him as a poet, 'of whom it would be difficult to say whether his country ought most to be proud or to be ashamed.'

'Shelley,' he goes on to say, 'was undoubtedly endowed with a powerful genius. And having bestowed much study on the Greek tragedy, and especially on the chorus, he became so enamoured of Æschylus, that he attempted a "Prometheus liberated" in his absurd manner. This was in fact an impious farrago of splendid imagery and

metaphysical abstractions, setting forth man freed from the ties of all religious belief, by the means of Demogorgon's victory over Jove—the victory, that is of Pantheism, which triumphs over Faith. The horrible doctrine of Spinoza (which but too abundantly lies hidden in the works of certain metaphysicians, who from hypocrisy, and not from honest zeal, have rebuked the philosophy of the last century—a philosophy far less dangerous than their own)—deservedly drew down on Shelley the hatred of his fellow-citizens.'

It is painful to be obliged to cite such opinions as these from the author of 'Arnaldo da Brescia.' What! Can Signor Niccolini really think that a man *deserves the hatred of his fellow-citizens* for holding opinions, however 'horrible' they may appear to any among them? In the magnificent tragedy just mentioned, the following grand passage is put by Niccolini into the mouth of Arnald, addressing Pope Adrian:

"Adrian, thy hope deceives thee. Through the earth
The terror of Rome's thunder-bolts grows weak;
Reason has loosed the bonds thou vain wouldst
make

Eternal; time will be, she will burst them.

As yet she is not thoroughly aroused.

Already human thought has so rebelled

'Tis not in thee to rule it. Christ cries to it,

As whilom to the sick man—'rise and walk;'

'T will trample thee if thou wilt not proceed.

The world has truths other than those proclaimed

Forth from thy altars; and no more endures

Temples that hide high Heaven from its gaze.

Pastor, thou hast been;—be a father. Man

Will no more own himself a shepherd's flock.

Too long struck backwards by thy pastoral staff

Mankind hath tarried on its onward march.

Wherefore hast thou trampled thus in Heaven's
name,

On man, the last born son of God's decrees."*

And the man who wrote and thought thus is of opinion that another man '*deserves the hatred of his fellow-citizens*' for his honest opinions! Let human intellect 'arise and walk!' 'tis God's decree! But then it must walk precisely in that path which I and my authorities have marked out

* I have translated these lines, Mr. Editor, for the benefit of your English readers, to the best of my ability. But the gods have not made me poetical; and I feel that to justify the epithet of magnificent, which I have applied to them, as well as in justice to Signor Niccolini, I ought to add the original:

"Tu t'inganni, Adrian. Langue il terrore
Dei fulmini di Roma, e la ragione!
Scote le fasce che vorresti eterne;
Le romperà: non bene ancora è desta.
Già l'humano pensiero è tal ribelle
Che non bastia domar: Cristo gli grida
Siccome all'egro un di: 'Sorge e cammina.'
Ti calcherà se nol precedi: il mondo
Ha un altro vero che non sta fra l'are,
Nè un tempio vuol che gli nasconda il Cielo.
Fosti pastor, diventa padre: è stanca
La stirpe umana di chiamarsi gregge;
Assai dal vostro pastoral percossa
Timida s'arrettrò nella sua via.
Perchè in nome del Ciel l'uomo calpesti
Ultimo figlio del pensier di Dio?"

I have justified my qualification of these lines, have I not?

for it! Is this Signor Niccolini's meaning? Are these his sentiments? Alas! how difficult a lesson even to those who most loudly profess its holy doctrines, is real practical toleration!

Notwithstanding these prejudices against Shelley, Niccolini was induced, he says, by the criticism of the 'Edinburgh Review,' which he sums up accurately enough, and by the opinion which Byron held of him, 'to read his tragedy of the Cenci,' and 'having read it,' he says, 'I conceived the idea of translating it into our tongue. But whoever is acquainted with the poetry of modern English writers, especially of the *Satanic School*, to which Shelley belonged, must know how wide is the difference between their taste and ours, and how intolerable their style is to whosoever has been educated by a study of the Greek, Latin, and Italian classics, to a knowledge of the true, the decorous, and the beautiful.'

This is a little too much like Trissolini's—'Nul aura de l'esprit, hors nous et nos amis'—to pass for very valuable criticism. But it is curious to see the veteran liberal showing the same idiosyncrasy in matters of taste that he manifests in his opinions on theology and philosophy. The Spinozist deserves hatred; and the Romanticist is insupportable to all who comprehend the true and the beautiful. He proceeds to say: 'Of this assertion I could collect here the proofs; but if those turpitudes, which have been made to disappear in my work, should seem to any one to be beauteous, I prefer to confess that I have not translated the "*Beatrice*" with the timid fidelity of an interpreter, but rather have imitated it,—(I must crave to be excused for the too little modesty of the phrase)—with the daring freedom of a poet. I should not have so far ventured had a Greek or Latin classic been in the case; but it is my opinion that a literal version of this dramatic work of Shelley would be as mean, prosaic, and monstrous, as the toad whose spots Cenci, drunk with opium and with crime, imprecates on his daughter.'

He alludes to these lines of Shelley's poem;

"Earth, in the name of God, let her food be
Poison, until she be encrusted round

With lep'rous stains! Heaven, rain upon her
head

The blistering drops of the Maremma's dew,

Till she be speckled like a toad; parch up

Those love-enkindled lips; warp those fine limbs
To loathed lameness."

It might be worth while to examine a little how far the Italian poet has amended the work of the English one, by his scheme of purifying it of turpitudes, and bringing it into conformity with the classical models of Greece and Rome. But 'time and space,' as inexorable to reviewers, as poor mad Nat Lee represented them to be to lovers, forbid it; and I must content myself with inviting your readers to compare the two tragedies for themselves;—presenting them meanwhile with the one following specimen, in which I must confess that I think our countryman has all the advantage. It is the very striking passage in which the fiend-like father, having sent to call his wretched daughter to his presence, thus speaks to his almost equally wretched wife:

"She shall become,—(for what she most abhors
Shall have a fascination to entrap

Her loathing will)—to her own conscious self
 All she appears to others; and when dead
 As she shall die unshriven and unforgiven,
 A rebel to her father and her God,
 Her corpse shall be abandoned to the hounds;
 Her name shall be a terror to the earth;
 Her spirit shall approach the throne of God
 Plague-spotted with my curses. I will make
 Body and soul a monstrous lump of ruin."

Signor Niccolini's paraphrase runs thus;

"Ella sarà ciò che più aborre; e quando
 Nessun mortal l'estimerà diversa
 Da quel che paia, e in lei sarà volere
 Ciò che ora è forza, e non avrà rimorsi,
 Vo' che muoia la rea, nè sacerdote
 Le dia speranza del perdono eterno
 Colla possanza delle sue parole:
 Pasto il suo corpo ai corvi, ed il suo nome
 Terror del mondo: nè appressarsi ardisca
 L'anima ignuda al tribunal di Dio:
 Degna si senta dell'inferno, e piombi
 Da se stessa laggiù."

Though I have said that Niccolini has shown intolerance in his judgment of Shelley, and though in the passage quoted I have given the preference to the Englishman, as I think your readers will also, yet I strongly recommend all lovers of Italian poetry to procure a sight of Signor Niccolini's volumes. He is decidedly the first Italian poet of his day, without any worthy rival; and the reader will find noble passages in 'John of Procida,' 'Antonio Foscarini,' 'Ludovico Sforza,' and, above all, in 'Arnaldo da Brescia.'

While speaking of Niccolini, I must not forget to mention that his history of the house of Hohenstauffen is rapidly progressing towards completion. No public announcement of it has yet been made; but it is very generally known that he has for some time past been engaged on this subject, and his own report is that his labours are near their termination. He speaks with no great respect of Raumer; and it will be curious enough to compare the German historian's views of such a subject with those of an Italian.

But the book which has made the greatest stir lately among the active thinkers and patriots of Italy—ay! and among their rulers too—is Cesare Balbo's treatise 'Delle Speranze d'Italia.' THE HOPES OF ITALY! Why there is rank treason and sedition in the very title? What business has Italy to hope? And what can she hope, but the destruction of the powers that be? Accordingly, no book has for some time past been so rigorously prohibited in Italy. It was printed at Paris a few months since, and was instantly ordered to be most carefully excluded. So I sent at once to my bookseller's, and ordered it to be sent home to me directly! But this was at Florence, it must be remembered;—at Rome, or Naples, it would have been otherwise.

Well! the first remarkable circumstance attending the publication of Signor Balbo's book is, that it is not prohibited in the dominions of the King of Sardinia. And truly this is significant enough. I should be curious to know what they think of this matter at Vienna. Signor Balbo is a Piedmontese; a subject, therefore, of Sardinia; and his book bears on its title-page this epigraph from the gospel of St. Luke, 'Porro unum et necessarium.' 'But one thing is needful.' Now the one thing

that Signor Balbo deems needful for Italy is the expulsion of the Austrians. This is the aim and object of his book, as it is that of all good Italians. But very different opinions are held as to the means by which such a devoutly wished consummation might be brought about. I cannot enter in this letter on the interesting, though painful subject of the difficulties which lie in the way of all the different schemes proposed for the liberation of Italy. It will readily be conceived that the most insuperable of them consist not in the power of the oppressor, but in the errors and follies of the oppressed. It is in despair of otherwise overcoming the obstacles so arising, it is to be presumed, that Signor Balbo proposes to Italy to make Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, the captain of her hopes. The Austrians are to be driven from Italian soil by the efforts of the Italians rallied under that prince, who is yet but too bitterly remembered to have betrayed once already the banded patriots whom he had persuaded to be weak enough to trust in his princely faith. When he was Prince de Carignano he was enrolled in the list of the Carbonari, who were then engaged in schemes for the independence of Italy. As one of the sworn conspirators, he was in possession of lists of the members, and these he took to the king, his father; thus causing a greater amount of death, proscription, imprisonment, and misery, than any other event has brought on the patriots of Italy. Is this man, thus a cold traitor in the spring-tide of his warm youth, to be trusted, now that he has grown grey in king-craft, and hardened in the heart-withering duplicities and necessities of despotic policy? Is any hope to be placed in such an one? Signor Balbo, it should seem, thinks there may; thinks at all events that there is none better visible in the political horizon. And, what is more notable, the scheme seems to please, at all events not to offend, the monarch in question; since he alone, among his fellows, the rulers of Italy, has not prohibited the book. Possibly he remembers that his kingly ends were once before not ill served by a little dabbling in revolutionary schemes. Possibly he may consider that no opportunity so favourable for the purpose of strangling the hopes of Young Italy is likely to offer, as that presented to him by grappling with her in a fraternal embrace. At all events, had I the power of making myself heard by the Italians from one end of the Peninsula to the other, my last word in this matter would bid them distrust this royal Sinon and his Grecian gifts.

Not that I think that Italy is likely to listen to the proposal. Out of Piedmont the work has been received with but small approbation by Young Italy. In Lombardy, where the galled jade most winces under the pitiless rider, that wrings her withers, any and every proposal for the overthrow of the Austrian will meet in some degree with a favourable reception. But in central and southern Italy Signor Balbo's proposals have excited but little sympathy. The cancer that is there most deeply eating into their vitals is a different one. It is the papacy. True it is that Austria once well out of Italy, the Papacy would not last a month. But then Signor Balbo professes the sentiments of a good Roman Catholic; and it is difficult for a Roman to believe that any good can come of schemes proposed by those who hold such

a faith. Romanism may find favour anywhere rather than at Rome.

I had intended to say a few words on two or three other matters of Italian interest, but it is really time to bring this long letter to a conclusion. I must mention that the old ex-king, Joseph Bonaparte, who died here the other day, has left a considerable mass of MS. memoirs to Prince Musignano, the son of the Prince de Canino, with directions that they are not to be opened till he is twenty-five. He is now twenty. Assuredly if posterity does not sufficiently well know the doings of our times and those of our fathers, it will not be for want of care on our parts to tell them all about it.

Of course your readers have seen in the public papers accounts of the inundation of the Arno, which afflicted Florence on Sunday, November 3rd. It is centuries since such a visitation has been experienced here. The calamity has been a very serious one, and the destruction of property immense. The conduct of the grand duke, his munificence, thoughtfulness, personal activity, and benevolence have been above all praise. The English have, as usual, come forward handsomely to assist in alleviating the distress of the poorer sufferers. The water stood about eight feet deep in the streets of the lower part of the town.

MILAN, September 30th, 1844.

The sixth annual meeting of the Scientific Association of Italy is over;—the ‘Convocato in Milano,’ so long looked forward to, has come together and dispersed again, and Milan is returning to its—sooth to say—somewhat unscientific condition again. The first question to be asked and answered is—Has the meeting been a successful one? The partisans of the association point triumphantly in reply, to the list of members, amounting to nearly twelve hundred. It is a larger number than has assembled at any one of the previous meetings, and may fairly be assumed to indicate that an interest in scientific matters, and love for the pursuits of science, is on the increase in Italy. The large number of members composing this sixth congress, is the more remarkable, say the managers of the Milanese arrangements, seeing that the eligibility of those who presented themselves for admission to its ranks, was far more severely scrutinised than has been the case at previous meetings. Thus it was laid down as a rule, that the mere fact of having been a member of any or all of the five former assemblies, was no title of admissibility. And much heart-burning, discontent, and jealousy, has arisen from the decision.

But is the mere enumeration of its members, granting them to be all honourable men in the roll of science, a sufficient answer to the inquiry—has the Milanese meeting been a successful one? We think not quite. What are the objects of these locomotive meetings in the different cities of the great nations of Europe? If the sole purpose is the assembling as large a number of men occupied in scientific pursuits, for the sake of intercommunication, and the advancement of science by the opportunity thus furnished them of comparing their experiences, the results which they have attained, and the doubts which have beset them;—if these were the sole objects in view, it would seem a better plan to select some most

central and otherwise convenient city as the permanent place of meeting. Many advantages would attend this method of organizing the association. But there are other objects in contemplation, and those assuredly not the least important in the scheme of these associations, which all the leading nations of Europe have now copied from each other, that would be lost if their locomotive character were abandoned. Perhaps in Germany, England, and France, the most valuable result of these meetings is the influence they may be expected to exercise on the city in which they assemble. In Italy there can be no doubt that this is the case. Torpid, lethargic, and intellectually dead, as is the society of the cities of Italy for the most part, it is a great matter to awaken the public mind to the fact that there are interests and occupations other than the eternal round of intolerable insipidities offered by the boudoir, the theatre, the casino, and the corso. In a state of society such as that which many circumstances of long standing conspire to render the social life of Italy, where the votaries of science are, for the most part, poor, unappearing, recluse men, exercising absolutely no influence on the social world around them, it is of no small moment to exhibit science majestic in the imposing strength of its united forces, honoured by the world, and revered by the great and powerful.

This we conceive to be the most important object of these annual meetings in Italy. And having explained our views on this point we cannot but confess our opinion that the Milan meeting was not so successful a one as could be wished.

The contrast indeed between the reception of the scientific men of Italy at Florence, a year or two ago, and at Milan this year was truly remarkable. It was not that the official reception was less distinguished for its cordiality and magnificence; though it is worthy of remark that the expenses of the meeting were supplied from a different source in the two capitals in question. At Florence it was the grand duke, whose liberality and munificence were exerted to the utmost to make the meeting agreeable to its members, and to do honour to science in their persons. At Milan the government did scarcely anything. Almost, if not quite, all the expense was borne by the municipality of Milan. This is an extremely rich body, and its expenditure has been very large on the occasion. Everything was done by the corporation in the most liberal, indeed, magnificent manner. It was not in this point that the contrast showed itself; but in one of unfortunately far greater importance.

It was in the social reception which the Congress met with in either city;—not its individual members—that is another matter;—but the Congress as a body. In a word, it was at Florence *the fashion*; at Milan it was the reverse. At Florence ‘everybody,’ all the noblesse, the ladies, with the grand duchess at their head, and the ‘world of fashion,’ took pleasure in mixing with the ‘world of science,’ joining its meetings, its dinners, even attending its sectional discussions. The grand duchess attended several. At Milan a very different feeling was observable. As a body the nobility held themselves aloof. They did, indeed, give, it may be urged, one ball to the members of the congress at their ‘Casino dei Nobili.’

But, this duty done, they held themselves aloof. The evening meetings at the Ricardi Palace, in Florence, used to be crowded to overflowing with all the rank and beauty of the city. The rooms of the Palazzo Marino, in which the evening meetings were held in Milan, presented the melancholy appearance of a number of middle-aged gentlemen wandering through the half-filled and nearly silent rooms, with all the symptoms of being out of their element, dying of ennui, and anything but enjoying themselves. No! the Milan belles would have nothing to say to the wise men. Milan is celebrated for the beauty of its women. But upon this occasion they decided it to be *mauvais ton* to show themselves. It may be very possible that the interests of science were advanced all the more uninterruptedly from the philosophers having been left to their own lucubrations. But the result certainly was that the Congress wore a dull and grim appearance compared to the festive, gala-like meeting of Florence.

Now, that the black-coated disciples of Urania should have been unblest at Milan by the presence of the gaily-decked votaries of Terpsichore, is a matter of infinitely small consequence. In all seriousness the Congress may have very probably served its purely scientific end all the better for the absence of a number of exclusive, illiterate nobles, and their, if possible, more illiterate and uneducated wives and daughters. But the spirit of the Milanese society, thus manifested, is of no small moment as regards the future hopes and destinies of Italy.

For it must be understood that it was not simply because the beaux and belles of Milan are almost wholly uneducated and illiterate that they, therefore, found nothing to attract them in the society of the philosophers, and for that reason did not go near them. Not a bit of it. They would have shown themselves, and 'talked of Shakspeare and the musical glasses,' or of Galileo and hydropathy, like others under similar circumstances, if the Congress had been a Congress of nobles, instead of, for the most part, of *roturiers*. Here was the point of difficulty.

Yes! the Congress, whatever its other claims to consideration may have been, was deficient in 'quarterings,' and was, therefore, no company for the Milanese noblesse. Nowhere, in Europe, is the effete barbarism of 'castes' more in vigour than at Milan. The result, of course and of necessity, is, that the exclusives there are the least advanced in social and moral civilisation of all the great cities of Italy. Will it be believed that these noble blockheads have a Casino for themselves and their females, to whose festivities the more distinguished of their non-noble fellow-citizens are invited—after what manner does the civilized nineteenth-century Englishman think? Thus: A gallery has been constructed, looking from above into the ball-room. There such more distinguished *roturiers*, with their families, as the privileged caste may condescend to invite—not to share—but to witness their festivities, being duly fenced in with an iron grating, may gaze through the bars at the Paradise that they can never enter. It is at least something! They may there see what it is to be 'noble!' The happy ones, thus permitted to feast their eyes, may, at least, boast to their less fortunate fellow-citizens, of the condescension with which they have been *honoured*, and thus

propagate, in some degree, the blessings of exclusiveness among the ranks of the swinish multitude! In their happy gallery, at the top of the noble ball-room, they may, at least, inhale the refuse breath steaming up from noble lungs—delicious gales from Araby the blest. Surely this is *something*. The wealthy citizens of Milan feel that it is; and they value the so condescendingly granted privilege accordingly.

Yes! the *roturier* citizens of Milan—incredible as it may seem to those whose more civilized social system has given them the feelings of men in the place of those of slaves—do gratefully and gladly accept these invitations. Yes! for one of the curses most surely attendant on the undue separation of a privileged caste, is the degradation of both parties—the real abasement of the pariah, as well as the fancied exaltation of the noble.

And these exclusive nobles pretend to feelings of patriotism!—pretend to hate the Austrians!—to sigh for the liberation of Italy from her oppressors! We strongly recommend them to change the tone of their aspirations. They should cling to the Austrian rule. That alone can preserve to them their present social position. They should welcome the domination of a social system, whose principles are their principles, and whose plans for the world's future are far more congruous with their own, than those of the men who hope for and await the regeneration of Italy. Of a surety these so aristocratically exclusive patriots are under the influence of a great mistake. If the day should come—or to speak more truthfully—when the day shall come, that shall see Italy once again what she has been, and what she may be, the change so difficult to make will not be made for *their* profit. The revolution which must be brought about by the enlightened minds and stout right arms of Italy's worthiest sons will not be brought about, they may rest assured, for the purpose of pushing backward the social system of young Italy to such a point of antiquated barbarism, as may suit their present privileges, pursuits, tastes, and notions. No! the nobles of Milan had better change either their social habits, or their politics, with as little delay as possible.

Having thus disposed of the social aspect and influences of the Congress at Milan, and expressed our opinion that it cannot be considered to have been successful in this point of view, we have a few words to say of it in its purely scientific capacity.

There were, as will almost always be the case in these things, several 'places in the middle where the pastry was not'; but, on the whole, the meeting was not only a very full one, but highly respectable also from quality as well as quantity. Humboldt and Arago were among the regretted absentees to whom we have alluded. It was sought to mitigate our regrets by assuring us that they would be present at the next annual meeting, which is to take place at Naples.

Rüppel of Frankfort, the well-known African traveller, a veritable German Mungo Park, was there, and read several papers in the Zoological section. Van Hammer Purgstall from Vienna, the historian of the Ottoman Empire, was a member of the Geological section. Gräberg von Hemssö, whose name as a geographer has been made known throughout Europe, by his work on Mo-

rocco—the most authentic we have—and who is now librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, read a long paper on the recent progresses of geographical science. Orioli, from Corfu, a Bolognese, exiled from his country for liberal opinions, was there, and communicated to the Physical section some remarkably curious discoveries respecting the laws which regulate electrical currents.

The astronomers Plana from Turin, and Amici from Florence, were there.

The Cavaliere Schmidt of Berlin, who is the son-in-law of our celebrated entomologist Spence, and himself an enthusiastic votary of the same science, read a paper in the Zoological section, which was ordered to be printed in the acts of the Congress.

The Prince de Canino, Charles Lucien Buonaparte, was of course there, and was, it may be said, the soul of the meeting. He it was who first introduced these annual assemblies into Italy, his adopted country. He was president of the Zoological section.

There were twenty-four Englishmen among the nearly twelve hundred members of the Congress. Among them may be specially mentioned Lord Northampton, Dr. Roget, Sir R. H. Inglis, and Lord de Mawley. But none of the twenty-four took any active share in the business of the meeting. Some of the qualifications assigned to our countrymen, in the printed lists of members, are strange enough, and imply strange misconceptions on the part of the admitting body. For instance, as one gentleman's title of admissibility to a scientific congress, he is stated to be '*The Director of the East India Company.*'

Then we must by no means omit to record among the *notables*, that the Congress counted among its members two ladies—the Baroness Ernesta Kotz, and the Baroness Luigia Kotz, both canonesses, and both of Vienna. They were members of the Physical section.

Lastly, the General President of the Congress was the Conte Borromeo, the lineal descendant of the sainted Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, whose tomb, in the centre of the magnificent *duomo*, is to the present day rarely unsurrounded by a group of worshippers. In fact the worthy president's ancestor is by far the most popular saint in the calendar at Milan. The business of the meeting was opened with a speech by the noble president, which had the effect of reminding the members in the outset, that they were on Austrian territory, under the surveillance of Austrian authorities, watched with Austrian jealousy, and assembled by the grudging sufferance of Austria. In truth there were few there whose hearts or heads required any reminding of these humiliating facts; and the discontent to which the Count Borromeo's speech gave rise was very general, and deeply felt, if not loudly expressed. From the general tone of the speech, it might properly have been addressed to a number of schoolboys, whom their master chose to permit, once and away as an exercise of their ingenuity, to employ themselves on topics of their own selection, instead of on a set theme. He recommended them to give their attention to such and such subjects, and admonished them to shun such and such others. The Prince de Canino let fall some words in his inaugural address to his section, which were evidently in-

tended to reply to the ungracious and ill-timed observations of the president. The speech was printed by Canino, and distributed to the members of the Congress; but the words which in the following extract are in italics, were not allowed by the Censor to be printed. We were enabled to obtain a MS. copy of them.

He had congratulated the assembly on the presence of Cardinal Gaisruck of Vienna among them—the first dignitary of the church who had attended any one of the meetings of the institution. And from this he took occasion to say: '*The alliance of religion with knowledge is not a command of human invention, but is the design of evangelical truth. And he who breaks or loosens their connection, is not only the enemy of man, but the adversary of God! But since the voice is ever useful, which is raised to maintain the inextinguishable right of free discussion for all men, I turn myself to you, my most worthy colleagues,—to you whose wishes are not for the limitation of thought, but are in favour of its unshackled conquests, and the progressive enlargement of its boundaries.*'

Canino's speech was received with immense applause. He has, in fact, almost all the qualities most necessary to ensure unbounded popularity among such a body as that composing the Congress—or indeed among any men. His scientific acquirements are well known throughout Europe. He may fairly be classed among the first zoologists of the day. But, if his science is not such as that of princes is usually found to be, the works published by him on his favourite pursuit are truly princely. He holds and professes openly republican principles. And his manners, habits, dress, and address, are far more in keeping with his opinions, than with the social rank which fortune has assigned him. Though somewhat corpulent, he is very active, and even alert. His figure and entire appearance are as far as well might be from that of the beau-ideal of miss-in-her-teens; but a physiognomist would pronounce him still extremely handsome. He wears an enormous beard and moustache, as black as a coal, which yet do not avail to conceal the play of his very expressive and highly benevolent mouth. His eyes are black, bright, piercing, and never for an instant quiet. Every morning, a little before the hour of the opening of the section, he might be seen bustling about the quadrangle of the Palazzo Brera, with his quick but shuffling gait, a load of books, papers, and portfolios under his arm, the capacious pockets of his broad, and somewhat seedy, black coat, stuffed with copies of his yesterday's printed speech, or some new *brochure* of interest to his section, and entering into close confabulation with one or other of the members of it. He talks Italian, French, and English, with equal facility, and almost equal correctness. With all these qualities, it will be readily conceived that he was indeed the very life and soul of the Congress.

By his help, and that of several other kindred spirits, the Congress passed off pleasantly enough; and we contrived to enjoy ourselves very satisfactorily, despite the cold shoulder of the Milanese exclusives, and the ill-omened opening speech of our apparently thoroughly Austrianised president. There were geological excursions along the course of the Adda, and in the highly interesting neigh-

bourhood of Varese for the geologists;—several extremely curious chemical experiments, by Professor Schonbein for the chemists; and much information, many novel communications, various pleasant meetings, new acquaintanceships formed, and old friendships renewed, and much good fellowship for all.

The Congress was divided into the following sections:

1. Medicine; with a subsection for Surgery.
2. Zoology; Anatomy; Comparative Physiology.
3. Botany; Vegetable Physiology.
4. Geology; Mineralogy; Geography.
5. Mathematics.
6. Chemistry.
7. Agronomy; Technology.

And the only instance we heard of all concerned not being perfectly contented with this distribution, was in the case of the members of the fourth section. The geographers complained loudly that the geologists took up all the time; and that they had no opportunity to get in a word. The fact is, that the two rival sciences ought each to have formed a section; and such will, doubtless, be the case at future meetings.

Among many matters of interest was the formation of a society for the improvement of Italian wines. The aim and ambition of the society is the exclusion of French and other foreign wines from the peninsula, by those fair and legitimate means, by which only an enlightened commercial code would ever seek to exclude the commodities of rival producers;—by the amelioration, namely, of their own home products. We have very little doubt that nature has been sufficiently bountiful to her favoured Italy, to enable her to accomplish this great and praiseworthy object entirely. But she has a long and difficult path of improvement to traverse before she can hope to achieve it. She is probably equally defective in her culture of the vine, and her mode of managing its produce at present. The society of which we are speaking purposes to direct its efforts to both these objects. Several Italian wines, from different parts of the peninsula, were produced at the public dinner-tables of the Congress; and the amount of body and flavour, in many of them, was such as to leave little doubt on the minds of competent judges, that judicious improvements in cultivation, vintaging, and making, would enable the vineyards which produced them to compete with the finest products of France or Germany. The prevailing fault was the too great astringency. It was the wish of several members of the society, that one of its laws should bind all those enrolled in its ranks to use no foreign wines. But this was resisted by the majority;—on higher grounds, we think, than a mere unwillingness to impose privations on their appetite. The true method of stimulating the producer to improve his produce, is not, surely, to persuade the consumer to content himself with that which is inferior.

It would be easy, and not uninteresting, to point

out the leading faults of the Italian wine-growers and wine-makers, and to indicate the principal difficulties with which the society for the improvement of Italian wines will have to contend;—but it would lead us too far a-field at present. It may be mentioned that the best wines produced at the Milan meeting were from Calabria, from Sicily, and from Piedmont.

A very handsome work on Milan and its environs, in two volumes, royal 8vo., composed expressly for the occasion, and printed at the expense of the municipality, was presented to every member of the meeting. A commemorative medal in bronze was also struck by the same wealthy and munificent body, and presented to each member.

We have only one other remark to make in conclusion. It was the opinion of many of those Italians who most deeply mourn the present condition of their country, and most earnestly look forward to its regeneration, that the true friends of Italian progress ought to abstain from attending the Milan Congress. "It is a favour," they argued, "granted by Austria;—it becomes us to accept of none from her. No results, be assured, will be permitted by our jealous tyrant, which can, in any way, tend to the social amelioration of Italy, and every voluntary contact with the government of the stranger, serves but to accustom us to our chains, and thus to rivet them the more firmly."

We cannot concur in the tone of this reasoning. We cannot comprehend any principle of delicacy or honour which should restrain the Italians from seizing and making the most of any and every concession that can be wrung from their oppressors. And as for the '*favour*' granted by Austria, Italy ought to know right well that nothing in this kind would be granted that her tyrant felt she could venture to withhold. But it is exactly herein that lies the hope of Italy and of other people similarly situated. It is that by degrees,—all too slow, alas!—but still by, sure and irresistible degrees the general progress of the world, and of European public opinion, drags on in its resistless march the slowest and most reluctant to move forward. The tendency of these meetings, despite the jealous caution and watchfulness of Austria,—despite the feudal exclusiveness of a semi-barbarous nobility, whose anti-social prejudices are artfully fostered by the common foe,—despite the attempted restrictions of an un-Italian president,—despite the opposition of the church and its head—the tendency of these meetings is to accelerate the period of Italian regeneration. Austria knows it. The Pope knows it. Little Duke of Modena knows it. And fain would they crush the Association to-morrow, if they thought they could do so without incurring a still greater danger. But a run-away horse can be restrained only to the extent of the strength of the rein. If that *breaks*, the driver's position is infinitely worse.

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ART. I.—*Catalogue des Tableaux composant la Galerie de feu son Eminence le Cardinal Fesch.* Par GEORGE, Commissaire-expert du Musée Royal du Louvre. Première Partie; première et seconde vente; à Rome, 1843, 1844.

FATAL as her gift of beauty has been to Italy, it has brought her many compensating benefits. Her bright skies, her balmy climate, her luxuriant vegetation, her fair cities, her gorgeous temples; her ruins ennobled by glorious memories, and entwined in the graceful garlands of prodigal nature; her statues and her paintings, the proud creations of man's genius and imagination;—these have, alas! too often attracted and enriched the spoiler. But have they not also cheered her sons, even in the saddest hours of their sufferings? Did they not preserve to her, through the long night of the dark ages, those dormant sparks which, in better times, diffused the light of civilisation over Europe? Have they not imparted to her children that susceptibility of refined taste, that perception of the beautiful, which assuredly, in a land teeming with beauty, afford unfailing solace? These features in the national character of Italy cannot fail to strike all observers, for they prevail from the palace to the cottage, though variously developed. The hierarchy of Rome, the merchant princes of Venice, the successive tyrants of the minor communities, built for themselves palaces, and called in the best sculptors and painters to adorn them. The craftsmen associated themselves to erect churches and found chapels, which they made shrines of art as well as of piety. The peasantry adopted costumes, whose rich

hues and happy combinations are still favourite ornaments for a fashionable masque. Even among the humblest classes, the same turn for the picturesque is involuntarily manifested. Observe the tattered lazzarone asleep in the vestibule of a Neapolitan church, the fishermen of Baja stretched on that secluded beach, the shepherd of the Campagna gazing over the desolate plain; their ragged vestments, their rough sheepskins assume an originality of character, their attitudes manifest a pictorial effect, which the inspired artist is glad to copy, hopeless of improving upon them. We have seldom enjoyed a greater treat than in looking over some studies of the late Baron Camuccini, the first Roman painter of our age. They consisted of groups slightly shaded in water-colours, designed with a purity and accuracy worthy of the *cinque-cento*. There were warriors in action, cottage groups in repose, inspired Madonnas, joyous children, smiling babes—in short, every variety of figure composition, conceived and executed with almost faultless taste. To our surprise the baron said that each was strictly a transcript of Italian nature. In his walks, he had the habit of hastily jotting down every striking attitude or picturesque combination that met his eye, and every evening he embodied these fugitive ideas, accommodating them to any subject or character they might appear to suit. Alas! that he had not drawn more largely upon these materials in composing his historical works!

If Italy be the mother of arts, the Italians are their children. In England, conversation is monopolized by politics and the weather: in France it is sustained by the theatres; in Italy it is of the fine arts. Hire an

apartment in Rome, and hang your walls with pictures, few of your English visitors will ever be conscious of their existence; but the people employed to arrange or pack them, your servants, the tradesmen who chance to enter, will ever be ready with an observation dictated by the interest they feel in your tastes, and by an intelligence, misdirected, it may be, but, at least, awakened. Whilst residing among a people who thus inhale taste as with their native air, and surrounded by monuments of genius, it is not difficult to imbibe a sympathy with such feelings. From admiring to acquiring is an easy step, but one which should be taken with discretion. Those who can afford to pay dearly for their experience may yield to a momentary impulse of fancy, and purchase pieces which they will soon part with at any sacrifice. But others with greater prudence, or smaller means, will form, and to a certain point cultivate, their taste ere they begin to gratify it. Even persons who, in England, had some pretensions to connoisseurship will do well to observe the like caution, for in Italy their ears will be confounded by new names and schools previously unheard of, in connection with works of high merit and unquestionable attractions.

Why in this age of hand-books have we none for the business of picture-dealing? Its mysteries, if unequal to those of Paris in variety or thrilling emotion, might well fill a volume with curious and instructive gossip. For such a compilation an opportunity has recently occurred, which will, perhaps, never recur, but which, we fear, no pen was at hand to seize. A cardinal prince of Rome, uncle of an emperor and of four kings, devoted the latter half of a very long life to the purchase of pictures, as the grand object of existence, and left behind him the most numerous and valuable collection on record as accumulated by one individual. Had his eminence noted the circumstances under which most of his acquisitions were obtained, little more would have been wanted to illustrate the ways of picture-getting. Were the means adopting, or yet to be adopted, for dispersing what he so indefatigably amassed, to be displayed to the world, the mysteries of picture-dealing would be laid bare.

Of the Fesch pictures a comparatively small portion formed the cardinal's show gallery, the fame of which depended chiefly upon those of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Specimens in that style, of at least equal beauty, may be found in England, France, and the Netherlands, but no similar collection ever appeared south of the Alps. The Italian rooms, on the other hand, though

including many *chefs-d'œuvre*, could not stand the comparison so readily drawn between their treasures and those of other neighbouring palaces. The cardinal began to form his museum in France, when the property cast loose by the Revolution, and the spoils of half Europe, were to be gathered with little trouble, and at moderate cost. Having afterwards, in common with the rest of his family, found that country no longer a licensed residence, he naturally sought a home in the metropolis of his church, and on transporting his pictures to Rome, he stipulated for their removal, at pleasure, from the papal states, exempt from the usual restrictions or export duties. To the choice productions of the ultramontane schools which the collection already possessed, the constant augmentations which it subsequently received added but few gems, and these from Italian pencils. The cardinal had little more to wish for, eminent rank and ample wealth were his, and the picture-gallery he was intent on forming had attained a European reputation. But the desire of acquisition had become a chronic disease, ever gaining force in its inroads upon his means. Not long before he died he negotiated with one Roman picture-dealer to pay for some indifferent pictures with his service of Sevres china, representing the battles of Napoleon, sets of which were made only for the emperor's nearest relations. To another he gave a set of silver plate by a similar transaction, and at length death itself snatched away the octogenarian from some uncompleted bargains. But his craving for canvass was not to be satiated even by wholesale dealings, which at once added hundreds to his pictorial investments. There was an understanding in his household, that for every picture offered at his palace, however execrable in merit or condition, four pauls (about twenty-one pence) were to be at once given. To clean and patch up these, he gave permanent employment to several young restorers, and many were the guesses as to what became of the bargains, after emerging from their hands. During the residence of his nephew, Joseph Bonaparte, in America, it was a common belief that they were shipped to the new world, and there converted into cash. When, on the cardinal's death, the mystery was revealed, endless repositories of pictures were discovered, the exact number of which has not been, and perhaps could not be, ascertained, but it is estimated at 16,000 or 18,000.

The inconvenience of such an inheritance was much felt by those intrusted with the payment of his eminence's testamentary

bequests. His capital was not only unproductive, but it was sunk in a commodity costly to keep in order, of most fluctuating or even fanciful value, and liable to great depreciation if hastily realized. A portion, said to amount to above 3000, and composed chiefly of copies, was left to a college at Ajaccio, in Corsica; the remainder was to be sold. The executors very wisely resolved, in the first instance, to attempt disposing of them in the mass, demanding for the whole above 200,000*l*. After some time an offer was made approaching to half that sum, and another overture was received, of about 45,000 guineas for 500 pictures, to be selected by the purchasers from the collection, but excluding the Dutch, Flemish, and French schools. The parties to these offers were French dealers, and both were declined. Two years having been thus lost, it was resolved to disperse the whole by auction, and M. George, of Paris, who was called in to arrange it, undertook to finish a complete descriptive catalogue within a stated time, under a heavy penalty. But whilst his herculean task was in progress, two public sales went on of above 1000 pictures, the lists of which are prefixed to this article. The newspapers of Europe were employed to puff and advertise the auctions, in terms which inferred that the whole, or at least the gems of the collection, were on each occasion to be brought forward, and in this belief amateurs and agents flocked to Rome. But on both occasions the works produced were only an average of the mass, set off by some twenty or thirty good pictures. The sales, accordingly, gave little satisfaction, no order being observed in the exposure of the articles, and the bidding-up system being largely resorted to. Notwithstanding much dissatisfaction, about 7000*l*. were realized, and the prices, especially on the former occasion, were such as only the cardinal's name could account for. But should these tactics be continued, during the years which must elapse ere the remaining 11,000 or 12,000 pictures can be disposed of by partial sales, the curiosity and patience of the public must fail, and the auction-rooms be deserted: indeed, persons experienced in such matters already estimate the probable produce of the whole collection at a sum not exceeding what has been refused for 500 of its principal works.

The sale of the Fesch gallery now in progress is a sufficient answer to the very frequent remark of picture-dealers north of the Alps, that there are no longer works of merit to be purchased in Italy, although their assertion has a certain plausibility, if the actual state of the market there be com-

pared with the immense supplies it has sent forth within the last forty-five years. Since the revival of art, that country has been the great cradle or school of painters for Europe, and a vast proportion of the pictures required for religious or ornamental decoration, has emanated from her studios, galleries, or churches. From thence came the gems which Charles I. contrived to accumulate, notwithstanding the difficulties of an empty treasury, and a troubled reign. There did the stately Arundel, the earliest English virtuoso, resort. France and Spain, for three hundred years; England, Germany, and South America, during the last century, have been working the same mine. After the disastrous occupation of Italy by the French, in 1798, and the subsequent convulsions of that ill-fated land, the sword of France and the gold of England combined to cull from her temples and palaces all that was most choice in this branch of art. Since the peace the drain has been continued, and though fewer pieces are now sent out for devotional uses, a new demand of amateurship has arisen from Russia and the United States; nations till then unknown in the market, while England is annually glutted by traffickers in old canvases and cracked panels. Yet the competition of these rival purchasers may, with a little dexterity, be accommodated, as their principles of choice do not by any means clash. The Russian taste in pictures, as in equipages and jewellery, is regulated rather by a semibarbarous magnificence, than by refinement, and their expenditure is in proportion to their colossal fortunes. Provided a picture have the name of a great master, and a corresponding price, the wily Italian owner may almost calculate upon transferring it in the course of the season to some Russian prince, although the subject be forbidding, the treatment mean, the restorations ill-disguised, or even the authenticity questionable. As to our countrymen, few having sufficient reliance on their own judgment to deal with foreign vendors, whom they in general look upon as limbs of Satan; they usually prefer making their purchases from their own countrymen, content to presume them the honesty of the two. Nowhere can an undisputed and uninjured *chef-d'œuvre* of a great name command the same ransom as in England: but whenever it is a question of school-copies of such, however fine, or of second or lower class Italian productions, or names less trite in the limited *abecedario* with which most English amateurs are conversant, these gentlemen button up their pockets or higgie at a sum which a Russian would readily quad-

ruple. Of the class of pictures now largely exported to the United States, it may be sufficient to mention, that a commercial traveller in that line, who came to Rome in 1837, had a commission to buy up any painting of whatever subject, or whatever substance, and in whatever state, not exceeding the price of sixteen pence! Akin to this is a variety of British Colonial emigration, which may be new to our readers. Chancing to visit lately at the close of the season, the wareroms of an obscure London picture-dealer, we found them incumbered with the refuse of various auction rooms, which had evidently been bought up on this Yankee principle. Whilst gazing in astonishment at the rare conglomerate, we were informed that they were a speculation for Botany Bay!

There is a consideration suggested by the incredible number of paintings produced in Italy during the last five centuries, which ought not to be lost upon our money-getting generation. The sums which during that long period have been and still are sent there, in payment of exported pictures, have afforded incalculable national wealth. Let not this be forgotten by penny-wise Legislatures, who would measure the beautiful by the scale of utility, and estimate genius and its highest productions by the returns of the outlay on their raw material. Let them remember that trifling sums now doled out for the improvement of public taste, and the encouragement of art, are surely and profitably invested; and that nothing but the inadequacy of their amount, can prevent them rapidly yielding an almost usurious interest.—Could our own school of painting be raised to the perfection attained by those of Italy in the sixteenth, and Flanders in the seventeenth centuries, what need were there to send abroad our annual thousands for the purchase of their works? Or, were our designs as tasteful as the French, why should our neighbours export their fashions and fancy goods, to eclipse ours wherever civilisation has penetrated? These matters are now beginning to be understood among us; much still remains to be known, and far more to be done; but it is well to have at length entered upon the right path:—*sero*, let it be *serio*.

Another inference from the superabundance of old pictures in Italy is, that amongst so many, much that is good may still be gleaned. From Bologna alone, thousands have annually been exported, since the end of the war, and yet the town seems full of them. After spending three days among the sale galleries there a few years ago, unless the number was grossly

exaggerated, we must have had nearly 10,000 pieces in our offer. Indeed one man estimated his stock at half that number! Add the quantity scattered among private houses in town and country, where every artisan and tradesman have their *quadretti di divozione*, as with us they have their Bible and prayer-book; recollect that there nearly everything may be bought; and judge whether there is not still plenty to be had beyond the Alps. The acquisition of really excellent pictures there is, however, a matter of increasing difficulty. Most of the few rich galleries that remain intact are secured by entail, or by the wealth and pride of their owners. From time to time, indeed, such barriers give way, and some fine collection is dispersed, yielding prices not to be obtained in other countries. Now and then, too, the death or exigencies of a collector, who knew how to profit by the chances of revolutionary times, sets free a few brilliant bits. These opportunities are, however, insufficient to account for the number of good works in the trade, which is one of the most conclusive testimonies to the inexhaustible fund of talent displayed by the old masters.

Fine old pictures are even now turned up, and it would be endless to give instances. One, however, of the details whereof we happen to be cognizant, may be taken as a specimen. Marsuppini, secretary of the Florentine Republic, who, by a combination of talent, frequent in the fifteenth century, rare in our degenerate days, was at once a philosopher, a poet, and a politician, testified his devotion by founding a chapel in his native Arezzo, and commissioned for it an altar-piece from Fra Filippo Lippi. This picture, stolen during the French occupation, came by inheritance to an ignorant woman, of whom one Ugo Baldi, a dealer from Florence, bought it some two years since for seventy crowns. He soon after handed over his bargain to Baldeschi, a Roman dealer, for 50*l.*; and from him it was bought for the gallery now forming in the Lateran palace, nearly 300*l.* being paid by the papal government; a handsome profit, but a moderate price, for the intrinsic merit of the work is enhanced by the historical interest of the donor's and his brother's portraits, introduced as subordinate figures. A very different fate has befallen a contemporary production, painted by Sandro Boticelli, at the dictation of Matteo Palmieri of Florence, and included in the denunciation of heresy against the latter, which is one of the most remarkable pictures of the age. Having been seized by the French, it was deposited in the gallery of the Belle Arti in that capi-

tal; but was eventually reclaimed as family property. A few hundred dollars would at that time have secured its remaining there; but this the Tuscan government foolishly grudged, and the picture having been cleaned and talked of, has now gradually attained the price of about 1000*l*.

Verily, if there be tricks in all trades, that of picture-dealing is not the purest: yet great allowances must be made ere we bring sweeping accusations. No other commodity is equally liable to the fluctuations of whim and caprice. Its genuineness, when doubted, becomes matter of conflicting evidence, without the possibility of satisfactory demonstration: its intrinsic value is just what it will fetch in the market. It is a speculation in which there is nothing positive but realized profit, and the best knowledge is that of selling to advantage. Hence the prevailing ignorance of art, in an extended sense, among most of the tribe who trade in it, and whose gross blunders are frequently ascribed to knavery. Even those of them who have an educated eye, seldom aim at anything higher than the experience of what is vendible. It has often been contested, whether most reliance should be placed upon the judgment in pictures of a painter or a connoisseur; the former, although more familiar with the mechanical part of the subject, being thought liable to be warped by narrow views of art. So far as our own observation goes, we should award a preference to those painters who have taken to dealing extensively in the old masters, and to restorers who have passed a great variety of superior works through their hands, such persons on the Continent having a more extended experience than with us.

It is not our intention to supply such as wish to invest a portion of their wealth in the most rational as well as attractive of ornamental furniture, with a defence for their credulity and their pockets, out of the somewhat extensive acquaintance which we have chanced to form, abroad and at home, with those whose vocation it is to administer to that appetite. A few hints may not, however be out of place. The best general rule for a collector to avoid buying experience at a high rate is, of course, to study the most important schools of painting, and the best masters, both through books and their most authentic works, and also to examine and "price" many pictures ere he begin to buy, either on his own judgment or that of any one else. To those who acquire pictures as a matter of fashion, or as mere ornaments, without caring much for their price, no plan can be better than that of commissioning a respectable and skilled dealer or artist to

find for him such as he wishes. But this is necessarily a costly plan, for the agent's ten per cent. on his outlay cannot quicken his zeal to buy a low figure, nor will many true amateurs transfer to another, what is, after all, the chief interest and gratification of their pursuit, the pleasure of seeking out their purchases.

Setting aside the more difficult question of its authenticity, there are certain faults and qualities which ought to secure the rejection of a picture by amateurs of taste and feeling, besides the merely technical ones of bad execution and defective preservation. Among these may be mentioned, a subject in itself painful, or treated in a manner revolting or mean; a picture unpleasing in shape or effect, in whose *ensemble* there is some obvious defect, such as the shadows darkened by time acting upon a bad ground. Unfinished pictures, though often of infinite value to the student, are seldom satisfactory additions to a select cabinet, and over-painted ones are speculations to be touched with caution. On the Continent, fine old or school copies of *chefs-d'œuvre* are much prized, and are certainly far more deserving of attention than careless originals bearing good names: in England, however, the epithet *copy* is, in the slang of ignorant connoisseurship, a stain confounding all degrees of merit, and which no intrinsic excellence can efface. It is scarcely necessary to say, that no collection can become choice without occasional weeding, when opportunities of substituting better specimens occur.

Those who find amusement in collecting pictures, will do well to remember that the price demanded has usually but a remote analogy with the sum that would be gladly accepted, whether by dealers or private parties. It is especially so in Italy, where almost every family has something of art which they are anxious to turn into cash, and where a class of small agents of very questionable reputation, are always ready to lead a stranger through rooms of rubbish dignified with the title of galleries, or to exhibit to them, under a cloud of mystery, a pretended *Raffaële*. Purchasing out of private houses is, indeed, seldom pleasant. Apart from feelings of delicacy, in most instances misplaced, one has to contend with the natural tendency of the seller to overestimate a perhaps favourite object, which is usually exaggerated by his thorough ignorance of its real value. No doubt that from such people, when pressed for money, a prize is occasionally obtained at an utterly inadequate price, but it is much more common to find in their hands worthless trash treasured, in roguery or ignorance, as *chefs-*

d'œuvre. We have sometimes amused ourselves by selecting the very worst specimen from such a lot, to ask "How much?" when at once some hundred crowns would be named, for what, at a stall, would scarcely bring a dollar. The smile which it was impossible to repress, would be answered by "Who knows but it may be worth as many thousands? My father once sold, for five crowns, a Madonna, for which five hundred have been refused by the fortunate purchaser." Many similar anecdotes might be mentioned; one may suffice. A Scottish baronet, whose purse was presumed to outweigh his connoisseurship, and who was consequently beset by importunate vendors, at last condescended to look at some daub brought to him at Milan, and even to ask the price. The Italian's eye kindled with joyful anticipation, and in a voice trembling with ecstasy he exclaimed, 'Cento mille scudi!'—a hundred thousand crowns, being the highest amount to which his arithmetic could carry him. To almost equal ignorance, another class of amateur sellers add an immoderate share of impudence spiced with cunning. If, on entering a house, you are assailed by multiplied expositions of the vast advantage of buying from private owners (*Signori*, of course), with frequent protestations that your present company are such, and no dealers, you may look for imposition so bare-faced, and prices so preposterous, as to defeat the object in view, and leave your purse scatheless.

Upon the whole it would seem that one can buy on better terms and with equal safety from dealers, though in such affairs the hundred eyes of Argus would be far from superfluous. The varieties of their fraud, from the random assumption of a great master's name to the elaborate fabrication of a fine old picture, were an endless theme. Many tricks, such as ascribing the work to some noted gallery, the solemn asseveration that no one else has yet been permitted to see the treasure, or the casual hint that Lord Some-one has come down with a handsome offer for it, have been generally discarded as too transparent for our sharp-witted generation. There are, however, 'three artful dodges' in especial favour among Italians, to whose dexterity of resource and effrontery of falsehood, every other people must yield the palm. These we shall distinguish as the 'dodge candid,' the 'dodge confidential,' and that by *coup-de-main*, and shall shortly illustrate each.

When you ask an Italian the price of any commodity which he is pressing upon you, he is in most cases at once struck dumb, puts on the air of a man totally unconscious

of your question, and waits until you repeat it. He then, probably, resumes his interminable laudation of his wares, without vouchsafing you an answer. The proper way to treat such a fellow is to walk quietly away; but if you have patience once more to make the inquiry which he so anxiously evades, you will perhaps only have your words re-echoed, and followed by another pause. Now the purpose of all this by-play is to gain time for estimating the utmost limit to which he may venture upon your ignorance, credulity, and purse. When you have gone through such preliminaries with the 'candid' picture-dealer, and fairly brought him to bay, he assumes his most insinuating frankness of manner, and solemnly says, 'Hear me! that picture cost me a hundred crowns.' As you have by this time probably made up your opinion that it is worth scarcely half that sum, you pass on and dismiss the matter from your mind. Not so Candidus, who, much crest-fallen at finding his studied frankness in telling what you have no right to know has failed to hook his gudgeon, recalls your eyes to the picture, and hesitatingly asks what you will give. Having no wish to insult the man by supposing he will take less than a fair profit upon an outlay already beyond what you would have given, you waive the subject and beat a retreat. But now a new energy inspires Candidus, who presses you so hard for an offer, and says so much of his wish to sell, that, to get rid of his importunities, you name sixty crowns, in the conviction that you are quite safe. He staggers, sighs, and at length mutters *à poco*, 'that's little.' With these words your fate is sealed; for, even after you have bowed yourself out he follows to say the picture is yours. You begin to doubt your low estimate of its worth, and take it home half triumphing in your bargain. Could you see the debtor and creditor aspect of the transaction, it might stand *nominally* thus:

Dr.

A small Cleopatra, school of Guido, to cost thereof, viz:

A landscape, supposed by Lucatelli, cost	dollars.
me three dollars, but was worth, say	60 0
Cash paid with the same	5 0
Cash paid for cleaning and framing the	
Cleopatra	3 0
To balance, being my nominal profit	32 0

Dollars 100 0

Cr.

By value of the Cleopatra - - - - - 100 0

But from these materials it is easy to extend the *true* state of the account as follows:

<i>Dr.</i>	dollars.
To total outlay for the Cleopatra - -	11 0
To profit realized on the sale - - -	49 0
	Dollars 60 0
<i>Cr.</i>	dollars.
By cash received for the picture - - -	60 0

Upon nearer inspection, your Cleopatra turns out a middling copy worth about as many shillings as you have paid crowns, so that it has cost you ten pounds to learn the extent of an Italian dealer's 'candour.'

The 'dodge confidential' assumes as many forms as Proteus, but they are all shrouded in mystery. Certain pictures are casually alluded to as attainable by a dealer or amateur broker (a count, perhaps), who seems suddenly to recall his words, and changes the subject. From curiosity or otherwise, you return to it, and his voice immediately sinks, he whispers unintelligible allusions to certain objects of extraordinary value never previously in the market, and which from peculiar circumstances cannot now be shown there, hints distinctly at property withdrawn, under the rose, from the fetters of immemorial entail, to meet the wants of a princely house, or talks wildly about plundered convents, or even mutters something as to royalty raising the wind. When you propose to look at the treasures many difficulties are made; a certainty is thrown out of the sale being stopped by government if even suspected; and, finally, an appointment is made under seal of secrecy. It is scarcely necessary to say that when, after long ambits, the mysterious gems of art are displayed, they prove chiefly remarkable for tinsel frames and ransom prices.

Among the cleverest of the Roman picture-dealers is Signor A., a most fair-spoken fellow and facetious withal, who, conscious of his own talent, is ever ready to adduce some instance of its happy exercise. 'Tis but a year or two since he made a whole-sale transaction, which, in a short half-hour, transferred to a young Irish peer the accumulated rubbish of his magazine. At the lucky moment of *milor's* visit, there arrived a liveried servant with an official-looking missive, which A. apologised for opening, and after glancing at it, said, 'Very good, but I have no time now to look at your pictures; come again.' The servant hesitated, and to the inquiries of the stranger, A. said it was only the particulars of a lot of pictures which had been sent to him for sale, the heritage of an old Bolognese family, but that he had never had leisure to open the boxes, which must stand over till he could attend to the matter. On his lord-

ship pressing to have a sight of them, A. reluctantly opened the cases, protesting that it was of no use, as it would take much time to clean and arrange and value this collection, before which, of course, the pictures were not for sale. The list exhibited Guidos, Domenichinos, Caraccis, Carlo Dolces,—in short, just that class of names which impose upon an Anglican amateur,—and the dingy canvasses were freely acknowledged to be so completely obscured by dirt and old varnish, that their merits were undistinguishable. The more the dealer seemed anxious to divert his customer to the brightly varnished ornaments of his own walls, the less willing was he to lose sight of this singular chance of procuring 'a *genuine* gallery ready made,' and ere the parties separated, a transfer was made to the peer of a mass of trash which scarcely merited the outlay of cleaning, in exchange for a thousand louis-d'or.

A still bolder *coup-de-main* was successfully played off by the same worthy some years before, at the expense of an experienced purchaser and acknowledged connoisseur. He persuaded the late Mr. Coesvelt to look at a picture of high pretensions and of some merit in his house. Whilst they were discussing it, the jingle of posting bells was heard in the street, and the prolonged crack of a courier's whip echoed in the doorway. A. started, rushed out, and behold an express, booted, spurred, and splashed, who handed him a letter. Tearing it open he appeared struck with confusion, and exclaimed, 'Well, here is a fine scrape I have got into.' 'What is the matter?' 'Why I am talking about selling you this picture, and here is the courier sent back from Ancona to buy it, by a Russian gentleman to whom I offered it last week, for such a sum.' The price was a large one, and Mr. Coesvelt would not have thought of giving it for the picture, which did not interest him much; but so cleverly did A. contrive to transfer to it the interest of this dramatic scene, that, in the excitement of the moment, a bargain was struck; and our countryman went off delighted at the idea of having done the Russian,—the latter being an imaginary personage, and his courier a Roman post-boy, hired to gallop up in the nick of time!

The greatest risk of imposition, is that arising from counterfeited pictures. In several principal towns of Italy, there are regular workshops for the forgery of the masters who formerly painted there. Thus, in Bologna, the imitations are chiefly of the Caracci and their followers, as well as of Carlo Dolce and Sassoferrata; at Venice of Titian

and Giorgione. In Milan and Ferrara, the fabrications after the schools of Luini and Garofalo are especially successful, as well as those of Morone's beautiful portraits. Old and ruined panels are chosen, and either restored on the original design, or, if that has been obliterated, they are prepared and painted afresh. Sometimes the portions which have suffered least are allowed to remain, and new bits of varied composition are ingeniously dovetailed into the piece, which is then beplastered with varnish, the better to puzzle too curious observers. In all these cases, the treatment of some famed master is so exactly imitated as often to baffle detection, even where suspicion has been roused by the confused appearance of the work; and the dissimilarity of surface often escapes minute criticism out of respect to the worm-channels visible behind. The forgeries thus executed are issued by a class of Italian dealers, who, sometimes in the disguise of gentlemen, lend themselves to the imposition, and share its profits. Many of them are also sent abroad, probably to *bonâ fide* retailers. Against such productions, especially of the schools we have mentioned, it is impossible to be too guarded, as even the best judges are sometimes duped. Rules are utterly useless against a species of villany which only great practice can detect: it is, however, well to look with suspicion on all that class of pictures, when of high pretensions, and offered at comparatively low prices, especially if recently and very thickly varnished.

Few of the picture-forgers approach the talent of Guizzardi of Bologna, who, to a competent knowledge of design, adds an extraordinary dexterity in imitating the surface of the old masters, from Francia to Guido. His weak point being composition, he prefers repainting destroyed old works of a good artist or school, to the production of original ones, and the triumph of skill is thus the greater, as the new surface is often brought into close contrast with the old crust.

In 1842, we were carried to see at the house of a Roman count, a lot of pictures with which Guizzardi had probably an intimate acquaintance. There were about a dozen of them, including two large Raffaelles, one Francesco, and two Giacomo Francias, a Leonardo, a Luini, a Bellini, a Correggio, a Claude, and a Ghirlandajo: some were palpable copies, one an unfinished work (a frequent device of the forgers, which saves trouble and disarms criticism), several evidently retouched, but perhaps not one which a thorough connoisseur, if not aware of the extent to which the art of

counterfeit can now be carried, would not have pronounced a production of the school to which it was attributed. These pictures were bolstered up by all the aids of mystery; they were stated to be the gems of a princely gallery which the head of an old family wished to convert into a more liberal provision for his younger children; but as, on the slightest suspicion of his design, their alienation would be interdicted at the instance of his heir, and their exportation arrested by the government, the most perfect secrecy was made a condition of being admitted to a sight of these master-pieces. So well baited was the hook that several *milors* had already nibbled, and one fine gudgeon, in the guise of a rich London porter-brewer, had escaped almost by a miracle. His offer of £1000 was said to have been refused for a 'Madonna' by Francesco Francia, whose real years had assuredly not reached their teens: on second thoughts, the proprietor sent to resign the prize for that sum, but our countryman had meanwhile become shy, or had elsewhere satisfied his craving, and so declined the barbed seduction.

The Chevalier Michele Micheli of Florence claims to have discovered the vehicle used in distemper-painting previous to the adoption of an oil medium. He keeps the secret, but exercises it in producing small pictures on old panels, to which he gives the surface of antiquity by baking them in a powerful sun, or by artificial heat, and when thus cooked they have deceived many supposed connoisseurs. He usually prefers following the designs of old masters to bestowing his labour upon original compositions, but his works are close imitations rather than copies. He boasts that many Raffaelles from his easel have brought handsome prices at Philips's and Christie's; and we have seen in his studio and elsewhere, others not unworthy of that honour. He gave a friend of ours the finest specimen he had executed in this style, to show Sir Thomas Lawrence the perfection to which it might be carried, but he accompanied the sale with a condition that his name and seal should appear at the back, to secure him the credit of a work which might be ascribed to Ghirlandajo. It has since hung among choice bits by the Gaddi, Beato Angelico, and similar masters, and has not been questioned by more than two or three connoisseurs. In various towns of Italy his works are offered as those of Fra Bartolomeo, Pinturicchio, and Andrea del Sarto, and the veracity of the following little history is unquestioned.

M. Kerschoff, a Russian amateur, was invited to accompany some Florentine gentlemen on a shooting party into the Marem-

ma. Whilst they pursued their sport, he, disgusted by ill-success, returned to wait for them at a cottage where their horses were put up. Having got into conversation with its occupant, the latter inquired if his guest was fond of pictures, as he had something curious that might interest him. After a long story how his father had, on his death-bed, confided to him the secret, that a picture concealed in the house was of value sufficient to make the fortune of all his family, but that having been feloniously obtained, it would, if ever shown or sold in that neighbourhood, certainly bring him into trouble—the rustic produced a very pleasing Madonna and Child, in a very antique carved frame, which the Russian cordially admired, and being asked to guess the artist, named Raffaele. ‘That,’ said the peasant, ‘was, I do believe, the very one my father mentioned, but you can see if it was so, as he gave me this bit of paper, with the name written in it.’ On the dirty shred there was in fact scrawled ‘Raffaello Sanzi;’ and its possessor went on to hint that, being anxious to realize what he knew to be most valuable property, and seeing no great chance of then disposing of it safely, he would accept from him, as a foreigner, a price far below its value. The negotiation thus opened, ended in the Russian offering 35,000 francs, or 1,400*l.*, which after due hesitation was accepted. The prize was huddled into a clothes-bag, and its new master, without waiting to take leave of his friends, started for Florence, and thence hurried on to Rome, lest it should be stopped by the Tuscan government. There he boasted of his acquisition, and showed it to several connoisseurs, who sang its praises, until Signor Vallati, a skilful dealer, whose name will be presently again mentioned, quickly recognized the real artist. It was in fact a beautiful repetition, with slight variations, of Raffaele’s famous ‘Madonna del Gran-duca;’ it was painted by Micheli, who avows that he sold it for 150 crowns; and the shooting-party was a conspiracy by several well-born swindlers to take in their Russian friend! The latter returned to Florence to seek redress by a prosecution, which was compromised by their returning most of the price. Being curious to see or obtain the subject of so strange a tale, we subsequently inquired for the picture, but were told it might probably be met with as an original, in some great German collection, having been there resold by the Russian, at a price almost equal to what he had himself originally paid!

If further proof be required of the danger of such counterfeits, it may be found in the

doubts recently raised regarding the ‘Madonna della Seggiola’ of Raffaele; a picture which, if the laudations of artists and travellers, and the daily repetition of copies be a test, is, perhaps, the most generally admired in Europe. It occurred to us to hear, with the utmost surprise, from two of the most skilful judges now in Italy, one a native, the other English, an opinion which they had formed separately, and without concert, that this much admired and beautiful work is a counterfeit, executed on the design of Raffaele, and probably not a century and a half old. And it is remarkable that the Italian critic having pronounced the like judgment in regard to a picture of similar composition, which had been purchased out of a princely gallery at Rome, as from the hand of Raffaele or his pupils, he was allowed to test its accuracy by the application of a solvent, which quickly effaced part of St. John’s head, and discovered the eye of an older picture under his cheek-bone! Whatever be the truth of this mystery, two painful considerations naturally occur: if the Seggiola picture is forged, what production ascribed to Raffaele may not be the same? If it is genuine, what picture is safe from detraction?

How interesting would it be to have the adventures of a genuine Raffaele minutely recorded! The successive *pensieri* of the master during the progress of his work, as manifested in sketches, alterations, soliloquies, or conversations; the admiring comments of his friends, and his own replies and defences. Then his studio, the resort of all that was enlightened and accomplished in the golden days of Italian genius; its frequenters, the most choice spirits of the age; its pupils, an unrivalled constellation of artists; its models, personifications of manly beauty and of female loveliness; its sketches, its easel-talk, invaluable, had there but been Laurences and Boswells to collect and record them. Then to follow the completed work through the churches, palaces, galleries, cabinets, it has since adorned; sometimes lost amidst scenes of war and pillage, begrimed with dirt, degraded, perhaps, to the pawnbroker’s stall; again emerging from the restorer’s hand, and subjected to the elaborate mendacity of a grasping dealer, or the loathsome bombast of a swaggering auctioneer, until, through such fearful ordeal, it reaches the repose of a drawing-room in the nineteenth century.

The temptations to trickery which picture-dealing offers are at least equalled in the sale of antiquities, which has long been an important trade at Rome and Naples. ‘You are well aware, Sir, that this business of

ours cannot be carried on without lies, and that we must be always a-telling of them : in fact, a man must just pocket his baptism when he sells objects of antiquity : is it not so, Sir ?' Such are the principles of the antiquarian fraternity, as explained to us by the faithful shopman of one of its Roman members : their practice may be illustrated by what occurred to his master many years ago. An English nobleman, who was known to devote his wealth liberally to the acquisition of antiques, having arrived in the Eternal City, V. forthwith commissioned a cameo, which he made sure would please the earl, from one of the best fabricators of antique gems, a class of artists then of real talent, and not necessarily parties to the impositions they created, as their works were valuable even as copies. A fine stone having been selected, it was finished in the best style, and committed to a jeweller to be set as a ring. In his hands it was casually broken to bits : the plot was defeated, the dealer was furious, but the victim was *not* saved. The wily Italian fell upon a device to render the bait more than ever deadly. Having selected a principal morsel of the cameo, he brought it to the peer, as a fragment just brought in by a peasant, which, though incomplete, rivalled the rarest gems in perfection of material and of art. After dwelling upon it with that mellifluous eloquence which only an Italian can employ to good purpose—for in a language whose every syllable is euphony, even verbiage becomes effective—he obtained for it a sum which far more than repaid his outlay. Now as some collectors of such relics so treasure those which time or violence has broken, as almost to give them a seeming preference, the lord and the dealer had perhaps equal reason to be satisfied with the transaction. But there were more fragments behind, so after pocketing the price and bowing himself out, V. returned to say, that as it would be a pity the rest of so lovely a work should be lost, he had desired the peasant to dig again for the other bits, in which he might very probably be successful. Next day he returned with another morsel, which he celebrated by another string of superlative epithets, and sold by another tissue of falsehoods, for another ransom ; and that in due time was succeeded by the remaining fragments, all separately produced, separately puffed, and separately paid for, until in the end the accidental fracture of the stone proved to have quadrupled its price.

Let us now contrast English honour with Italian honesty. A nobleman, whose position in the intellectual society of our country is even higher than his rank in the peerage,

when riding near Tivoli was offered a Roman bronze medal by a peasant, and bought it for half-a-crown. Being no great virtuoso, he showed it to some connoisseur, who pronounced it a coin of great rarity, and fine preservation, worth at least thirty dollars. Next time the peer visited Tivoli, he sought out the peasant and presented him with that sum.

Few topics connected with pictures are more interesting than the occasional discovery of some long lost or forgotten gem of art, and the anecdotes told of such are often highly curious. Some of these we shall now mention. Among the choice works added by the taste and liberality of Louis of Bavaria to the Pinacotheca at Munich, is the half-length Madonna, straining to her lips and bosom the infant Christ, commonly known as the Madonna del Tempi, from the Counts Tempi of Florence, in whose possession it was discovered. A servant of the family happening to require medical assistance, a physician was conducted to the garret in which he lay. In that land where a feeling for art is inherent in the national character, connoisseurship is the especial ambition of many disciples of Galen. While the sufferer detailed his symptoms, the doctor's eyes were fixed upon a begrimed panel that hung over the bed. After prescribing for the case, he sought the count, and begged leave to examine the picture. Having refreshed its dusty surface, he recommended that it should immediately be cleaned, as he had little doubt of its being a good work of the School of Raffaele. This having been done, the doctor's judgment was fully confirmed. The picture was attributed to Raffaele himself, though some judges have ascribed it to Andrea del Sarto, and it was sold to King Louis for about 1500*l*.

Nor is this an isolated case at Munich. The fairest gem of the Leuchtenburg Gallery is the Madonna and Child, by Murillo, or, as some say, by Vandyke, a work excelled by few that ever left the easel of either of these great colourists. It is said to have been picked up in a small alehouse, near Ratisbon, by a poor dealer, from whom it was acquired by Count Rechberg, and subsequently by Prince Eugene Beauharnois. So, too, the statue of Honeus, one of the sons of Niobe, which is esteemed the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Glyptotheca, was found some years ago in the workshop of a mason at Dresden, to whom but five francs were paid for it, though the king was content subsequently to acquire it for 1500*l*.

In the celebrated cause of Vallati's Magdalen, to which we shall presently refer, evidence was adduced of this circumstance.

A Madonna, Child, and St. John, originally in the Farnese family, which was inscribed on the back 'a work of the divine Raffaele,' and had been attested as genuine by a pope, came some years since, by inheritance, to a Contessa Broglio, of Turin, who desired her porter to sell it for 32*l*. Falling into the hands of one who recognized its merit, it was purchased from him by the Prince of Carignan, and now adorns the Royal Gallery, under the name of the Madonna della Tenda, from the curtain in the back-ground. Another instance rests on the same authority. Among some trash rejected from the Florence Gallery, and sold some years ago by orders of the Grand Duke, a picture was bought by one Fieschi, a restorer. On being cleaned, it was acknowledged to be a Leonardo, and 900*l*. was offered in vain to its fortunate purchaser. Again, Professor Tosoni, of Milan, has a beautiful little allegorical picture, which he considers by Raffaele, and values at four thousand louis-d'or, but for which he paid an English gentleman 42*l*.

There is in Italy a class of picture-jobbers, who wander on foot among the towns and villages, with a scanty purse, and still more slender knowledge of art, picking up for a few shillings such things as their very restricted funds place within their reach. These they carry to their booth or cellar in one of the capitals, whither resort the poorer classes, when conscience or piety suggests the addition of a Madonna, or a favourite Saint, to the devotional garniture of their humble homes. There, too, may ever and anon be seen some lynx-eyed dealer, or some shrewd amateur, turning over piles of shattered panels, and disturbing the dust of canvass shreds, in eager search after speculative bits. Among such hucksters, the resurrectionists of art, a certain Luzzi is well known at Rome. His shop is a lumber-house of the veriest daubs, and the street-entrance is flanked by lines of glaring martyrdoms and contorted Madonnas, fit to scare away saints and sinners. Yet from the interior have issued not a few dingy pictures, which, in the hands of able restorers, have cast off their chrysalis coatings, and emerged in their native purity and brilliancy.

About the time when the cholera broke out at Rome in 1837, Luzzi returned from a circuit among the mountains of Umbria, that cradle of Christian art, wherein were reared the great founders of the Roman school of painting. In the house of the Ceccarelli at Spoleto, he found a new wonder of the world, a picture attributed to Raffaele, and priced at a few crowns. Though the sum exceeded the usual limits

of this worthy's investments, he was induced by some good genius to nibble at the bait, and eventually carried it off for twenty-four shillings and sixpence. Resolved to do all justice to his speculation, he gave it to a restorer, who, wishing simply to entitle himself to a certain fee for his labours, found this most readily effected by gaudily overpainting the draperies, distances, and sky, leaving alone the heads, hands, and foregrounds, for which a more delicate handling was even in his eyes desirable. This done, the newly-found Raffaele was announced to the trade; but whilst the few dealers who had not fled from the pestilence, gazed, and hesitated, and higgled, Luzzi began to suspect he had got something better than an every-day Raffaele. The longer they looked, the higher rose his demands; at length the Chevalier Hewson, agent of the Portuguese government at the papal court, carried off the prize from the doubters, for about 76*l*., and a few indifferent pictures. The over daubing having been removed, and the surface carefully cleaned, the picture appeared in its original beauty, and in a rare purity of preservation. It is one of this artist's few productions from the Old Testament, and represents three youths restored to life by the prophet's mantle. Although hitherto unknown, its genuineness seems to have escaped question, and it is estimated by the chevalier at 4000*l*.

Only last summer Luzzi made another fortunate hit. Among some pictures which he bought from the march of Ancona, was a *Pieta*, with figures of life-size, wherein the Madonna wept over the lifeless body of the crucified Saviour, which she supported in her lap, whilst two cherubs joined in her lamentations. The torso was so much more masterly than the draperies, and the beard and other accessories had so suspicious a texture, as to occasion a doubt whether the picture was in a pure state. A skilful cleaner soon solved the riddle, by removing the dark blue mantle of wo which shrouded the virgin's head, when there emerged a Venus radiant in plaintive beauty, bewailing the premature fate of her beloved Adonis, whose exquisitely modelled limbs had been transformed into a frame rigid with long agony. It was a still simpler process to restore the mourning cherubs into tearful cupids, and to baptize as an Annibale Caracci a really good picture which had probably cost a few dollars, but for which five hundred louis-d'or are now demanded.

There is one other case which requires a more special notice, from the universal interest it has lately excited in Rome, as well as from its very extraordinary circumstances,

and the view it affords of Roman justice. In 1723, a quantity of pictures, sculptures, and other moveables from the palace of the Duke Flavio Orsini, were judicially deposited in charge of Duke Aloysio Lante, to abide the claims of the Orsini creditors. After much tedious litigation, Prince Odescalchi succeeded, in 1826, in establishing his claims upon this property, as creditor of the representatives of Duke Flavio, to the amount of some 6000*l.*, and thereupon obtained a warrant of sale. A judicial valuation was then made of the effects of Philip Agricolo, now at the head of the Roman school of painting, and a Magdalen in the Desert, about eighteen inches by sixteen, was therein stated as a copy done in the school of the Caracci, from the original in the Dresden gallery, and was set down at thirty scudi, or 6*l.* 6*s.* The auction took place in February and April, 1827, and realized nearly 500*l.*, which sum, with the property remaining unsold, was adjudged to Prince Odescalchi, under the valuation wherein the Magdalen had been esteemed at thirty scudi. About two years later the prince offered these things to a picture-dealer, who declined the purchase, and they remained neglected until 1835, when, in consequence of part of the palace being let, several attempts were made by Zarlatta, the house-steward, to get these, and other pictures which were in the way, disposed of among the trade in Rome. One of the persons called in to look at them was the Chevalier Vallati, a distinguished painter of boar-hunts, who at that time speculated in old pictures along with Mr. Jones, an English banker settled there, and who was brought by a *sensale* or low agent employed by the steward. After an ineffectual attempt to come to terms for a lot of considerable value, Vallati took up the Magdalen, and observing that it was one of the numerous copies after Correggio, said that he would give ten dollars for it. Zarlatta had shortly before shown it to another Roman dealer, who called it a bad copy of the Dresden picture, faulty in the head and arm, and thought it would be well sold for fifteen dollars. On reporting Vallati's offer to the prince, the latter said it should be accepted, as the pictures in that lot were of small moment. Accordingly, it was next day sold to Vallati for fifteen dollars, or 3*l.* 3*s.*, and a receipt given which stated it to be a copy from Correggio.

The picture was executed in oil, upon copper, but is described as then entirely overpainted. The original composition and outline had been generally followed, but the flesh-tints were glazed over, and other parts

so thickly daubed, that the paint adhered to a glass which covered the surface, and beneath which dirt and dust were thickly clotted. Whether these liberties had been used with the idea of improving or disguising its merits, it is agreed that they gave the picture the air of a coarse copy. Still, when Vallati began to examine it, after it had lain for about four months in his studio forgotten, he perceived a certain fineness of handling in minute portions of it, which augured better things, and with some difficulty he persuaded Cocchetti, the most skilful restorer in Rome, to put it in order. The latter at first paid little attention to the task, which he carried on at Vallati's; but, finding a better surface under the coarse paint, he was induced to persevere, and, in about nine months of occasional work, he accomplished it with perfect success. The usual solvents and processes being quite ineffectual to remove the over-paint, in consequence of its having been laid on with oil, and not with varnish or distemper, he had recourse to pumice-stone, and even to sharp razors, with which he very gradually, and with the utmost caution, rasped and scraped away the extraneous coating, till the picture remained in its purity. This operation cost 150 dollars, and its result was a great triumph of skill and perseverance.

Delighted with his treasure, Vallati allowed his joy to exceed his discretion. The circumstances, at first confided as a secret to few, became, ere November, 1836, was over, the subject of discussion among the *dilettanti*, and the Magdalen was talked of as a long-lost original by Correggio, worth from 4000*l.* to 6000*l.* Prince Odescalchi, ere long, resolved to interfere: relying upon an edict by the Cardinal Camerlengo (the official guardian of antiquities and art), for the purpose of checking the removal of objects of value from Rome, he presented a complaint, stating what had occurred; and, on the allegation that it was about to be sold to a foreigner, prayed that an embargo might be laid upon the picture. Accordingly, Vallati was ordered to produce it, on pain of imprisonment, and the cardinal remitted it for the judgment of the Academy of St. Luke.

In March, the committee of painters there, including eight of the leading Italian and German artists at Rome, unanimously recognized the great value and beauty of the work; but on the question of its authorship they were divided, two considering it by Correggio, four thinking it was not, and two being doubtful. The cardinal, upon this, obliged Vallati to come under heavy recognizances for the production of the picture

when required, which, meanwhile, was restored to his possession.

Having thus secured its retention within the jurisdiction of the Roman courts, the prince raised a civil action for nullifying the sale, on the ground of error, false consideration, and enormous injury, alleging that his agents had sold for a trifle, under the impression that it was a worthless copy, a fine original by Correggio or some other great master. In December, 1838, judgment was pronounced against Vallati, rescinding the contract, and ordaining him to restore the picture, on receiving from Odescalchi the original price, and the sum spent in cleaning it. This sentence proceeded on the want of legal consent of the vendor, in consequence of error, and inferred that Vallati might have previously discovered the value of the work, so as not to be in good faith when purchasing it at the price of a bad copy. Against this decision Vallati appealed; and after a bitter litigation, protracted till 1842, a compromise was made. The picture was to be sold, and the price divided between the parties, each paying his own costs. Vallati states his expenses at nearly 800*l.*, and estimates his adversary's somewhat higher. Mr. Jones had previously paid a sum to Vallati, to be free of all share in the transaction, being obliged to return to England in bad health, where he soon after died.

We give these details of the great Vallati cause, as they have formed a leading topic in the Roman circles during several winters, and as they illustrate some curious phases of Italian picture-dealing. A rich English nobleman was last year on terms for the Magdalen, when a party, from alleged interested motives, conveyed to him the reported dictum of Mr. Woodburn, that it was an old copy worth £500. Signor Vallati, however, offers to prove that Mr. Woodburn never saw the picture at all, but only a copy recently made from it, imitating its time-worn texture, which hung outside of the sanctum wherein it lay. Thus the chevalier has been doubly unlucky in the results of his fortunate speculation. He was deprived of his purchase by the Roman courts, because the best judges in Italy pronounced it an original of the highest value. He has lost his purchaser, because an English picture-dealer, blundering between his gem and a modern imitation of it, declared it a copy. Verily may the tribe of dealers call their trade 'a hazard;' and the Italian prince may compare notes with the English peer, which of them is the greater gull.

Signor Vallati, has, however, had his triumph, in another incident illustrative of the chances of picture-selling. Having ac-

quired a singular and very beautiful landscape, in which a bit of savage Swiss scenery was treated with much originality, he baptized it a Rembrandt, although this opinion was demurred to by some persons acquainted with the usual specimens of that master. Mr. Woodburn* at once pronounced it no Rembrandt, but declined naming the author, and the picture consequently remained on hand with a blighted reputation. An English gentleman, whose interest and curiosity in the work had been greatly roused, while closely examining it one day with a powerful magnifier, thought he could distinguish on the grassy foreground some lines of colder tint, resembling a cypher. In the enthusiasm of the moment, he bought the landscape for £300, and then begged Vallati to apply the usual test, in order to see if any repainting could be detected there. On being strongly rubbed with spirits, a portion of the foreground came away, and the monogram of Rembrandt, which some ignorant restorer had covered, in patching an adjoining hole, became legible, but resisted all further trial to remove it. The gentleman was equally delighted with his casual discovery and his purchase; and although Vallati, had he been aware of this proof of its authenticity, might have set a higher value upon the prize, yet he had the satisfaction of finding his deliberate judgment confirmed, at the expense of Mr. Woodburn's infallibility.

The circumstances narrated in the Vallati suit may put purchasers of works of art within the Papal States on their guard against a double risk; first, that of having their acquisitions stopped by government, in case they be deemed of sufficient importance; and, secondly, the nullification of the sale at the instance of the seller, should the price turn out to have been inadequate. The former of these hazards exists also in Tuscany and Naples, and all old pictures and sculpture for exportation ought to be examined by an officer appointed to this duty, without whose clearance they are liable to be stopped at the custom-house. Nor is this law by any means a dead letter, although very rarely applied. It is generally understood that all the personal influence at the papal court of King Louis of Bavaria, the most catholic of reigning sovereigns, was required to sanction his removing the celebrated drunken fawn, which he had purchased from the Barberini family,—one of the most choice though hideous statues of antiquity, and now a principal ornament of the Glyptotheca at Munich. At this moment a bronze bust of Bindo Altoviti, by Benvenuto Cellini, is embargoed in the deserted palace of that family at Rome, in consequence of the Ca-

merlengo's refusal to let its owner remove it to his residence in Florence. The latter has shut it closely up, either from pet, or in the hope of smuggling it out unobserved, to prevent which spies are incessantly on the watch. It seems a monstrous hardship, that a man shall not be able to remove a family portrait from his deserted habitation to his actual residence, and still more when the real motive is to compel him to part with it to a foreign government on their own terms. A well-known and recent instance was that of Count Marescalchi's Correggio, which had actually been sold at Bologna, and, as we believe, delivered to a French gentleman, but which the count was compelled to get back, and surrender to the Vatican for a smaller sum. Duke Braschi last year resigned to the government without a struggle his famous Antinous for about £1850, though no doubt more might have been obtained abroad, had the secret abduction of so colossal a statue been practicable. The removal of the Fesch pictures goes on unquestioned, under a special permission obtained by the cardinal ere he removed them from Paris: it remains to be seen whether some of those acquired by him subsequently may not be stopped. A friend of our own met with a persecution at Rome in 1839, very similar to that endured by Vallati, in regard to a missal of unique beauty, with signed miniatures by Perugino, Francia, and their best pupils, which he had openly purchased a year before from Prince Albani, and, but for his prudence in sending it to England on the first alarm, he would unquestionably have been robbed of his prize. It may be well to add, that all objects of old art enter the Roman states duty free, but are liable to an ad-valorem duty of twenty per cent. on exportation, whilst modern productions pay only on entering. In Tuscany, the rule is reversed, a duty being exigible on the import of old objects, but none on their export. At Naples, the export duty on pictures is a dollar for each square palmo of ten inches. The sale of pictures from churches is permitted by the government of Tuscany, but much discountenanced by that of Rome.

Picture-dealing has its drones, who fatten upon its profits without contributing the knowledge, labour, or capital which produce them. They are embodied in the form of couriers and *laquais de place*, two fraternities who assume the privilege of exacting unjust gains upon every transaction into which they can thrust their officious services, but especially upon their masters' dilettanti purchases. The usual rate is from five to ten per cent. upon the price, but it is sometimes screwed up to five-and-twenty. A few years

ago there was a very beautiful and perfect female suit of armour exposed for sale, in a curiosity shop at Geneva, for £80; one evening an English gentleman strolled in, with his courier, admired it greatly, made no objection to the price, and said he would call and make the bargain next morning. Soon after, the courier returned and demanded £20 as his fee on the sale. The shopman said he would willingly allow him the usual amount, but could do no more in his master's absence. The servant replied, he would take care his master did not come again to the shop, and he kept his word. This discount comes of course indirectly out of the purchaser's pocket, and it is very common to be asked, when bargaining at shops of that sort, whether you have a *valet de place* in attendance, that the price may be adjusted accordingly. Half-a-dozen years since, the valets at Bologna combined to raise their fee to ten per cent., threatening to prevent strangers from visiting any sale gallery where these terms were not acceded to; upon which some of the dealers, to defeat the plot, forwarded their address cards to the frontier, and bribed the police agents to fold them up in the passports of travellers.

Among the evidence offered in the suit of Prince Odescalchi against Vallati, to which we have more than once referred, there was this formal exposition of the principles and results of picture-dealing, sworn to by eighteen leading members of the trade then in Rome:

"In the sale and purchase of pictures, all depends upon the actual result and chance of gain common to both parties. For pictures which are bought in the hope of discovering something better than appears, and of reproducing them in their original state, often turn out even worse than they seemed, thus occasioning manifest loss. And were it not that in rare instances and after much outlay, risk, and trouble, a fortunate hit compensates for many previous sacrifices, this trade would be at an end; for without such a hope no one would be disposed to make acquisitions that were always to turn out ill. Another danger to which those who carry on this sort of business are exposed, arises from the difficulty of finding an able restorer, so that even when they have the luck to meet with anything good, it is generally injured in being cleaned. Besides all this, there must be taken into consideration the large sums tied up in those pictures which remain on hand for years, as well as the great labour and application necessary for obtaining a thorough acquaintance with this most difficult subject. In all these transactions, advantages, and risks, the private party selling has no part, for the result, as regards profit and loss, is limited to the speculative buyer exclusively."

With this manifesto we might conclude our notices of picture-dealing, but that a new

phasis which the trade has recently assumed in the Eternal City remains to be mentioned. Basseggio and Baldeschi, two dealers, who stand favourably conspicuous among their fellows for enterprise, connoisseurship, and good faith, have been making frequent journeys to London and Paris, for the acquisition of works of art; and, we have little hesitation in believing, that the pictures brought to Rome by the former from London, in the last three years, exceed in merit all that have been sent from thence to England during the same time. Regular in his attendance on auctions, vigilant among the rubbish of Wardour street, he has secured many prizes for sums which enable him to offer them in his own country at unusually moderate rates. Nor are his purchases confined to the purlieus of picture traffic. In 1842, the Litchfield Claude passed into his hands, and last year he carried off a very rare specimen of Rodolfo Ghirlandajo, one of the greatest Florentine painters, which is not unlikely to enrich the Vatican gallery of *chefs-d'œuvre*. The chances of such works returning to our shores are at present small, for fox-hunting has greatly superseded picture-buying at Rome, as far as our wealthy countrymen are concerned. Artists and dealers suffer equally from this caprice of fashion; but both still look to the English as their surest and most liberal customers. It is not long since we heard a worthy Dutch landscape-painter narrate in broken English the following incident:

"I work in my studio one day ven one gentleman wid de *lunettes* come in, make one, two, tre-bow, very profound, and say 'Gut morgen Mein haer?' I make one, two, tree profound bow, and say de same. Den de gentleman look at all my picture very slow and deliberate: den he say, 'Dat is goot; dat is beautiful; dat is vondrous fine.' Den he say at last, 'Sare, vill you permit me to bring my friend de Baron von A. to see your fine vork?' I say, 'Sare, you vill do me one favour.' Den he make tree more bow more profound dan before, and he go vay. De next day he bring his friend de Baron, and dey two make six bow all very profound, and dey say dat all is very beautiful, and den de Baron say, 'Sare, vill you let me bring my friend de Count von B. to see dese so fine vork?' and den dey make der bow once again and go vay, and I see dem no more. Dat vas one German gentleman.

"Anoder day, one little gentleman come in wid one skip and say, 'Bon jour, Monsieur! charme de faire votre connaissance.' He take up his *lorgnette*, and he look at my first picture, and he say, 'Ah, very vell, Sare! dat is one very fine morsel.' Den he pass quick to anoder and he say, 'Sare, dis is truly admirable; after dis beautiful nature is vort nothing;' and so in two minute and half he get trough dem all. Den ne twirl his cane, and stick out his chin and say, 'Sare I make you

my compliment; you have got one great talent for de landscape; I shall have de honour to recommend you to all my friend; *au revoir, Monsieur*;' but I see him never again. He vas one French gentleman.'

"Anoder day, I hear one loud tap wid one stick at my door, and ven I say, 'Come in,' one gentleman vork forwards, very stiff and nod his head, but take never his hat off. He say, 'May I see your picture?' I bow, and say, 'Wid pleasure, Sare.' He no answer, but look at one long time, and say not a vord. Den he look at anoder and say nothing. Den he go to anoder and look, and say, 'Vat is de price of dis?' I say, 'Forty louis, Sare.' He say nothing but go to de next, and look one long time; and at last he say, 'Vat is de price of dis?' Den I say, 'Sare, it is sixty louis.' Den he say nothing, but look another long time. Den he say, 'Can you give me pen and ink?' and ven I give it he sit down and he say, 'Vat is your name, Sare?' Den I give him my card, and he write one order on *Torlonia* for sixty louis; he give me de order wid his card, and he say, 'Dat picture is mine; dat is my address; send it home; good morning.' And so he make one more stiff nod and vork away. This vas one English gentleman."

There is one view in which picture-dealing becomes matter of public interest among ourselves, as regards the formation of our National Gallery. It has been alleged, in several instances, that the additions made to it seem to be tested chiefly by the amount of their cost. Now, it appears to us, that it is not with the trustees that the fault lies, of a system which has given us the smallest, and dearest, if the most select gallery in Europe. The purchase of the Angerstein pictures, however languidly planned by the ministry, was nobly carried through by parliament. The opportunities lost by their predecessors during the convulsions of the war were unlikely to recur. One individual had taken advantage of them in the finest spirit, and had secured, perhaps, the only private collection worthy of being the nucleus for a national one. Such circumstances precluded the carping of candle-parers, and, if the price had been double, it was well-earned, and wisely given. But what were the next steps in this new and praiseworthy direction? The appointment of trustees or commissioners to make further acquisitions was probably incumbent, as the cost was to be borne by the community. But where else did it ever enter into the arrangements of a cabinet to submit to the critical fiat of 648 legislators the price of a Durer, the originality of a Guido, or the purity of a Perugino? Few Britons are, perhaps, aware of the preposterous fact, that each purchase made for the Trafalgar-square rooms is the subject of a parliamentary estimate, and is liable to an *ex-post-facto* discussion in the House of Commons, when the expediency

and worth of the investment, and the judgment of the trustees, are at times rudely and unjustly assailed by men totally incapable of forming an idea on these matters. But there is a standard of pictorial merit comprehensible even by utilitarian critics,—the price paid. It has originated in what is at least a novel idea, that all high-priced works must be fine ones; and, in that conviction, even our economists become generous, lest they should be humbugged. Whilst saving prevails in the other estimates, and cheap production is the object for which machines are made to whirl, and workmen to languish, the old sneer of 'cheap and nasty' remains a term of reproach only in the fine arts. Provided pictures are but dear, they are sure to be respected in a committee of supply; and if extracted from a celebrated collection, they are presumed to be exempt from criticism. Conforming to these circumstances, the trustees buy only works of established celebrity, and, consequently, of extravagant price. Now, did the money thus superfluously charged against the nation go into the pockets of our first artists, the blunder would have our sympathy, but against its enriching speculators we do most seriously protest.

Yet a few words as to the principle of selection which has in general been adopted by the trustees. But whilst we attempt to show the fallacious course they have sometimes pursued, we are far from imputing any deficiency of zeal, still less any impurity of intention, to the eminent gentlemen who gratuitously discharge to their country a most onerous and obnoxious duty. If the main objects to be attained from a national gallery of high art be the instruction of its visitors, and the guidance of the public taste, it follows, that excellence is not the sole consideration to be kept in view while forming it. Thus, the Madonna is the leading theme among the greatest painters in the best age of art, and the Roman stands foremost among the schools of its golden days. Yet what should we say of a national gallery composed altogether of Madonnas, or consisting exclusively of Raffaele and his pupils? Do we not, on the contrary, expect to find there specimens of whatever is worth knowing, as well as of what is deemed fit to occupy a student's pencil. Great libraries are not formed solely for the preservation of fine paper copies of standard and popular authors, and why should it be so with galleries? The great foreign schools of painting have belonged to Italy, the Netherlands, Germany, Spain, and France. Of these, the first is unquestionably pre-eminent, and next in importance may be ranked that of Hol-

land and the Low Countries, as unrivalled in *genre* painting. Germany, among us who have borrowed so much from Holbein and Rubens, is entitled to the third place, and Spain and France must conclude the list. Again, the Italian schools are at least twelve in number, each with its own type, more or less distinctly developed. Thus we have about twenty different manners, or classes of painting, to look for in a great public gallery. Now, without attempting to analyze the contents of the Trafalgar-square rooms under this view, it is enough to say, that the schools of Sienna, Genoa, Sicily, and Upper and Lower Germany, are totally excluded; those of Florence, Naples, Milan, Umbria, and Spain, virtually so. These are startling deficiencies in a national collection, even though it numbers but few lustres. But a greater discouragement awaits the student of art, in the total absence of any pictorial work (except by Van Eyk) executed prior to 1500, that being close upon the time when high art is admitted to have attained its culminating point, and when, according to some critics, it was already on the wane. Now, whether these be just opinions or not, is just what a national gallery ought to enable us to decide by well selected specimens, and we trust, that instead of adding to our already rich store of Bolognese and French works, the trustees will take measures to procure some fine productions of the mediæval masters. The moment is favourable, but it is quickly passing. Had they come into the market a few years ago, with the sovereigns of Prussia and Bavaria, they would have found the supply ample and the prices mean. Now this taste has become a fashion, and must be gratified at fashionable cost. Every day the comparatively few pieces in high preservation are picked up by foreign governments, or are undergoing from speculators barbarous retouches in oil, and daubings of varnish, which all but disqualify them for the illustration of art. Yet even now there may be found in some secluded mountain church or remote convent, grand altar-pieces in distemper which preserve the type of the Giottists, or upon which the highest Christian masters of Umbria or Sienna have traced an almost inspired purity of feeling. It is true, that the prices which would extract these from their simple possessors are numbered but in dollars; this, however, need be no fatal objection, as the interested intermediation of the wonted agents might transmute the sum into any amount of sovereigns deemed sufficient to stamp the merit of the pictures.

The improvements desirable upon the present mode of acquiring pictures for the

Gallery are, we venture to think, two-fold. Instead of subjecting each purchase to a special vote and discussion in parliament, a fixed annual sum should be placed at the disposal of a competent body of trustees for investment in pictures as occasion may offer, under an obligation to publish yearly the amount actually so expended, with the particular inducements or grounds on which each choice was made. The benefit to the trustees of such a plan is obvious, from its leaving their hands unfettered, and their judgment uncontrolled: the public would at the same time have the advantage of comprehending their views, and of watching, with increased interest and intelligence, the progress of the collection: and as it would be no longer necessary to tell the price in order to have a negotiation ratified, these gentlemen would dare to buy where, when, and for as little money as they could; and though they might continue to bribe Beckfords and Londonderrys out of their choicest gems, they would compensate such exceptional extravagance by many snug little bargains for which they could not now ask a particular vote. In order to effect such bargains, our second innovation would be required. There is at present a rule or understanding, that the trustees buy nothing that is not sent for their inspection in London, and a most convenient defence it must be against jobbing and imposition. But they ought to, and sooner or later must, get many things which will never be brought on chance to the great Babel, nor dangle attendance there. If the continental sovereigns had acted thus, would the Houton and Coesvelt Galleries be now in St. Petersburg; or would those truly splendid ones of Munich and Berlin have started into full manhood, during the years when ours has attained a very stunted adolescence? Each of these monarchs, as well as Louis Philippe, has agents in every part of Italy, to report the discovery or occurrence of anything interesting in antique or mediæval art, and thus many objects are secured by them which never were, and perhaps never would have been, thrown into the open market. To do this, without being imposed upon by ignorant zeal or interested meanness, must require considerable management; but as it seems to answer in these cases, and in the transactions for the British Museum, it is difficult to see why it should fail, if judiciously introduced in supplement of the present system, which has hitherto neither produced abundant fruits, nor proved an efficient protection against the high profits of speculators.

A few words, ere we close this discursive article, as to English students of art in Italy.

It is the misfortune of most of them, to go out unprepared by proper education for the career which they have perhaps rashly chosen. They are generally even ignorant of the important truth, that in no profession is extensive and varied knowledge more necessary to eminent success. History, in all its branches; biography, rich in dramatic touches; poetry, with its imaginative stores; physiology, not less of the mind and passions, than of the limbs and muscles;—these are but a few of the studies which ought to relieve the more technical labours of the painter and sculptor. In the olden time, it was usual for the same men to excel in architecture, engineering, and geometry, in painting, sculpture, and silver-chasing; indeed, not a few of the foremost artists gave a portion of their time to politics and diplomacy. But these days are gone by, and it now too frequently happens that men, who have raised themselves by artistic talent above the sphere of their birth, are unfitted by education for the social position to which they have attained. But the deficiency most immediately baffling to a student is his ignorance of modern languages, and of the history of art. Indeed, no literature of a refined people is so wanting as our own in artistic works, original or translated. The English version of Lanzi is insufficient to infuse a taste and knowledge of Italian painting into an entire people, and Kugler's Handbook, in itself over-appreciated, is useful to those only who are already versant in the subject. Our students have thus few materials for private study, besides the Discourses of Sir Joshua, and the Essays of Fuseli, Hazlitt, and Haydon, and having mastered these, each fancies himself well read in his future profession. Accustomed at home to spend all his working hours over his portfolio or his palette, he has never contemplated familiarizing himself with modern tongues, so as to render them a relaxation. He finds himself in Paris or Rome scarcely able to ask his way, and without a means of acquiring information from the people, or the books around him. The dissipation of mind, and perhaps of habits, induced by the endless novelties and temptations of his new situation, prevents his applying to the irksome task of grammar, and, after a year or two's absence, he returns almost as unlettered as he went.

His professional studies thereby suffer immensely. In the galleries of Milan, Bologna, and Florence, he finds himself before pictures which he has by chance been told are fine; but whose authors he never before heard named, and as to whose era or school he never dreams of troubling himself. Thus,

wandering on from wall to wall, his eyes get dazzled, his ideas become a chaos, and he learns little more from these glorious works than a Chinese would do; or, if his organ of wonder chance to be strongly developed, he gazes on each new picture with an undistinguishing enthusiasm, which effaces the impression made by all the preceding ones. With wearied nerves and disappointed hopes, he turns to the churches most famed for mural paintings of the fifteenth century. There he becomes entirely non-plussed, for he can scarcely form a conjecture as to the themes before him, wherein he discerns only a crowd of figures inartificially grouped, a cluster of heads surrounded by golden sconces, and a pervading flatness deficient in colouring and chiaroscuro. Thus inclosed in a labyrinth without a clue, he falls back upon the only principles of faith he ever imbibed; namely, that colour and effect constitute a picture, and that, next to Reynolds or Lawrence, the best painter is Paul Veronese. He recalls the gaudy walls of the Royal Academy, decides that Englishmen have nothing to learn from other nations, and either packs his portmanteau to be off on the morrow, or, if he sets up his easel, it is in the fond hope of finding a countryman to commit to canvass, with true English effect, or a subject in *genre* or landscape likely to sell in some provincial exhibition, and replace part of the money his fruitless journey has cost him. He heeds not the grand works of the old masters among which he lives, and returns to his native land as ignorant and more conceited than when he left it. Should he in after life become alive to the fact, that former times sent forth giants, before whose genius the pigmies of our day dwindle into their just proportions, he will lament deeply the lost opportunities of his student days. As yet, however, such repentance has been rare, for it would be profitless among a people who value little that leads not directly to gain; and until the contemplated decorations of our palace of parliament began to shed a golden light upon historic art, we doubt if ten Royal Academicians had studied Masaccio and Perugino, or had heard of Pinturicchio and Ghirlandajo.

Our description of the doings of English artists on their arrival in Italy is noways exaggerated; and some of them continue faithful to the like observances during a prolonged residence. We remember the *début* of one at Florence some years ago. No sooner settled than he hurried to the gallery, and passing rapidly by or through the tribune, reached the portrait-room of painters. There, in an obscure corner, he

at length found something to admire. Not the fresco of Masaccio, that personification of power without the appearance of study; not the head of Raffaello, embodying the sentiment of pure beauty; but the snub features of Harlow, depicted by their owner's slovenly brush. The imitation of Sir Joshua, if not happy, was palpable; our friend at once measured the canvass, and in two days was copying what he doubtless regarded as the gem of the gallery, quite forgetting that he might have studied Harlow without journeying to Florence. Such was the outset in Italy of one whose annual productions have now no want of puffers or purchasers in England.

Of such a student as we have supposed, Rome, however, is probably the headquarters, and there he discovers attractions amid which his first disappointment evaporates. He is frankly received into the circle of his professional countrymen, among fifty or sixty of whom he quickly falls in with kindred spirits. He finds the more exemplary of them wedded to two ideas:—the necessity of securing the most celebrated models months in advance, and the propriety of a regular attendance at the British Life Academy. He follows the fashion in both respects, and should the latter task sometimes seem irksome, the three hours which it demands are preceded by a jovial *trattoria* dinner, interrupted by a lounge in the smoking-room, and followed by cigars and gossip at the *café*. In truth the whole student life of these men is what is termed in the Italian idiom, 'too material'—too much time and thought are given to self, too little bestowed on art. Instead of striving to comprehend the feeling, or imitate the execution of a Raffaello or a Rubens, they ape the picturesque costume of these painters. Many of them seem to limit their rivalry of the old masters to the cut of their beavers, or the hirsute horrors of their beards, and study rather to caricature their own personal appearance, than to perfect the figures upon their canvasses. But there is yet a hope of better things. The cry raised from their native shores for a higher pictorial style has been responded to, and within a few weeks the students at Rome, in the face of a factious opposition, organized by a few more self-sufficient and bigoted seniors, have voluntarily placed their academy under the instructions of Professor Minardi, an artist whose modesty and good feeling are as remarkable as his fine taste and purity of design. Should he meet with fair play from the minority who opposed his appointment, much benefit may be looked for from his ministrations; but if

he be thwarted by such unfair and ungentleman-like opposition as is threatened by the dissentients, it will behove the friends of the academy to withdraw from it their countenance, until some higher authority end these disgraceful squabbles, by putting the establishment upon a footing which shall at once secure its discipline, and promote its utility.

How entirely different from these Anglican habits is the life of German artists in the Eternal City! Prepared by reading the rich artistic stores of their own literature, and its abundant translations, most of them have been selected by their respective governments as likely to do credit to the small pension allowed them. It is barely adequate to their wants, affording them no facilities for dissipation; but it renders them independent of interruption from private commissions, and it is continued for such a term of years as enables them thoroughly to master the language, as well as the pictorial history of the Peninsula. Under this system, the Germans are plodding students, bound to each other, and to their common pursuit, by every tie of country and sympathy; whilst the English are loiterers, left to waste or misapply their opportunities. Under it, Overbeck and Cornelius, Veit and Schnorr, Schwanthaler and Gruner, have effected an entire renovation of art, and have enshrined their names in a niche far higher than their British contemporaries have, as yet, approached.

But as this is not the place for discussing the relative merit of modern German and British art, we shall conclude with a single remark. There is surely less egotism in trying to comprehend the deep feeling of the early masters, than in sneering at 'Petrugino and the pasteboard school;' more good sense in attempting to renovate the styles of Raffaele and Ghirlandajo, than in talking about Michael Angelo, without daring to study him; or in imitating Veronese, without equalling Tiepolo. No man in his senses charges Laurence with servility to Sir Joshua, or Landseer with plagiarism from Sohynders; yet their approximation to these prototypes is surely not less decided than are the cartoons of Overbeck to those of Raffaele. Man is proverbially an imitative creature, and if we are to follow the path which another has explored, why judge more harshly of such as aspire to tread in the footsteps of one whom all ages honour, and whom all but our countrymen appreciate?

ART. II.—*The History of British India. From 1805 to 1835.* By HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, M.A., F.R.S. Vol. I.—London: Madden and Co. 1845.

PROPERLY to understand the present condition of our Asiatic empire, we must study the manner in which it has grown up and acquired its greatness. In this study we have to deal with a very peculiar order of facts. Our dominion in India is an anomaly, and the events which led to its establishment were anomalous also. In most other cases where foreigners have obtained the upper hand in any country, the conquest has been effected by arms, generally at once by a sudden irruption, or, if not, by successive encroachments and invasions, each acquisition serving as a basis for succeeding operations.

Our proceedings in India have, from the first, been of a different character. No one can for a moment imagine that when we first obtained a footing in Bengal, it was with any design of becoming masters of the country. On the contrary, we went thither as traders, and a succession of circumstances, which we are far, however, from regarding as fortuitous, has converted us into the rulers of that great empire. As our success was unlooked for, it found us, when it had actually been accomplished, without any definite plan, though not wholly unprepared to co-operate with fortune. We were looking for the profits of a commercial counter, and we found a crown. But though it presented itself unexpectedly, they who picked it up were not so far dazzled by its splendours as not to know what use to make of it. They understood that it was for the head, and immediately put it on their own, thereby converting the company of merchants trading to the East Indies into a sovereign power, the rival of the greatest monarchs upon earth. No transactions recorded in history have so much tended to display the strength of the English character. The founders of our Indian empire were no statesmen in the ordinary sense of the word, because they had not been systematically broken in and disciplined according to the established rules of business, but statesmen they were nevertheless; that is, they were equal to the conduct of public affairs in difficult emergencies, equal to contend with the most crafty and desperate enemies, capable of looking antiquated and dazzling prejudices in the face, and of despising gigantic appearances of strength, beneath which there was often very little of the reality. By these men our system of Indian government was first sketched out. Their views of

policy were neither very refined nor very enlarged. They perceived that the Mogul empire was breaking up, and they felt themselves capable of subduing and holding certain portions of it against any opponents who were likely to come into the field. They neither contemplated the subjugation of all India, nor set themselves to invent a body of rules and regulations in accordance with which it ought to be governed. They were satisfied with laying the foundations of power, with scattering the first rough seeds of institutions, leaving them to find their proper shape and character afterwards as they grew up and developed themselves.

For these reasons it is extremely difficult scientifically to explain, or even to determine, the nature of our Indian government. It resembles an old mansion in the country, to which additional wings, apartments, and conveniences, have been added for the purpose of meeting, from time to time, the wants of an increasing family. Viewed externally by an admirer of systematic architecture, it may appear to be extremely grotesque and unsightly with its innumerable nooks and angles, and strata, as it were, of roofs, and nests for brooding shadows. But step inside of it, and you find every comfort and convenience of life. Nothing is out of place. Every room has its peculiar use; the arrangement is commodious, there is the greatest facility of communication, and the long passages, corridors, and galleries, which might seem purposeless to the careless eye, prove so many sources of convenience and beauty. Just so is it with the government of India. It might, very probably, be simplified, but we doubt whether it would thereby acquire any additional force or efficacy. Of improvement, however, it is of course susceptible. It might be rendered less expensive, more productive of advantages to the natives, more auspicious to talent and industry, more progressive within, more powerful externally; and in process of time we trust it will, in many of these respects, be reformed. But, taken as it exists, it will be acknowledged by all statesmen to be a political machine of wonderful perfection.

To explain in what manner this extraordinary system of government has acquired its present development, is the object of Indian History, a comprehensive review of the whole of which would be in the highest degree instructive. It would, however, be beside our present purpose, and may be reserved for some future occasion. What we now undertake is something much less ambitious. Our design is merely to glance at the events of a particular period, and that too a very limited one, extending only from

1806 to 1813. It happens, moreover, that during this brief space of time, few exploits of historical brilliance were achieved. There were few victories, few conquests. Instead of displaying its strength by expanding outwards, our Indian empire was acquiring solidity and compactness, and multiplying sources of activity within. The territorial acquisitions made by the Marquis Wellesley were passing into its political organization, amalgamating as it were with the central mass, and receiving from a thousand circumstances the peculiar impress and character of British dominion. No overt acts as yet announced the second Mahratta war, which was to render memorable the administration of Lord Hastings.

Nevertheless, the historian discovers even in this portion of our Indian history, much that is most important to relate. France, after having contested with us during more than half a century the empire of Asia, was finally, in 1809, beaten out of the field, when her last hopes expired, in an unsuccessful diplomatic mission. The few insignificant settlements that had been left her in the East fell also, about the same time, into our hands, when we might truly be said to have expelled the most persevering of our enemies from that quarter of the world in which the genius and valour of our countrymen are probably destined to shine forth in the greatest brightness. Since then our difficulties have been almost wholly of Indian growth. One native prince after another, instigated, we might almost say, by a species of fatality, has courted collision with us, and been, with more or less effort, overthrown, leaving to the governor-general the task of restoring to prosperity his disordered and exhausted country. These dangerous bequests have succeeded at the heels of each other with alarming rapidity. Before the juncture of one province with the empire has been completely effected; before the engrafted part has been brought within the circle of our vital circulation, the next immediately bordering upon it has likewise exhibited a tendency to attach itself to our dominions. In this consists our greatest embarrassment in India. An invincible law constrains us to expand our rule, or at least leaves us nothing but the choice of annexing one petty state after another, or abandoning it to that hopeless anarchy which must speedily demoralize our own frontier. It would doubtless be better for us if our power developed itself more slowly. But no choice is left us. Empires, like plants, vegetate more quickly in the East than here with us in Europe. All the native states that have ever flourished in that part of the

world have been so rudely put together, and placed on so tottering a basis, that when brought into violent collision with a well-organized government, they cannot possibly survive the shock. The state, consequently, by which they are absorbed, augments in force and greatness as rapidly as they perish. It is puerile, therefore, to declaim, as continental politicians often do, against our Asiatic policy, and to stigmatize it as grasping and ambitious. With us, abstinence has been the rule, and desire of aggrandizement the exception. But there are junctures in human affairs, which in self-defence transform peaceful nations into conquerors, and give the most moderate statesmen the appearance and reputation of so many worshippers of power. It is scarcely possible, however, even for an enemy, to charge Lord Minto, the history of whose government we have now under consideration, with the desire of territorial aggrandizement. He took from the French, indeed, the Isles of Bourbon, and the Mauritius, and expelled the Dutch from Java, Sumatra, and the Spice Islands. But this was not because he coveted their possessions, but because the policy of Napoleon had converted them into so many centres of annoyance to our commerce, which was annually, by the privateers that issued from those places, subjected to the severest losses. The wonder was, therefore, that the Indian government had not determined on their reduction before, not that after so many years of a pettifogging, semi-piratical warfare, Lord Minto should have been at length provoked to assert the supremacy of Great Britain over the islands of the ocean.

In composing the history of this period, Professor Wilson has entered into great research, and displayed great ability. His work, however, is not an independent performance. It is the continuation of another work, composed upon different principles, and pervaded by a wholly different spirit. Mr. Mill, as whose continuator Professor Wilson at present appears, was possessed by very unfortunate prejudices against the natives of Hindustan. He was disposed to undervalue them in almost every point of view. He despised their philosophy, their literature, and their arts; and the tendency, consequently, of his whole history, is to place them in a false light, and misrepresent the relations in which they stand to their European conquerors. Into this mischievous style of writing, Mr. Mill was betrayed by the character of the philosophy he had adopted, which proscribed whatever fosters or soothes the imagination, which made no

allowance for the weaknesses of human nature, which sought to reduce everything to the standard of a crabbed and stunted reason, and, as far as its influence extended, stripped all nature and human society of the rich mantle of beauty in which Providence has invested them—in short, Mr. Mill was a disciple of Mr. Bentham. Like many other individuals, who seem to be engaged in everlasting hostilities against prejudice, his mind was generally swayed by the very principle against which he contended. He had not been in India; but, instead of regretting this circumstance, and endeavouring, by the cultivation of an enlarged sympathy, to make up for the disadvantages arising out of it, he perversely considered his want of personal experience among his principal qualifications as an historian. Many other persons have undertaken to narrate the public transactions of countries which they had not visited; but they have always, we believe, felt that the difficulties with which they had to contend, were on that account considerably multiplied. At any rate, Gibbon, and Niebuhr, and Arnold, visited Rome, and are supposed to have described its environs the better for having seen them. Mr. Mill's philosophy conducted him to a different conclusion, and incited him to maintain that the most fertile of all the sources of knowledge ought carefully to be shunned by the historian. Still, his work is by no means so defective as this ridiculous piece of sophistry might have led one to expect; for Mr. Mill was indefatigable in labour, possessed remarkable acuteness, and composed his narrative of events with much vigour and steadiness of purpose. His rough, rude style, had great strength in it; not the strength, indeed, which should be found in history, that allies itself readily with grace and beauty, and is flexible, and capable of reflecting, as it were, in their proper hues, all the incidents that present themselves. There is nothing like relief in his system of composition. His arid, though massive sentences, are thrown into movement by a powerful impulse; but they are all of one colour. In the views taken of public affairs there is little elevation, in the sentiments no dignity. The presence of common sense we generally recognize, but this sober and valuable faculty by no means qualifies its possessor to judge indiscriminately of all transactions and men, which are often irregular and uncommon.

Professor Wilson, who has undertaken to bring down Mr. Mill's narrative to our own day, writes in a wholly different spirit, and contemplates his subject from a superior

point of view. He enjoys the advantage of a long residence in India, is learned in the principal languages of the country, and well disposed, upon the whole, toward the natives, with whose characters and institutions he is familiar. Still, he never forgets that he is an Englishman, and, in urging the claims of the people of India, is careful, therefore, to show, that by advancing their prosperity, we must in all cases promote our own. His feelings throughout are suffered to appear in full activity. He is always ready to bestow compassion on the unfortunate, which he does, not in set phrases or conventional forms, but by imparting a particular tone to his language, and strongly interesting the reader in the suffering party. With respect to his political predilections, he keeps them so completely in the background, that, after going carefully through the whole volume, we find it difficult to determine what they are. Our impression, indeed, upon the whole, is, that he is a Whig, though we might find it difficult, perhaps impossible, to justify our opinion by quotations.

In a literary point of view, also, Professor Wilson is entitled to very high praise. His researches have obviously been extensive, and well directed, and the facts which he has brought together he relates with ease, animation, and the utmost perspicuity. No pause is ever necessary to comprehend his meaning. If we find any fault, it is, that he has been lavish of information, and thus suffered certain chapters in his work to extend to too great a length. But this, though blameable, is far less so than the contrary extreme; for though we may complain of being presented with too numerous an array of details, we should condemn with severity the suppression of facts necessary to the complete understanding of the subject.

Having premised these few remarks on the character and merits of Professor Wilson's history, we proceed to touch upon the subject itself. Lord Wellesley's administration had of necessity been warlike, and added greatly to the extent of our dominions. Its boldness had disquieted the government at home, more especially the Court of Directors, and in order to give a totally different direction to our Indian policy, the Marquis Cornwallis was sent out as governor-general. The death of this nobleman occasioned no sensible difference in the conduct of public affairs; for Sir George Barlow, who temporarily succeeded him, acted rather as his representative than as an independent statesman. His removal was speedily determined on by the ministers at home, and the struggle which took place

on that occasion between them and the Court of Directors has been paralleled in our own day, though with less of public scandal and notoriety. The man designed by ministers to succeed Sir George Barlow was the Earl of Lauderdale, for whom the Court of Directors felt the most invincible repugnance. The politician of the present day may smile, perhaps, when he learns on what that repugnance was based, when he is told that the great disqualification of Lord Lauderdale in the opinion of the Court, was his decided leaning towards free-trade principles. That which was then regarded as an objection might now, perhaps, be urged as a merit, since circumstances have so far changed, that the Court of Directors, then the great champions of monopoly, are now its most strenuous opponents, because it has come round to their turn to be sufferers by it. However, let this fact be remembered to the honour of the Earl of Lauderdale, that he lost the most lucrative appointment which the British government has to bestow, on account of his known attachment to the best interests of his country. Lord Minto, then at the head of the Board of Control, was next thought of; and as he was deeply versed in the affairs of India, and considered in other respects unobjectionable, the Court of Directors acquiesced in his appointment, and he proceeded immediately to take possession of his government. He went out, however, grievously fettered by a system, hatched, we will not say in ignorance, but in prejudice at home. He was strenuously warned against conquest under almost any conceivable circumstances. His perpetual watchword was to be *non-interference*. He was to plant himself on the battlements of British India, and to look down calmly from thence upon the wretched natives, situated accidentally beyond the pale, and by whatever misgovernment, or oppression, or cruelty, they might be visited, whatever might be their sufferings, and how strong soever might be their desire to live in peace, under the shadow of British protection, he was in no case to throw out a single battalion for their deliverance.

But the course of events is often more powerful than human resolutions. No sooner had Lord Minto set his foot in India, than he found himself involved in the most harassing military operations. The province of Bundelkund, inhabited by a restless, lawless, and semi-barbarous population, had recently fallen under our sway; but so inveterate were the predatory habits of the population, so addicted were they to the exercise of petty warfare, and so much did their rajahs depend for their revenues on the

price paid them by banditti for protection, that the acknowledgment of our supremacy operated for a time no change in the public morals of the community. The Bundela chiefs considered it an advantage to be able in case of necessity to appeal to our authority, but were far from thinking themselves obliged to act in obedience to our will when their own strength would enable them to dispense with our aid. Accordingly, though we were recognized as the sovereigns of India, it was expected that, content with such honour, we would suffer the several chiefs and rajahs of the province, not only to govern their own subjects as they pleased, but to molest and plunder their neighbours at their own discretion. Throughout all that part of India there were then strong places, the killadars, or castellans of which affected to acknowledge no paramount authority. They held by the sword, which served them in the place of title deeds and code of morality. The extent of their jaghires, or estates, depended on the strength of their garrison. They were masters as far as they could enforce obedience, and their principles induced them to treat travellers and merchants as so many proper objects of plunder. One very striking peculiarity in these marauders deserves to be mentioned, as characteristic of the period of society through which India was then passing. No discredit was supposed to attach to usurpation and robbery. Any one who could get possession of a stronghold, no matter by what means, considered himself fully entitled to retain it, and to reap all the advantages which its possession could confer; and afterwards, when dislodged by superior force, instead of shrinking back into obscurity, under the oppressive consciousness of being a bandit, he put himself forward as an injured man, persecuted by fortune, and entitled to compensation. To commit crimes, he regarded as his legitimate profession. He could form no conception of our theories of morality, in which self is not made the supreme arbiter; but, conforming his notions to his own practice, and that of his ancestors, conceived that the power which interfered with his means of subsistence, was bound to furnish him with some other equally productive. In illustration of this extraordinary state of opinion, we may relate an anecdote. When the fortress of Ajaygher surrendered to the British, under Colonel Martindell, the captive Killadar Lakshman Dawa vehemently urged his claim to be reinstated in possession. He did not pretend that the place belonged to him, or had belonged to his ancestors. It was known, on the contrary, that he had rendered himself master

of it by fraud, and that in keeping it, he had been guilty of a perpetual act of bad faith. Still, measuring all things by his own convenience, he conceived that as we had found him there, and as he had fought us and been beaten, the least we could do, in consideration of his bravery and misfortunes, was to restore him the fortress. He, accordingly, presented a petition to the governor-general's agent, requesting that he might be restored or blown from a gun, since life to him was nothing without his Killadarship, or, as he expressed it, 'without reputation.' Perceiving no disposition on the part of the agent to comply with his request, he effected his escape from camp, and repaired in disguise to Calcutta, in order that he might there appeal to the justice or generosity of the governor-general. To his great surprise and mortification, he found that the English entertained different notions of justice. Having been a robber on a large scale, he was placed under the surveillance of the police, and forbidden to return to Central India. He made light of this prohibition, and absconded from Calcutta.

While Lakshman Dawa was thus playing at fast and loose with the Bengal government, an appalling tragedy, originating in his position, was enacted in the neighbourhood of Ajaygher. The agent, desirous of retaining the family of the fugitive chief as hostages, ordered them to remove into the fort for greater security. As it was not, however, intended to behave harshly towards them, an aged relative was requested to explain to them the designs of the government, and bring about their voluntary compliance with the agent's order. Lakshman Dawa's immediate family consisted at this time of seven individuals, his mother, his wife, his infant son, and four female attendants. Bajú Rao, closely allied to them by blood, entered the house where they resided, while a native officer remained stationed at the door. The old man continued for a considerable period in the house. It is not known whether he had recourse to arguments or not; it is altogether uncertain, whether the idea of what took place originated with him or with the family. There was no noise, no evidence of struggling, no cry, no audible expression of pain or suffering. The officer without expected every moment to behold the family making their appearance, and place themselves under his safe conduct. Being a Hindú himself, familiar with all the prejudices of his nation, he might have been expected to foresee the catastrophe. This does not, however, appear to have been the case. He imagined, probably, that Bajú Rao was employing the

best arguments he could think of to persuade the women that it would be prudent to submit to authority, and repair peaceably to the fort. But, at length, his patience being exhausted, he entered the house, with a view of inquiring into the causes of the delay, when he discovered the old man, standing in the door of an inner apartment, a sword dripping with blood in his hand. Beyond him, the officer saw the floor strewn with the dead bodies of women. His first impulse was to rush forward and seize the murderer; but on his approach, Baju Rao hastily closed the door, and fastened it on the inside. Assistance was then procured, and the door forced, when the wretched old man, who, in obedience to the notions of honour prevalent in his tribe, had committed seven murders, was found to have terminated the whole by suicide.

Meanwhile Lakshman Dawa had been pursued and re-captured by the police. The destruction of his whole family could not be concealed from him, and in a short time, the accumulation of misfortunes which had been brought on him by his own misdeeds, unsettled the balance of his mind. It is impossible not to feel pity for a man, oppressed by so many calamities. Yet he had brought them voluntarily upon himself. A handsome provision was offered him by government, in lieu of the place of which he had been dispossessed; but he persisted in rejecting this offer, which, during the period of his insanity, was, of course, not formally renewed. In 1822 he recovered his reason, upon which he consented to receive from the Company a pension of six hundred rupees per month, or upwards of 700*l.* a-year. He died in 1828, upon which, whatever members of his family still survived, were permitted to return to Bundelkund.

We have related the above particulars, merely for the purpose of exemplifying the class of difficulties which have almost invariably to be overcome, in the pacification of any troubled district in India. Lord Minto had to encounter others, arising neither out of the institutions nor opinions of the natives. On the contrary, for these were answerable the defective notions of policy which prevailed at home, combined with an extremely imperfect acquaintance with the power and resources of the state on our immediate frontier. Little more than thirty years ago, not only the Doorani empire, but even Scinde and the Punjâb, were little, if at all known to our Indian rulers, who consequently entertained very exaggerated ideas of the value which ought to be set on their friendship or enmity. Had they been in possession of more correct knowledge, the

pride of Ranjit Sing would have been humbled, and a limit set to his encroachments at the very beginning of his career. But no one knew of what efforts he might be capable, what means he had at his command—in short, whether or not he was a match for the British power in India. In consequence of this ignorance, that petty chief was long suffered to assume a tone, in his negotiations with the British government, so unbecoming, as to border frequently on insolence. To do him justice, however, it must be owned that he was quite as ignorant of the English as they could possibly be of him. He, therefore, seriously cherished the idea, about the commencement of Lord Minto's administration, of advancing his frontier to the Jumna, and ultimately, there can be no doubt, of expelling us altogether from India. Into these flights of imagination he was probably betrayed by French agents; for Napoleon, at the period to which we refer, maintained as powerful a body of emissaries in the East, as the emperor Nicholas does at present. But, by whatever hopes he may have been buoyed up, certain it is that Ranjit repeatedly crossed the Sutlej, set the governor-general at defiance, and not only collected much booty, but actually made permanent acquisitions of territory in provinces over which he had no right. Our oriental maxims of policy had not yet acquired either form or consistency. A timid, unenterprising spirit, pervaded both the ministers and directors at home, and necessarily influenced the acts of the governor-general. Napoleon, who took care to be well-informed on this point, held constantly in *terrorem* over the heads of the Tory cabinet, the project of an invasion from the west, to counteract which we courted the alliance of Persia, of Affghaniſtân, of Scinde, and the Punjâb. But we did not by any means proceed judiciously. It was not possible, for example, to secure the friendship of Ranjit by tolerating his excesses. He would have respected us more, and more earnestly courted our alliance, had we commenced our intercourse by inspiring him with terror. He estimated our strength by our forbearance, and consequently estimated it low; and while he was under the influence of this error, had the French emperor, or any other powerful enemy, presented himself on the banks of the Indus, he would unquestionably have joined him from motives of mere prudence.

When Napoleon undertook the subjugation of Spain, the British government at once concluded that he had relinquished his designs upon the East, and, therefore,

it withdrew a portion of the restraint which had hitherto been exercised over the governor-general, and permitted him to act somewhat more in accordance with his own judgment. At the same time a most pernicious act of weakness was committed. By the disbursement of a moderate sum of money, we might even then have laid the foundations of an influence in Afghanistan, which would not only have preserved that country from the melancholy series of calamities by which it has ever since been afflicted, but have warded off also from ourselves the heaviest blow we have ever received in Asia. For our neglect of the opportunity then offered us, the blame must lie between the governor-general and the Court of Directors. The parsimony of the latter begot the timidity of the former. Lord Minto knew he should be excused at home, for sacrificing incalculable future advantages to a present saving; and he consented to deserve the condemnation of history, in order to escape the annoyance of contemporary complaints. However, with respect to Ranjit Sing, a wiser course was entered upon: it was resolved at once to check his career, and he was accordingly given distinctly to understand that he would be permitted to make no more conquests east of the Sutlej. The influence, however, of the pacific and non-interference system engrafted, even upon this transaction, an error of policy. Ranjit had already made acquisitions of territory on the left bank of the Sutlej, and these he was permitted to retain, thus giving him what, above all things, he most coveted, a footing in Hindustan. This was a gratuitous sacrifice of British interests. It exposed our frontier to perpetual disturbances; it furnished Ranjit with a pretext for intermeddling with our subjects, and the chiefs and people under our protection, while it excited in his mind no gratitude, because he not only regarded the districts in question as his own, but considered himself to be defrauded of whatever else we prevented him from annexing to his dominions. Under the irritating influence of this feeling he set himself actively to prepare for war, and it is believed that the breaking forth of hostilities was only prevented by the sudden appearance in the Doab of the Sutlej and Jumna of a strong force under Colonel Ochterlony and General St. Leger. Before this force Ranjit Sing's courage quailed; and a circumstance, trifling in itself, which about the same time happened at Amritsir, is supposed to have exercised some influence over his resolution. Among the escort of the mission were several Mohammedans of the Shiah

sect. These men, in conformity with the spirit of their religion, celebrated in their camp, close to the city, the anniversary of the Moharrom, or commemoration of the death of Ali and his sons, Hasan and Hosain, with all that religious fervour and demonstration of passionate sorrow, which persons of strong feelings might be expected to exhibit. It immediately occurred to Ranjit, then at Amritsir, that without in the least compromising himself, he might put to the test the boasted discipline and courage of the English Sipahis. He, therefore, organized one of those accidents which effect so much in oriental history. The springs by which he put his machinery in motion, were never, we believe, exactly ascertained. He probably made use of the Akalis, fierce, unscrupulous fanatics, who, in the course of his long reign, exerted themselves as frequently against him as in his favour. On the occasion in question, however, they were, probably, forward to be his instruments, excited by a two-fold hatred against the Mohammedan first, and next against the English, whom they served. Whatever were the motives that actuated their conduct, the Akalis spreading themselves among the multitude, so wrought upon their wild fanaticism, that arming themselves with the weapons nearest at hand, they rushed to the camp of the mission, and endeavoured to storm it. The escort, as regarded numbers, was a most insignificant body. It consisted only of two companies of foot and sixteen troopers. Yet what happened recently at Hyderabad in Scinde, occurred on this occasion at Amritsir. The Sipahis, without a single casualty, repulsed the Sikh multitude, with the loss of many lives, and the slaughter would have been much more considerable had not Ranjit Sing himself, humiliated perhaps at the ill-success of his experiment, interfered to prevent further bloodshed. No attempt, we believe, was made openly at the time, to bring home this offence to him; but had Lord Minto been an ambitious statesman, and served ambitious masters, the Punjab would have been reduced to the condition of a British province within six weeks after the above transaction.

We remarked, it will be remembered, at the outset, that Lord Minto's administration was not warlike. There is a time for all things; for making laws and administering justice, and founding institutions, as well as for subjugating kingdoms. There is also, and must be, a time for the imposition of taxes, in order to obtain those revenues, without which no government can be carried on. With this subject every person in

Great Britain is now familiar. Both houses of parliament ring incessantly with the words taxes and imposts, and the press, like a million-tongued echo, reverberates the sounds, which run muttering over the whole island, like the spell of some mighty enchanter, designed to raise gold out of the earth. Circumstances required that Lord Minto also should exert his skill as a finance minister. But the Hindús are a people in all things very different from the inhabitants of these islands, and the mouths of their purses must therefore be approached by very different avenues. It is not enough that your system of taxation is just, it must likewise be palatable, and to render it so, difficult everywhere, is matter of tenfold greater difficulty in India. It is an obvious thing to say that we may do anything with such a people by humouring their prejudices. No doubt we may. But the grand secret is to discover how they may be humoured. All who know anything of Lord Minto will confess that there was no harshness or leaning towards tyranny in his character; but that, on the contrary, his mild and gentle disposition led him to prefer the employment of kindness and conciliation to all other methods, as long as they were consistent with the honest performance of his duty. Yet the necessity of raising a revenue betrayed this nobleman into the imposition of a tax which threatened to kindle a flame throughout India, and actually did give rise to one of the most extraordinary popular movements, accompanied by riot and confusion, and extensive and intense excitement, recorded in the annals of that country.

All kinds of taxes are unpopular things, but Lord Minto thought that a house tax would be as little so as any other. In Calcutta it had already been imposed and collected without difficulty; and this fact encouraged his lordship to hope, that what had been so happily begun, might probably be continued with equal good fortune. In the course, therefore, of the year 1810, a regulation was published, extending the operation of the tax to the whole of Bengal, Behar, Orissa, and Benares. No opposition was expected. For of what had the people to complain? Government displayed no disposition to be harsh or inquisitorial. It was not intended to pry into the resources of every private family, to force gentlemen to expose to their neighbours the nature and extent of the means on which they lived; to inspect the books of tradesmen, and compel them to contribute to the revenue, or to take refuge in insolvency. Nothing of all this could be objected to Lord Minto's tax. He only required the collectors to ascertain the number of dwell-

ing houses in the various districts under their charge, and to proportion to that number the amount of fiscal contribution levied. Nevertheless, the Hindús strongly disliked the measure, though the expression of their disapprobation assumed an alarming form nowhere but at Benares. This, it is well known, has from time immemorial been the sacred city of the Hindús. It stands, according to mythology, on the very point of Siva's trident, and constitutes the isthmus by which earth is connected with heaven. To live within its precincts is to be holy, while to die there entitles a man, let his actions have been what they may, to everlasting happiness. Under such circumstances, the character of the population of Benares may be readily conjectured. Of old, when the right of sanctuary existed throughout Christendom, we know what class of persons chiefly took advantage of it. The virtuous have seldom to fly for their lives. And in Benares, at the period we are speaking of, men took refuge, not from the pursuit of human laws, but from the wrath of heaven. In many cases, they felt that they had sinned past forgiveness; that neither repentance nor amendment of life would avail them aught; but that if they would escape the chastisement due to their crimes, they must have recourse to that species of material mechanism, that conventional sanctity, that local justification, so to speak, and arbitrary atonement to be derived from accepting the guarantee of safe conduct from this life to the next, afforded by the all-powerful privileges of a spot favoured by the gods. Fanatics, consequently, and vagabonds of all description, abounded in the city. Disturbances were frequent, and other offences against the law far from rare.

To render the elements of discord more complete and efficacious, Aurungzebe, and other bigoted sovereigns of Delhi, had induced or compelled numerous Mohammedans to settle in the place, and converted for their use sundry Hindú temples into mosques.* Nothing more could be needed

* Forster thus describes one of the structures of the Mogul emperor. "At the distance of eight miles from the city of Benares, as it is approached on the river, from the eastward, the eye is attracted by the view of two lofty minarets, which were erected by Aurungzebe, on the foundation of an ancient Hindú temple, dedicated to the Maha Deva. The construction on this sacred ruin of so towering a Mohammedan pile, which, from its elevated height, seems to look down with triumph and exultation on the fallen state of a city so profoundly revered by the Hindús, would appear to have been prompted to the mind of Aurungzebe, by a bigoted and intemperate desire of insulting their religion. If such were his wish, it hath been completely fulfilled; for the Hindús consider this monument as

to impart a character of deadly hostility to the professors of the two religions. Throughout India, it is quite common for the Hindús and Mohammedans, during the celebration of their religious festivals, to encounter each other multitudinously in the street, when the slightest offence, whether accidental or otherwise, suffices to engender an insurrection, the flames of which are too frequently quenched in blood. In Benares sectarian animosity was aggravated by the remembrance of mutual injuries. On the very year preceding the imposition of Lord Minto's house tax, a sanguinary struggle had taken place between the rival sects, when the whole city was for days thrown into confusion, the partisans of Brahma and the Koran rushing tumultuously to arms, while the police, instead of preserving the public peace, suffering the sense of civil duty to be overmastered by their religious feelings, took part with the contending factions, according to the bias of their creed. It happened that in a particular quarter of the city the Hindús possess a sacred pillar erected in honour of Bhairava, which they held in peculiar veneration, and that close at hand the Mohammedans possessed an Imâm-bara, or mosque, set apart for the occasional devotion of the pious. The proximity of the column and the edifice frequently brought the followers of the different religions in contact. There existed numerous reasons why they should hate each other. In the first place they did not believe the same things; secondly, the Hindús called to mind, with resentment, the time when they occupied an inferior position, and were despised and persecuted by the haughty professors of El-Islam; and, thirdly, the Mohammedans, humiliated by the consciousness that they could no longer domineer over the dogs of unbelievers, but were themselves the subjects, or rather slaves, of another caste of infidels, were too happy to seize on any occasion of breaking the peace, and wreaking vengeance on their enemies, though sure themselves to be the greatest sufferers in the end. It is, accordingly, not to be wondered at, that quarrels frequently broke out. The disciple of the book often taunted the Hindú with being the worshipper of a stone, while the latter retorted by ridiculing the infirmities of Mohammed, by covering his doctrines and miracles with scorn, and laughing at his wonderful journey on the beast El-Borak from earth to Heaven.

The excitement of religious controversy

the disgraceful record of a foreign yoke, proclaiming to every stranger, that their favourite city has been debased, and the worship of their God defiled."

is a pleasant thing, because it enables men, under pretence of zeal for the truth, to indulge their own fierce passions, and discharge the pent-up venom of their natures on those whom they least like. This, at any rate, was the case with the hostile sects at Benares. From words they frequently came to blows, and once, towards the autumn of the year before mentioned, their contest assumed a more threatening character. Not content with the weapons supplied them by nature, they took up stones and brick-bats; showers of missiles flew from the column towards the Imâm-bara, and from the Imâm-bara towards the column, at first harmlessly descending amongst the crowd, only fracturing a few limbs, or breaking a few heads; but at length, as the fray thickened, certain architectural ornaments were damaged upon the face of the mosque; while, on the other hand, Hanuman, the monkey-god, had his hut and idol demolished. Here were legitimate materials for a crusade, and a fair proportion of the combatants, on both sides, would certainly have been left lifeless on the field of battle, had not the police interfered in great force, and for the time put an end to the affray. But the partisans of the Koran and the monkey were not thus to be satisfied. Instead of suppressing their fury when compelled to give way by the authorities, they rushed respectively to their homes, and seizing upon their clubs and swords, prudently provided against such occasions, returned into the streets and open places of the city, resolved to do vengeance on their enemies. Dismay now seized upon the peaceful inhabitants, who, from their windows and balconies, beheld the two infuriated sections of the rabble pouring along, breathing rage, with instruments of destruction in their hands. Nothing was heard but the tramp of feet, and clamours and shouts of defiance, which gave Benares the appearance of a town taken by storm. Presently the antagonist sects, after long searching for each other, and adding, by delay, to the fierceness of their passions, met once more, and with loud vociferations and mutual threats recommenced the contest. Their means of offence were this time more in harmony with their feelings. Plunging forward headlong, their swords were speedily sheathed in each other's bodies, and the place was strewn with dead. Finding the police unequal to the dispersion of the mob, the magistrate had recourse to the Sipahis, and, with the aid of a small detachment, restored the appearance of tranquillity. It was but the appearance, however. For no sooner had the military force withdrawn, than the

rioters, willing to show of what materials the population of Benares was composed, renewed their disorders with tenfold activity. Brahma and Mohammed, had they that day contemplated the air and bearing of their followers, must surely have been satisfied with their zeal, whatever opinion they might have formed of their charity. Towards evening the disciples of the Arabian prophet, weavers by trade, with an intrepidity which would have done no discredit to the sturdy and stalwart inhabitants of our own manufacturing districts, assembled in the open space before the Imâm-bara, and having collected together a large quantity of combustible materials, piled it round the foot of the stone column which served their Hindû neighbours in place of a divinity. They then set it on fire, and as the crackling flames ascended, their ruddy glare fell upon innumerable dusky faces rendered broad with merriment, at beholding the god Bhairava thus roasted in the midst of the holy city, in spite of hundreds of thousands of most devout worshippers. When the stone had been intensely heated, water was brought and cast upon it, upon which it split and fell to pieces.* News of the perpetration of this heinous act of impiety soon spread through Benares, and filled the sacred city with horror. That was a night of mourning to the Hindûs. The people of the book had triumphed over them, their religion had been insulted, their gods trampled under foot. Many doubtless had beheld the flames in which the type of Bhairava had been ignominiously consumed. Yet their anger did not burst forth instantaneously. They remained in their houses brooding over schemes of vengeance, or passed silently to and fro to consult with their friends on what, in this emergency, was to be done; while the Mohammedans, observing no signs of immediate retaliation, went to rest in the persuasion that they had performed a good deed, honourable to their zeal in the profession of El-Islam.

But Brahma's disciples, after passing an agitated and sleepless night, issued forth in overpowering numbers on the morrow, and repairing to the scene of the last evening's impiety, set fire to the Imâm-bara, immo-

lated as many of the worshippers and attendants as they could lay hands on, and then slaughtering a hog, desecrated with its blood the tombs of several holy personages interred beneath its sacred shadow. Nor was this all. In another part of the city there stood a shrine dedicated to Fatima the wife of Ali, and adjoining it was a burial-ground containing tombs of extraordinary sanctity. It was known to the Hindûs that the Mohammedans entertain a profound reverence for the dead; and therefore to wound them through their purest and noblest feelings, they resolved on the destruction of this cemetery. Aware of what they projected, the magistrate stationed a strong guard of Sipahis at the spot. But, in spite of this precaution, and notwithstanding the vigorous resistance of the Moslem population, the avengers of Bhairava in a great measure effected their purpose; after which, repairing to the quarters inhabited by their enemies, they massacred indiscriminately all they met, set fire to the houses, and betook themselves to plunder as in a city taken by storm. At length a strong military force having been brought against the insurgents, the tumult was with some difficulty suppressed. The chief actors in these sanguinary scenes were the fanatical Gosains and the dissolute and turbulent Rajpûts. The respectable Brahmins beholding what took place with extreme sorrow, sat fasting night and day on the steps leading down to the river, and not without reluctance, when all was over, returned to their dwellings. It should be remarked that the Sipahis who were brought on this occasion against the multitude, though belonging in part to both contending sects, never for a moment suffered their religious feelings to interfere with their duty to government.

Upon a population so constituted, burning with sectarian zeal, but, at the same time, of reckless and desperate character, the announcement of Lord Minto's house tax may be expected to have fallen with no soothing effect. At first, notwithstanding what they are pleased to say in their petition,* they had thought, there can be little

* "In the memorial addressed by the Hindûs to the magistrate, extenuating their own conduct, and calling for redress against the Mohammedans, they gravely averred that the Lât resisted every effort for its demolition, until the Mohammedans killed a cow and then a calf, and threw the blood upon the column. It then tumbled and broke. Some of the fragments were afterwards collected, purified by immersion in the Ganges, and enshrined in a hollow copper cylinder which was set up where the stone column formerly stood."

* Their own representation, however, is as follows: "During the last five years the seasons have proved unfavourable; the harvests have been injured by drought, hail, and frost; and the price of every article of consumption has increased twofold. In this state of things, Regulation XV, 1810, is introduced; and the tax it imposes, by affecting all ranks of people, has thrown the subjects of your government into consternation. Accordingly, a number of people, in the confident expectation of obtaining that indulgence which government has always been accustomed to extend to its subjects, exposed themselves to the inclemency of the season, and, with nothing to cover them but the heav-

doubt, of playing over again the drama of the preceding year. The several trades and handicrafts met, and, after long and mature deliberation, agreed to suspend all manner of business till the obnoxious imposts should be removed. Accordingly, all the shops and bazaars were closed; not a shuttle moved, not a hammer rung upon the anvil, not a brick was laid, not a fire was kindled in all Benares. Even the thieves, not to be behind their fellow-citizens in patriotism, refused to steal, till the governor-general should relent. They would not ease the rich man of his purse, or the shopkeeper of any part of his goods, though houses were deserted, and doors stood open to tempt them. Nay, when death, who alone was busy in this universal cessation from labour, struck any of the malecontents, no one was found to perform for him the funeral obsequies. His body was cast into the river, like that of a dog. All the inhabitants of Benares, exceeding 200,000 souls in number, moved out and encamped a mile and a half beyond the walls, binding themselves by a solemn vow and covenant, never to return to their homes till they had succeeded in their war against the house-tax. Their encampment presented a touching spectacle. People had brought forth their aged parents, and wives, and children, and infants at the breast, and exposed them voluntarily to the inclemencies of the weather, in order to carry a point upon which they had set their hearts; and any one who should have beheld them, without understanding the cause of their complaint, might have compared them to the Roman Seceders on the Sacred Mount.

But, alas! the worthy citizens of Benares were contending for no hallowed right, no privilege of freemen. Their only object was to save so much per cent. Had their objection been to be taxed at all, their passive resistance might have appeared heroic. But they already contributed to the revenue, and had sense enough to know full well that they must contribute further, when the wants of the state required it. Their dislike,

ens, bowed their faces to the earth in supplication: in this state of calamity several of them perished. We presented some petitions, setting forth our distresses to the magistrate; and as we did not obtain our object, we petitioned the provincial court; but from our untoward fate, we were again unsuccessful. In this state of trouble, the proclamation of the 13th of January, 1811, was issued, under the impression that your petitioners were in a state of disobedience to the government; which we humbly represent was never within our imagination. In implicit obedience to this proclamation, as to the decree of fate, we got up and returned to our homes, in full dependence upon the indulgence of the government."

therefore, must have been solely to the class of contribution demanded of them. They were not standing up for a principle, but squabbling for a fashion.* This, perhaps, may account for the rapidity with which their enthusiasm evaporated, for many individuals, not accustomed to bivouac *sub dio*, were observed, soon after night-fall, to steal back clandestinely to their dwellings. The day, however, during a whole fortnight, was, by a majority of the inhabitants, spent in the open air, where privations, excitement, and exposure to the cold of winter, carried off great numbers of them. That those classes who depended on their own labour for daily bread, should, for so long a period, have been enabled to subsist at all, in entire idleness, may seem surprising. But the opulent, being as much interested as their poorest neighbours in the success of their common enterprise, supplied the multitude with necessaries, and otherwise encouraged them to persevere. A petition was presented to the English magistrate, who could, of course, do nothing beyond referring it to the governor-general. Meanwhile, if the design of the seceders was really peaceful, it was by no means so considered by government; and, in fact, it could not be otherwise than dangerous to suffer the continuance of a state of things which the slightest accident might convert into rebellion, even supposing that there were no evil-disposed persons among the crowd, who might hope to profit by throwing the country into confusion. Accordingly, a military force was ordered up to Benares to disperse the rabble, and enforce obedience to the law; but, in the meanwhile, time, reflection and discomfort had subdued the resolution of the malecontents. The camp was broken up, the inhabitants returned to their houses, and the ordinary pursuits of business were re-

* Their own view, however, was different. They observed: "Since the commencement of the English government the rules contained in the Shera and Shaster, together with the customs of Hindustan, have invariably been observed; it will be found in the Shera and Shaster that houses are reckoned one of the principal necessities of life, and are not accounted disposable property. Even creditors cannot claim them from us in satisfaction of their dues; and in this country, in the times of the Mohammedan and Hindû princes, houses were never rendered liable to contributions for the service of the state." It had been stated in the Regulation, that religious buildings were to be exempted from the tax, from which the people of Benares concluded that their whole city ought to be exempt, since it was, they affirm, but one temple, which they proved by a reference to the Shaster. Elsewhere, waiving this point, they entered into details to show that if all edifices confessedly religious, or claiming exemption on other grounds, were to be excused, the remainder would not be worthy mentioning.

sumed. But a second and far more adventurous enterprise was now planned: the citizens of the holy city, in order to subdue the pertinacity of government, resolved upon marching in a body to Calcutta, there to prefer their complaints, and describe their grievances. This time, however, the whole body of the population was not expected to move. The bold and vigorous were to march in person, while others were to engage in the pilgrimage by proxy, merely defraying the expenses of their representatives by the way. The pilgrims set out and advanced one day's journey towards the south; but their strength dwindled away so rapidly by desertion, that on the morrow they were easily persuaded by the Raja of Benares to relinquish their undertaking, and trust entirely to the usual method of petitioning. This they did, and the governor-general in council, perceiving that his tax was everywhere unpopular, yielded to the wishes of the people, and repealed it.

We have entered into these details for the purpose of illustrating, by example, the difficulty of giving effect to any new scheme of finance in India. Of course a government, supported by an overwhelming physical force, may compel the natives ultimately to yield. But it would be much better to consider, in the first instance, their feelings and prejudices, and to frame our measures accordingly. The sources of revenue may, in all countries, be rendered more productive, without shocking the people. To what they have been accustomed to, they will submit; and, therefore, when the exigencies of the state require them to increase their contributions, the prudent way always is, to widen and deepen the channels of taxation already existing, in preference to the opening up of new ones; for it is often not with the amount that people quarrel, but with the principles on which taxes are based, and the manner in which they are collected. Up to this moment, the systems of finance that have prevailed in India have been all of them extremely defective, though we have been far more successful in extracting revenue from the natives, than in multiplying their facilities for supplying it. The produce of the country is not allowed fair play in the English market. Even in the construction of the sliding scale, a blow has been aimed at Indian agriculture, since, while the wheat of our colonies is admitted at a nominal duty, that of our Asiatic empire, the most valuable of all our possessions, is placed on the same footing with foreign corn. In justification of this injury, Lord Stanley thought proper to argue, that India was excluded, by its distance, from competition in the corn

market, and that, therefore, it was not worth while to extend to it a delusive privilege, which, without effecting any good, might yet alarm the agriculturists at home. His lordship, of course, felt that he was putting forward a fallacy; for, though the farming interest of this country must be allowed to be sufficiently sensitive, its fears are not likely to be awakened by impossible dangers. The fact is, that wheat could be brought from India, and sold in London at a lower price than English grown wheat usually fetches; and, therefore, if our home supply be at any time deficient, we can discover no good reason why our eastern fellow-subjects should be excluded from advantages accorded to Canada and the Cape.

To return, however, to Lord Minto. His lordship's foreign policy, at which we have already glanced, betokened an accurate appreciation of our interests in the East, since nothing could have been more judicious than the capture of the isles of Bourbon and Mauritius, and the reduction of Java, Sumatra, and the Spice Islands. It secured our preponderance in Asia and the Indian Ocean, and deprived our commercial rivals almost of every excuse for appearing in those seas. Had the wisdom of our statesmen at home been able to estimate these advantages, Great Britain would have derived immense benefits from Lord Minto's vigour and sagacity. But all his most valuable acquisitions were sacrificed at the peace, when the French recovered Bourbon, and the Dutch Java, Sumatra, and the Spice Islands, together with the exclusive right to make conquests beyond a certain degree of east longitude. By this foolish treaty we are supposed to be excluded from interfering in the affairs of Borneo, as we certainly are defrauded of innumerable outlets for our manufactured goods.

It will, perhaps, from the foregoing pages, be inferred that Professor Wilson's history abounds in interesting details. But as we, in common with the public, are deeply indebted to the work, we ought not to leave the reader to come to this conclusion by mere inference. The author has taken a most accurate and enlarged view of Indian affairs, and has estimated both men and measures with scrupulous impartiality. He has, at the same time, contrived to impart a charm to his narrative which carries the reader forward with increasing curiosity. He has cleared up numerous difficulties; he has afforded novel explanations of many moral phenomena, little or not at all understood before; and he has pointed out, in an unostentatious manner, the course of policy which all Indian statesmen ought in future

to pursue. Professor Wilson is not the advocate of conquest for conquest's sake; on the contrary, no man can possibly be more opposed to ill-gotten acquisitions; but he is as fully persuaded as we are, that to check the legitimate expansion of our empire is the most fatal error that could possibly be committed. After expressing such an opinion, it may be superfluous to add, that we regard his history as by far the best we possess, and that we desire strongly to recommend it to the public. We shall look with impatience for the appearance of the future volumes, in which, we trust, the author will not stop short at the events of 1835, but approach boldly the interests of the present day, which he has proved himself capable of considering without passion or prejudice.

ART. III.—1. *Des Sophokles Antigone, Griechisch und Deutsch. Herausgegeben von August Böckh.* (The Antigone of Sophocles, Greek and German.) Berlin. 1843.

2. *The Classical Museum, No. IV.* London. 1844.

Among the many accomplishments of the accomplished Ludwig Tieck, we may particularise his reading aloud; and above all, his reading of plays. He has a real gift that way. From the chastened severity of a Greek drama to the luxuriant profusion of Shakspeare—from the uproarious farce (the stalking-horse of deep convictions), recondite wit, and delicate airy poetry of Aristophanes, to the exuberant fun, inexhaustible observation, and incomparable exaggeration of Molière—or to the *bonhomme* of Picard—equal to all, admirable in all, Tieck's reading is a rich dramatic treat. It used to form a powerful attraction to Dresden visitors. No one can be said to have seen the 'lions' of Dresden who has not heard Tieck read. 'We too have been in Arcady;' and can bear testimony to its being no 'phantom of the heat-oppressed brain,' no fiction of inventive tourists.

Long had Dresden enjoyed its monopoly, till envious Berlin seduced away the kindly poet. Once there, it was a matter of course that the king should command the poet to read to him. The command being a royal one was obeyed. Sophocles was the author chosen, and 'Antigone' the chosen play. The effect was immense, instantaneous.

From that moment classical enthusiasm could only be assuaged by a representation of the play, accompanied by choruses and illustrated by German scholarship. Potsdam for a moment became Athens. The success of the experiment was so unequivocal, that it was determined on venturing it before a Berlin audience; the same or greater success attended it. The enthusiasm spread to Paris. The Odéon 'got up' the far-famed play, with Mendelssohn's music. The success being great there, it became no very hazardous experiment to venture it in London; and in spite of miserable acting, and a most unclassical public, the experiment proved a good one. Thanks, O Ludwig Tieck; thanks, O classical king!

The uniform success of this masterpiece of ancient art in some measure proves that it is a masterpiece. Such of our readers as have witnessed the representation may not be unwilling to accompany us in an artistic survey of the work; while to those who have not witnessed the representation there may be another sort of interest in an analysis of the subject, the passions it calls forth, and the mode in which they are treated. M. Böckh's edition and translation of the play, and the review of it in the 'Classical Museum' afford us an opportunity we are glad to seize.

Every scholar, and every one who can read German, should lose no time in procuring M. Böckh's work. It contains a superbly printed text; a very faithful translation; and two dissertations, critical and philological. This work Mr. Thomas Dyer has reviewed in the Fourth Number of the 'Classical Museum;' but we are sorry to add that he has therein manifested such utter misconception of Greek feelings and ideas as would inevitably place him *hors de cause*, did not the character of the 'Museum' give a factitious value to his remarks. As we cannot pass him over in silence, we will endeavour to make his blunders useful: they will at any rate, by force of contrast, serve to place the truth in a clearer light. The argument of 'Antigone' is briefly this: Polynices waged war against his brother, Eteocles, and his country, Thebes. This is the subject of the 'Seven against Thebes,' of Æschylus. In battle the brothers are slain by each other. Thebes is victorious. Creon, the ruler of Thebes, ordains that Polynices, as a punishment for having attacked his country, shall not receive the honoured rites of burial. This edict is braved by Antigone, who performs the rites and is punished with death. Creon is also punished by the suicides of his wife and son.

In the critical dissertation appended to his

translation, M. Böckh proclaims the fundamental idea, of which the play is the artistic realization, to be this: 'immoderate and passionate endeavours lead to destruction; man should carefully measure his rights, lest out of violent self-will he overstep either divine or human laws, and suffer severely in expiation.' Our readers are probably aware that most German critics believe every work of art to contain some *Grundgedanke*—some fundamental idea—of which all the details are but illustrations. The above is M. Böckh's view of the *Grundgedanke* of the 'Antigone.' We venture to propose another view, which, although differing but slightly from the above, yet in that difference, as it seems to us, approaches nearer to the dramatic nature of the work. He would make the fundamental idea a purely moral one—a dramatic exposition of an apothegm. Agreeing with him as to the apothegm, we are, nevertheless, disposed to regard the drama as the exposition of character, *called into action by an ethical dilemma*, and thereby *suggesting* the apothegm rather than being founded upon it. In other words, admitting M. Böckh's view of the moral, we believe that it arises out of the natural development of the subject, not that Sophocles developed his subject in accordance with a preconceived moral. His object was *dramatic*; M. Böckh would make it *didactic*.

Having made this distinction, we should say that the *idea* of the 'Antigone' is an ethical dilemma in which religion clashes against law. The dramatic 'collision,' as Hegel would call it, is that between the motives of Antigone and the motives of Creon, acting upon self-willed vehement natures. It is a case, as M. Böckh has seen, in which both parties are right, and both wrong; Creon is right, that is, justified by precedent and by regal authority, in prohibiting the burial of Polynices. Antigone is right, that is, justified by the respect due to the infernal gods, no less than that due to her brother, in burying Polynices. And yet both are wrong: Creon in prohibiting rites claimed by the gods; Antigone in defying the state's decrees. No one has doubted Creon's crime; many have supposed Antigone blameless; yet she herself calls her deed 'a pious crime,' and the whole tenour of the play shows it to have been such.

This, then, is the dilemma which forms the tragical pivot. Mr. Dyer declares it to be a 'logical absurdity,' and consequently laughs at such an idea. He has yet to learn that such logical absurdities formed a part of Greek ethics. In the *objective* morality of those days the agent was held responsible for his act. That act was judged according

to its abstract criminality. Intentions were nothing. An unconscious criminal was still a criminal. Oedipus slays his father and weds his mother; but ignorance of his relationship does not lessen his punishment. The crimes, the acts are punished, not the intentions. Mr. Dyer should remember the 'Choëphoræ' of Æschylus. There Orestes, having been commanded by Apollo to avenge the murder of Agamemnon, is placed in the terrible dilemma of becoming a matricide, or of leaving his father's murder unavenged. He obeys the terrible command; in obeying Apollo, however, he outrages the Eumenides, and accordingly is pursued by them as a criminal. He is a matricide, and is punished as such. Had he disobeyed Apollo he would also have been punished. Is not this a 'logical absurdity' of a similar character to that in the 'Antigone?' Is not Orestes here in a dilemma from which he cannot escape: whichever side he takes, must he not be criminal? Accordingly, when in the 'Eumenides' his cause is tried before the Areopagites, six votes are given for, and six against him: thereby expressing the nicely balanced nature of his deed, at once both pious and criminal.* Antigone's deed is just as nicely balanced: had she not buried her brother she would have outraged the infernal deities; by burying him she outraged the state.

Because modern sympathies are wholly with Antigone, critics imagine that ancient sympathies must equally have been with her. But the real fascination of the play to the Greek audience was precisely this logical absurdity which Mr. Dyer impugns. The sympathies were divided. Creon's prohibition was nothing new, startling, or tyrannical. It was in strict conformity with usage: it was accepted by the whole state, Antigone alone excepted: and when at the close of the 'Seven against Thebes,' she announces her intention of braving the edict, the herald, with astonishment, asks if she would honour with a tomb, the enemy of the state:

ἄλλ' ὅν τιναίς σπονγῇ, σὲ τιμῆσις τάφῳ;

Mr. Dyer with considerable *naïveté* asks, whether 'the sacred duty towards departed friends and the very laws of the gods, may be set aside at the will of an irresponsible tyrant,' and says that 'in such circumstances resistance is a crime and passive obedience a virtue: could this have been a moral ever intended for Attic ears?' In this small sen-

* Euthyphron is placed by Plato in a somewhat similar dilemma: ὁ δὲ νῦν ποίῃς τὸν πατέρα καλέειν σὸν θάνατον εἰ τούτῳ δοῦναι τῷ μὲν Δαί προσφίλις ποίῃς, τῷ δὲ Κρόνῳ καὶ τῷ Οὐρανῷ ἔχθρῳ, καὶ τῷ μὲν Ἑβραίοις φίλῳ τῷ δὲ Ἑβραίοις ἔχθρῳ.—*Euthyphron*, p. 365, ed. Bekk.

tence there are three remarkable blunders. Creon, though a *τυραννος*, was not a tyrant; he was an hereditary ruler governing by the laws of the land, not an usurper governing in defiance of those laws. Secondly, however startling it may sound to Mr. Dyer, resistance against the laws *was* a crime; a crime even when the laws seemed unjust. Mr. Dyer is not aware of this, because he seems to be aware of little that relates to Greek ideas, whatever may be his scholarship. He calls Creon a tyrant, and thinks his language betrays his tyrannical disposition; quoting as an example of his 'abominable doctrine of unconditional obedience in things bad as well as good'—the lines:—

'ἀλλ' ὅν ποδὶς στήσεις, τοῦδ' ἐχρὴ κλέειν
καὶ σμικρὰ καὶ δίκαια, καὶ ὁ ἀναρχία.

"It is proper to obey him who rules the state, both in small things and in just things; yea, even in things unjust."

A sentiment very odious to modern radicals, but quite in accordance with ancient democracy. It is well put in 'Gorbuduc' thus:—

"Though kings forget to govern as they ought,
Yet subjects must obey as they are bound."

But it is an 'abominable doctrine,' and could never have been 'intended for Attic ears.' Yet the best and wisest of the Greeks upheld this doctrine, as Mr. Dyer, who quotes Plato, ought to know. In how many passages of Plato's works is it not inculcated! The 'Crito' is founded on it. Socrates refuses to escape from prison because he has been imprisoned by the rulers of the state; if they act unjustly, he will not act illegally.*

Thirdly, not only was resistance a crime, but it might happen that passive obedience would also be a crime. It is so in the 'Choëphoræ,' and in the 'Antigone.' But as this is a 'logical absurdity,' Mr. Dyer could give no credence to it.

We may safely assert that Creon's edict was not tyrannical, but it was irreligious; and being irreligious it was punished. This being clearly understood, we may now commence an analysis of the play, in which we shall not only endeavour to trace the deve-

lopment of this fundamental idea, as we conceive it, but also to indicate the profoundly artistic treatment of this much misunderstood work, and thus in some sort initiate the unlearned reader into the peculiarities of the art of Sophocles.

The drama opens with Antigone and Ismene deploring the fate of the Labdacidan house. The last evil which has befallen it is Creon's edict. Antigone is resolved; her tone is determined, cold, and bitter. She does not ask Ismene to join her; she only communicates her resolution, asks Ismene what course she intends pursuing, and rejects all counsels with scorn. Ismene wavers, and Antigone seeing this, determines to be alone in piety: 'Death,' she says, 'will be dear to me for such a deed; despise the gods if thou wilt.' Ismene replies, 'I despise them not; but I dare not act in defiance to the state.'

'Ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἄριστα ποιοῦμαι· τὸ δὲ
βίᾳ πολιτῶν ἔργον ἔχον ἀρχαῖος.

Here we have the first formula of the subject of the play; we shall meet with others presently. Antigone honours the gods, but dishonours the laws. Ismene is averse to do either; she therefore abstains from action.

The reproaches of Antigone have a savage ferocity; and when Ismene, seeing her resolved, bids her at least be secret and she will not proclaim the deed, Antigone fiercely answers: 'Ah me! proclaim it. Thou wilt be far more hateful to me in thy silence.' This is certainly very unnecessary, but very natural vehemence. Her fierceness has been variously interpreted by modern critics. It is not very loveable, but it is very womanly. She has one settled resolution; she has determined on a great, a dangerous, an unlawful enterprise; she has staked her life upon it. In this frame of mind, when she has 'screwed her courage to the sticking place,' any opposition is irritating. A secret consciousness of having overstepped the bounds of moderation renders her impatient of advice. All impatience is weakness; she is a woman and impatient. She is fierce because irritable. She is fierce for the same reason that Lady Macbeth is fierce, because her resolution will not bear a calm inspection. Her thoughts are fixed on one object, and that object she, like Lady Macbeth, knows to be unlawful. With perfect truth to nature is Antigone drawn, but some critics doubt whether with perfect artistic truth, because she is not a heroine. But the Greek drama knew of no such things as heroes and heroines; it only occupied itself with subjects, and the characters were cho-

* See particularly the passage, p. 161, ed. Bekker (Berlin, 1816). Still more conclusive is the passage in the 'Politeius,' p. 331, where the violence of a king in coercing the people to follow his wishes, is likened to the pain inflicted by a physician, which, as it is for our good, we do not resent.—Consult, also, 'De Legibus,' B. i., p. 199, and B. iv., p. 354.

Nestor, the type of wise moderation, advises Achilles not to forget his obedience to Agamemnon, though that obedience be to outrage (Iliad i., v. 277-9); and accordingly, Achilles does submit, though refusing to assist the Greeks after the outrage is committed.

sen to illustrate the subject.* The point to be illustrated in the character of Antigone, was the resolution of braving the laws rather than neglect the gods. To illustrate this properly, she is made passionate and stern. A woman of more delicate soul could not have braved the laws; we see this contrast in Ismene, one of the most feminine characters in the whole Greek drama. But they wrong Sophocles who suppose Antigone is an abstraction—a mere personification of duty or of resolution. She is a real woman; a finely conceived and subtly executed character; and we shall presently have opportunities of indicating the feminine traits.† It has been ingeniously remarked by Jacob, that inasmuch as the very action in which Antigone displays herself, implies the existence of very deep affection on her part, it was therefore unnecessary for Sophocles to place her in any situation which would call forth the expression of her feminine sensibility.‡

On Antigone and Ismene leaving the stage, the chorus, of Theban old men, enters and sings a glorious strain, rejoicing in the safety of Thebes. Zeus has destroyed their enemies. Peace and prosperity begin to smile anew. Every chorus has a distinct meaning in Sophocles. The chorus is with him a part of the whole, which every student will do well to appreciate. We formerly refuted Schlegel's notion, of its being the 'idealised spectator.'§ Nor can we wholly agree with Hegel's view of it, as the real substance of the heroic life of the people, as the antithesis of the masses to the individuals. For although that view is to a great extent correct, it fails, we think, in discerning the artistic connection, it fails in explaining the meaning of each song sung by the chorus. Bishop Thirlwall, many years ago, wrote an admirable paper on the irony of Sophocles, in the 'Philological Museum.' Those who have perused that essay, will at once comprehend us, when we say that the Sophoclean chorus seems to us the favourite exponent of the Sophoclean irony. We by no means limit its

office to that expression. We believe, with Hegel, that it represents the masses, that it is the participation of the people in the drama; but we believe, also, that by means of this participation, much irony is expressed: and when not irony, then always something necessary to the full comprehension of the whole action. Thus, in the first chorus (the parodos), all the energetic expressions of gratitude for deliverance from danger—of the hatred which Zeus feels for loud-mouthed boasting—and of the horrors of war, are just so many points by which the poet impresses on you the enormity of Polynices' crime, and the justice of the sentence passed upon him. This is the connecting link; this is the dramatic explanation of the chorus. The irony is not less clear. This joy, this exultation at the conclusion of the woes of the Labdacidan race, is in strong contrast to the real impending misery. The chorus rejoices, but the audience knows that the strife has only reached another portion of the family, it has not ceased. The brothers, indeed, are dead. But they leave behind them a legacy of hate, which Antigone and Creon are now on the point of inheriting. There is a pause, but it is the pause of the tempest; the chorus hails it as the era of peace. This irony sufficiently destroys the notion of an 'ideal spectator.'

Creon enters. It is necessary to attend to his speech, because it is the expression of his political sentiments. He announces that the throne is his, by right of succession; but that acts alone can prove his worth. The administration of the laws, he justly regards as his highest duty. He regards him as base, who, in governing a state, does not adopt the best councils (*ἀριστῶν βουλευμάτων*). He adds, 'whoever prefers his friend to his country is worthless.' Now the obvious meaning of these expressions is, to prepare for a rigid and even cruel adherence to the laws. All men, on first filling office, are strict. They like to exercise the new-won power. They are afraid of laxity. Creon, therefore, is prepared to inflict the rigour of the law.

Having thus taken his stand upon law, he proceeds to explain why he has deemed it imperative to punish Polynices, with prohibiting his sepulture. 'This is my resolve, for never shall the base receive from me the honours due to virtue.' The chorus perfectly acquiesces: *οὐκ ταῦτ' ἀπέχουσιν*—expresses its obedience, and—

οὐκ ἐν χηρῶναι ταῦτ' οὐδ' ὧ' ἔσθ' ἐστ' οὐκ—

avows that Creon was acting lawfully. Mr. Dyer, indeed, would set at naught the testi-

* See on this point, Hegel's 'Ästhetik,' iii., pp. 552-3.

† 'Not Imogen herself, whose breath, like violets, perfumes the page of Shakspeare, rises before us a more exquisite vision than Antigone in her maiden purity; her unfathomable tenderness, her holy affection, filial and fraternal.' St. John: 'The Hellenes; or, Manners of the Ancient Greeks,' 2d edit.; a work, which, to the charm of popular treatment, adds an extent of research and copiousness of authorities, in which popular works are too often deficient, without which they are useless.

‡ 'Nachträge zu Sulzer,' iv., p. 104.

§ 'Foreign Quarterly,' No. lxiii.

mony of the Chorus. He talks of their 'abject submission' and 'abominable servility;' and he points out 'instances of their absurdity and grovelling nature.' Mr. Dyer, being wholly unaware of the nature of Greek ethics on this point, pronounces servility, what was really virtue. Potter seems to have made the same mistake, since he suggested that Sophocles meant by the chorus, 'to hold up the senate of Thebes to the contempt and ridicule of his countrymen.' Mr. Dyer, with congenial dulness, suggests the same.

Creon's edict is heard by the chorus, who declares that it is sure to be respected, since no one will be mad enough to brave death. A touch of irony. The audience knows that there is one who *will* brave death and defy the edict. Creon adds, that there are many, however, who will brave destruction, in the hope of gain. Another touch of irony. The audience knows, that gold has nothing to do with the motives of the one who is to brave the edict. While Creon and the chorus are thus discussing the edict, a sentinel rushes on to tell them that it has been braved. This sentinel is unlike every other ἀγγελλὸς of the Greek drama. His speech has positive dramatic propriety. He is breathless, but not with haste; he is terrified, consequently verbose. He has so important a fact to state, that he knows not how to state it. He hesitates; beats about the bush. He is natural, naïve, Shakspearian. The horrid truth is at last extorted from him, that some unknown hand has strewn dust lightly on the corpse of Polynices, in spite of their active vigilance. No trace of the culprit was near. The chorus says, 'that after long deliberation, it is led to suppose the deed to be the deed of some god.' Creon is naturally incensed at such a supposition, which reflects upon him, as if he had ordered that which was offensive to the gods. He asks, how could a god take pity on a wretch like Polynices, who would have burned the temple and the city of his native land? No—he suspects some of his subjects of rebellious thoughts. He says, they have not kept their crests under the yoke as they ought. He who stands upon law, and is determined to enforce its rigour, at once foresees the opposition of some turbulent spirits; and resolves upon quelling it. Here, then, we see the motive which is to urge Creon into violence and tyranny; for he does afterwards become tyrannical.

The sentinel having been threatened with death, unless the culprit be discovered, takes his departure. The chorus, left alone, sings a moral strain respecting the

wondrous powers of man, whose intelligence sometimes leads him to good, sometimes to evil, sometimes causes him to subvert the laws of his country, sometimes causes him to violate the sacred laws of the gods. Thus we venture to interpret the much disputed passage—

νόμος ἀνθρώπων χθόνος
θεῶν τ' ἑσπερον δίκαν—

an interpretation we were happy to find confirmed by Böckh. This couplet so understood, gives the formula of the whole plot. It is an allusion to Antigone's outrage of the laws, and to Creon's outrage of the gods. This is the connection of the chorus with the piece.

At the conclusion, Antigone is led on a prisoner, having been captured in the act of renewing her homage to the dead. The sentinel describes his return to the watch, where with his companions he awaited till the midday sun stood high in heaven. Then a whirlwind arose, scattering every leaf of the forest over the plain. Shortly after Antigone appeared, and seeing the corpse of her brother uncovered (for the wind had swept away the dust with which the body had been strewn), sent forth a piercing wail, as a bird on discovering that its nest has been robbed; and with many imprecations on those who had done this deed, she took dry dust in her hand, and sprinkled it over the body, and honoured it with threefold libations. The sentinels rushed forth; she made no resistance, and she is here. Creon questions her. He cannot believe that she has dared to disobey him. He first asks if the deed was hers:

"Antig. I did it, I say it openly, and deny it not.

"Creon. And was the edict known to you?

"Antig. Known? How could it be otherwise? Was it not public?

"Creon. And this law you have dared transgress?

"Antig. Ay: for it was not Jove who proclaimed it; nor was it that justice (Δίκη) who dwells with the infernal gods. I did not think that your command was so weighty as the unwritten, immutable decrees of the gods. That I must die, I know; why not? I should have died without your order. And to die early is a gain to me: for who that lives in sorrows such as mine would not hail death as a gain?"

This is the real commencement of the tragic collision. Hitherto there has been only the silent opposition of duty against power. Both Antigone and Creon were right. Now begins the open struggle between will and will: each persisting in the respective right leads to a mutual wrong. The abstract ground of duty is forsaken for the concrete and tragical ground of individ-

ual will: the abstract interest is merged in the personal interest.

Antigone is, therefore, reckless in her bravado. She not only transgresses the laws, but insults them. It is now that we see the artistic necessity for the vehemence and recklessness of Antigone's character. One less vehement would have affected ignorance of the edict; or, at least, have implored pardon. But then the tragic collision could not have taken place. The chorus, naturally revolted at such bravado, says that she has the unbending fierceness of her race. It is this vehemence which rouses the vehemence of Creon. We saw, above, how ready he was to suspect and punish any disobedience to the laws; and now we see him disobeyed and laughed at. As he says, it is a second insolence, having done the deed, to boast of it. He should be a woman, not a man, were he to submit to it. As a king, he has been scorned, as a king he will punish. She sarcastically says:—'Do you wish for more than my life?' He bitterly answers:—'Nothing more: with that I have enough.' They thus continue to bandy words, and widen the breach between them. Their vehemence leads both too far, leads both in irreparable wrong. She will not repent. He will not be 'governed by a woman.' While 'Greek meets Greek' in this struggle, the soft and gentle Ismene appears. Being savagely interrogated by Creon, as to whether she will also confess her share in the deed, or endeavour to exculpate herself, she replies:—'I did the deed—if she will let me acknowledge it—and I will share the punishment with her.' But Antigone harshly repulses her—denies her share in the crime, and refuses to let her share in the punishment. Ismene having now nothing to live for, wishes to die.

It appears to us, that this character of Ismene is touched with wondrous delicacy and subtle truth. Her gentle heroism is so truly feminine. Her submission to the edict was feminine; equally so her acceptance of death. It is not woman's place to rebel. Whether laws be just or unjust, it is not for them to act in defiance. Woman, indeed, is formed to suffer more than to act; and to suffer patiently. Ismene shrank from disobedience; she does not shrink from the penalty. Now, that the deed is irrevocable, although she spoke against it, she is willing to share her sister's punishment.

Let us notice, also, the third formula of the plot given in the dialogue between the two sisters. Antigone, referring to their previous difference respecting the burial of Polynices, in which Ismene warned her to desist, says:—'You thought you were wise

in what you said; I, in what I said.' Ismene replies:—'And, in truth, our crime is equal:—'

καὶ μὴν ἴσην ὧν ἔσται ἡ ἀμαρτία.

That is to say, to bury, and not to bury Polynices, were both crimes.

Ismene, endeavouring to soften Creon's anger, reminds him that Antigone is the betrothed of his son Hæmon. But he says that other wives are to be found; he abhors the idea of Antigone being the wife of his son. We may remark in passing, that, however startling to modern feelings the composure with which Antigone hears Hæmon mentioned—however cold her single exclamation on hearing that she is to be separated from her lover:—

'Oh! dearest Hæmon, how thy father dishonours thee!'

yet this is in perfect accordance with Greek ideas of love. Love is never the tragic pivot. In the 'Hypolytus' it is an incestuous madness, not love. A Greek heroine, dying, will regret life, regret being unmarried, but not regret her lover. Antigone does so, as we shall see.

The mention of Antigone's betrothment in this place is very Sophoclean. Another poet would have let the fact escape him earlier in the play. Sophocles, with that economy, which makes his plays so rich, by never introducing superfluous materials, and always introducing his materials at the fittest occasion, has forborne to mention Hæmon's betrothment till the announcement could produce its greatest effect. And what time could have been better chosen? Antigone has sinned; is doomed; the collision between her and Creon has taken place; her sister is disposed of; and nothing is left apparently but for her to die. Here, then, a new element is brought into play. The relation she bears to Hæmon gives a new turn both to her situation and to that of Creon. Will Creon punish his son? Will he forget his insulted pride, and pardon Antigone for Hæmon's sake; or, will he sacrifice both to his offended majesty? Such is the suspense occasioned by the mention of Hæmon's love. Had it been mentioned before, no such suspense would have been possible; or else the belief in Creon's determination would have been weakened by a lingering suspicion, that, when he came to reflect upon his son's attachment, he would recall his words.

It is also a frequent thing in the Sophoclean chorus to be introduced just in the intervals of suspense between two actions—or two important points in the action—and to connect them together by some denote-

ment of a 'foregone conclusion.' The chorus here prepares the minds of the audience for what is to come. It concludes its wild lament for the Labdacidan race by this dark but significant hint: the gods blind those whom they are about to destroy:—

τὸ κακὸν δοκεῖν ποτ' ἰσθλὸν
εἴδ' ἔμμεν, ὅτι φρίσσας
θείας ἔχει πρὸς ἑταρ.

Quem Deus, vult perdere prius dementat—to whom can this warning be addressed but to Creon? As the preceding chorus pointed to the error of Creon and Antigone, this one points to the fate of Creon alone. He is blinded by anger. He believes that he is fighting for justice, but he has long since wholly forgotten the *cause* for which he is fighting, to think only of his antagonist. The gods whom he has offended have blinded him to the truth. This is a fearful moral; but it is thoroughly Greek.

Hæmon enters. Creon asks him if he is leagued against his father. Hæmon answers submissively; he does not know of Antigone's doom. Delighted at finding him obedient, Creon addresses him in a long rhetorical speech, approving that obedience, and describing the pangs of a father whose child is ungrateful. He warns him not for the sake of a woman to yield up his reason; not for the sake of base pleasures to wed a worthless wife. The peroration is made to bear upon Antigone, whom Hæmon is exhorted to cast off as an enemy.—for she is doomed. Hæmon replies as rhetorically. He begins with argumentative calmness, but soon rises into energetic declamation. He defends Antigone, and advises his father to change his mind, and urges him not to be obstinate—for trees that resist, are torn up by the roots. Thus, instead of obedience, Creon is again encountered by opposition—and that too from his son. He had reckoned on his son's easily giving up Antigone, and he finds him taking her part. He is furious:—'Shall I, at my age, learn of thee?' 'Look at the advice, not at the age of the adviser,' replies Hæmon. Retorts pass:

"Creon. Does the power of the state belong to me, or to another?"

Hæmon. The state that belongs to one, is not a state!

Creon. Is not the state the property of the ruler?

Hæmon. Well, you may rule alone—over a desert!"

These were electrical to an Athenian audience; they also roused the democratic feelings of the Covent Garden audience. They are good political hits. On an English audience, however, only the replies of Hæmon would produce an effect; on a

Greek audience, Creon's assertion of the necessity of obedience would have equal weight. Böckh, who is profoundly versed in antiquity, saw this plainly enough; and even goes so far as to suspect, that it was in consequence of the admirable expressions of the necessity of obedience, and not in consequence of the poetical merits of the play, that Sophocles was entrusted with the Samian command. Mr. Dyer, with no misgivings respecting the amount of his acquaintance with antiquity—with no suspicion that the logical absurdity, of which he is so ready to convict Böckh, can possibly be his own—declares, that passive obedience and democracy are contradictions. 'Which of these contradictory views are we to adopt? M. Böckh cannot be allowed to appropriate both; for, though the Athenians were sufficiently fickle and capricious, they were hardly such perfect weathercocks as to approve of tyranny and democracy in the same breath. The son's arguments were much more likely to find favour in their sight than the father's.* Mr. Dyer insists on identifying passive obedience to existing laws with tyranny. It is very clear that tyranny and democracy could not co-exist; so clear, that Mr. Dyer should have hesitated before attributing such an error to so learned a scholar as Böckh. But passive obedience to the existing government is perfectly compatible with a democratic government—indeed, is the only thing that separates democracy from anarchy—and such was the Athenian doctrine. The people chose their rulers; having chosen, they obeyed. Hæmon's arguments, therefore, would *not* find more favour than those of Creon.

To return to our analysis; we have noted on three different occasions the quiet but significant manner in which Sophocles contrives to throw out a formula of his subject, in language perfectly consistent with the situation, at the same time having a deeper meaning. In the quarrel between Creon and his son, we have to note a fourth:—

"Creon. Infamous son! to dispute with a father respecting right.

Hæmon. Yes, for I see you wandering from the right.

Creon. And do I err, in holding my office of ruler sacred?

Hæmon. Yes, it is not sacred, when trampling on the honours of the gods."

Creon. ἀμαρτάνω γὰρ τὰς τιμὰς ἀρχῆς σέβων;

Hæmon. οὐ γὰρ σέβεις, τίμως γε τὰς θεῶν τιμὰς.

These indications of the subject may be explained in two ways. First, that Sophocles was an unconscious artist, and then the frequency of these indications would arise

* 'Classical Museum,' No. iv., p. 88.

from the subject being constantly uppermost in his mind, and therefore expressing itself in details no less than in the whole piece. Secondly, that he was a conscious artist, and worked critically. There is every reason to believe the latter. His remark that Æschylus did what was right without knowing it, is sufficient to show that *he* did not write from instinct. Creon is in the state painted in one line by the chorus; he mistakes evil for good. He believes that his acts are grounded upon justice, and opposition rouses him to violence. His son's opposition angers him still more; and hearing Hæmon threaten, he declares 'he will not be insulted with impunity;' and with an intensity of expression which all dramatic readers will appreciate, he bids the guards 'lead forth *that Hate*'—*ἄγετε τὸ μῖσος*—meaning Antigone. She shall die before her lover's eyes. Hæmon, struck to the heart, rushes off in despair. Thus is the mysterious warning of the chorus made clear. Creon outrages the feelings of his son, as he had before outraged the sacred feelings which were at the bottom of Antigone's disobedience; in both cases mistaking evil for good, tyranny for justice. He is now roused almost to the climax of his rage; almost, but not quite, for Sophocles develops everything in due gradations. Hitherto, Creon has been, in language at least, respectful to the gods whose claims he has outraged. But now his exaltation is so great—or, as the Greeks would say, his blindness is so confirmed—that he mocks the gods. Antigone is to die, and then he says, 'she will learn that it is superfluous labour to honour the claims of Hades'—

πόνος περισσὸς ἐστὶ τὰν Ἄιδου σέβειν.

The chorus here sing a hymn to Eros the mighty god. The meaning will at once be seized by every reader of Sophocles. Love has 'stirred up the strife of relations.' It has made Creon and Hæmon enemies. Antigone is led on, and the words of the chorus are worth noticing. So lovely and so sad a picture makes the chorus weep and say: 'And now I, too, overstep the laws (in thought) seeing her, and I can no longer restrain the fountains of my tears.' This is a sufficient answer to Mr. Dyer's notion respecting the servility of the chorus. Creon is not present, yet the chorus calls sympathy with Antigone transgressing the laws.

Antigone bursts into passionate laments; like a true Greek she clings to life and shudders at the thought of death. She laments the sun; laments not having been wedded; laments the loss of her fellow-citizens. We see that her bravado was not contempt of death, it was vehemence of

will; her sternness was only the spasmodic violence of a feminine soul. Her weakness now that there is no further stimulus; her horror at death now that she has no longer occasion to justify her act, tell us she is womanly, and enhance the heroism of her disobedience. We before compared Antigone's fierceness with that of Lady Macbeth; in both cases it is only the feminine vehemence centered in one absorbing project. The project accomplished, both relapse into weakness; Lady Macbeth has 'troubled dreams,' and dies broken down by guilt; Antigone dies despairing. Gruppe, who of all German critics we have met with best understands Sophocles, bids us compare this change in Antigone with the change delineated in Ismene. The one who before the deed was stern and harsh, when all is over relapses into feminine fears. The other who was femininely timid, and averse to rebel, before the deed was done, becomes calm and resolute when it is done.

The chorus, though it sympathizes with her, yet plainly tells her, that it is the extremity of her boldness, striking against the high throne of justice has caused her ruin (*ἔσχατον θράσους—ὀψηλὸν ἐς Δίκας βάθρον προσέπεισες*); and shortly afterwards says—'To act piously is pious; but his power, who possesses the power, is not to be transgressed. Thy self-willed pride has lost thee.' This is another formula of the subject, expressive of the 'logical absurdity' in which Antigone is placed. Mr. Dyer, of course, only sees in it 'abominable servility.' Antigone again pours forth a passionate wail—repents her deed; says, that for a husband or a child she would not, opposing her fellow-citizens (*βίᾳ πολιτῶν*) have undertaken it. She is borne off. The chorus commences a poetical enumeration of instances in which fate and madness have destroyed men. Creon then re-appears; Tiresias also, led on by a boy. The irony of this situation is very great. The physically blind Tiresias has come to open the eyes of the mentally blind Creon. The dramatic art is also great. Just as Creon has been exasperated to contempt of the gods, is the prophet made to appear, and speak their will! He advises Creon to relent; to spare Antigone, and bury Poly-nices. This is too much for Creon; he at once angrily accuses the prophet of being bribed to oppose him. A similar scene occurs in the *Œdipus Rex*. *Œdipus* there also accuses Tiresias of corruption. The rage of Creon is at its climax. Tiresias is irritated into foretelling the calamities which will follow the obstinacy of Creon, and quits the scene, leaving them all terri-

fied. Cræon struggles between his pride and his fear: to yield is terrible; but terrible were the prophet's warnings. The chorus sides with Tiresias, and advises Cræon to release Antigone from her cavern. He consents, and eagerly departs, saying, it is better to follow the established laws. These laws were those respecting burial, which he had set aside by a new law in the case of Polynices. His law, though not without precedent, was nevertheless harsh; and it was offensive to the gods.

All seems smiling now. The chorus bursts forth in its celebrated hymn to Bacchus:—

"Many-named darling of the Theban Maid!
Offspring of the heavy-thundering Jove!
Who cherishest the far-famed Italy,
And rulest in mysterious vales
Of Eleusinian Ceres.
O Bacchus! dweller in the Bacchic Thebes,
Thy mother-city, by the rushing stream
Of wild Ismenos, and the field of dragon-teeth.

"Thee, upon the double-crested mount,
The flame-smoke sacrifice beholds,
Where dance Corycian nymphs, Bacchante-like,
And flow Castalian streams.

"To thee the ivy-steeps of Nysian mountains,
And verdant shores in ruddy grapes abounding,
Send forth the immortal songs,
When visiting thy native Thebes,
City above all others most beloved
By thee and thy thunder-stricken mother.

"Come now thy city is afflicted!
Come o'er Parnassus, o'er the roaring strait!
With purifying feet!
Io! Io! chorus leader
Of fire-breathing stars,
Lord of celestial hymns,
O son of Jupiter!
Appear with thy Naxian Thyades,
Who, madden'd, all the night will dance
In choruses to Iacchus."

The irony of this chorus is obvious. Upon this burst of joy, the messenger arrives with saddest news. Hæmon has killed himself. Perfectly Sophoclean is the introduction of Eurydice, Hæmon's mother, at this juncture; now, when the knowledge of her existence becomes an object of the intensest interest, is it first revealed. Eurydice enters beset with dreadful forebodings. The messenger relates what has passed. He had followed Cræon and attended the burial of Polynices. Cræon thence proceeded to the rocky cave where Antigone was buried alive. As they approached, the voice of Hæmon struck upon their ears. In fear, they rushed forward—looked down—and beheld Antigone, who had hanged herself, in the arms of her lover.

They implored him to arise. He answered not, but glaring on his father with savage eyes, spat in his face, and drawing a sword, struck at him. Cræon fled; then Hæmon turned the sword upon himself, and died embracing his dead mistress. In grief too deep for tears, too deep for words, Eurydice leaves the stage in thrilling silence.

Cræon enters, bearing in his arms the body of his son. He is humbled, afflicted. The storm so long impending has burst with fearful violence. He acknowledges, too late, his 'unhappy counsels' (*ἐμᾶς δυσβουλαῖς*), his 'irreverent law' (*ἐμῶν ἀνόλβη βουλευμάτων*). Heart-stricken, he has lost all his former vehemence and pride. But his cup is not yet full. Eurydice's silence translates itself into fearful action. A messenger appears to inform Cræon, that she has slain herself, cursing him for the death of her son. The measure of his cup is full: utterly prostrate, helpless, hopeless, and conscience-stricken, he is led away. The chorus then sings this moral of the piece:—

"To be wise, is better than greatness all;
And the claims of the gods we all must revere:
For violent words bring on violent woes,
And haughtiness
Learns wisdom in time from affliction."

Having thus completed our analysis, we may bid the reader determine whether our view of the fundamental idea be correct or not. Sophocles is so great an artist, that he cannot be judged by a passage; the whole work must stand clearly before you. Looking at the *ensemble*, therefore, as it is presented in the analysis, are we entitled to say, that the subject is not the character of Antigone—nor even the burial of Polynices—but the dramatic evolution of the collision between a religious and a political motive, leading to that violent self-will which oversteps both divine and human laws?

If our analysis has not been utterly unsuccessful, we shall have impressed the reader with some idea of the exquisite art of Sophocles; art, which the more we familiarize ourselves with it, the more wondrous does it seem; so rich, so varied, so delicate, subtle, and profound. Everything in Sophocles is carefully studied, yet wears the graceful air of unstudied ease. As in the finer plays of Shakspeare, we see how all the little hints are thrown out early in the action, to prepare the way—as we see the most perfect integral unity of purpose and feeling gathering up together the apparently entangled varieties, so as to produce an organic whole, wherein each trifle has its relative importance and coherence—so also do we see in Sophocles, a miraculous

unity, which appears the effect of the most laborious study, and which, in truth, needs study to be appreciated. And let not the reader fall into that too common but superficial mistake, of supposing that the plays of Sophocles are wanting in variety. Their simplicity is the absence of superfluity. Look at the *Antigone* alone, and mark what a world of emotion is crowded into the thirteen hundred lines which compose it. How slight the subject, yet how full of incident. How few the characters, yet how much emotion. How simple the plot, yet how artfully varied. In the delineation of character, Sophocles was a great master. This has been denied, we know. He has been unfavourably contrasted with Shakspeare, and because different, has been pronounced bad. It is our firm conviction, that Sophocles is closely allied to Shakspeare in that which constitutes Shakspeare's greatest title to fame, viz., in dramatic exposition of character. This is no place for proving such an assertion; an essay of itself would be required. But in answer to those numerous critics, who talk of the characters in Sophocles being simply personifications, let us ask: What are the personifications in the *Antigone*? If Creon represents the abstract idea of government—*Antigone* that of duty—Ismene that of feminine gentleness—and Hæmon that of youthful love (explanations not without a certain plausibility)—let us ask, how it is that the abstract idea of government subsequently becomes the passionate man, and the heart-broken repentant father—how the abstract idea of duty becomes the tender, timid girl, shuddering at death—and how the abstract idea of feminine gentleness sinks into the calm but steady resolution of sharing a sister's fate? In truth, we might as well reverse the judgment, and for that founded on a hasty view of the first aspect of each character, substitute one as hastily founded on the subsequent aspects. One might as correctly call *Othello* a personification of jealousy, as *Antigone* a personification of duty. The only difference is, that the delineation of *Othello*, in accordance with the abundant details of the Shaksperian drama, takes in a wider range of feelings, which, though necessary to the character, are only slightly accessory to the drama. In *Othello*, we have the whole man in his past and present history, before us. In *Antigone*, we have only the woman, in as far as she shows herself in the present. The past is excluded; but her reality is not thereby impaired.

The Greek drama is unquestionably overrated by scholars, and underrated by the unlearned. Nor is it difficult to see the

reasons which guide the judgments of both. Although we by no means chime in with the wholesale admiration of the one; for, indeed, we cannot regard *Æschylus* and *Euripides* as very great dramatic artists; neither can we at all admit the scorn of the other party. It is not fair to assert, that classical readers admire the Greek drama only because it is Greek. It would be as unfair in a Frenchman to assert, that Germans admire Shakspeare only because he is an English author. In both cases, long and patient study has revealed deep and wondrous beauties. People do not sufficiently recognize the immense share which criticism and long familiarity has in our admiration for Shakspeare; they, therefore, read a miserable translation of Sophocles *once*, and, without any patient study, pronounce it meagre, cold, and characterless. In the same way, hundreds of highly-gifted Frenchmen, having given a cursory perusal to Ducis' translation of Shakspeare (a work of far higher order than either Potter's or Francklin's '*Sophocles*'), pronounced our idol a wild irregular genius, deficient in artistic taste. To sneer at the mistake of these Frenchmen is easy, but unwise; unwise also to sneer at the mistake of the unlearned, when they do not see the art of Sophocles. No one who has ^{so} studied Sophocles, would hesitate to rank him second only to Shakspeare. Any one who has not studied him, is utterly incompetent to speak on the subject.

ART. IV.—1. *Histoire des Peuples du Nord.*

Par HENRI WHEATON, Ministre des Etats Unis d'Amérique, près la Cour de Prusse. Traduit de l'Anglais par PAUL GUILLOT. Paris. 1844.

2. *Wikingszüge, Staatsverfassung, und Sitten der alten Scandinavien.* (Expeditions of the Sea Kings, Constitution and Manners of the Ancient Scandinavians.) From the Swedish of A. M. STRINNHOLM. Hamburg. 1839.

THE feelings subsisting between nations connected by ties of consanguinity, repeat on a larger scale those of the relations of domestic life. Between nations the most nearly connected, quarrels often arise from very trivial causes, and excite a disproportionate amount of bitterness from the mutual

power of annoyance afforded by previous intimacy.

With our more remote kindred, the dwellers in the Scandinavian peninsula, we have come so little into collision, that there has been less danger of dissension than of our forgetting the relationship altogether. In a position far removed from the great thoroughfares of European life, and with languages, which, however highly valued by those intimately acquainted with them, are apt to cause a certain shuddering in the uninitiated, they seem for a long period of our history to have been almost forgotten by us; and French and Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, and Turks, have filled a larger space in our estimation than those to whom we are bound, not only by the tie of a common ancestry, but by a striking family resemblance in the best and brightest parts of our national character. They, on their sides, have been, however, by no means equally regardless of us. They have studied our literature with a loving diligence, and have always been disposed to look up to the prosperous English branch of their family, with the affectionate pride of poor relations—not too decidedly cut—towards the more fortunate member whose glory casts an illustrative beam on their own obscurity.

The causes which have been operating during the last thirty years, with an ever increasing activity, to bring about an amalgamation of the different nations of Europe, and to raise to a nearly equal standard of civilisation and a similarity of character and feeling, the inhabitants of its various states, are, of course, tending more and more to obliterate the distinctions of race once so strongly marked, and are rendering it more and more difficult to trace the origin of the differences still observable. No people who have visited our shores have left on them deeper or more enduring traces than the men of the North; and nowhere can we find the means of solving so many interesting historical problems, as among the records of their lives and exploits, their manners and social institutions. The attention of literary men all over Europe has of late years been eagerly turned towards the early history of the Scandinavian peninsula, and the researches carried on not only in those countries themselves, but in Germany, France, and England, have been attended with the happiest results. But it is not the learned only who have at length perceived what a rich mine they have been neglecting. Tours in Norway and Sweden have poured from the press in abundance. The 'picturesque' traveller has discovered amidst the majestic moun-

tains of the North, not an isolated prospect, but a richly varied succession of landscapes, 'rivalling those of the Alps and the Himalaya;' the sportsman, that its broad crystal floods are 'the very kings of salmon rivers;' the politician, in the farmers and small landed proprietors of Norway, 'the happiest class of men in Europe;' and—though differences of opinion have appeared with respect to the character of governments and the existing state of morals, especially in Sweden—all have united in eulogizing what may be called the native virtues of its population, their integrity and uprightness, their frank simplicity and warm-hearted kindness.

It is, indeed, very easy to overrate the mere influence of race, in considering the character of a civilized people, and it may be thought fanciful to trace back many of the qualities of the present English nation to those of tribes, whom we have been accustomed to think of as a mere handful of barbarians, hovering, like birds of prey, over our coasts, stooping from time to time to gorge themselves with the blood of the defenceless inhabitants, and leaving behind them only the traces of fire, famine, and slaughter. But in taking the accounts of the Danes almost entirely from those who were the victims of their depredations, there can be no doubt that we have been accustomed to rate their moral and intellectual condition far below its real state. A people possessed of such a body of traditional literature, capable of maintaining their ground against such vast superiority of numbers, so energetic and fertile in resource, as to be able to establish themselves in every variety of climate and condition, in every country, from Greenland and Iceland to the Mediterranean, and the shores of Asia and Africa, could not have been mere ferocious savages; for savages, however courageous and fierce in actual combat, are invariably helpless and feeble, when removed into new and unaccustomed circumstances. We must also bear in mind, that as the Northmen regarded the Anglo-Saxons with indignation, as apostates from the worship of Odin; the strife with them was embittered by all the fury of religious fanaticism, and they took especial delight in those acts of sacrilege which excited, naturally, so much horror in the poor monks. When we recollect, that these Northmen not only colonised and retained, for several generations, about one-third of England, but ruled over the whole of it for half a century before its conquest by the Normans, who also—though their character had undergone many modifications,—not for the better,—by their position as con-

querors on the French soil, were still essentially the same people, we cannot wonder that they should have left deep and enduring impressions, as well in the general spirit and character of Englishmen, as in many of their most valuable institutions.

It was not till towards the end of the seventeenth century that the attention of literary Europe was awakened to the magnificent memorials left of its heathen ancestors, by the publication of the two Eddas; but, since that time, the labourers in this abounding field have not been few. Among the foremost of those who, in our own days, have furnished important contributions to our stock of Scandinavian literature, stands the name of Dr. Wheaton, a gentleman no less distinguished as a lawyer and statesman, than for his historical and antiquarian attainments. The '*Histoire des Peuples du Nord*' is less a translation than a new edition of his '*History of the Northmen*;' it has been made under the eye of the author, and enriched by him with many notes and illustrations, and with an entirely new chapter, carrying on the history of the Northmen to the extinction of the Norman dynasty in the south of Italy.

The second work, whose title has been placed at the head of the present article, is a separately published portion of the very voluminous '*History of Sweden, from the most Ancient to the Present Time*,' of the celebrated historiographer, Striindholt.

As 'useful knowledge' is somewhat out of fashion just now, we may, perhaps, venture to confess, that on looking back on the geographical ignorance of the ancients, we can sometimes scarcely refrain from envying the want of positive information, concerning distant parts of the world, which left them free to people the bleakest and most inhospitable wilderness, with the creations of a fervid imagination. The extensive region, composing the kingdoms of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, was little, if at all, known to the ancient Greeks; but the mists in which it was enveloped were painted by them with all the golden and roseate hues of southern fancy. The hyperborean regions were regarded as the abodes of blessed mortals, who dwelt in company with the gods, under cloudless summer skies, crowning their heads with flowers, in fields ever fresh and verdant, and at length terminating a long life of enjoyment, by a willing and joyful plunge into a crystal sunlit sea. It is difficult to imagine what could have given rise to a conception so remote from the truth, or have transformed the rugged and terrible Scandinavia into what Pliny also describes as a '*regio aprica felici temperie, omni af-*

latu noxio carens,' where death even came not, unless wilfully sought, through mere satiety with the pleasures of life. Gradually, however, these glories of the dawn faded away—and the clouds shaped themselves into gigantic shadowy forms, which, also, in their turn, melted at last into the light of common day. One of the first faint rays of truth which pierced the obscurity of Northern geography, was thrown by Pytheas, a Massilian Greek, who about three hundred years before the Christian era, sailed up the North Sea, entered the Baltic, and proceeded as far as a large river, probably the Vistula. He gives a brief account of a remote country of the North, supposed to be the southern part of Norway, where, though the greater number of the inhabitants lived only by hunting and fishing, some were sufficiently civilized to rear bees, cultivate grain, and brew from honey a favourite drink called hydromel.

The ancient songs and traditions of the North describe its first inhabitants as men of colossal strength and prodigious stature, with hideously fierce countenances, long matted shaggy hair; in fact, as the giants and ogres of our nursery tales—the antagonists of the redoubtable Jack the Giant Killer and his brethren. They were said to dwell in the woods, and caves, and mountain fastnesses of Norway, and to carry weapons of extraordinary size and strength; ponderous swords, clubs shod with iron, or trees torn up by the roots: they were skilled in all magic arts, and the immense blocks or rude pillars of stone still seen in many places, were long regarded as their remains in a petrified state. The earliest inhabitants, however, of whom any authentic traces can be found, appear to have been a tribe of Fins, who were driven by repeated immigrations from their territory, and nearer and nearer to the arctic circle—the Fenmi of Tacitus, and the Finnas mentioned to King Alfred by Ohter, the Norwegian navigator. They were said to be a savage people, 'stagnating in a hideous and disgusting poverty,' with neither arms, nor horses, nor habitations, eating the grass of the fields, lying on the bare earth, and clothed in the skins of wild beasts. Men and women went hunting together, and shared between them the spoils of the chase. The young children had no other shelter from wild beasts, or from the inclemency of the season, than the interlaced boughs of trees, which served as the cradle of infancy and the refuge of old age. 'Their only faith,' it is added, 'was in the points of their arrows,' which, for want of iron (although in a country abounding with iron very near the surface), were made of bones.

Differing in origin, language and feature, from the more powerful races by whom they were driven, like the Celts of Gaul and the Britons of England, into remote mountainous districts, they maintained a constant hostility with them, and figured in the mythological narratives of the worshippers of Odin as evil genii and giants, at war with the celestial divinities. According to the accounts of their conquerors, they practised a stupid fetishism—the adoration of birds, beasts, trunks of trees, and stones. The first immigration of Goths took place, undoubtedly, at a very remote period; and from these appear to have proceeded that vast army of 300,000 barbarians, who invaded Italy in the year B.C. 112, and who were supposed to have come from the peninsula of Jutland. The condition of these people must have differed most widely from that of its first inhabitants, the Finnas, when they are described as having with them 15,000 cavalry splendidly mounted, each soldier bearing on his helmet, surmounted with high plumes, the head of some fierce animal with its mouth open; wearing on their bodies polished iron cuirasses, carrying long halberds in their hands, and being, besides, furnished with two-edged darts for throwing at a distance, and broad and heavy swords for close action. These elaborate equipments, and the desperate and determined courage with which they fought—even when all hope of victory was over—shows not only that they must have possessed considerable skill in many mechanical arts, but that they must have entertained a high sense of honour, and of the disgrace of defeat.

The arrival of the renowned adventurer Odin—a fugitive prince of Scythia, expelled from his country in the Mithridatic war, and supposed by a modern, though rather doubtful hypothesis, to be the third of that name—took place about the middle of the last century before Christ. It is stated in the Ynlinga Saga, that his real name was Sigge, the son of Fridulph, and it seems probable that his assumption of the name and character of the earlier Odin, the deity of light, in the Northern mythology, was first suggested by the voluntary homage paid by the rude tribes he encountered, to the rapidity of his conquests, and his brilliant personal qualities. On the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico, the first idea suggested by their appearance was, that they were the long absent deities returned to earth; and had their subsequent career been as beneficent as that of Odin, their celestial reputation might have lasted longer. The Icelandic chronicles represent him as endowed with many wonderful and supernatural qualities.

They attribute to him the invention of Runic characters, and assure us that he excelled all men in the arts of poetry and eloquence. He was eminently skilled in music, and could sing airs so tender and melodious, that the rocks would expand with delight; while the spirits of the infernal regions would stand motionless around him, attracted by the sweetness of his strains. 'His person,' says the Ynlinga Saga, 'was comely, and his countenance mild and benignant to his friends, but to his enemies dreadful to behold—such was his singular power of changing at will his form and face. He knew, also, how to sing lays, and his successors, the pontiffs, were called the masters of the Lay, because they first introduced that art into the North. He could look into futurity, could strike his enemies with blindness, or deafness, or sudden panic, and dull the edge of their weapons; whilst, by his magic spells, he rendered his own warriors invincible. He could transform himself at pleasure into any beast, fish, or serpent, and fly in an instant to the uttermost parts of the earth. He could with a single word extinguish fire, still the raging of the sea, direct the course of the wind, and raise the dead.'

Whatever may have been the causes which induced a people, from so remote a country as the banks of the Tanais, to settle in Scandinavia—whether the previous occupation of the more southern countries by hostile tribes, or the great abundance of fish and wild animals in the peninsula, rendering subsistence easy—or the facility of procuring, in Sweden, metals, and especially iron—such a migration, undoubtedly, did take place about the assigned period, and there exist many strong corroborative circumstances, proving the invaders, in accordance with all traditions, mythological and historical, to have been of Asiatic origin.

With respect to the deification of the second Odin, we cannot agree with Mr. Laing, the very clever translator of the 'Heimskringla,' in finding any difficulty in the account generally received. 'It may reasonably be doubted,' he says, 'whether any such hero-worship as classical schoolmen and antiquaries suppose, ever did take place among any portion of the human race, for it is *contrary to the natural tendency of the human mind*. . . . There is no deceiving a man's own consciousness; and if a man cannot deceive himself, he cannot deceive others. Alexander the Great, or Odin, or the Roman emperors, or the Roman pontiffs, may have placed themselves at the head of the priesthood or church, and may have allowed their flatterers to place their statues among those of the gods, and to append

the title of Divus, or Saint, to their names ; but in all this church trickery, these men no more believed themselves gods, than they were believed so by others. The human mind, in a state of sanity, never was discovered in so low a condition of the reasoning power, as to approach any such conclusions. As to a rude and ignorant people elevating their deceased leaders, kings, or heroes, to a place among their deities, it is the last thing a rude and ignorant people would think of ; for, in a rude and ignorant state, the natural movement of the human mind is to detract from, not to elevate the merits of others.'

Now, in the first place, there is no resemblance whatever in the cases of Alexander the Great or the Roman Emperors, and of Odin—their deification, as it was called, being no more than an act of gross adulation, addressed to a vanity intoxicated to madness, and never seriously thought of for a moment after the death of its object ; whilst the worship of Odin continued for nearly eight hundred years to be a living, active principle, inspiring tens of thousands with an enthusiasm that was equal even to martyrdom. The tendency to detract from the merits of others, also, is one which belongs to a low and depraved, but not to a merely rude state of mind. Surely, to go no further, every page of the history of the Catholic church during the middle ages, is sufficient to disprove such an assertion, even if we might not refer to a still more universal principle of human nature, in every age and country, which leads us to set a high and often an exaggerated value on the qualities and actions of those whom we have lost.

The facility with which this Odin established his power, seems to confirm the hypothesis of his having assumed the name of an ancient divinity, and he unquestionably succeeded in effecting many important changes in the form of society, and in laying the foundations of a firm and powerful government. He made a treaty with the petty sovereigns or chiefs, among whom the country was divided, engaging to defend them against their enemies ; whilst they, on their parts, undertook to defray the expenses of his religion. The regulation of civil and ecclesiastical affairs he placed in the hands of a supreme council of twelve pontiffs, and he appointed the times of celebration for three solemn festivals, one of which, that of Yule (a word derived from *Yiolner*, one of the names of Odin), has continued to this day, in our manner of celebrating Christmas, by amalgamating the festivity and carousing, belonging to the pagan, with the religious services of the Christian commemoration.

The scarcity of material remains of the religion of Odin has suggested that it may have been of a more spiritual character than most systems of paganism ; but his apotheosis seems, nevertheless, to have had the usual effect of pretended incarnations of the Divinity, as well as of saint-worship—that of corrupting religion, by lowering men's conceptions of the Supreme Being.

The primitive religion of the Scandinavian nations appears to have been of a purer and simpler character, and perhaps identical with that of the ancient Germans, described by Tacitus, who held, '*regnator omnium Deus ; cetera subjecta, atque parentia.*'

The primitive ceremonies of this religion were performed in the open air—on lofty mountains, in the majestic solemnity of virgin forests, or in solitary islands, rising in the midst of silent lakes. This simple and sublime adoration in temples, not the work of man, was modified, at a later period, and replaced by religious rites, celebrated in buildings of wood, or stone, with a pomp which recalled the magnificence and splendour of Asia. Sacrifices were offered, festivals instituted at fixed times, when the people, forgetting for a moment their toils and their disputes, united to celebrate the expected return of spring, and the renewal of the functions of nature ; or at the winter solstice, they celebrated the mysteries of the death of Balder (the son of Odin, and in the mythological account, the youthful and beautiful God of Eloquence), which represented not only the changes of the seasons, but the successive epochs of the moral history of man, and the other beings of creation. Unfortunately, these festivals, and these sacrifices, were not always of an innocent and pacific character. There, as elsewhere, man offered, as a burnt offering, his fellow man, his parent, his brother, to appease the anger of their common father and creator. Hostile tribes sacrificed prisoners taken in war, sacrifices which promised them future victory ; parents immolated their children, to procure for themselves a longer life, and constant health ; subjects massacred their kings to avert famines, pestilence, or disastrous wars. This superstition, rude and bloody as it was, had its priests and priestesses ; its oracles and mysteries ; its auguries, its predictions drawn from the flight of birds, the sound of thunder, and the inspection of the entrails of murdered victims.

At the death of Odin, he transmitted his authority, both legal and pontifical, to his sons, and the chiefs whom he had placed on the neighbouring thrones. 'Each king was the pontiff of his people ; each Jarl, priest

of his tribe. One of the most important duties, one of the most sacred functions of these chiefs, was to offer sacrifices at the accustomed times, in the grand temples of their respective districts, to obtain fruitful seasons, the continual supply of bread, or, in time of war, victory over their enemies. Religion was thus always mingled with politics.*

This concentration of power, civil, religious, and military, in the same hands, fearful as such an experiment might be in some states of society, harmonized well with the character and condition of the Northmen, and contributed greatly to the strength, unity, and firmness of purpose manifested in all their undertakings. The whole tenour of the lives of both kings and subjects afforded sufficient security against the abuse of such an authority.

The sea-kings were no *rois saints*, no legal fictions or symbols to which men agreed to pay homage, for the sake of mere expedience or to avoid worse consequences. They were chosen at assemblies of the people, at their courts or *Things*,* and though the choice was perfectly unrestrained, it always fell on some descendant of an heroic race. It was not, however, merely by family or descent, but by the personal qualities of the candidates, that the election was influenced. Not only the most noble, but the wisest, the bravest, and the most *beautiful* was chosen; for the obedience paid to him was to be the zealous and faithful tribute of admiration and reverence—not a loyalty based on mere vanity or self-interest, which can find an object of respect in any head that wears a crown. The title of the Vikingr did not serve merely as a badge of exemption from all the earnest duties of life, or as affording a claim to a greater amount of sensual indulgence. Their pre-eminence was little more than a pre-eminence in danger—in many cases they alone had no claim in the division of the spoil, won by their own stout hearts and strong right hands. Their dwellings were no better than those of the small landholders or bonders; they were neither luxuriously clothed nor daintily

fed. In the more ancient times they subsisted, when not at sea, by being billeted in turn on the peasant proprietors, and often they had no refuge or home but on board their ships. It speaks highly for the intellectual condition of the Northmen, that notwithstanding this equality of outward condition, their kings were treated with the greatest respect, addressed by reverential titles, and personally served by the noblest in the land. From the earliest times, they appear to have kept a court, or, as it was called, a *herd*, and men-at-arms, or sentinels, were posted at different distances round the king's quarters, to give notice of the approach of an enemy. In their hours of social recreation, indeed, there was little distinction. In the courts of these barbarian kings there were not, as there sometimes are in courts nearer home, pages and maids of honour assumed to be exempt from the ordinary wants of mortals, having need of neither food nor rest. The king was honoured, not as requiring more, but as abstaining more, and he was most renowned who had 'never slept beneath a roof, nor drunk before a sheltered hearth.'

Although the twelve companions of Odin, who had assisted to introduce the new religion, were afterwards placed among the gods, and their reigns represented as a kind of golden age, their lives were certainly not such as to indicate their celestial origin. Many perished by violence, more by antipathy. Inghiald Illrada, the last of the direct line from Odin, who had been supposed to be of too gentle a disposition, was ordered to be fed on a diet of wolf's hearts, and the treatment appears to have been quite successful, for he certainly never had any relapse. At his inauguration, in 623, when seated, according to custom, on the lowest step of the vacant throne, and presented with a huge ox-horn filled with liquor, he swore, before draining it off, that he would either double the extent of his dominions or perish in the attempt; and it was in the fulfilment of his vow that he committed those acts of cruelty and atrocious treachery that procured him the surname of Illrada the Deceitful, and at last led to his own destruction. Olaf, his son, when driven from his dominions, retired to the westward of the Wener Lake, where he occupied himself in hewing down the immense forests that encumbered the country, and where he laid the foundations of a new kingdom, which afterwards rose into great splendour in the person of Harold Haarfa-ger—or Harold with the *Beautiful Hair*—the founder of the Norwegian monarchy. The geographical character of the Scandi-

* Ting or Thing signifies, in the ancient language of the North, to speak, and hence a popular assembly or court of justice. The national diet of Norway still retains the name of Storthing, or great assembly; its two divisions are the Lag-thing or upper chamber, and Edels-thing or lower. The ancient Scandinavian courts were held in the open air, generally on natural hills, or artificial tumuli. Their colonies in England and Scotland adopted the same practice, and hence many eminences erroneously supposed to be Roman camps, still retain the name.—"Scandinavia," by Drs. Wheaton and Crichton.

navian peninsula, the number of friths and harbours with which its coast is everywhere indented, the countless islands which crowd its waters, the vast forests affording materials for ship-building, must have early directed the attention of its inhabitants to the sea; and many other circumstances also contributed, during a long period, to turn in this direction the energies of the best and most vigorous part of the nation. The profession of a sea-rover was not only naturally agreeable to a bold, warlike, and enterprising people, but was accounted perfectly honourable; and when we consider how seldom the intercourse between different nations has been governed, even in civilized times, by reference to the principles of honesty and justice, rather than of convenience and self-interest, we shall find it hard to blame these pagan 'skimmers of the sea,' for holding such an opinion. It appears, also, on good authority, that a law or custom of primogeniture existed at an early period in the North, and an obligation was imposed on the younger sons of seeking their fortune on the ocean. In the 'Roman de Rou' of the Norman poet it is stated, that the sons drew lots for the inheritance, and those who were unsuccessful, were forced to seek in exile their means of subsistence:

"Costume fut jadis longtemps,
En Dannemarck entre pacens,
Quant homme avait plusors enfans,
Et il les avait norriz grands,
L'un des fils retenois par sort,
Qui est son her après sa mort;
Et cil sort qui le sort tornoit,
En autre terre s'en aloit."

"We must remember, however," Dr. Wheaton observes, "that we cannot find in any Sagas, or ancient historical ballads, any trace of such a custom or law; although it is by no means certain, on that account, that it may not have existed. The laws were only preserved by oral tradition; they were discussed in the open air, in full assemblies, with the consent of the people; afterwards, in the same assemblies, they were finally pronounced by the old 'wise men,' according to the ancient customs, of which they were the faithful depositories, and which they transmitted from generation to generation. They were not confided to writing till after the introduction of Christianity. Now, at that time, emigration had ceased, and we cannot, therefore, discover what fate was reserved for younger sons, although the law of primogeniture, with respect to landed property, was definitively established, at least in Norway. The Scandinavian nations, like the tribes of Greece

in the heroic age, were separated into petty states, each having its own chief or king, and engaged in frequent and terrible wars, the result of hereditary quarrels. This title of king, at first elective, afterwards became, by degrees, hereditary. Sometimes the succession was divided; the youngest of the children kept the title of king, and became pirate, or 'skimmer of the sea.' Others, having two sons, ordered that they should reign alternately, during a given period, one on sea, and the other on shore. This title of 'skimmer of the sea' (*ecumeur de mer*) was soon eagerly desired by princes and nobles, and considered as forming the most glorious ornament of their nobility. The younger sons of the kings and Jarls, who had no other heritage than the ocean, gathered under their standards the equally disinherited youth of the lower orders, and thus the bravest and best part of the nation was often launched upon the waves; this custom became so general, that in the time of Ragnar Ladbok, the number of Danes and Northmen who roved over the seas, exceeded those who remained on land; so that, according to an expression of one of their historians, they were like a nation of sailors, always ready to embark at a moment's warning."

The first vessels in which the Northmen formed their acquaintance with the element, afterwards so familiar to them, were of course mere canoes, and, like the first navigators of all nations, they found the perils of the seas sufficient without the additional dangers of darkness, and were in the habit not only of clinging as closely as possible to the coasts, but of landing every night. A little time and experience, however, while it increased the size and improved the equipment of their ships, also rendered them such bold seamen, that they were able not only to roam over the Baltic, and cross the most boisterous part of the North Sea, but even to encounter, without chart or compass, the vast billows of the watery world of the Atlantic; touching at every shore in search of adventures or of pillage, and frequently discovering new lands on which they planted colonies, more or less durable. It is well remarked by Mr. Laing, in his introduction to the 'Heimskringla,' that the construction of large numbers of vessels capable of transporting numerous crews of armed men, with weapons and ammunition, by no means easy of stowage, and the providing for their food and clothing, during voyages of weeks' or months' duration, implies a very considerable advance in civilisation and progress in the useful arts, sufficient of itself to rescue a people from the charge of utter barbarism.

"Ferocity, ignorance, and courage, will not bring men across the ocean. Food, water, fuel, clothes, arms, as well as men, have to be provided, collected, transported; and be the ships ever so rude, wood work, iron work, rope work, cloth work, cooper work, in short, almost all the useful arts, must be in full activity among a people, before even a hundred men could be transported in any way from the shores of Norway and Denmark to the coasts of England or France. Fixed social arrangements, too, combinations of industry, working for a common purpose, laws and security of persons and property, military organization and discipline, must have been established and understood, in a way, and to an extent not at all necessary to be presupposed in the case of a tumultuous crowd, migrating by land to new settlements."

The high place occupied by literature, and its professors also, among these Northern nations, is, of itself, a sufficient refutation of the charge of mere barbarism. The Scald was not a mere minstrel or poet, he was the companion and chronicler of monarchs, the preserver of laws, and the privileged ambassador between hostile tribes; a kind of sacredness attached to his title, which warriors and kings were proud to claim; and there are many instances of Scalds being united in marriage with princesses. It was not, indeed, till towards the close of what may be called the heroic age of Scandinavian history, that her literature fully developed itself; in Iceland, namely, the period of the colonisation of which, as well as some circumstances connected with it, were more favourable than those existing in the mother country. The destruction of the smaller states of Norway, by the conquests of Harold Haarfager, drove into exile many of the kings and chiefs of particular districts, who preferred the homeless freedom of the ocean to a dishonourable submission. King Harold, of course, became the bitter enemy of these rovers, exerting, from political motives, every effort to put an end to the practice of piracy, and the recently discovered island of Iceland offered itself as a welcome refuge to many of the 'skimmers of the sea,' from the active and vigorous persecution set on foot against them by their powerful monarch. It appears to have been first discovered by a Norwegian pirate named Naddod, who, about the year 861, was driven by a tempest towards the North Pole, and discovered a large country, which he called the Land of Snow; it was described by him, and by subsequent visitors, as a sad and desolate place, without a trace of human habitation, covered by chains of lofty mountains buried under

everlasting snows, yet liable to violent volcanic convulsions, and intersected by deep ravines and chasms, whence issued fountains of boiling water. Other accounts, however, describe it in terms as strangely different as those dictated by the various interests of visitors to Australia or New Zealand in our own day. George Robins himself could hardly excel in glowing eloquence, or in accuracy, some of these descriptions. The climate was said to be delicious, the soil fertile, and one '*land speculator*' even went so far in his poetical enthusiasm as to declare, that 'the milk flowed from every plant, and the butter from every spray.' Domestic animals required, it was said, no shelter even in winter, the land abounded in wood, the waters were teeming with salmon and other fish, and the neighbouring seas were swarming with whales.' 'Such was the land where man might live free from the tyranny of lords and kings;' and to this land of promise, after the decisive defeat at Hafursjord, fled all the proudest and most high-spirited of Harold's opponents, carrying with them, not only their families and dependents, their cattle and other possessions, but even, in some cases, the sacred columns which had supported the roofs of their Norwegian dwellings. As soon as these wandering colonies came in sight of the new land which they were about to occupy, the chief ordered the sacred columns to be cast into the sea; and on whatever part of the shore they drifted, the foundations of the new dwelling were laid. In some cases, when the columns drifted before the wind, and the precise spot could not be ascertained, a diligent search was instituted after them; and when they were discovered, the most favourable and tempting spots were abandoned for the most savage and inhospitable, to which a divine intimation was thought to have pointed. A certain tract of land was then marked off, and '*consecrated with fire*'; that is, a number of fires were kindled round it, at certain distances, so that one could be seen from the other. In this manner the limits were determined; and the district was then divided into portions, and distributed among the various members of the clan, composed of all who were united together by the bonds of kindred, of friendship, or of brotherhood in arms. He whom they had been accustomed to look up to as their leader in former expeditions, was in most cases the head of the patriarchal government, and in the neighbourhood of his dwelling was erected a temple, and an altar with the sacred ring of Frei, which served afterwards as the common centre and point of union for the infant state. There the sacrifices were performed,

for which a certain toll or rate was paid from every habitation; and there was held the *Thing*, or assembly for the discussion of public affairs, for the settlement of disputes, and for the execution of the laws transplanted from the mother country. The head of the clan was also chief priest of the temple; at the *Thing*, he conducted the discussions, assisted by twelve chosen counsellors, and he held in his hand the sacred ring of *Frei*, the symbol of eternity. By this ring dipped in the blood of the victims, oaths were sworn, amidst invocations of *Frei* and *Nyord*, and the mighty *As*. Religion was closely associated with every action, and the whole power of the chief depended on the reverence paid to him as priest. In this manner, on the remote island, arose a number of little independent states, or tribes, at first united by no common tie. Each leader ruled as a sovereign over the district which had been taken possession of, and it was cultivated in his name; but as no power existed, capable of settling disputes arising between the leaders themselves, the right of the strongest necessarily prevailed; since, also, it was a duty, not only to espouse the cause of every member of the immediate family, but for the vassal to defend the chief, and the chief to protect the vassal, many quarrels attended with much bloodshed, frequently arose. Fifty-four years after the first colonisation of the island, a supreme tribunal, denominated the *Althing*, or *Lands-thing*, was established with the general consent of the inhabitants. The whole island was then divided into four provinces, or quarters, and these, again, into three districts, or *Tingslags*, each containing three *Godords*, or as many inhabitants as belonged to three temples. The three *Godords* had their common point of union in the *Thing-slag*, and the *Thing-slags* in the provincial assemblies, which were again united into one whole, in the *Althing*. Over each *Godord* ruled a *Godor*, to whom was entrusted the entire charge of its affairs, spiritual and temporal; the services of the temple, the regulation of trade, foreign and domestic, the maintenance of order, and the settlement of disputes; and as the colonisation of Iceland took place at a time when no abstract theories of government could be in existence, it is probable that their constitution of society had existed in ancient Scandinavia.

Religion was the chief bond of union among these little communities. The need of protection against a common enemy might serve as a motive for temporary union but was a tie too feeble and variable, in the infancy of political society, to restrain the wills and passions of turbulent men, accus-

tomed to be their own protectors. These brave Vikingri, however, who feared nothing that took any earthly shape, bowed with awe and fear before the powers of the invisible world. In sacred groves and temples, and on the solemn summits of mountains, they sought to know the will and appease the anger of those mysterious deities, of whose protection they so deeply felt the need. Each nation of antiquity had its peculiar divinities, whose worship, appropriated to a particular spot, drew around those who shared in it a strong bond of nationality, not depending on merely external circumstances, but springing from the profoundest affections of the human heart. The political legislation of early ages always bears strongly the stamp of religion, for there is no other force sufficient to restrain the wild energies which yield unresistingly to the commands of the gods. Among the Scandinavians, no one was allowed to carry weapons into the temples—no murder, no violence, no impurity might enter those sacred limits. Not even a robber might remain in their neighbourhood; and he who should commit any outrage there, or disturb its holy peace, was regarded as the worst of criminals, and hunted from the country. Many families erected private temples, where sacrifices were performed, and where were placed images of the gods, adorned with rich hangings, and glittering with gold and silver; and religion was intimately interwoven with every usage of domestic and social life. The character of these first colonists of Iceland may thus serve to elucidate the problem of its civilisation, without supposing it either miraculous, or merely the result of 'long nights and much leisure.' The figs were not produced from thistles. These emigrants were among the most eminent men of their country.—a country as much in advance of its neighbours in intellectual culture as in military prowess. No unworthy or sordid motive had induced them to forsake their native land, and they clung, with devoted attachment, to the language, the literature, and the religion of their fathers, long after it had been abandoned by the other countries of the North. Their literature, also, was not a mere exotic, but had its roots deep in the heart and life of the people.

"In Europe the birth of literature was only signalized by vain and sterile attempts at copying the classic models of Greece and Rome. In Iceland, on the contrary, there arose, destined to a rapid maturity, a new, original literature, which acquired a certain perfection long before the revival of letters in the south of Europe. This country did not embrace Christianity before the end of the tenth century, when the national litera-

ture preserved up to this period by oral tradition had acquired sufficient consistence to be committed to writing. With the religion the Latin characters were introduced, but instead of employing them to write a dead language, the learned men of Iceland, more enlightened and more logical, made use of them successfully to express the sounds represented formerly by the Runic characters. It was thus that the ancient spoken language of the whole of Scandinavia, the mother country, was preserved in Iceland. The popular superstitions, confounded with the mythology and poetry of the North, were still existing in the numerous valleys of that distant isle. The language applied to that poetry and that mythology offers, as to form, a great resemblance to the Latin, Greek, and even the ancient Persian and Sanscrit languages; and if we admit the testimony of one of the greatest philologists of the age (Professor Rask of Copenhagen) it may challenge advantageous comparison with all modern tongues, for richness, energy, and flexibility."

Another vigorous shoot from the fine old Scandinavian stock was planted in a congenial soil, amidst the mountains of Switzerland. Historical evidence, almost amounting to demonstration, exists, that in the age of the principal Viking expeditions, a band of these warriors from Sweden settled in the canton of Schwyz. Among others the following account of the occurrence, in a parchment writing of the date of 1534, which refers also to an earlier written narrative, as well as to oral tradition, is preserved at Ober Hasle in the canton of Bern:

"Far to the north, in the land of the Swedes, there was an ancient kingdom. Over it, and over the country of the Frieslanders, there came a great famine. The king called the wise and the learned men of the land together, and they held a council about it. There they determined, with the consent of all the people, that lots should be drawn, and that every tenth man, with his wife and children, and all his moveable goods, should leave the country. Every one who drew the lot was obliged to obey this law. With great lamentations they withdrew from the home of their fathers: weeping, the mothers led their children by the hand. Six thousand were they who went away from Swedeland, strong, warlike men, and one thousand two hundred from Friesland. They went away in three troops, under three leaders, Schwizerus and Remus, from the land of the Swedes, and Wadislau from Hasius, a country between Swedeland and Friesland. They made a league among themselves to hold together, and to share all their fortunes, on the land or on the sea, in good fortune or bad fortune, in joy or sorrow, in all things great and small, which God should send them. But the first leader in all things was to be Schwizerus. They went over the water and the land, they crossed mountains and traversed deep valleys, they went far and wide, and grew rich through the might of their conquering arm, when they came to the river Rhine, to Count Peter of the Franks, which was

to be their destination. They divided their money justly amongst each other; then they went higher up the Rhine and came to Brockenburg, a country with high rocks and mountains full of valleys and lakes. The country pleased them, for it was like the old one from which they had come. There Schwizerus settled with his troop, and built Schwyz (Canton Schweiz), for so they called the newly-taken land, after him who had led them from their old northern home. But the valley was not large enough for all. A multitude went with their leader, Wadislau, into the land by the black mountain, which is now called Brunig (in Unterwalden); they spread themselves as far as Weissland, where are the springs of the Aar, and gave to the valley the name of Hasle, in remembrance of the state in Swedeland from which they had come. They built themselves huts, felled and burnt the forest away, ploughed and sowed, and had many a hard day before they were in condition to change the wilderness into a pleasant dwelling-place. But they did not weary, and God rewarded their toil and their trouble. For the land was fruitful and good, and nourished countless flocks. They had clothes of coarse stuff; for their food, cheese, milk, and meat. They maintained themselves honourably by the sweat of their brow, and they stood faithfully by one another, and lived in peace and harmony; the children learned handicrafts, and grew up to be men great and strong like giants."

An extensive intercourse appears to have been carried on from a very early period by the Scandinavians across the north of Russia, with the inhabitants of the countries on the Upper Wolga, the Bulgarians, who at that time occupied what is now the Russian government of Orenburg, and even with the Arabians and other Eastern nations; mention is frequently made in the Sagas, of commercial expeditions to *Holmgard*, and of the gold stuffs, and other rich goods, purchased there for the kings of the North. The Arabian writers also speak of a far distant land, north-west of the Upper Wolga, and three months' journey from the Bulgarians, where the summer has no night, and the winter no day; and where the frost was so bitter, that the people coming from it to warmer countries, *brought with them a cold that killed all plants* even in the middle of summer—'for which reason many nations forbid them to enter their territories.' To this people the Bulgarians sold sword blades and other goods, in exchange for furs, especially sable and beaver skins. A great quantity of Arabian coins have been dug up in Sweden and Russia, bearing the superscriptions of Mahometan rulers, and evidently struck between the seventh and eleventh centuries, during which period the great rivers of Russia served as highways for numerous caravans of merchants, who formed the chief links of a chain connecting the shores of the Baltic and of the Frozen

Ocean, with those of the Black and Caspian Seas, and with Bucharía, India, and even China; and as few coins have been found in Sweden, appearing to have come from the countries most visited by the Vikings for the purposes of war and rapine, it is fair to infer that the great mass of those above-mentioned had found their way by the more honourable road of peaceful traffic. This confirms, also, the surprising accounts given of the flourishing commerce of the town of Sigtuna, or Birca, '*vicus ubi multi erant negotiatores divites, et abundantia totius boni, atque pecunia thesaurarum multa*'*—whither the vessels of all the nations of the North were accustomed to come in search of costly stuffs and various articles of Eastern luxury. The abundance of the coins of the East remaining in Sweden, seems to imply, however, that the value of these articles by no means equalled that of the furs exported.

Among the many interesting questions on which light is thrown by the early history of the Scandinavian nations, is that of the much disputed origin of chivalry. The whole spirit and character of this institution, as well as the period of its introduction, and many of its most remarkable usages, appear thus susceptible of a more satisfactory solution, than most questions concerning so remote a period. The romantic and adventurous character of the Northmen, their warlike enthusiasm, their love of poetry and high notions of personal honour, with the ideas of duty and self-denial, and of a regard for the weak and helpless introduced by Christianity, and modified, perhaps, by the operation of the feudal system, would form in their combination precisely the chivalric character. The fantastic devotion paid to women also, so strange and even inexplicable on many hypotheses, becomes less anomalous when arising among a people with whom women always occupied a high place. That it cannot be attributed wholly to the influence of Christianity is evident, as among many Christian nations of the period not a trace of it is to be found. It has been admitted that it was unknown in the empire of Charlemagne, as the celebrated '*Capitularies*,' which enter into the minutest details concerning private life, make no reference to it, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that it was ever introduced among

the Saxons established in Britain. The institution of the Bersaerker, or champions, among the Northmen, was wholly of a chivalrous character. These warriors served as body-guards for the kings and great chiefs, and it is said they were 'sometimes seized with a sort of frenzy, or military mania, produced by the songs of the Scalds in praise of warlike exploits, or by their excited imaginations dwelling upon the thoughts of war and glory. When this madness was upon them, they committed the wildest extravagances, attacked indiscriminately friends and foes, and even waged war against rocks and trees, and other objects of inanimate nature;' in short, enacted to the life the part of Orlando Furioso.

It has been suggested, indeed, that the immoderate potations in which these heroes indulged, might have had some share in producing these exploits, and that the intoxication was not wholly of a poetical kind; but this is a charge to which most of the *preux chevaliers* of former days were equally open. The education of the youth of Scandinavia, like that of their successors in the chivalrous ages, was principally directed to the acquirement of the bodily strength, courage, and skill in warlike exercises, which constituted the 'useful knowledge' of the period. Born amidst the clash of arms, the boy was early accustomed to danger in contentions with the wild animals then abounding in the forests, and after the chase, one of their most favourite pastimes consisted in leaping from great heights, or over men, horses, or other obstacles. By degrees, also, the novice was required to take these leaps whilst encumbered by greater or less weights; and a distinguished Iclander, named Gunnar of Hylbarenn, is mentioned, who could, while in full armour, spring into the air more than his own height. Another could leap a stream thirty-six feet broad when the banks were frozen and slippery; and many stories are told in the Sagas of wonderful leaps of this kind, made sometimes to avoid a stroke, sometimes over the heads of a surrounding circle of enemies.

Another favourite exercise was that of climbing rocks and steep precipices; but as a certain amount of skill in this exercise was necessitated by the mountainous character of the Scandinavian country, it could only bring renown when carried to an extraordinary degree of perfection; and for this a bold spirit, a quick eye, and firmness both of hand and foot, were indispensable.

One of the most famous climbers in all Norway was King Olaf Trygvason. It is related that he was once lying with his fleet in a bay, surrounded by lofty and precipitous

* "*Ad quam stationem (Birca, oppidum Gothorum, in medio Sveoniæ positum), quæ tutissima est in maritimis Sveoniæ regionibus, solent Danorum, Nordmannorum, Slavorum, atque Sembrorum naves, alique Scythiæ populi, pro diversis commerciorum necessitatibus, sollemniter convenire.*"—Adam of Bremen.

crag, when two of his warriors began to try their skill in climbing a very dangerous rock. The one soon turned back, and gave up the attempt; the other proceeded further, but at length reached a point whence he could neither move backwards nor forwards, and remained consequently in the greatest peril. The king tried to urge his companions to go to his assistance; but as no one would venture to do so, at length, throwing off his mantle, he darted himself to the rescue, reached the dangerous spot, snatched the man from it, and, tucking him under his arm, descended with him unhurt. Foot races were practised among the Northmen, and with them, as with the ancient Greeks, the epithet 'Swift-footed' implied a coveted distinction. They were in the habit, with the aid of a staff, of skimming over snow-covered plains and mountains, on skates several yards long, such as are in use at the present day among the Laplanders; and in summer they practised swimming, in which art they attained the greatest mastery; diving and wrestling beneath the water, the stronger holding his antagonist down till he was almost suffocated, and not unfrequently having to bear him to the shore in a state of insensibility. One favourite feat was the running along the extreme edge of their war vessels, while they were going rapidly through the water, and throwing into the air four swords at a time, catching each one as it fell, by the handle. The frozen surface of the lakes offered a favourable ground for the gigantic ball plays, which were sometimes continued for a fortnight together, even during the winter nights, great sheds being erected to shelter the numerous parties who came from great distances. The sports, however, were often of a less harmless character, and as the Northmen were extremely susceptible on the point of honour, disputes and duels frequently took place. The time appointed on these occasions, for the settlement of the quarrel, was usually three days, and sometimes a week, after its occurrence, the weapons were agreed upon, and the place mostly some lonely spot, or desolate island. A mat, or skin, was spread for each combatant, stakes driven at the outer corners, and a space of five ells left between; sometimes the space was inclosed with stones. The duellists came to the ground attended by their relations and friends, who examined the weapons, to see that no magic arts had been used in their construction. The laws of the combat were then declared, and the challenged party was allowed the first stroke; after which each took his regular turn, and one heavy blow succeeded another, till one

of the antagonists was either disabled, or drew back beyond the limits of the mat, in which case he was considered as defeated. Sometimes the spectators got tired of merely looking on, and joined in, by twos and threes, on either side, till the engagement became general. Sometimes one warrior would undertake to meet all that came, and fight them one after another; and the heroes did not disdain, any more than those of Homer, to animate their courage by expressing their opinions of each other in very unparliamentary language.

The ceremony of inauguration for a young warrior among the Scandinavian nations was strikingly similar to that of a youthful candidate for the honours of knighthood, and many acts of romantic generosity are recorded of the Vikings; such as voluntarily setting aside some of their ships, if they found their numbers superior to that of the enemy, or refusing to attack a foe by night, &c., which remind one rather of the ideal heroes of Don Quixote, than of ferocious barbarians.

The community of Jomsborg, a small territory on an island at the mouth of the Oder, appears not unlikely to have suggested the plan of the religious orders of knighthood. It was formed by a band of sea rovers, and the command given to a celebrated warrior, named Palnatoke, who undertook the task of legislating for this singular republic. It was a purely military fraternity, and each of its members took vows to pay implicit obedience to the orders of the chieftain, to fight with any number of antagonists, never to fly, or ask for quarter, never to absent himself for more than three days without express permission from the superior, and never to bring a female into the city; for women were excluded from this nest of pirates as rigidly as from a monastery. The tales of beautiful princesses shut up in enchanted castles, and guarded by dragons,—so rife in the ages of chivalry, are said to be of Scandinavian origin; as 'it was customary in time of war to shut up women, and especially maidens of noble birth (who could rarely be considered safe in a country where lawless men were continually roaming about in search of adventures), in castellated forts, generally perched on the summits of rocks and precipices, round which often wound a thick misshapen wall, denominated a serpent or dragon.'

Occasionally, however, heroines were found who, like the Clorindas and Bradamantes of Tasso and Ariosto, undertook to protect themselves. They were called virgins of the Shield, and the romantic Sagas are filled with praises of their heroic bearing.

In the Volsunga Saga there is a tale of Alf-hilda, daughter of Sigard, king of the Ostragoths, 'who dwelt in a secluded bower, veiled from vulgar eyes, and guarded by two champions of prodigious strength and valour.' These the suitor for her hand was compelled to vanquish, or forfeit his own life if he failed. Alf, a young sea-king, encountered and slew them both; but the damsel herself was not disposed to surrender tamely, and put to sea with her female companions, all completely armed for war. Her lover, however, pursued her, and when he came up with her, she compelled him to give her battle. After a most valorous resistance he boarded her vessel, and, without knowing her, engaged hand to hand with his fair enemy, when, after a most desperate conflict, her helmet was cloven asunder, and disclosed to the astonished youth the fair face and lovely locks of his mistress.

"Clorinda intanto ad incontrar l'assalto
Va di Tancredi, e pon la lancia in resta
Ferirsi alle visieri, e i tronchi in alto
Volare, e parte nuda ella ne resta
Che rotti i lacci all' elmo suo, d'un alto;
(Mirabil colpo!) ei le balzo di testa;
E le chiome dorate el vento sparse
Giovane donna in mezzo 'l campo apparse."

To inquiries, however, of more practical importance than the origin of chivalry, a key may be found in the 'History of the Nations of the North.' Most of the judicial institutions prevailing all over Europe during many ages—the trial by combat, by ordeal, or divine judgment, as well as the trial by jury, were of Scandinavian origin, and attempts were also made to check the operation of private resentment, by establishing a curiously exact scale of pecuniary compensations. These laws, imported from the North and adopted by William the Conqueror, fixed the price for fracturing a skull at 10s., cutting off a nose 9s., breaking out a front tooth 6s., and for every grinder 1s. The toes were estimated at half the value of the fingers, and a stab was measured according to its depth. Even insults to women, a class of offences which might be thought not susceptible of such adjustment, had their precise value.

In cases of homicide, private revenge was regarded as a sacred duty; a son, whose father had fallen by the hand of another, would have been for ever dishonoured, had he entered on his inheritance without having avenged his death. It belonged, however, to the high and manly character of this people, that he who should, even on the most just grounds, slay another man, was bound publicly to announce the fact

himself; otherwise, he was regarded as a murderer, and disgraced accordingly. He was required, when he had done the deed, to repair to the habitation nearest to the spot, and make a formal declaration to that effect, unless any of the nearest relations of the deceased should happen to be there, in which case he might ride on to the next. Should he there, also, find relatives of his victim, he might continue his journey to a third, but when there he was required to make no further delay. He was to give, also, the most exact description of his person, to say where he had rested the previous night, and not to attempt to conceal his name, 'neither to call himself Bear nor Wolf.'

With the advance of civilisation, however, more just and refined ideas of criminal jurisprudence began to prevail. The laws still recognized the right of private warfare, but established different rules to regulate its violence, and diminish the number of cases in which it was permitted.

"It was a general rule that no one, in an ordinary case, could avenge himself until after having appealed to justice. If he knew where his adversary resided, he was obliged to summon him to appear, and this citation was to be repeated three times in the presence of faithful and tried witnesses, and a notification of it was to be given to the liege lord of the offender, and to the court where he was summoned to appear. If he continued to refuse, the plaintiff might blockade him in his dwelling, but during seven days no violence was to be used, unless the besieged attempted to escape. At the end of the seventh day, if the offender consented to deliver up his person and his arms, the prosecutor was compelled to accept his surrender, and to keep him in a safe place during thirty days, giving notice in the meanwhile to his relations and friends, that it was still in their power to ransom his life. If the plaintiff could not bring a sufficient force to invest the house, he was to address himself to the ealderman and implore his assistance; if the ealderman refused, he was to go to the king, and all this before he was at liberty to attack the person of his enemy. If a man met his adversary by chance, before being informed of his place of abode, the latter might offer to surrender, and his offer must be accepted; his person, as in the former case, being retained in safe custody during thirty days; but if he refused he might be attacked on the spot."

If persons were killed in an encounter of two parties, their number was counted, and if found to be equal on both sides, neither party had any right to claim compensation, or to take vengeance. If there was any difference, the party which had suffered most had a right to demand satisfaction for the balance.

"Few traces of private warfare are to be found

in England after the Conquest, except in times of civil trouble and commotion. Madox has published a singular document, which contains a formal truce, or cessation of hostilities during sixteen days, between the Earl Marshal and the Earl of Gloucester, in order to the settlement of a treaty of peace between these two powerful nobles; and, as far as can be judged by reading the preamble, the arrangement appears to have been legal and habitual. In the reign of Edward I., the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, after having committed many acts of violence, one against the other, appealed to the king to obtain justice, and were forbidden, by a formal act in full parliament, to continue their hostilities. Notwithstanding this prohibition, however, they invaded each other's lands, with banners flying, killed many persons, and made much booty. For this contempt of the king's order they were condemned to fine and imprisonment; but as no reproach was made to them on account of the previous war, it appears that their conduct on that occasion would not have been punished if they had not expressly disobeyed the command of the sovereign, solemnly expressed. The last instance of a pitched battle between two powerful nobles of England, took place in the reign of Edward IV., at Nibley Green, in Gloucestershire, on the 10th of August, 1470, between William, Lord Berkeley, and Thomas, Viscount Lisle. Lord Berkeley brought a thousand men into the field, and Lord Lisle and a hundred and fifty men were killed in the action. After gaining the battle, Lord Berkeley repaired to the castle of Lord Lisle, at Wotton, and it was ransomed as a place taken in regular war. The cause of this feud was a law-suit, concerning the rights of succession to the lands of Berkeley, and Lord Lisle had defied his adversary to decide the question by single combat, or to bring on the field all the men he could muster. Lord Berkeley replied, that it was not customary in England to decide by this method concerning the rights of property, but that he would meet Lord Lisle, with his friends and retainers, at the time and place indicated. The law-suit which gave occasion to this battle lasted a hundred and ninety-two years, and during its progress the castle of Berkeley was once taken by surprise, and its inhabitants thrown into prison; it was, besides, frequently attacked and defended, with much effusion of blood. There was obviously nothing political in this war, as the belligerents were equally attached to the cause of Edward IV., and no accusation was ever brought against either by the state on account of their conduct. The widow of Lord Lisle appealed against Lord Berkeley and his brothers, for the death of her husband; but the affair was arranged by her acceptance of a hundred pounds sterling per annum, as a compensation, and renouncing at the same time all claim to the estates in litigation. This agreement was ratified in full parliament, without any mention being made of the battle of Nibley Green, or the death of Lord Lisle."

The subject of the Northern mythology has been so fully treated in an early number of this review, that it would be unnecessary to recur to it here. For the Scandinavians, as for the ancient Greeks, all nature was

animated and pervaded by a countless multitude of spiritual creatures; a vivid faith in the existence of an invisible world must necessarily, in their stage of mental culture, have assumed such a form. Seas and rivers, lakes and springs, were inhabited by supernatural beings, and tribes, families, and even individuals had their tutelary, or attendant spirits. The original inhabitants of the country lived in the remembrance of the Gothic races, as demons and monsters, shunning the light of day, and hiding themselves in the dark depths of ancient woods, in lonely caverns, or beneath the earth. All sudden occurrences, and natural phenomena, proceeding from unknown causes, were ascribed of course to immediate spiritual agency. Not only a violent storm, but even a continuance of unfavourable wind, was attributed to the influence of these unseen powers, who moved among the mountains, the forests, and the waters, incessantly busying themselves in the affairs of men. Their favour was capricious and their hate insatiable; seldom were they to be moved by supplication, but means existed to compel them, against their will, to serve men; and hence the many operations of magic,—conjurations, and enchantments, whose power over the world of spirits has found believers, in the ages of Christianity as well as those of paganism—from the days of the Vikingr, to those of *Mademoiselle le Normand*. In the Northmen, however, it was an article of belief, perfectly consistent with their religious system, and with their views of the government of the world; and they did not, at all events, present the spectacle so often seen in our own times, of a shallow incredulity as to the highest truths, and a degrading subjection to the most childish superstitions. The path of life lay clear before them, the objects to be aimed at bright and full in view; death itself was to be swallowed up in victory, and the future life would afford but a more joyful, more glorious continuation of this. With this article of faith, not shut up in books, but living, and growing in the heart, the game of earthly existence might be lightly played; and accordingly we find many instances in which it seems to have been cast away almost in jest. Without for a moment forgetting or undervaluing all that we have gained since then, it is impossible to avoid looking back wistfully on the harmony and unity of life in those earlier ages. From our broken, fragmentary, in so many ways defective, moral and social state—with creeds which we often do not believe, and precepts which we do not follow, we have little claim to regard with contempt the errors and follies of these

'glorious men of old ;' and few subjects can be suggested more worthy of the earnest attention of the historical student, than the history, manners, and institutions of this great and original people, in which, also, we may find a key to the most important changes effected in European society during a series of ages.

ART. V.—*Die Preussische Bureaukratie*, von KARL HEINZEN. Darmstadt. 1845.

It has been continually found in England, that to 'suppress' a book by order of government, is to make it known to the public, and to give it, whether for good or evil, the first great impetus to popularity. This fact has been figuratively, yet truly expressed by the celebrated American essayist, Emerson, in these axiomatic words:—'The martyr cannot be dishonoured. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth.' To what degree such a fate awaits Karl Heinzen we do not pretend to determine; but certainly the preliminary measures for martyrdom and popularity have been taken with regard to his '*Büreaukratie*.'

This book has been suppressed by order of the Prussian government; the police have taken possession of all the copies at the public libraries, at the booksellers' shops, and wherever else they could ascertain there was a copy to be found; and the author has been obliged to fly his country. But however vigilant the police may have been in their searches and inquiries, some copies will always remain in private hands, will be read and treasured up all the more for the prohibition; the subject will be the more considered and reasoned upon in all its bearings; and the work will excite an interest about its author, not merely as the author of so bold a publication, but as being an object of persecution in the cause of rational liberty.

That Heinzen clearly foresaw the animosity his book would excite, and the persecution he would have to endure, a few lines from his brief Preface will sufficiently show.

"People will be inclined to discover all possible crimes in the book, because it contains nearly the greatest of all—namely, an unsparing judgment of the Bureaucrats. They will accuse the author of all the offences commonly adduced by

the Bureaucratical Inquisition—namely, disloyalty to majesty; then, high treason; then, insolence towards the laws of the country and the authorities; excitement to dissatisfaction; outrages, malevolence, and who knows what else, may be laid to his account. He confesses himself to be disloyal, only, inasmuch as he subordinates the majesty of the king to the majesty of Truth."

The author, moreover, declares that he will not remove himself out of the reach of the laws, provided he be allowed deliberately to adduce all the proofs in support of his statements and opinions in a fair and open trial; but, warned by the experience of others, he protests against all measures that deviate from the regular, straightforward, and lawful path. He demands to have the right of making a free defence, and to have his personal security respected previous to the judgment and sentence of the Court. Anything short of this he designates as a barbarism and an abuse of power. That he was not at all likely to fare better than others under similar circumstances he must have well known.

Büreaukratie may be defined as the instrumental government of public and of secret civil officers. Before quoting Heinzen's opinions concerning it, we will refer to certain remarks which have been made by two celebrated Prussian ministers.

The Baron von Schön wrote as follows concerning the origin and condition of the Bureaucrats. Schön never held the office of minister; but the title was given him for official services.

"Frederick the Second found a people uncivilized, thoughtless, and hardly capable of thought. From his mind a new world of ideas first came upon the nation, which was penetrated by the power of his spirit. The people, inspired by the highly-gifted king, followed wheresoever he led. But light kindles light. The king's designs should be realized; ministers of the crown must execute his orders; and some rays from the splendour of the ruling spirit came also upon them. His servants thus acquired a greater importance, and higher consequence in the eyes of the people, than otherwise belong to the executors of given commands. This reflex light, however, from the illustrious king grew weaker and weaker before the light of general culture, continually increasing. But as the Church likes to keep up its Saints, so the tradition of this radiance propagated from generation to generation, till the caste of civil officers attained its highest point; concerning which Strauss rightly says, that the Prussian *Büreaukratie* proceeds in accordance with the Catholic Church; for as the priest there performs the rituals only for himself, without reference and regard to the community, so the Prussian civil officer, who especially stands apart from the people, fancies that the service of government exists only for himself, and not he for the people, but the people for him."

The minister, Baron von Stein, who remodelled the government in conjunction with Hardenberg, in the old Prussian provinces, must inevitably have had the greatest opportunities of seeing into the whole of the secret, as well as public machinery of the state; and, on the subject in question, he expressed himself in these strong terms:—

"We are governed," says Stein, "by paid, book-learned Bureaucrats, who are without property, and have no interests at stake; and this will last as long as it can. The above epithets and characteristics fairly represent our own (and some other) spiritless governing machines. Paid—therefore striving to render permanent and increase the officers and the salaries. Book-learned—men living in the world of letters, and not in the actual world. Without interests—because they have no transactions with any other class of the citizens who constitute the state; they are a class by themselves—the Writing Class. Without property—and therefore all movements of property do not affect them. It may rain; the sun may shine; the taxes may rise or fall; all laws of old standing may be destroyed, or may remain as they are; the Writing Class cares nothing about the matter. They receive their salaries out of the government cash-box, and write—write in silence, in their offices with locked doors, unobserved, unrenowned, unknown; and they educate their children to become the same useful government machines. *One* machinery (the military) I saw fall in 1806, on the 14th of October. Perhaps these writing machines will also have their 14th of October. This is the vice from which our dear fatherland suffers—the Power of the Bureaucrats, and the Nothingness of the Citizens."

Before proceeding further it is requisite to notice one or two remarks in the latter extract, because most readers in England will think, either that they prove the contrary of the intended argument, or else that, at any rate, they require some comment. When Baron von Stein tells us that the Bureaucrats are paid, we naturally ask, if he could expect officers of state to work for nothing, any more than any other class. That they are paid, therefore, is surely no reproach. That they are reading and writing officers, in fact, theorists, or, at all events, not practical men, is also in itself an accusation of no apparent weight; because, we know that whatever is done practically must have been originated by thought; and whatever is done systematically must have been preceded by a theory. There are many, likewise, who consider that a civil officer, having no property except his salary, is more unbiassed in his opinion, and can exercise a more pure, abstract judgment in questions relating to property; and if he has no commercial interests, and does not feel his own concerns directly involved in those of the

community, it may be argued that, being thus disinterested, and free from all personal considerations, he is more likely to decide with single-minded honesty for the general good. These reflections will naturally occur to many Englishmen; but they are not so weighty as at first they may appear. If they be applicable to some parts of the machinery of government in England, the same application will not hold good with regard to Prussia. It should be understood that we allude to the question of no property and no interests in the affairs of the working community, which facts are adduced, among other circumstances, as tending to display the unfitness of the Bureaucrats for the management of public affairs. And with good reason; for they are often called upon to decide, and must decide, upon matters of which they have had no sort of experience, and no direct knowledge; and they do thus decide, without asking the advice of those who *have* such experience and knowledge. Hence, having no actual experience and knowledge, and their wits *not* being sharpened by the possession of property, and private interests at stake; if they are called upon to make the terms of a commercial treaty with another nation, they are at all times liable to commit errors, the results of which are a direct and manifest injury to the community. The treaty of commerce, for instance, made about two years ago with Holland, has already proved to be of the most disadvantageous kind to Germany. The heavy, matter-of-fact Dutchmen, who drew up the treaty for their own country, 'knew their business,' and were men of business themselves; the 'penmanship' of the paper-wise Bureaucrats had no chance with them. The injury to Prussia is of the most serious kind. But who is responsible? Nobody. It is a different matter in England, though we do not see great reason to be complimentary to our own country on this score. Without doubt, the English House of Commons (to say nothing of the Lords) contains many members who are very ignorant of commercial affairs, and of business generally; a few book-learned men, and a few theorists; but, on the other hand, these are checked by the presence of some excellent men of business, of men who have had experience, and possess practical knowledge of commercial and other social affairs; and when in difficult cases, Select Committees are formed, those who are known to be the best men for the given subject are pretty sure to form some part, at least, if not the principal part of them. Moreover, if great ignorance and great errors are committed, it is a public matter, can be discussed, and the

due amount of odium or blame attached to the right parties, who would become thenceforth less liable to obtain the chance of doing similar mischief to the public interests. But in Prussia all is transacted with closed doors; the framers of laws, acts, and treaties, settle everything 'to their own minds'; their statements of facts, arguments, discussions, are not known, and even their ignorance is seldom known except by its results. Nobody is publicly responsible for what is done, or how it works. It emanated from the Bureaucracy; that is the only answer. Nobody, however instructed, can offer a timely word of advice or warning, no public measure being previously open to public discussion. The first thing that is heard of it with certitude is from "authority." The government announces that a law or treaty has been made, an act passed. The thing is done.

The reader is now sufficiently prepared for the introduction of Karl Heinzen. In his chapter entitled 'Woher, und was ist die Bureaucratie,' he says, 'The Prussian Bureaucracy springs out of the Prussian absolutism;' and he proceeds to show that it is a natural result of despotism on the one hand, and of slavery on the other.

Despotic power must have many instruments to do its work, or else it may die, using the words of Frederick the Great, who died 'worn out with ruling over slaves.' Something to the same effect has been said by various princes; Frederick William I., for instance, who 'endeavoured to establish the sovereignty like a rock of bronze,' and Frederick William III. who, both in word and deed, regarded the people and the state as 'the tools of the greatness and splendour of the royal houses.' But as the majority of princes, and especially of absolute princes, are not so fond of a life requiring such constant activity, and we may say, actual hard work, the labour was gradually distributed among a number of civil officers, all, however, under the direct influence of the spirit of despotism by their *secret* as well as public responsibility to the ministers of these absolute princes.

"Any power, especially in the state, must be represented. Who then represents the Bureaucracy? Chiefly, of course, the ministers. We do not weaken this general assertion by admitting some highly honourable exceptions, since even the minister who came into office with the intention of not being a Bureaucrat, was compelled to give way to the existing and in-rooted system. We congratulate Herr von Schön that he never became a minister. It is not a monarchy in reality, and in the executive, governs in Prussia, but an obligarchy. Each minister is a monarch in his own way.

The ministers—servants of the state—are become the masters of the state; the domestics of the house constitute the house. The ministers in Prussia will, therefore, often go beyond their authorized power, because the mass and the dependency of their subordinates is so immense, that it gives them an overweening sense of the supremacy of their authority. For this reason the Bureaucracy is equally the opponent of the king and of the people. It will easily believe it has too little power precisely because it has too much. In England the ministers command through the medium of their commission by the people; in Prussia the ministers exercise command over the business of the people, and over the people themselves. It is, therefore, necessary to keep ministers within bounds on all sides; and from beneath by means of a free constitution and a real representation of the people."—*Heinzen, Preuss. Bureaucratie*, pp. 20, 21.

In the chapter entitled 'Beschwerden gegen die Bureaucratie,' Heinzen says it is of 'divine origin' (an irony which has, of course, been regarded as one of the proofs of high treason); and thus it is, therefore, irresponsible, in any public way, and all-powerful. 'What weapons,' continues he, 'can we use against Bureaucracy? None. The Press does not attack it, because the Censor is its seconder; Justice does not chastise it, because Justice has no power over it.' He then asks why complaints are not publicly made against all these abuses of authority; and the answer that naturally occurs is, because, in almost all cases, Bureaucracy itself has to decide upon these complaints. Moreover, these same officials are intrenched on all sides, and laugh at the inimical marksmen who, as Heinzen humourously expresses it, 'rove about here and there with their pen-shooters.' In fine, this class of functionaries is a regularly organized machinery of government, established and supported by all the powers of an absolute monarchy. A really popular representation and a free constitution would be its death-blow. This is why the resistance has been so great to all such projects, and has caused such palpable vacillation on the part of the present king.

Heinzen gives a chapter on the subject of a proposed constitution (as opposed by the Bureaucrats), and the royal promise. 'Du sollst dein Wort halten,' says the author, at the head of the chapter. It is very interesting, but prodigiously long, in comparison with the others, and so diffuse, as to set any reasonable amount of extracts at defiance. The substance of it, however, may be thus briefly stated:

The present king of Prussia promised his people to give them a constitution; and at the Congress of Vienna in 1814, these arti-

cles were agreed upon as a minimum for each state ;—

1. A definite part in the legislature.

2. The sanction of the taxes.

3. Representation of the Constitution against an undue interference of the King or the Diet.

The king of Prussia now published the well-known order of the 22d of May, 1815, in which he says, among other things,—

“That the principles upon which we have governed may be truly handed down to posterity by means of a written document as a Constitution of the Prussian realm, and preserved for ever, we have decreed,—

“1. There shall be formed a representation of the People.

“3. Out of the provincial diets shall be elected a Diet for the whole kingdom, which shall have its seat at Berlin.

“4. The efficiency of the representatives of the kingdom extends over all the legislature, including taxation.

“‘If anybody should ask,’ says Heinzen, ‘whether we know an instance in which Frederick William III., has broken his word, we must answer—It is certain that he never publicly revoked it as he publicly pledged it—but he has, in fact, left it *unfulfilled*.’”

How unanswerable these remarks are must be sufficiently apparent; but those only who are aware of the shackled condition of the press in Prussia can properly estimate the moral courage of the man who has thus dared to use the powerful simplicity of truth. And this naturally leads us to turn to Heinzen's chapter on the Bureaucracy and the Press.

There are in Prussia, and even in its smallest towns, civil officers called censors, and nothing can be published anywhere without the examination and permission of this officer.* He sees everything that is intended to be printed and published—even mercantile advertisements and circulars! He is guided by secret orders from the government, and is not liable to any other check upon his conduct. He can erase what he pleases from a manuscript or printer's proof, and need give no sort of explanation to an author or other writer; the censor's will or caprice being arbitrary and admitting of no question. Two years ago, it is true, the king constituted a high court of appeal, called Ober-Censurgericht, to which complaints may be addressed; but the judges are Bureaucrats. With regard to newspapers, the censorship is more especially strin-

gent. The ‘Leipzig Gazette’ was prohibited throughout the kingdom of Prussia, because it commenced a contest with the Bureaucracy. The ‘Rhenish Gazette’ was utterly quashed for the same unpardonable offence, the Bureaucrats cried out that the ‘State and Church’ (meaning their office and salaries) ‘were in danger!’

The censorship has different departments. There is a censor whose business in each town is solely with newspapers; another ‘looks sharp’ over the pamphlets; another takes care of the novels and romantic literature generally; nor is poetry by any means forgotten. But the newspapers are more especially the objects of watchful solicitude. The Prussian government does not consider the censor a sufficient power to keep the editors of newspapers within the bounds of ‘a most undangerous discussion of affairs,’ and, therefore, it suspends over their heads a threat, like the sword of Damocles, that any slip of the pen may be visited by the loss of the licence of the paper. No newspaper can appear in Prussia without a licence—and licences are very difficult to be obtained, and for the most part, are only given *conditionally*. But after all this care in the licences, and making preliminary conditions, and the constant supervision of the censor (who may erase anything he pleases here and there all over the printer's proofs, the gaps being ordered to be closed so that nobody shall know the alarming spot where an erasure was made), after all this, the editor or other responsible person is *still* amenable to the law!

The prohibition of works is, moreover, of a wholesale kind in some cases. All the works of some of the ablest authors, such as Heinrich Heine, and Ludwig Börne, are prohibited in Prussia; and everything printed in Switzerland (that is to say, at Zurich and Winterthur im litterarischen Comptoir), is prohibited throughout the Prussian dominions. This is a bad state of things, and needs alteration. A change has already been demanded by the Diet of West Prussia (the oldest and most genuinely Prussian province), and the Rhenish Diet; while there now lies before us a well-argued proposal presented to the latter diet, which is at this time sitting at Coblenz. It is supported by many petitions.

The Army Service, as one might expect, is severely dealt with by Heinzen. How far any of his remarks will apply to the military institutions of other countries, we leave the reader to determine. We should, however, observe that although the principle of the power of brute force is the same in all cases, there is yet a great difference

* Except books which exceed twenty sheets, but these may be suppressed by a summary order, before the sale of them commences.—See ‘For. Quar. Rev.’ No. lxxvi.

in the circumstances between the standing army of a nation, and a 'nation of soldiers.'

"There is a brilliant misery and a brilliant slavery in the institution of the standing army; both are most beautifully united. When it is beautiful to be a machine under a coat of two colours; when it is a blessing to be a slave under stunning music; when it is dignifying to have the soul and body drilled for gaiter-service and parade; then will you find beauty, happiness, and human dignity, united in a life in the standing army.

"Nothing presents a greater contrast to the culture of our times, than the reflection that the security of the state should still be based on a military institution! an institution by which every independent power of man becomes a fault; by which each free volition is annihilated, together with all spirit; by which the nature that distinguishes us from other creatures of the earth is destroyed; in which even the rudest word of command becomes reason; the most arduous order, law; the blindest obedience, virtue; and the most god-deserted loss of free-will (*die gottverlassenste Willenlosigkeit*) is a duty!"—*Heinzen, Bureaucratie*, p. 101.

The chapter on 'Justice' is interesting. We offer the following abstract of the principal points.

Ministers can make what laws they please without submitting them to public consideration, there being no representation of the people in Prussia; and the ministers can generally make the judges decide as they wish, inasmuch as the former have the power, if displeased with them, of dismissing them from office.

Heinzen very truly remarks, that 'where justice is not wholly free and inviolate in all respects, there is no right and no security of the citizens possible. In Prussia,' continues he, 'this security does not exist. Neither the author of this book, nor the author of any other' (nor, we might humbly add in a whisper, the writer of the present article), 'is at any time sure that he may not be taken out of his house by the police, and conducted in custody to Berlin or any other place, the moment the Bureaucracy thinks him deserving of its especial consideration.' Among other examples, they have treated in this way no less a person than the Archbishop of Cologne. The poor author and the rich prelate fare alike; but that is very indifferent consolation to actual sufferers. They took the archbishop out of his house under mere accusations, and out of the district of his jurisdiction, withdrew him from all clerical functions, treated him for several years as a prisoner, and finally—declared that nothing could be proved against him!

In the old Prussian provinces (as distinguished from the Rhenish), the Book of Laws is called 'Landrecht.' It first appeared in the last century, in the reign of

Frederick II.; but since that time it has been so much altered by cabinet orders (from the king) and ministerial rescripts (which in Prussia have the power of laws), that it now creates more difficulties and errors than it cures, and the most experienced lawyer can scarcely find his way through the immense complexity. The late king had already ordered the formation of a law commission to compile a new Book of Laws for the entire kingdom. At the head of this commission stands the celebrated professor and state-minister, Von Savigny; but up to this time the commission has never published any of its labours. In the Rhenish provinces, which it will be recollected were for many years under the dominion of the French, the 'Code Napoleon' is still the recognized Book of Laws. All the Prussian ministers, and more especially the minister Von Kamptz, endeavoured to do away with this admirable code, and to give the Rhenish provinces the 'Landrecht' instead. But public feeling and opinion were so very strong against the design, that none of the ministers could venture to do it for fear it should excite the loyal inhabitants of these provinces to an insurrection, or at least to a state of dissatisfaction with their present government. It was not thought prudent to inspire them with any regrets concerning their late rulers, the French. Nevertheless, the ministers have continued virtually to alter the 'Code Napoleon' to a very great extent, without making any nominal or literal change, by the addition of all sorts of new laws, and the alteration of others. This manoeuvre was sometimes so glaring that they did not dare to publish these new laws in the government papers, where they ought all by right to appear, in order to acquire the power of laws, by being thus made known to the population. They, therefore, sent them quietly to the different courts of law and other administrations, and thus the new law was first learnt by its effect being felt. The trick would be laughable were it not a serious thing to play with justice. Heinzen says, 'After the rescript of the 22d of December, 1833, the verdicts of a court of law in matters that concern high-treason, or disloyalty towards the king or country, are *no* verdicts, but only *advice*s for a verdict! The minister of justice, after having had them minutely examined and *brought into unison* with the laws, makes them into verdicts!' Falsehoods ludicrously palpable have also been told. Although the Minister Von Kamptz continually made the greatest alterations, virtually, in the 'Code Napoleon,' by issuing new ministerial rescripts in direct oppo-

sition to the corresponding cases in the Code, he nevertheless declared, on leaving his seat as Minister of Justice in 1838, that 'not a single article in the Civil Code, in the Civil Process Order, or the Penal Code, had been altered.' Heinzen says, 'This I call cutting off the nose and ears of a man, and then saying we have not hurt a hair of his head!'

Nor is the system of Education in Prussia, excellent as this is in so many respects, free from the reproach of despotic influence. Children and young men acquire a great general knowledge; but professors and schoolmasters are not allowed to teach according to any views of their own, or to instil any convictions they may entertain which are not in strict accordance with the regular government system. Hence, besides other limitations, the pupils do not acquire the knowledge of matters that concern actual life, and which might enable them to stand upon their own ground in entering the active world. But a free instruction could hardly be expected in a country where the free expression of thought is not permitted either to the pen or the tongue. This applies not merely to politics, but also to theology, and to philosophy generally. 'A professor,' says Heinzen, 'who should indulge in a free expression of thought at his lecture-desk, would be equally punished with a rebel who declaimed in the streets.'

Heinzen's work is divided into three Parts, the first and most important of which we have now gone through. The remainder we have seen, but do not at present possess, the separate Parts being handed about privately. Should we obtain them, however, as we fully expect, we shall probably return to the subject; and after exhibiting the work in detail, offer some general comments on the whole, together with the state of things it discusses.

It is by means of a few such men as Heinzen—men who, as Carlyle expresses it, possess 'the true martyr spirit'—that Liberty gradually uplifts her head, and triumphs over the despotism that on all sides oppresses her. We cannot do better than conclude with the author's words.

"For all who have an opinion of their own these few words are written. That which makes man a slave, is the mean fear of a prison. But to be obliged to take one's conviction into the grave is a greater punishment than a prison could be; and to spread one's free opinion is a greater happiness than the security derived from a timorous silence. It is a duty and an honour to enter a gaol, when its doors are opened for rectitude and truth. The path to liberty lies through the prison."—*Heinzen, Preuss. Bureaokratie*, p. 207.

Heinzen has at present taken refuge in Belgium; but we understand that he offers to return and submit himself to the laws, provided they will try him by the 'Code Napoleon,' and not by a secret tribunal. Meanwhile a subscription for his wife and family has been made in Cologne.

ART. VI.—*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, par L. A. THIERS. Tomes I. et II. Paris. March, 1845.

History of the Consulate and the Empire, by L. A. THIERS. Translated by D. FORBES CAMPBELL. London. Colburn. 1845.

THE appearance of these volumes has been looked forward to in Paris with all the eager vivacity of hope and triumph. In England, though we have neither been so eager nor so anxious, yet it would be vain to deny that the publication of the work has excited a more than ordinary interest. Widely different, however, are the motives by which the reading public in either country are prompted to seize on this novelty. In France, and more especially in Paris, there are a hundred different motives peculiarly appertaining to the nation; to the epoch whose history is here treated of; to the form of government and administration whose springs are unfolded; to the wonderful man who stands in the foreground of the picture; and to the remarkable person who has imposed upon himself the task of writing the history of a period, among the most stirring and dramatic; if not the most important, in the cycles of the world. These circumstances invest the work of Thiers, in France, with an interest which it can never obtain out of that country, and sufficiently account for the eager craving of the French public.

But in England, in Germany, ay, and in America, the desire to see and devour the book, though neither so deep nor so demonstrated as in Paris, still exceeds the bounds of ordinary curiosity, and sufficiently attests that the historian and his hero are alike objects of study, of contemplation, and of interest. Both the one and the other rose from small beginnings to pride of place and power; we have seen both the one and the other ignominiously fall. Alternations of fortune like these afford a varying interest in vain sought in the histories of men who pursue the even tenour of their way, who are neither suddenly elevated nor suddenly depressed, neither cadets to-day nor consuls

to-morrow, neither paupers this year nor prime ministers the year succeeding.

But altogether apart from the hero of the book, and the political importance of the historian, there was sufficient in the name of THIERS as a mere *homme de lettres* to excite attention. A quarter of a century ago M. Thiers had, as a journalist, rendered himself remarkable by the vivacity and the vigour of his intellect, and some of his productions thus early published in a provincial journal had secured him the friendship of Manuel, and an introduction to M. Etienne, the chief editor of the 'Constitutionnel.' The articles which he published in that journal were characterized by beauty, strength, and logical precision; and, above all, by that lively, brilliant, and dramatic style, which then distinguished him from most of his contemporaries.

It was while engaged as an almost daily and most successful writer in the 'Constitutionnel,' in 1821 and 1822, that M. Thiers bethought him that something more was necessary to permanent fame than these diurnal disquisitions; and with the resolution becoming a grave and serious subject, he determined to collect materials for history. The nature of his avocations, probably also his tastes, led Thiers to the study and contemplation of the French Revolution; that eventful period, in which every question had been touched on—some familiarly handled—but none settled. Social and political economy, financial and administrative science, the law, legislation, metaphysics, the art of war—everything, in a word, but the art of peace had then been dallied with and discussed. And, in order to pronounce on these questions, and on the manner in which they had been treated, it was necessary that Thiers should, at least, dig somewhat beyond the surface, in soils sometimes cold and clayey—sometimes dry and arid—occasionally stony and barren, anon fertile and fruitful. The then successful journalist, with no visions of a portfolio in perspective, did not shrink from so varied a labour. With the illustrious survivors of the *Grande Armée*, he talked of war and battles—with the ex-deacon and ex-minister of finance, the Baron Louis, he discussed the question of the *assignats*, and the financial operations of the Directory and Consulate; while the Nestor of diplomatists, Talleyrand, lent him the aid of his clear head, correct judgment, and fine tact and sagacity, in fathoming the depths of foreign affairs.

At length the first volume of the 'Histoire de la Revolution Française' appeared, in 1823; but so unknown was the then rising journalist to the booksellers, that he was

forced to couple his name with one Felix Bodin, a burning and a shining light among the bright men of the Row of Paris, before Lecomte and Durey would give to one page of his manuscript the permanency of print. Before 1824, Thiers had made himself known and felt; and in that year the worthy booksellers launched forth the third volume, with the simple name of Adolphe Thiers, unencumbered with the heavy help of the prosperous, plodding hack, Bodin. This volume created quite a sensation in Paris. The boldness, not to say audacity, with which the young writer treated men and things equally hated by the Restoration, contributed to give the work a party value, independently of its literary merit. The History of M. Thiers soon became a textbook. Friends among the old admirers of Napoleon it was sure to find, and something more than friends among the young. It was a new revelation of the last half century, in which the events, the men, and, to use an expressive French phrase, *les situations*, were generally explained and extenuated, seldom or never exposed. The facts were set forth with wonderful art and dramatic effect, and the clearness and vigour of the style lent a new charm to the development of this great drama. The page was, indeed, a pictured one. The men were real men of flesh and blood, instinct with strong passion, muscular and sinewy, rushing with desperate determination to a great and glorious object. The reader was transported to the scene of action, and became, so to speak, participant in the passions of the desperate players. Volume after volume appeared, with continually increasing popularity, and shortly after the Revolution of 1830, the work had already gone through a third edition.

This was not wonderful. Thiers had stirred up the vain-glory of the nation, and thrown out anew for discussion all the cardinal questions which had been mooted half a century before, though they still remained unsolved. That he understood these questions himself is more than we dare affirm; but this at least is certain, that he adjusted his style to the intellectual level of his reader, and made his countrymen believe that these great topics were within the grasp of the meanest capacity.

It were beside our purpose here, and perhaps it were not worth the while at any time, to throw in the teeth of a man totally divested of principle, and altogether destitute of a moral sense, his political palinodes, his trickery and his tergiversation. But without dwelling on these unpleasant passages in his public life, we may remark that the 'Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire,'

though cleverly and forcibly written, wants that earnestness and seemingly enthusiastic spirit of conviction which the author contrived to throw into his 'History of the First Revolution.' There are no doubt some strong and well-written passages in the work under review, but as a whole the two volumes which we have perused, though a creditable performance, yet lack that picturesqueness and dramatic interest, that happy talent of description which we find in the earlier work. The political life of M. Thiers has no doubt destroyed the *prestige* which hung about the writer of the 'Constitutionnel' and 'National.' We see now before us a man, the surfeited sensualist and slave of power, who would take office to-morrow, not for the sake of principle or party, but for the luxury, the fortune, and the personal consideration which office, even in twice revolutionized France, still confers. It is no longer the eloquent panegyrist of Danton—the odorous embalmer of the memory of Hérault de Séchelles—the bold sketcher of Hoche—and the palliator of the pillaging and plundering of Masséna that we have to deal with, but the selfish scorner of all principle and virtue, whose system of regeneration and liberty for France and the world, is centered wholly in himself, in the proper person of Adolphe Thiers.

The last volume of the former history terminated with the Directory. The Directory, too, had its military triumphs which the historian finds a pride and pleasure in describing; but these triumphs were due to an army created by the Convention, frenzied by revolutionary fever, and impelled by a wild desire to plant the one indivisible Republic far and wide by force of arms. But, notwithstanding all this fury and fustian of the new regenerators of mankind, public credit was destroyed. The abuse of credit had been the destruction of it. There were 581,000,000 fr. of *assignats* in circulation, and such was the depreciation of this paper, that the louis of 24 livres cost 5300f. in *assignats*. Add to this, that the ministry of police destroyed in the revolution, and re-established in 1796, had become one of the most active mainsprings of the government.

This establishment began by demoralizing the power which created it, and continued in its course by alternately corrupting and coercing the citizens of the capital of France. There was a government and ministerial party in that day, too, timid, vile, and venal. There was not an intrigant male or female, not an ambitious speculator, not a public plunderer, not a dirty dabbler in the funds

or loans, not a fraudulent contractor that did not force his way into the congenial salons of Barras, or the anti-chambers of the ministers of the Directory. Every one, man and woman, wished to be brought; and each Louis and Adolphe, and each Marie and Toinette, had his and her price. It was a national cloud and coterie of *chiffonniers*, all raking for gold in the mud and offal of the stinkiest and most sensual capital of all Christendom, the good city of Paris. This was a system that could not last. The Royalists founded the Clichy Club; the Constitutional party, the Club of Sâlm; the Republicans, the Club of the *Manège*. The Directory stood in the midst of these factions with its intriguants and its stock-jobbers. Barras, the rotten Barras, as Napoleon used to call him, inherited the flagrant immorality of the *Thermodoriens*. An ex-noble, he had all the tastes, all the vices, and all the frivolity, of the cankered and worn-out aristocracy of France—his mistresses—his cooks—his *chiens de chasse* and *de meute*—his *mattres d'hôtel*—his *perruquiers*, *sommeliers*, &c. And whilst he was rolling in this Sybarite luxury, and dining daily like Dives, the army and navy were living like Lazarus, without coats to cover their 'looped and windowed raggedness,' or crumbs to satisfy their craving hunger. The spirits of robbery and rapine spread their wide wings over France, and these half spoliators, half Sybarites, called themselves a government. Paris was a sink of obscenity and corruption.

Every impure, every corrupt, every lascivious, every licentious spirit found there not merely a resting-place, but a welcome home. The liberty of the press had perished in the general licentiousness. Barras had caused the journalist Poncelet to be carried off to the Luxembourg prison, where, being first gagged, he was afterwards flagellated so unmercifully, that he died the death of a martyr. What was his crime? He told the tyrant the truth in the hearing of the people. Is it wonderful that, under such a system, the *mandats* of the 25th of January, 1797, were only quoted, and that per force, at 1f. value for every 100f? Better days at length began to dawn on this afflicted country. By the influence of Pichegru, Barthélemy entered into the Directory, while Talleyrand became a minister. But again the evil spirit prevails; again a cowardly tyranny recommences its horrible reign; Hoche is dead, Moreau disgraced, Carnot banished, Barthélemy arrested, and fifty-three deputies are *uno flatu* proscribed, and Bonaparte, who had promised his support to the wise and moderate, is sent to

Egypt. A partial national bankruptcy is decreed, lotteries are re-established, the goods and chattels of nobles and functionaries are confiscated, and their persons proscribed. English manufactures are directed to be seized and sold, in the same breath that directed a loan of 80,000,000. Duphot, the ambassador at Rome, is assassinated. The Pope is driven from the chair of St. Peter, and the capital of the Christian world is declared a republic. Bernadotte, the ambassador at Vienna, is insulted in his hotel, and forced to retire. At home, the constitution and representative system are destroyed, and treaties in the *Bureau des Affaires Etrangères* are considered no longer binding. While these scenes are enacting the United States suspend all intercourse with France; the King of the Sicilies unites with the Emperor; the Porte, allied to England, declares war against the Directory, and Russia binds herself both to Naples and England. In this urgency and agony of Directorial fate domiciliary visits are authorized, and a more stringent conscription law is passed. Tyranny assumes the guise of a hideous legality—for majorities pass the most insufferable laws; but though rank majorities (as Grattan well said) may give a nation law, they cannot give law authority. To play the despot long, one has need of strong arms, and stronger nerves; but Barras and his pack were *usé* and *blasé* in every sense, and equally false and faint-hearted. Their power began to totter, and their limbs to fail them, when riots and revolts broke out simultaneously at Bordeaux, Lyons, Lille, and Amiens. The bands of the west were again organized, and rebellious movements disquieted the departments of Vaucluse, the Aube, and the Ardennes. The law of Hostages was now proclaimed; and those who had hoped, even against hope itself, were about to despair, when Citizen Bonaparte, whom Europe had believed lost in the sands of Egypt, unexpectedly disembarked near Frejus, and suddenly startled Paris by his unbidden arrival. The honest and the uncorrupt among the inhabitants of that corrupt capital, whether *employés* or otherwise, who dared not hitherto openly resist the government, though they deplored in silence its evil ways, looked forward with elation, and hope, and joy, to the coming of a liberator, who, establishing his power on the great principle of morality, would cause his name to be respected abroad, and his mandates to be willingly obeyed at home. The Directorial government had repudiated all the men of energy, talent, and morality. The old were secretly Royalists, or Royal-

ists publicly professing their faith; and the young, ardent, impassioned, energetic, and hopeful, were pure Republicans. Either the one or other of these parties could have separately overturned the Directory, if the mass of the nation had not feared the revival of anarchy and a new reign of terror. This was the true reason why this most iniquitous government maintained itself in the midst of the public contempt. Sieyès, reputed by some a deep and serious thinker, but indolent and listless withal, had tried to infuse some energy into this new Directorial body; but failing, separated himself from them. Feeling the urgent necessity of a change, he had proposed his constitution to Moreau; but that timid politician, of no political experience, and little civil courage, hesitated. Bernadotte, either fearing to break with, or wishing subsequently to use the republicans for his purposes, also refused, and Augereau could not comprehend the project of the abbé.

The man of destiny at length appeared, and the discontented of all parties grouped themselves around him. The very functionaries whom the Directory had placed in office, promised their support, to the end that their places might thus become more durable and more lucrative. Nay, the stock-jobbers, whose fortunes had been made by the corrupt clique in power, clubbed their moneys together to aid the bold soldier of fortune, who was to overturn these huckstering statesmen—these truck and barter governors. The inherent weakness of the men, and domestic treason, were not without their effects. As the resolves of the man of destiny were prompt and unerring, so did the conspiracy quickly become powerful. It counted among its members Sieyès and Roger-Ducos, Talleyrand and Fouché, the majority of the Council of the Ancients, the great majority of the Council of Five Hundred, the generals Berthier, Lefebvre, Murat, Marcey, Moreau, Macdonald, Beurnonville, together with the bankers and capitalists, Recamier, Seguín, Ouvrard, Wanlerberghe, and a numerous tribe of army contractors, *fournisseurs*, accoutrement-makers, &c. Barras remained in armed neutrality, sure, as he thought, to triumph. A rival plot was got up by the friends of Bernadotte; but the man of destiny was informed of this by Salicetti, his countryman, at whose house it was held. A plot discovered, is a plot overthrown. The Council of Ancients assembled, 148 members were present, who consented to give Bonaparte the necessary power for the safety of the representation. The man of destiny appeared at the bar. 'Your decree,' said he,

'has saved the Republic.' Armed with a power which covered his conspiracy with an air of legality, he addressed his adversaries in the following strain: 'What have you done with that France that I left so prosperous and happy? I left you in peace, and I find you in war; I left you victories, and I find defeats; I left you the millions of treasure brought from Italy, and I find everywhere misery and spoliation. What have you done with the 100,000 brave soldiers, all, all, my companions in glory? They are dead.'

He next appeared at the council of the Five Hundred, and, amidst murmurs of 'Cæsar!' 'Cromwell!' thus addressed them: 'If I had wished,' he exclaimed, 'to usurp sovereign authority, I might have done so; I was called to it by the wishes of the nation, I was called to it by the wishes of my comrades, by the wishes of that army, which has been ill-treated and oppressed, since it has ceased to be commanded by me. You talk to me of the constitution, forsooth! But why should you invoke that name? Can that empty word be any longer a guarantee for the French people? You violated the constitution on the 18th Fructidor; you violated it on the 22d Floreal; you violated it again on the 30th Prarial. The constitution, say you! All your factions have violated it; it has been condemned and despised by all.' Uttering these words, powerful by their truth, and terrible, as disclosing a fixed resolve, he retired among his companions in arms, who awaited his orders with calm courage. He, alone, pale and trembling, felt himself unnerved before the revolution which he was about to prepare. Well, indeed, might he tremble and be appalled, for the empire and destinies of France, the fortunes of Europe, the responsibility of the future, the fate of the civilized world, pass in succession before his mind. But courage! Again he appears before the Five Hundred, who are presided over by his brother Lucien. The deputies now rise in a body, and tumultuously cry aloud: 'Down with the dictator, down with the tyrant.' Bigonnet rushes towards him, and exclaims: 'Rash intruder, you violate the sanctuary of the laws.' Bonaparte recedes for a moment, and throws himself back on his grenadiers; but Murat infuses into him some portion of his own daring nature; and Lucien, stepping down from the chair, counsels his brother to surround the building, sanctuary of the laws though it be, with a troop of soldiers. The grenadiers enter the hall with drums beating and bayonets fixed, and drive out the astonished and affrighted deputies through the doors and windows. From that moment the

government of the Directory ceased to exist. The constitution of the year III. perished with it, and the revolution of the 18th Brumaire was wholly consummated.

The Directory had lasted four years, *i. e.*, from the 14 Brumaire, An. IV., to 18 Brumaire, An. VIII. Of its *personnel*, as well as its proceedings, M. Thiers takes too favourable and lenient a view. L. Tournour wanted energy; La Reveilliere was the slave of a disordered imagination; Rewbell, though an amiable man in his private family, was a savage, ferocious, and mistrustful brute in public life. Lavallée would have us believe that he was honest and unstained with peculation; but Carnot charged him with corruption, and his Alsacian rapacity has since passed into a proverb. Gohier was, no doubt, an honest man, and a third-rate advocate, with the words nature, virtue, and liberty, always in his mouth, but something more than this is necessary to guide and govern men. Of Barras we have already spoken at some length, and, therefore, it will be only necessary here to say, that, in addition to his other vices, he was a professed gambler. Of Carnot's probity and fair intentions there can be no doubt; but, with the exception of Barthélemy, Carnot, and Sieyès, we cannot agree that the Directory merited the epithet of *citoyens probes*. The character of Sieyès appears to be carefully drawn in the work before us, but it is greatly overrated, and, in our humble opinion, more importance is attached to the abbé than he deserved. It is true, that he was the author of the re-union of the three orders, of the division of France into departments, and of the National Guard; but we cannot agree with M. Thiers in thinking that to this abbé are ascribable the greatest and best conceptions of the French Revolution, nor (the assertion contradicts itself) that, though devoid of eloquence, he was nearly the rival of Mirabeau. The Abbé Sieyès had, like Fouché, risen out of the order of the clergy. He was reserved and silent, or expressed himself in short phrases; sometimes elevated, sometimes empty, oftentimes obscure. His mode of discussion was dry, metaphysical, and fatiguing. Of a cold and phlegmatic nature, his silence passed for wisdom, and his reserve for profundity; but he was proud and vain; and in flattering either his vanity or pride, it was not difficult to gain an ascendancy over him.*

* That this was the universal opinion of Sieyès, will appear from the following opinion of Repnin to the czar:—"Sieyès vit isolé à Berlin; on craint de l'approcher. Sa réputation dement, ou plutôt sa taciturne éloquence a excité les méfiances du cabinet. Il voit de temps en temps le ministre

In France, in the year VIII., he had, no doubt, great reputation as a statesman; but he was, after all, only a theoretical essayist, and so indolent, that, in so far as mere writing and style went, his essays were the production of another hand. Lord Malmesbury, with his usual sagacity and discrimination, says that Napoleon saw through him, used him, and laid him by; and Talleyrand (no mean observer of men and things), when somebody remarked to him, '*C'est un homme très profond,*' merely replied, in his easy, *nonchalante* manner, '*C'est creux, très creux que vous voulez dire.*' To any such exaggerated estimate as M. Thiers gives of this ideologist, we prefer the character of Sieyès drawn by a man who, to use the words of Canning, 'will mark this age, marked as it is in itself, by events to all time,'—we mean Mr. Burke, who thus speaks of him:

"Abbé Sieyès has whole nests of pigeon-holes full of constitutions, ready made, ticketed, sorted, and numbered, suited to every season and every fancy, some with the top of the pattern at the bottom, and some with the bottom at the top; some plain, some flowered; some distinguished for their simplicity; others for their complexity; some of blood-colour, some of *boue de Paris*; some with directions, some without a direction; some with councils of elders, and councils of youngsters, some without any council at all; some where the electors choose the representatives, others where the representatives choose the electors; some in long coats, and some in short cloaks; some with pantaloons, some without breeches; some with five-shilling qualifications, some totally unqualified. So that no constitution-fancier may go unsuited from his shop, provided he loves a pattern of pillage, oppression, arbitrary imprisonment, confiscation, exile, revolutionary judgment, and legalised, premeditated murder, in any shape into which they can be put."

Adolphus, whose history, as to facts and motives, Lord Malmesbury calls singularly exact, speaks of the Abbé as crafty and time-serving; and from the manner in which he treated the Abbé Poulle, his countryman, of which Thiers makes no mention, we fear we must add hard-hearted. The best deed we ever heard cited of him was the surrender of a church preferment, to the value of 10,000*fr.*; and his best word, his pregnant exclamation in the National Assembly, on the 10th of August, on the measure for the suppression of tithes: '*Ils*

veulent être libres et ne savent pas être justes.' That he was idle, discontented, self-willed, and irritated by contradiction, Thiers admits; yet this is the man whom he, nevertheless, describes as one of the most remarkable men of that time. One would have thought fifteen years' experience of public life had given M. Thiers a better appreciation of character; but he boasts, in an early part of his work, that experience has not chilled in his bosom the generous sentiments of his youth, and that he still loves, as he formerly loved, the liberty and the glory of France—the liberty, we presume, of the Convention and Directory, and the glory resulting from blood, brigandage, and bribes.

Bonaparte, however, soon convinced Sieyès that his own place was to govern, while to the abbé was left the utmost latitude of speculation. The young general was capable of the most intense labour, was brusque, but neither morose nor peevish in his manners, and could charm either by his suavity or subdue by the force of his character. This certainly seems a fair estimate of M. Thiers' idol: but in placing Bonaparte on a pedestal, there is no need to depreciate Bernadotte as an *esprit médiocre*. That he may have been somewhat vain, and that he was undoubtedly ambitious, we are not prepared to deny; but there are few in England who will agree that this sound-headed and sagacious man, more especially remarkable for the accuracy and solidity of his judgment, and his just appreciation of characters and events, merits the epithet of *esprit médiocre*, because he happened, first, to hold himself aloof; and, secondly, to separate himself altogether from the fortunes of Napoleon.

The state of misery and suffering to which the armies were reduced in November, 1799, is well described in these pages, and the financial *exposé* of the kingdom at the same period is given with a brevity and clearness as yet unattained by our present chancellor of the exchequer. The system of *agiotage* is described with the hand of a master. Here there shines forth a thoroughly practical knowledge, and did we not know the extreme purity of M. Thiers' character, and how foreign from his life and habits is anything remotely resembling a dabbling in the funds, we should say he united the practical knowledge of an *agent de change* to the science of a Say and a Forbonnais. Passing, however, from these unexciting topics, M. Thiers diverges to the proceedings of the royalists, whom in a general sweeping assertion, he describes as *tous excités et soutenus par les Anglais*. It were impossible to give a more false ac-

d'Espagne, aussi taciturne que lui. Son mot de railllement est *silence et profondeur*. Jamais hymne d'ailleurs ne fut moins séduisant que ce provençal, dont le pédantisme orgueilleux ne respecte l'orgueil de personne, dédaigne les bien-séances se croit dispensé d'adresse, et imagine que ses semblables doivent s'abaisser devant les hauteurs de son intelligence." (Dépêche du Prince Repnin au czar, Juillet, 1798.)

count. No public man of any note in England, with the single exception of Mr. Windham, took any peculiar interest in the proceedings of the royalists, and this neglect and indifference is the theme of perpetual complaint in the correspondence of the Puisayes, the Caumonts, and other emigrants. Mr. Pitt, to the credit of his penetration and sagacity be it said, early saw the folly of this perverse race, who had nothing learned and nothing forgotten; and though Lord Grenville had strong prejudices against the new order of things in France, he never lent himself to the silly projects of the emigrant clique.

In regarding this early portion of the consulate, what we are chiefly struck with is the extent and unity of Napoleon's immense plans, and his untiring energy and perseverance in executing them. To govern and direct the masses, he deems no sacrifices too great, no labour too incessant. All his acts are distinguished by an energetic spirit of organization. He centralizes the mental intelligence, and moral power, and physical force of France, with the view of turning it to the profit of the supreme power, whether that power be wielded by consul or emperor.

The great superiority of Napoleon to all the men whom the burning fever of the times had used and exhausted before his day, consisted in his turning to his personal account and purposes all those masculine and energetic characters—most of them men of action, but some of them men of reflection and thought—whom the Revolution had produced. Some he dazzled, some he humbled, some he elevated, some he deceived and blind-folded, but all he rendered tributary to his own strong will, and the greater number he attached to his person and fortunes by that indescribable power of fascination which he possessed in a greater degree than any man of his time. How otherwise than by the dominion of the strongest will, conjoined with this persuasiveness of manner, can we account for the union of the Talleyrands and Fouchés, of the Noailles and the Treilhards, the Narbonne and the Marets, the Portalis's and the Murats? To make the lion lie down with the lamb had seemed to be an impossibility, till Napoleon had united in support of his power the proscriber and the proscribed—the Thermidorians and the friends of Robespierre; the banished of Fructidor and the exiled to the deserts of Sinnamary. It is in this construction of the unity of power out of anarchy, this fusion of opposing parties into one solid lump of nationality—the nationality being represented by himself—that the First Consul appears pre-eminently

great. And in this early achievement, M. Thiers makes no comment or reflection, but proceeds with his narrative as though it were in no wise remarkable.

Though his personal glory and the grandeur of France were Napoleon's dominant passions, yet he gave indications thus early in his consulate of a wise and a tolerant spirit. With his own hand, he proceeded to the Temple to break the fetters of the hostages, and liberated the priests confined in the islands of Ré and Oléron. Nor were these his only merits. The shipwrecked royalists who had flung themselves on the shores of Calais (among whom was the enlightened Duke of Choiseul) were set at liberty, though removed from the territories of the Republic. These were acts universally applauded. Under the Directory they would have been pronounced unworthy concessions, but under the new Consular government, whose foremost figure was an illustrious general, they were recognized as indications of strength and moderation. So true is it, as the historian well remarks, that for a government to be moderate with honour and character, it must needs be powerful. Against the revolutionary party, however, Bonaparte was rigorous; thirty-eight were expatriated, and eighteen confined at La Rochelle. One of these, named Jorry, had publicly offended Talleyrand, who had now entered on the department of foreign affairs, and who, always of a clement character, and equally humane and adroit, interceded for his ancient enemy. Toulouse, formerly so agitated, became tranquil on the appearance of Lannes, but La Vendée was in insurrection.

Some of the royalist chiefs were so credulous as to believe that the new Consul would play the part of Monk; and MM. Hyde de Neuville and d'Andigné sought and obtained an interview with Napoleon: but that extraordinary man, feeling the consciousness of his own power, while he listened with patience to the expression of their desires and their hopes, frankly declared that his objects were to put a stop to persecutions; to unite all parties, but to exalt none but the party of the Revolution *properly understood*. What that proper understanding was, M. Thiers, with true diplomatic reserve, does not think proper to disclose, but in Bonaparte's mouth—let M. Thiers disguise it as he may—it meant nothing else than his own friends and followers, or those willing to take office with a view to maintain his principles, effectuate his intentions, and support his policy and government, foreign and domestic. He declared to the two royalist chiefs his inten-

tions to treat with the insurgents on reasonable terms, or to exterminate them to the last man. This, pithily remarks the historian, made the character of General Bonaparte better known to the royalists. Soon after this a suspension of hostilities was signed between the insurgents, represented by M. de Chatillon, d'Autichamp, and de Bourmont (who afterwards served the Empire and Restoration with distinction), and the Consular government.

Prussia and Spain were now the only governments at peace with France; but adroit manœuvres were soon made to conciliate the Emperor Paul, who was greatly incensed with the coalesced powers.

The pusillanimous and selfish neutrality of Prussia, at this moment, appeared wisdom, and it was plain a great card might be played at that court, now that Russia was incensed and discontented with the Allies. Frederick William was a good easy man, loving peace. Haugwitz loved peace too, according to Thiers, but the latter wholly omits to state that he was deeply imbued with the ideas of the French Revolution; that he was protected by Madame Lichtenau, and Lombard, the secretary of the cabinet, through whose instrumentality he suddenly acquired a great increase of fortune, it is alleged, by dabbling in the funds. Sir James Harris, in one of his despatches, it is true, calls him friendly and communicative; but documents and events have since proved that, if not in the pay of or bribed by the French, he had a decided leaning towards French interests. It was not, therefore, probably, without weighty reasons, that he pressed on the king, his master, the office of mediator; and the First Consul, who was not slow in taking advantage of the favourable dispositions of foreign courts, of which no doubt he was informed by the able and quick-witted Otto, sent his aide-de-camp, Duroc, to Berlin, on a mission, ostensibly of courtesy, but really to explain the personal wishes and intentions of Bonaparte. The ablest and most conciliatory diplomatist of France, M. de Talleyrand, had contemporaneously assumed the direction of the exterior relations. On this appointment, on which, as the prince was one of his earliest patrons, it might be supposed M. Thiers would dwell at some length, he contents himself with making the following observations:

"It were impossible that a more conciliatory or a more proper person could have been chosen for this office. No one was more calculated to please, even to flatter Europe, without surrendering the elevated position which the French cabinet ought to hold. We shall have other opportunities of

speaking of this singular and remarkable character. Suffice it now to say, that the choice of this personage at this juncture, clearly proved that without descending from energy to feebleness, there was a transition from politics of passion to politics of calculation. There was no circumstance, even to that exquisite elegance of manners peculiar to M. de Talleyrand, which was not of advantage in the new attitude which France was about to adopt in reference to foreign powers."

Duroc succeeded perfectly in his mission to the court of Berlin. The grave diplomatist, Bignon, says he charmed the Queen of Prussia when she asked him whether he had seen crocodiles in Egypt, by simply replying in the negative. 'On trouvait admirable,' says the old soldier and diplomatist, 'qu'un jeune officier Français revenant d'Egypte convioit n'avoir pas vu un crocodile.' The character of the *Grande Nation* at Berlin might be left to any jury, even *de medietate*, on such evidence; yet in his simplicity, this paid panegyrist of Napoleon thinks he is paying not only a compliment to France, but to that army of which Duroc, we admit, was one of the most creditable specimens, in stating this fact. General Beurnonville preceded Otto in the Prussian embassy. Thiers describes him as a *franc militaire*, honest, open, moderate, and in every sense fit to represent the new government. But does Beurnonville merit the panegyric pronounced on him by M. Thiers? He was the general who made to the government that famous report of the affair at Pellen, between the Austrians and the French, wherein he stated that the Austrians, after three hours of a terrible combat, lost a great number of their army, whilst the French escaped *pour le petit doigt d'un grenadier*. On this report it was pleasantly said, *le petit doigt n'a pas tout dit*. This functionary it was, who after being rewarded with the embassies of Berlin and Madrid, and made a senator of France, on the 1st of April, 1814, voted for a provisional government, and the expulsion of his benefactor from the throne of France. On the same day he became a member of that provisional government, and yet is pronounced by M. Thiers to be *franc, loyal, ouvert*. Verily the ex-minister's notions of frankness, openness, and sincerity, are widely different from those entertained in England.

The enlargement of the priests—the exhibition of pacific feelings towards Europe—the armistice concluded on the Rhine—the cordial reception given to the aide-de-camp Duroc, at Berlin, were accepted as pledges of peace. Such is the effect of confidence, that it is everything for a new government. Money was now poured into the

treasury: from the treasury it found its way to the armies, which, contented with these first supplies, patiently awaited those promised at a future time. In the presence of a superior power, the hostile factions ceased to conspire, to resist, or to combat. The party of the oppressors felt they could no longer exercise their tyranny: while the party of the oppressed recognized a power in existence stronger than their oppressors, to which they looked with confidence and hope.

It was soon noised abroad, on the report of those who came into daily contact with the young general, to transact business with him, that this remarkable soldier, the equal of any general of his day, and who was, even then, scarcely surpassed by any general of antiquity, was, moreover, an accomplished administrator and a profound politician. The men by whom he was surrounded, many of them remarkable in their particular walks, and always, therefore, listened to by him with attention, often themselves enlightened by the justness and promptitude of his views, retired from his presence filled with wonder and admiration. Roger-Ducos could talk of nothing else but this wonderful man; and the uncertain, crotchety Sieyès himself, little inclined to yield to opinion, where he was not himself the favoured object of it, acknowledged, at length, the superiority, the universality, of this commanding genius, and paid the purest homage to it, in allowing Bonaparte to have his own way. The prestige which success commands secures interested admirers, and these latter set no bounds to their enthusiasm. But among the really sincere were found Talleyrand, Regnault de St. Jean-d'Angely, Rœderer, Boulay (de la Meurthe), Dufermon, Réal Dufresne, who repeated everywhere that they had never seen before exhibited such promptitude, sagacity, and discretion, accompanied with such activity of mind and reach of intellect.

While his colleague was thus governing and dominating the minds of men, Sieyès was cudgelling his brains on the constitution of the year VIII. The abbé was possessed rather of the reflective and meditative, than the active faculties of the mind; and much as he had pondered on his constitution, he had never reduced it to writing. It still lay in his brain, the product of much painful gestation; and now a species of mental man-midwife, in the person of M. Boulay (de la Meurthe), presented himself to assist in the delivery. Taking pen and paper in hand, he wrote, while Sieyès delivered himself of that 'remarkable conception,' to use the words of Thiers, 'worthy of posterity.'

The first part of the proposition may be freely admitted, but to the second we must take exception. The 'ponderation de pouvoirs,' and all such 'niaiseries métaphysiques,' to use the words of Napoleon, were indeed the veriest trash. We shall not follow M. Thiers through his elaborate description of this notable constitution, with its *Listes de Notabilité*, *Corps Législatif*, *Tribunat*, *Conseil d'Etat*, *Sénat Conservateur*, *Grand Electeur*, and mode of creating these *Pouvoirs d'Etat*, but merely remark, that the functions and attributions of the *Grand Electeur* excited the openly expressed indignation of Bonaparte. Common friends, MM. Rœderer and Talleyrand, interfered. An interview took place, but it did not create a better feeling. A second interview followed, at which Sieyès showed a better temper. The Grand Elector of the abbé, however, perished by the sarcasms of the young general, and by a power still greater than sarcasm, the power of an imminent necessity. M. Thiers unpardonably omits to give the conclusive and characteristic reply of Bonaparte to this proposal of a phantom or shadow king in the person of a Grand Elector. 'Comment avez vous pu croire, Citoyen Sieyès, qu'un homme d'honneur, qu'un homme de talent, et de quelque capacité dans les affaires, voulut jamais consentir à n'être qu'un cochon à l'engrais de quelques millions dans le château Royal de Versailles?'

The Grand Elector, therefore, was sunk; but a First Consul was appointed, with two other consuls, the better to dissimulate the real omnipotence of the first. The First Consul had the direct and sole nomination of all the administrative officers of the republic, of the members of the departmental and municipal councils, of the prefects, sub-prefects, municipal officers; the nomination of officers of the army and navy, councillors of state, diplomatic agents, and ministers in foreign countries, civil and criminal judges, &c. Besides this power of nomination the whole of the government was vested in him. He had the direction of war and diplomacy, signed treaties, &c. M. Sieyès was thus doomed to see the power of his senate diminish before his eyes, and the all-powerful consul substituted for his '*Grand Electeur*.' The constitution of the year VIII. did not contain within itself any declaration of rights; but it guaranteed individual liberty, the inviolability of every citizen's home, the responsibility of ministers and inferior agents. It was further stipulated that, in certain departments, and in certain extraordinary cases, the action of the constitution might be suspended. A power of pensioning the

widows and children of military officers was reserved, as well as of rewarding men who had rendered eminent services to the state. This was the germ of an institution since celebrated as the Legion of Honour. The most practical of the conceptions of Sieyès, namely, the *Conseil d'Etat*, or Council of State, was retained in this constitution, and still subsists in the constitution of France. General Bonaparte then was named First Consul for ten years. *By whom* he was named Thiers does not state; but he adds, it cannot be said he was *chosen*; for the situation and crisis of affairs pointed him out, and he was received from the arms of victory and necessity. The discomfited abbé not liking secondary places, in which, to use his own silly phrase, he would be 'absorbed,' declined to be the lacquey of the First Consul. He refused, therefore, the place of second consul. Cambacérès, an eminent lawyer, a person of great tact and prudence, and who had acquired great importance among the political men of the time, was named second consul, whilst the place of third was filled by M. Lebrun, a distinguished writer. Sieyès was instructed to compose the senate, and there, artfully yet naïvely says Thiers, lay his natural part. He, therefore, and Roger-Ducos, who had ceased to be consuls, were, with Cambacérès and Lebrun, who had been invested with those functions, to name the absolute majority of the senate. By means of these varied combinations it was that Bonaparte became chief of the executive power. The constitution was promulgated on the 15th of December, 1799, to the great satisfaction of its authors and the public.

Sieyès having thus put the sword which severed the Directory in the hands of General Bonaparte, retired, sarcastically says the historian, to that 'meditative idleness' (*oisiveté méditative*), which he preferred to the agitated movement of public life. The First Consul, as a *quid pro quo* for the sword put in his hand by the abbé, proposed to the Legislative Commission to bestow on the reverend publicist the estate of Crosne. We are told that Sieyès felt a lively sense of gratitude; for, notwithstanding an incontestable probity, says M. Thiers, he was sensible to the enjoyments of fortune, and he must also have been affected at the elevated and delicate manner in which this national recompense was decreed to him. This is a delicate way of saying the cupidity of the churchman was contented at last with a good lump of fat land. There is not in the archives of France, fertile in such public papers, a more solemn piece of humbug than the message in which the Consuls ask the

estate of Crosne for the abbé who had 'enlightened the people by his writings! (the most obscurely mystical trash ever penned), and honoured the revolution by his disinterested virtues.' This document Thiers dexterously omits all mention of, nor does he allude to the many epigrams to which the event gave rise, among which are the following:

"Sieyès à Bonaparte a fait présent d'un trône,
Sous ses pompeux débris croyant l'ensevelir;
Bonaparte à Sieyès a fait présent de Crosne,
Pour le payer l'avilir."

Avidity now succeeded to violence, and the great object of the ardent revolutionists, as well as the uncertain waiters on providence, who became certain after events, was to obtain places in the new government, either as members of the corps législatif, councillors of state, &c.

The council of state was soon organized. It was divided into five sections. 1. Finances. 2. Civil and Criminal Legislation. 3. The Army and War. 4. The Navy. 5. The Interior. The first members in the war section were Lacuée, Brune, and Marmont. In the navy, Champagny, Ganteaume, and Fleurieu; in finances, Defermon, Duchatel, Defresne; justice, Bouley (de la Muerthe), Bertier, Real; interior, Rœderer, Cretel, Chaptal, Regnault de St. Jean-Angely, Fourcroy. These were for the most part capable men.

In order to show to the world that previous opinions would not operate as a bar to office if the individual were eminently capable, the first consul chose for the section of finances, M. Devaisnes, more than suspected of royalist opinions, but distinguished in his particular department by great practical knowledge.

The senators first chosen comprehended many names of an European reputation, as Berthollet, La Place, Tracy, Monge, Volney, Cabanis, Kellerman, Garat, Lapeyre, Ducis. The supplemental list contained names scarcely less distinguished in their respective departments, as Lagrange, Darcet, François, Neufchâteau, Daubenton, Bougainville, Perrégaux, Choiseul, Praslin.

The Tribunal also contained some remarkable names, as Chenier, Andrieux Chauvelin, Stanislas de Girardin, Benjamin Constant, Danou, Riouffe, Berenger, Ganilh, Ginguené, Laromignière, Jean Baptiste Say, &c., &c. The first great step towards a strong and liberal government appeared in a decision of the Conseil d'Etat, of the 27th of December, 1799, to the effect that the laws which excluded the relations of emigrants and ex-nobles from public functions

should no longer exist, seeing that those laws were contrary to the principles of the new constitution.

Such of the victims of the Directory and the antecedent government, as had not been regularly condemned, were allowed to return to their native country, on the condition that they took up their abode in a particular locality, to be chosen by the government. The proscribed of the 18th Fructidor were particularly included in this arrangement. Boissy d'Anglas, Dumolard, and Pastoret, were recalled and authorized to sojourn, the first at Annonay, the second at Grenoble, the third at Dijon. Carnot, Portalis, Quatremere de Quincy, Siméon, Villaret Joyeuse, Barbé, Marbois, and Barrère, were also recalled, and permitted to take up their abode in Paris. The care taken to fix in the capital such men as Carnot, Siméon, and Portalis, which was not their native place, sufficiently indicates, says Thiers, that the government had it in view to employ their talents.

The churches were now opened for public worship. The free exercise of religion was permitted to all. There were, indeed, certain local authorities, who, wishing to fetter the exercise of Catholicism, forbade the opening of the churches on the Sunday, and only authorized public worship on the Decadi; *i. e.* the tenth, or last day of the Decade,* but the consuls reversed these municipal decisions, and permitted the free exercise of religion on the day prescribed by all Christian creeds. In regard to the priests, a promise of fidelity to the constitution was substituted for the old oath. In December, 1799, funeral honours were decreed to Pius VI., that pontiff who had been despoiled by General Bonaparte, a few months before, of the three legations, whom his aide-de-camp, Berthier, had driven from Rome, and who, on the 27th of March previously, had been arrested by order of the Directory in Tuscany, and conducted to Valence. These facts are not alluded to by M. Thiers, nor does he make the least remark on the inconsistency of this *inane munus* to the ashes of the dead pontiff. That a religious spirit was in course of revival at this juncture appears plain, from the fact that an

immense number of persons journeyed from all parts of France, to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of his late holiness. The barbarous fête in celebration of the 21st of January was now abolished. Even under the Directory, General Bonaparte had shown a repugnance to be present at it; not, says M. Thiers, that he thought of honouring royalty, which he was one day to establish in his own favour, but that he wished publicly to brave a feeling in which he in no degree participated.

The institution of *armes d'honneur*, as the recompense of any celebrated military exploit, was but a prelude to the foundation of the Legion of Honour. General St. Cyr was the first to receive a sabre, for the brilliant action which he had just fought in the Appenines.

A suspension of hostilities had been agreed to with the Vendéans, but that portion of France was far from being satisfied. An energetic, but temperate proclamation was addressed to the royalists; and the next step of the First Consul was to address letters to the King of England and the Emperor, in the hope of a general pacification. Meanwhile, the legislative session opened on the 1st of January, 1800. The scientific and learned Laplace was succeeded in the ministry of the interior by Lucien Bonaparte; and M. Abrial, a man of fair character, and business habits, succeeded Cambacérès, now consul, in the ministry of justice. Considerable anxiety was manifested as to the proceedings of the deliberative bodies. The public voice of France had long been mute. The grave had closed on the eloquent tongues of Mirabeau, Barnave, and Vergniaud; but, notwithstanding the different phases of terror and tyranny through which the nation had passed, there were still found bold and independent spirits to vindicate liberty of speech and of thought. Chenier, Andrieux Ginguené, Daunou, sate at the Tribune, while De Tracy, Volney, and Cabanis, were members of the Senate. These men, strongly attached to the Revolution, were neither terrorists, nor spoliators, nor persecutors. They, undoubtedly, wished to see an able and a strong executive; but they never contemplated turning the individuality of monarchy to the profit of a bold soldier of fortune. It is possible that the opinions of Benjamin Constant were not so fixed or strong, on many subjects connected with the French Revolution, as those of the individuals whose names we have mentioned; but he, at all events, represented in their full force the views of Madame de Staël and her party; and, when elected to the Tribune, became at once the most ac-

* It may be necessary to remind such of our readers as are not familiar with the revolutionary jargon, that decade signified the space of ten days, from primidi to decadi inclusive. The decades had taken the place of weeks in the revolutionary calendar, and three made a month of thirty days. The decadi, or last day of the decade, was the day set apart by the revolutionists as a day of rest, and for the celebration of the decadary festival, or the fête decadaire to the Supreme Being, who was no longer called God.

tive and clever of Bonaparte's opponents. It was well known that Madame de Staël had been one of the greatest admirers of the early career of the young general, but her admiration was changed into hatred by some disparaging expressions, which should never have escaped the mouth of a man, still less of a gentleman and a soldier. The unseemly words of Bonaparte had not only wounded her vanity, but ulcerated her heart. We all, high and low, pay the penalty of our faults, and the First Consul now paid the penalty of his unseemly and ungentelemanly behaviour, in encountering the opposition of those influenced by Madame de Staël; and Benjamin Constant was of the number.

The First Consul had an inherent aversion to everything savouring of independence; and the moment the Tribune exhibited any life or spirit, the 'Moniteur' teemed with bitter observations and comparisons between the tribunes of France and the tribunes of Rome. The first proposition laid by the government before the Tribune, traced out the forms to be followed in the presentation, the discussion and the adoption of projects of laws. This was vigorously attacked by M. Constant, in a lively and ironical speech. The First Consul ordered to be laid on the table of the *Corps Législatif*, two projects of law of the greatest importance. One concerned the departmental and municipal administration, and afterwards became the famous law of the 28th Pluviose, year VIII., centralising, so to speak, the administration of France; the other had for object the organization of the judicial system. To these two projects others were joined; as, for instance, on the emigrants, on the right of disposing of property by will, on the council of prizes, &c.

M. Thiers traces, with a clear and faithful hand, the projects of the Constituent Assembly and the National Convention under these heads, and shows how completely unsuccessful was the system of cantonal municipalities which added to the administrative confusion. After exposing their abortive attempts at legislation, and the disorder and chaos in which everything had been left, he remarks that the simple and just mind of the First Consul, guided by his active and resolute character, had discovered the true solution of all difficulties. The executive power was almost centered in himself, and the legislative power was divided into many deliberative assemblies. It was but natural, therefore, to place at each step of the administrative ladder as a representative of the executive, specially charged with the power of acting, and so near him as to be able to advise or control him, though not to act in

his place, a small deliberative assembly such as a council of department, of *arrondissement* or *commune*. 'To this simple, distinct, and fruitful idea, is owing,' says Thiers, 'the excellent administration which at present exists in France.' But M. Thiers, in this statement, gives too much credit to the hero of his history. A municipal system had been established long before by the *Assemblée Constituante*. The magistrates, it is true, were elective, and for a fixed period only, and all that Bonaparte did, was to centralise this system, rendering the appointments no longer elective, but placing the power of nomination and of dismissal in the hands of the government. In truth, he but resorted to the old monarchical establishment of *intendants* under another name, without the controlling power of the Provincial Assemblies and the Parliaments. Necker happily called the intendants, the *Commis Voyageurs*, the travelling bagmen of ministers. Were the prefects anything else than the *Commis Voyageurs* of the First Consul? It may be answered that there was a Council of Prefecture. But over this the prefect himself presided, and in case of difference of opinion, possessed a preponderant voice. If the Councils of Prefecture had been composed of irremovable judges, if they gave their decision publicly, they might have been considered as a really judicial institution; but named by the supreme power, and controlled by the prefect, they were altogether formed on a false basis.

It is absurd in M. Thiers to say that the *Conseils de Préfecture* operate in *éclairant la justice du préfet*, or that they are tribunals whose equity has never been contested. On the contrary, this prefect-made law is as great a reproach to the judicial and administrative system of France as can be well imagined.

The judicial organization adopted by the First Consul is next treated of. 'The system had the double object,' says M. Thiers, 'of placing justice immediately within the reach of those submitted to the jurisdiction of the law, and also of assuring to them, above and beyond the local tribunals, a tribunal of appeal—far off, no doubt, and in an elevated, intellectual region—but enlightened and impartial in the ratio of its social and intellectual position.' But in speaking of this judicial organization, M. Thiers as greatly underrates the efforts of the judicial reformers from 1789 to 1800, as he overrates the effect of Bonaparte's improvements. M. Thiers cannot have forgotten—and he must therefore have designedly suppressed—the great judicial havoc performed by the Constituent Assembly, which, in the

famous night of the 4th of August, 1789, suppressed the *seigneurial* and ecclesiastical jurisdictions, and which a year later, by the decree of the 24th of August, 1790, established a system entirely new, and founded on that territorial division of France which it had just established. This law, whose general principles, and many of whose special provisions, still subsist, instituted the *Tribunals of Commerce*, the *Juges de Paix*, the *Tribunaux de Police Municipale*, the *Tribunaux de Police Correctionnelle*, the jury in criminal cases, and the Court of Cassation, which, with the *Juges de Paix* and *Juges de Commerce*, have survived the tempests of the revolution. We are not, however, insensible to the value of the law of the 27th Ventose year VIII. (18th of March, 1800), which created a *Tribunal of premier instance* for each *arrondissement*; and established twenty-nine tribunals of appeal, and a criminal tribunal for each department. This was in some measure a revival of the ancient 'Parlements,' and, as if to make the analogy more striking, these tribunals were placed in the very towns in which the old courts existed. These laws were passed without meeting any very serious impediments, though they were subjected to more than one attack from the Tribunalate. And thus 2000 judges and 300 tribunals of premier instance, and twenty-nine sovereign tribunals, were, among other things, created.

The first Consul immediately named the prefects, sub-prefects, and mayors. Thiers freely admits that he was thus exposed to the commission of more than one mistake, but the historian maintains that the general spirit of the nomination was excellent; at once firm, impartial and conciliatory.

The First Consul sought out, says he—and we believe he here speaks truly—among all parties in the state the individuals deemed the most honest and capable, excluding only the violent—sometimes adopting those, if time and experience had rendered them moderate, for moderation was the essential character of his political system. The prefects were to receive twelve, fifteen, and twenty-four thousand francs, double the sum that is paid in the present day.

Charles Lecroix, the incapable ex-minister for foreign affairs, distinguished for the mediocrity of his talents, the weakness of his character, and the infamous taste and insulting manner in which he invited the ministers of Spain and Prussia to the *fête* instituted in honour of the beheading of Louis XVI., was named to the prefecture of Marseilles. The fiery, impracticable, and shallow François de Nantes, called in deri-

sion the *Mæcenas* of the nineteenth century, was named to Lyons. Verninhac, the son-in-law of Charles Delacroix, formerly ambassador in Sweden and at the Porte, where he was called Citoyen Verninhac, the author of some paltry literary productions and trashy travels, was named to the Valais. Le Tourneur, the late member of the Directory, of whom Lord Malmesbury gives no very brilliant account when at Lisle, obtained Nantes. M Pontécoulant, a man of noble birth, who had refused to defend Charlotte Corday, and who married Lejay, the old mistress of Mirabeau, who hid him in her shop during the reign of terror, obtained Brussels. M. Beugnot (the only man of talent among them) was named to Amiens; and M. Faypoult, a most mediocre minister of finance, was sent to Ghent. M. Thiers mentions merely the names of these gentlemen, without going at all into their history; but although the appointments of the First Consul—the Consul for life—and the Emperor, were generally excellent, we cannot agree that this list of prefects presented any other than a most infelicitous selection. Frochot, a man of talent and acquirements, the friend of Mirabeau, and we really believe an honest man, was named prefect of Paris, and M. Dubois, a person often accused of injustice and tyranny, but whose energy M. Thiers considers to have been useful in purging the capital of malefactors, was appointed his colleague.*

A number of emigrants now returned, and from January, 1801, the liberty of leaving and returning to France was restored to all citizens.

The laws in force at the period of the 18th Brumaire, permitted a testator with children to dispose of one-tenth of his fortune, and if he were without children, of only one-sixth. The right of a testator was now established within ampler limits. In virtue of this law, a father who had fewer than four children might dispose of the one-fourth of his fortune, of the one-fifth if he had less than five, and so on, in observing the same proportion. He might dispose of the half if he had neither ancestors living nor collaterals, and of the whole when he had no relative competent to inherit.

The *Tribunal des Prises*, or Council of Prizes, had become necessary, says Thiers, to render impartial justice to neutrals, and to this end, he would lead us to infer, it was

* The greater number of prefectures were at this period filled by *conventionnels*, or the last débris of the Jacobins. The First Consul was wont to say, in speaking of these men: 'C'étaient des hommes de Révolution et de résolution.'

established. This is certainly one of the most audacious passages in the whole book. In 1793, this jurisdiction had been delegated to the *Tribunaux de Commerce*, but not finding these sufficiently ductile, the First Consul established at Paris a *Conseil Special des Prises*, which was suppressed in 1815, and re-united to the *Conseil d'Etat*. The proceedings in this precious court were private; the public were not admitted to hear the debates, which were carried on 'à huis clos.' There was scarcely a merchant or shipowner of any note or importance in the world who had not cause to rue the course and practice of this nefarious tribunal. If we were to adduce instances in reference to English property, we might be deemed to be prejudiced and partial; but we will merely allude to the cases of the ships consigned to Messrs. Ridgway, Merlins, and Co., at Antwerp, to the cases of the neutral ships from the Elbe and Weser, for which M. Dukerque, of Hamburg, was agent; and to the case of the *Victory*, the *Paulina*, the *Peace and Plenty*, and the *Calliope*, cum multis aliis, American ships. Fortunately, the elder Berryer is yet alive, and in his memoirs fully sustains the justice of all the observations made on these courts by English counsel and English judges, as contained in the reports of Acton and Robinson, and the detached pamphlets of Sir Alexander Croke, and Sir John Stodart.

It is abundantly clear, from M. Thiers' observations on this branch of public law, that he is more familiar with party pamphlets than with the writings of Valin, Vattel, Heineccius, Hubner, Abreu, Wolfius, Bynkershoek, and those great masters of maritime law, Sir William Scott and Sir William Grant.

The budget of this year was estimated at 600,000,000*f.*, in expenses and receipts. As the ordinary revenues of the state amounted only to 430,000,000*f.*, there was a deficit of 170,000,000*f.* There was much discussion on the great question of the equilibrium of expenses and receipts, but all this led to nothing. The Bank of France was created at this period, with a capital of 30,000,000*f.* It was to be managed by fifteen regents, or governors, and a committee of three persons, since reduced to one.

The answer of the king, or rather of the minister of Great Britain, to the letter of the First Consul, dated the 26th of December, arrived in Paris on the 4th of January. M. Thiers very confidently, yet most ignorantly, states, that the continuance of the war accorded with the passions and interests of Mr. Pitt. 'This celebrated head of the British cabinet,' says he, 'considered the

war with France his mission, his glory, the foundation of his political existence.' Never was there a more flagrant mis-statement conveyed in a single sentence. From the year 1793, down to the very period of which M. Thiers is writing, no man was so anxious for peace as Mr. Pitt. Maret, afterwards Duke of Bassano, said Pitt received him very well in 1793, and that the failure of the negotiation could be attributed to the French government, who were bent on war; that the great and decisive cause of the war (we quote Maret's own words) was, 'quelques vingtaines d'individus qui avaient joués à la baisse dans les fonds, et que de là ils avaient porté la nation à déclarer la guerre. Ainsi' (he remarks) 'nous devons tous nos malheurs à un principe d'agiotage.' Lord Malmesbury, also, more than once says, in his letters to private friends, that Pitt was ardently desirous to come to some arrangement, and would have made any sacrifices short of national honour for the purpose, though Lord Grenville was for prosecuting the war, and opposed to negotiations for peace. It cannot be denied that Mr. Pitt carried into the discussion of every cardinal question great tenacity of character, and first-rate powers of debate. These qualities, says M. Thiers, rendered him 'peu éclairé, mais puissant.' It is true, Mr. Pitt never wrote in journals or in reviews, never composed a party history, never did any dirty work on the Stock Exchange, never entered office poor and left it rich, and therefore he may, in the opinion of some ignoble spirits, be *peu éclairé*; but, all Whigs though we be, and differing from that great statesman in many vital questions, we nevertheless think that 'the man who could speak a king's speech off hand,' and maintain, often unsupported and single-handed, his ground against such intellectual giants as Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Windham, and Grey, disclosed a higher talent than any writer of leading articles even for a Parisian newspaper; and sure we are, that the name of the great statesman will live even in France, when the name of the clever dwarf who assails the dead giant shall have been forgotten, or remembered only with far other feelings than those of respect.

England and Austria resolved to carry on the war, and in the British parliament, notwithstanding the vigorous efforts of the opposition, the ministers obtained new and vast resources in the Income Tax, which already produced 180,000,000*l.* per annum. In stating the tax at this moment, M. Thiers, according to Alison, exceeds the real amount by no less a sum than 76,000,000*l.*, but this is a mere trifle with so great a financier.

Efforts were now made by the First Consul to come to a better understanding with the court of Berlin, and to induce the King of Prussia to employ his good offices with the Emperor Paul. Nor were the First Consul's exertions limited to foreign states alone. He directed the whole energies of his mind to the pacification of La Vendée, and sent into this disturbed district an imposing force of 60,000 men, drawn from Holland, the interior of France, and even from Paris itself. It is a great proof of the self-confidence, and, indeed, of the popularity of Napoleon, that he remained in Paris, now filled with the acum of all parties, who rushed there, *quasi in sentinam corruptionis*, with only a garrison of 2300 men; and this prudent boldness he published to the world. In answer to the English ministers, who asserted that the present French government was in no respect more stable and secure than former governments, the First Consul caused to be printed a comparative statement of the military force of London and Paris, by which it appeared that London was garrisoned by 14,000 men, whereas Paris contained only 2300 within its walls. This, as Thiers well remarks, was hardly more than sufficient to furnish sentries for the public buildings and public functionaries. Evidently, therefore, as the historian observes, the name of Bonaparte was in itself a tower of strength, and had the effect of keeping the capital quiet.

The Royalists of La Vendée were now nearly awakened from their illusions, and saw what manner of man they had to deal with in General Bonaparte. M. Hyde de Neuville returned to London to report the state of affairs to the Count d'Artois, and M. d'Andigné returned to La Vendée. A simple priest of St. Land, afterwards destined to take part in the affairs of the Republic and the Empire, the Abbé Bernier, a person of great natural intelligence and talent, induced the people of the left bank of the Loire to lay down their arms, and the right bank soon after followed this example. M. de Bourmont was shortly after, with 4000 insurgents, obliged to surrender, and after the execution of De Frotte the civil war was completely at an end. The Royalist chiefs soon after arrived at Paris; but there was one among the number (George Cadoudal) upon whom neither the flattering words nor the brilliant promises of Bonaparte could produce any impression. George left France for England with M. Hyde de Neuville, and relating his interview with the First Consul to his companion, and pointing at the same time to his sinewy arms, exclaimed, 'Quelle

faute j'ai commise de ne pas étouffer cet homme dans mes bras !'

Every day now more clearly disclosed the politic system of the government. A number of exiles were recalled, and among them writers and men of letters occupied a prominent position, as De Fontanes, De la Harpe, Suard, Sicard, Michaud, and Fievée. But the political atmosphere was lowering, and the genius of war in the ascendant. The name of Carnot was then a great military name, to which were attached the victories of the Convention in 1798. And although the name of Bonaparte was not without its magic, yet the union of both together produced so much the greater sensation in France; though we cannot agree with M. Thiers in thinking that the circumstance was sufficient 'pour faire trembler la coalition.'

The First Consul, wincing under the attacks of the press, now arbitrarily suppressed many journals. Thirteen papers were still, however, allowed the privilege of appearing; but it was intimated to these favoured journals, that such of them as should publish articles against the Constitution, against the interest or glory of the armies, or invectives against foreign governments, friends or allies of France—should be immediately suppressed. Before his departure for the army, the First Consul determined on the important step of taking up his residence at the Tuileries; but this was preceded by a funeral ceremony in honour of Washington—Washington, the purest of patriots, who found the post of honour and of glory, too, in a private station.

Bonaparte, imaginative and superstitious, of a poetical and romantic temperament, fond of old traditions, was not insensible to the *prestige* which attached to the palace of a long race of kings, and he manœuvred as artfully to gain this object of his desire, as he ever did strategically in the field of battle. The Tuileries was first called the Palace of the National Representation, then the Palace of Government, and lastly, it resumed its old and well-known name. On all this by-play, however, M. Thiers is silent, nor does he tell us that the young general at once appropriated to himself the chamber of Louis XVI. and the cabinet of Louis XIV. When Bourienne proffered his felicitations on his master's arrival, not certainly at the palace of his ancestors, the First Consul significantly replied, 'Ce n'est pas tout d'y être, il faut y rester.'

The gallery of Diana was then, as now, the vestibule through which one must pass to the apartment of the first personage of the

state. The First Consul caused this gallery to be decorated with the busts of Demosthenes, Alexander, Hannibal, Scipio, Brutus, Cicero, Cato, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Condé, Duguai Trouin, Marlborough, Eugene, Marshal Saxe, Washington, Frederick of Prussia, Mirabeau, Dugommier, Dampierre, Marceau, and Joubert. M. Thiers gives a vivid account of the funeral ceremony in honour of Washington and of the over-praised and turgid discourse of M. Fontanes, and concludes his recital with the following just and appropriate remarks :

"We should not, however, conclude with the host of vulgar interpreters, that all was pure hypocrisy that passed at this spectacle. No doubt there was hypocrisy, but there was also the ordinary illusions of the time, and of every time. For in reality, men oftener deceive themselves, than they deceive others. Many Frenchmen, like the Romans under Augustus, believed still in a republic, because the name of the republic was sedulously pronounced; and it is not quite clear that the institutor of this funereal fête—that even General Bonaparte did not mystify himself in celebrating Washington, and that he did not really believe that in France, as in America, one might be the first person in the state, without being either king or emperor."

In all that relates to the interior service and ceremony of the palace, M. Thiers copies a good deal, without acknowledgment, from that antithetical writer and most ridiculous of ambassadors and ministers, M. de Salvandy, who has in turn drawn on the amusing and colloquial De Beausset.

Every five days the First Consul reviewed the regiments that passed through Paris on their way to the frontiers. It was in the performance of this duty that he exhibited himself to the admiring view of the army and the people, always anxious to follow his footsteps. Thin, pale, leaning forward on his steed, his countenance, striking and expressive, interested by its calm yet sad and solemn beauty, painfully overcast with the tinge of ill health. The people now began to be seriously uneasy in respect to the health of the general, for never had the life of a single man become so important to the nation as he had become. After these reviews, the officers and troops were admitted to the great man's table. The foreign ministers, the members of the assemblies, the magistrates, the functionaries, were also invited to repasts where a decent luxury reigned. The dress of the company was simple, yet somewhat *recherché*, to borrow an expressive word from the French toilette. The ridiculous imitation of the old costumes adopted by the Directory, as well

as the dissolute manners of that epoch, were studiously avoided. The second consul, Cambacérès, a man of consummate tact and prudence, probably the only man of the time who did not give himself entirely up to vain illusions, refused to take up his abode at the Tuileries, though his example was not followed by the third consul, Lebrun. "By and by," said he addressing the latter, "General Bonaparte will like to live there alone, and if we move in we shall have hereafter to move out." Pungent and pregnant words.

Here ends the second book of the history. The third opens with preparations for war and battle, and we may here remark that it is in describing the 'grappling vigour and rough frown of war,' that M. Thiers is peculiarly happy. We cannot, however, follow the ex-minister through all these details.

France had now two armies. There was the army of Germany, now amounting, by the union of the armies of the Rhine and Switzerland, to 130,000 men, under the command of Moreau, and the army of Liguria, reduced to 40,000 at the utmost, under the intrepid Masséna. The troops of Holland, under Augereau, and those of La Vendée and the interior, presented the elements of a third army; but these elements were separated and afar, and it required a superior administrative ability to reunite them, and, above all, suddenly at the point where they were needed. But to Bonaparte in military science nothing seemed impossible, and he set about assembling a body of volunteers at Dijon, to be organized as an army of reserve. In two months 40,000 horses, immense munitions of war, the finest artillery yet seen in France, and a small but superb army, covered the country from the frontiers of Holland to those of Liguria. This was called the reserve, and was placed nominally under the command of Berthier, but was in reality destined to achieve prodigies under the First Consul himself. Moreau, who had the largest army, consisting of 150,000 men, covered the French territory from Strasburg to the Lake of Constance. Kray, who was opposed to him, did not muster more than 130,000 bayonets, the troops of Austria, Bavaria, and the Circles of the Empire. His line of operations extended from the Voralberg to the Maine, and his instructions from Vienna were to manœuvre on the right bank of the Rhine. At the extremity of the French territory was Masséna, instructed to impede the march of the Imperialists on the side of Piedmont and Liguria. Though this great general had not now an effective force of more than 30,000 men, yet the whole weight of the

campaign rested upon him. Austria, mistress of Italy, even to the passage of the Alps and Appenines, directed towards Genoa the whole force of her army. Her plan was, to fall by the Corniche upon Provence and Dauphiné, whilst Kray was to cut his way through the retreating army of Moreau into the very heart of France. In pursuance of this plan, 140,000 men under Melas, suddenly appeared, crowning the heights of the Ligurian mountains, threatening Genoa, the country of Nice, and the valley of the Durance:—whilst English cruisers lay in the waters of the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Genoa, to aid the operations of 18,000 men, organized in the Italian ports, and destined to fall on Savona, Antibes, Marseilles, or Toulon.

The first blow of Melas, in separating the divisions of the French army commanded by Masséna and Suchet, put him in communication with Admiral Keith. But Masséna, with only 18,000 men left, heroically defended Genoa, whilst Suchet, with only 6,000, retired slowly on Provence, distinguishing his retreat by well-contested struggles. Moreau now received orders to force the lines of Kray, and to carry the avenging sword into the very heart of the German States. For awhile, with his usual indecision, he hesitated; but at length passed the Rhine on the 20th of April, at Kehl, at Brisach, and at Basil, and by a slow but victorious march, manœuvred at length in front of the retrenched camp of Ulm. But old Melas was undismayed. He pursued his advantages against Masséna, Suchet, and Soult. On the 1st of May he carried Loano, on the following day Borghetto; on the 6th he forced the Col de Tende, Braors, Port Maurice, and La Roya, by brilliant successes. On the 11th of May he entered Nice. Savona had at length fallen, and Genoa, strictly blockaded, deprived of communications and provisions, can hold out but a few days longer. While these things are passing beyond the Alps, on the 6th of May Bonaparte leaves Paris, and, after passing the army of reserve in review at Dijon, on the 17th of May, prepares to cross the Great St. Bernard. It is impossible, say the sceptical Swiss, and the wise men of this workaday world. No, it is not impossible; for the child of fortune—Bonaparte, has said it must be accomplished.

On the 17th of May then, Marmont and Gassendi having placed their guns in the trunks of hollow trees, their cartouches in light cases, the frames of the cannon, the provisions, &c., on *traineaux*—the soldiers, shouting 'Vive le premier consul' and to the sounds of martial music, begin the

ascent of the Alps. The army has but one body, one soul, one common ardour. At length the sound of 'Victory! victory!' is heard; for the crest of the mountain is crowned with the tricolour. Three days were passed in this gigantic march. These glorious soldiers yoked themselves in companies of one hundred men to every piece of cannon, and not one piece of artillery was lost or abandoned. One division bivouacked at night on the frozen and glassy summit of the mountain rather than descend at once into the fertile plain below without their artillery. A thousand francs were promised by the First Consul for each piece of cannon, but every man refused to take a sou of the money. Behold the French army now masters of Aosta, and treading the soil of beautiful and bleeding Italy, when up rises the citadel of Bard, declared by Marescot to be impregnable. 'Courage! mes enfans! Courage!' cries the First Consul, and an assault is tried. The town is carried after three attacks, but the citadel still resists. But all is not yet lost to the man of destiny. The streets are strewed with straw and boughs of trees, the wheels of the cannon are twisted with hay ropes, and during the night of the 23rd of May, the artillery, cavalry, and army, pass under the innoxious fire of an enemy in the silence of night. In less than eight days Lombardy was conquered, and all the resources of the enemy fell into the hands of the victors. Cremona, Parma, Placentia, were occupied by French troops nearly at the moment that Masséna evacuated Genoa with the remains of his gallant army. Hardly had the Imperialists entered this latter town ere they were obliged to leave it to defend themselves elsewhere. Melas assembled all his forces to march against the French, and cut his way to Mantua. Bonaparte in possession of the whole line of the Po, crosses three times that river, and, on the 14th of June, both armies are in presence on the field of Marengo. Here M. Thiers is again in his glory, and we must do him the justice to say he describes the marchings and countermarchings, the character of the commanders, the spirit of the army, and the danger and din of battle, with the eye and feeling of a soldier.

The sufferings of the garrison of Genoa, who, reduced by sickness and famine, were obliged to sit down in mounting guard, are portrayed with the vivid power of a Boccaccio or a Defoe—we had almost said with the terrible energy of a Dante.

The description of the descent of Mount St. Bernard is also a most effective piece of word painting, and if the accounts of the

battles of Ulm, Hochstett, Montebello, and Marengo, want the simple brevity and strength of Napier, they are more dramatic and picturesque, and altogether more artistically grouped than the sometimes hard—always strong—and occasionally graphic outlines of the accomplished English soldier. In dramatic interest and touchingly simple narrative, both works are inferior to the 'History of the Army of 1812,' by the Comte de Ségur.

The victory at Marengo was for a moment doubtful. At three o'clock in the evening arrived Desaix, the equal in military science of Moreau, Masséna, and Kléber; but who surpassed them all in the rare perfections of his mind and character. He decided the victory by the sacrifice of his life. "Yes," said he, when Bonaparte questioned him, "the battle is indeed lost, but it is only three o'clock, and there is yet time to gain another." The battle commenced a third time, and Desaix, charging at the head of a demi-brigade, fell pierced by a ball in the chest. "Conceal my death," said he, to General Boudet, "for it may cause the troops to waver." The precaution of the hero was vain—vain, too, his dying wishes. The troops had seen him fall mortally wounded, and his soldiers, like those of Turenne, demanded, with wailing cries, to revenge their leader. The greatest loss on that bloody day was the loss of Desaix, a loss sufficient, in the eyes of the First Consul, to dim the lustre of victory. When Bourienne congratulated him on his miraculous triumph, exclaiming, "What a glorious day!" "Yes, indeed," said he, "it would have been glorious, if I were permitted to embrace Desaix on the field of battle. I was about to make him minister—I would have made him prince if I could have done so." Herein lay the secret of Bonaparte's wonderful success. Talent and valour, in the humblest ranks, were immediately rewarded. The 'cold shade of aristocracy' did not interpose between prince and people.

The next day the Austrian army capitulated. The brave and capable old Melas—an opponent worthy of the impetuous valour of the most accomplished and brilliant captains of revolutionized France—signed an armistice which restored Genoa, Nice, Savona, Alexandria, Turin—in a word, all except Mantua, to the victors. This armistice was sent to the consuls, with a despatch, inquiring whether the French people were content with the army, and before an answer could arrive, the First Consul was himself in Paris. He arrived on the 2d of July, in order to be in time for the anniver-

sary of the fête of the Revolution on the 14th. But two little months had elapsed since his departure, and in that period how much had been achieved. All the combinations of the great general had succeeded to the extent of his proudest wishes. The imagination is held in breathless wonder at the number and the rapidity of his successes. His glories astonish classic Italy, and electrify romantic Germany.

M. Thiers, in giving the details of the battles we have rapidly traced, enters into the means employed for the formation of the army, and gives some spirited sketches of the great generals of the Republic. The following short sketch of Masséna is felicitous, and conveys the military character of the Prince of Essling in a few words:—"Masséna was, perhaps, the first of cotemporary generals on the field of battle. In energy, and determination of character, he was the equal of any general of any time; but though he had much natural talent and quickness, the comprehension and reach of his mind did not equal the promptitude of his *coup d'œil*, or the energy of his soul."

The faults of Moreau, at the battle of Engen, are pointed out with no mean spirit of military criticism, and we are truly told that his operations were rather sure than showy. In his conceptions there was nothing grand; but his plans disclosed great unity and foresight, and he left nothing to fortune or chance. There was little in him of that very superior or decided character necessary to the making of a great captain; but he was prudent and calm, and he repaired, by his steadiness, the faults of a mind somewhat narrow, and of a temperament too deficient in promptitude. 'He was,' says Thiers, 'an excellent general, such as nations have often wished for, and such as Europe could not match.' Under favour to this great military critic, this is going a great deal too far. Our own Wellington was far superior to Moreau; and Sir John Moore, and Picton, and the brave old Austrian, Melas, were fully his equals. In his own country, also, Kléber, Desaix, and St. Cyr, were fully his equals; and, in our humble opinion, Masséna, all stained as he was with 'staunchless avarice,' and defiled with the lust of plunder, was far his superior, as, indeed, he was the equal of all, their masters in genius and *coup d'œil* on the field of battle. Hoche, too, the son of a poor groom, or stable-boy, poisoned not more than three years before, had achieved mightier things, and was a greater military genius in his twenty-fifth year, than Moreau in his thirty-seventh. Though, therefore, Thiers, to serve his own purposes,

'pales the ineffectual ray' of the general of retreats, before his own hero, the general of battles, yet he as unduly 'exalts the horn' of the former above contemporary generals, both at home and abroad.

We have already said the hero of Marengo was received with open arms at Paris. His journey thither through the heart of France was a continued ovation. He appreciated this homage to his glory, and sensibly enjoyed it. Talking, however, with his travelling companions, on the way to Paris, he addressed to them these memorable words, which paint, says Thiers, his insatiable love of renown. 'I have conquered,' said he, 'in less than two years Cairo, Milan, Paris; well, if I were dead to-morrow, I should not have half a page in a universal history.' How truly did Burke exclaim, 'Alas! what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!'

The conqueror of Marengo did not arrive a day too soon in the capital. False news had been spread about Marengo. Some believed him dead; some thought him defeated. Rumour was busy, and intrigue hard at work. There were ideas afloat, as to making Carnot or Lafayette president of a republic; but both the one and the other were strangers to these plots. Joseph and Lucien, however, conceived, and most unjustly, suspicions against Carnot, with which they inoculated the mind of their brother. From these suspicions resulted the unfortunate resolution which the First Consul later adopted, of withdrawing from this able man the portfolio of the war department. On the evening of Bonaparte's arrival from Marengo, the capital was spontaneously illuminated. This mark of respect so profoundly touched the object of its unbidden homage, that, twenty years afterward, alone—exiled—a prisoner in the midst of the solitude of the Atlantic Ocean, he reckoned it, in enumerating the epochs on which memory loves to dwell, as among the happiest days of his chequered life.

The annals of the English and French army, and, perhaps, of every army in the civilized world, furnish abundant and brilliant traits of bravery; but we doubt that, in the history of civilized warfare, anything can surpass, though many deeds of British prowess equal, the passage of the Danube, at Hochstett,* on the 19th of June, 1800. The Adjoint Quenot jumped into the water in order to seize on two large boats which were on the other side. This courageous officer dragged the boats with him under a

shower of balls from the enemy, receiving only one slight wound in the foot. The best swimmers of each division were now chosen, and placing their clothes and arms in the two wherries, they plunged into the 'dark rolling Danube,' under the galling fire of the Austrians. Arrived on the other side of the river, stark naked, they at once seized their arms, naked as they were, and falling on the Austrians, routed them, taking two pieces of cannon, with covered wagons, &c. This achieved, these more than 'sans culottes' ran to the pontons, whose buttresses still existed, placing against them ladders and planks to establish a communication. Some cannoneers took advantage of this to pass to the other side of the river, and arriving there, safely employed against the enemy the two pieces of cannon which had been taken from them a short time before. Thus the French were soon masters of both sides of the stream, and by these bold means were enabled to pass over the greater portion of their troops.

The news of the triumphs of the army of the Rhine completed the general joy produced by the extraordinary successes of the army of Italy, and changed into certainty the hopes of peace universally entertained. The public funds which, before the 18th Brumaire, were quoted at 13*fr.*, now had risen to 40*fr.* It was also intimated to the public creditor that the first half-year's interest of the year IX. would be paid in money, a thing which had not happened for many a long year. All these happy circumstances were attributed to the army—to its brave generals—and, above all, to the young Bonaparte, who had proved how victoriously he could combat, how wisely he could govern. The fête of the 14th of July, therefore, went off with the greatest éclat. The crowd in the Champ de Mars pressed round the First Consul, and seemed to live in his looks. A few days afterward the Count de St. Julien arrived, with the ratification of the Convention of Alexandria, and he was also empowered to confer with the First Consul on the conditions of the approaching peace. Thus the first volume is at this juncture (July, 1800) brought to a close; and the second commences with the departure of Bonaparte from Egypt, and the sad surprise which that event caused to the army. Hardly, however, is he arrived, before the news reaches the capital of the battle of Heliopolis, and the assassination of the victorious General Kléber, by the dagger of a fanatic, on the very day of the battle of Marengo. It is a remarkable coincidence that Kléber and Desaix fell on the same day, one, gloriously, at Marengo, and the other by an

* This was the very spot illustrated by the victory of Blenheim, gained by our own Marlborough.

untimely fate. The character of these two generals is well sketched, and we extract it at length.

"Kléber was the handsomest man in the French army. His commanding stature, his noble countenance, which bore the impress of a lofty soul; his bravery, daring yet calm; his intelligence at once prompt and sure, rendered him, in the field of battle, the most imposing and remarkable captain of his age. His genius was brilliant and original, but uncultivated. He read perpetually and exclusively 'Plutarch' and 'Quintus Curtius.' In these volumes he sought the aliment of great souls, the history of the heroes of antiquity. He was capricious, indocile, and hypercritical. It was said of him that he neither wished to command nor obey, and it was true. He obeyed under General Bonaparte, but murmuringly withal; he commanded sometimes under the name of another, as General Jourdan, for example, seizing, by a sort of inspiration, the direction of the battle in the heat of the engagement, exercising his authority like a first-rate general, and after the victory resuming the post of lieutenant, which he preferred to any other. Kléber was licentious, both in his language and in his manners, but upright and disinterested as men were in that time, for the conquest of the world had not yet corrupted the characters of the soldiers of this epoch."

There is but one thing to find fault with in this character, and that is, the false, silly, thrasonical rant about the conquest of the world. This, however, is quite in character with the conduct of the minister for foreign affairs, in September and October, 1840.

As a pendant to the character of Kléber, we extract the portrait of Desaix.

"Desaix was almost in every respect the opposite of Kléber. Simple, bashful, even a little awkward, with his face always hidden under his flowing locks, he had not the port and carriage of a soldier. But heroic in the midst of danger, kind to the humblest soldier, modest with his equals, generous to the vanquished, he was adored by the army, and loved by the people conquered with his sword. His solid judgment and cultivated mind, his intimate acquaintance with the art of war, his application to his duties, his disinterestedness, made him an accomplished model of all warlike virtues:—and whilst Kléber, indocile and disobedient, could hardly bear the restraint of any command whatever, Desaix was obedient as though he knew nothing of the art of commanding. Under a wild and uncultivated exterior, lay hidden an eager and enthusiastic nature, very susceptible of the noblest emotions. Though educated in the severe school of the army of the Rhine, he became enthusiastic about the Italian campaigns, and wished to see with his own eyes the battle fields of Castiglione, Arcoli, and Rivoli. He was in the act of visiting these fields—the theatre of an immortal glory—when he met, without seeking him, the general-in-chief of the army of Italy, and became passionately attached

to him. What finer homage than the friendship of such a man? General Bonaparte was deeply affected by it. He esteemed Kléber for his great military qualities, but placed no one, either for talents or disposition, on a level with Desaix. He loved Desaix personally. Surrounded by companions-in-arms, who had not yet pardoned his elevation, though affecting an eager and deferential submission, he fostered in the breast of Desaix a pure disinterested devotion, the result of profound admiration. Sole depository of the secret of his preferences, feigning even ignorance of the faults of Kléber, he treated both him and Desaix alike, and wished to confer common honours on the memory of men whom fortune had mingled in a common destiny."

We do not find it stated in these volumes that Kléber had been an architect, and a pupil of the celebrated Chalgrin. Neither is it stated, that, after having studied at the military school of Munich, he entered as a *sous-lieutenant* into the Austrian service, in which he remained for eight years, serving, during that period, in the campaign against the Turks. Disappointed at not having received the promotion that he merited, he resigned the Imperial service, and returned to France. On his native soil he resumed the exercise of his earlier profession, and had been for six years inspector of the public monuments at Péfort, when the revolution broke out. Surely these remarkable facts in the history of a remarkable man ought to have been stated, more especially as the earlier histories had totally omitted them. The mere fact of a historian having been an ex-minister, neither dispenses with industry, nor inquiry into facts.

We shall not here say more than a word as to the convention of El-Arisch. It was well known at the time, and is better known now, that the French army in Egypt was rent asunder by intestinal divisions. M. Thiers greatly praises the resistance which Davoust opposed to the signature of this treaty. 'He manfully stood up against Kléber,' says he, 'and energetically combated the idea of a capitulation.' But, to use a legal phrase, 'Quod voluit non fecit;' and the future marshal, and Prince of Eckmühl, after all the resistance of which the historian tells, really signed the convention. This ferocious, unprincipled, but most able soldier, would have signed anything to suit a temporary or immediate purpose; for he had no moral sense, and no idea whatever of principle. The attempt of Thiers, therefore, to elevate him into the dignity of a man of principle, is worse than preposterous—it is very disgusting. Bonaparte having abandoned the Egyptian army as general—in consequence, we really be-

lieve, of an invitation from Sieyès, though Thiers omits all mention of the circumstance — as an inexhaustible in his efforts as First Consul, to contribute to their comforts, as it was possible to be. This may possibly have arisen from the conviction, that he had abandoned them in a season of peculiar emergency. He entered into negotiations with Algerine merchants, to send into Egypt cargoes of wine, of which luxury the army had long been deprived. By his orders, also, a troop of comedians was assembled, a theatrical *matériel* prepared, and put into readiness for Alexandria. Subscriptions were also paid to the best journals of the capital, in the name of the principal officers of the army, in order that they might be informed of what was passing in Europe. Meanwhile, Ménou, on whom, by seniority, devolved the chief command of the force, rendered himself ridiculous by becoming a Turk, and assuming the name of Abdallah Ménou.

An armistice having been concluded with Austria, M. de St. Julien arrived in Paris to treat of preliminaries of peace. Prussia, systematically neutral, though 'less than kith,' now becomes 'more than kind.' The First Consul, meanwhile, hits upon the expedient of restoring the 6000 or 7000 Russian prisoners which France possessed without ransom. Clad in the Russian uniform, and accoutred in the Russian fashion, they are sent back to their inhospitable country. Paul was sensibly affected by this adroit *manœuvre*, and expressed his utmost admiration for the person and policy of the First Consul.

This, according to Thiers, was the happy circumstance which was the occasion of rallying the powers of the North to the politics of the First Consul, and which ultimately procured him auxiliaries in every sea.

M. Thiers next enters into the question of the right of belligerents to search neutral vessels; and in no portion of his two volumes is there more ignorance, malevolence, and misrepresentation combined. An ignorance of the municipal or commercial law of a foreign country may be pardoned in an 'avocat manqué,' like M. Thiers, who never pleaded a cause or held a brief; but an ignorance of the public law of Europe, of the law of nations, as admitted and acted on by France herself, is wholly unjustifiable in any man pretending to be a publicist, and it is criminal in an ex-minister and historian elevating himself into the self-elected instructor of his countrymen.

This indubitable right of Great Britain, which M. Thiers calls 'violence and odious

acts,' was never canvassed or questioned till the war of 1745. The maxim supported by M. Thiers, that '*le pavillon neutre couvre la marchandise*,' was never proclaimed till Frederick the Great set forth his claims in a memorial* from his minister, M. Michel, to the Duke of Newcastle, in 1752. Sir James Marriot says that one great cause of Prussia putting forward the claim arose from a smart saying of Lord Grenville, that he had never heard of the flag of Berlin, and should as soon expect to hear of the flag of Frankfort. But the celebrated answer to this memorial of the King of Prussia, written by Lord Mansfield, then solicitor-general, Sir George Lee, then judge of the Prerogative Court, Dr. Paul, king's advocate, and Sir Dudley Ryder, then attorney-general, contains so thorough a justification of the principles adhered to by England, that it has ever since been the standard and guide of public law. Montesquieu, a Frenchman, a gentleman, a scholar, and one of the profoundest and most eloquent writers that France ever produced; a man of honesty, honour, and candour, calls this public paper a '*réponse sans réplique*,'† and its reasoning and general principles have since been incorporated, not only into all the decisions of Scott and Grant on international law, but into the commercial law of England, as will appear, not only from 'Marshall on Insurance' and 'Chitty's Commercial Law,' but from the cases of *Havilock v. Rockwood*, 8 Term Reports, 268; *Garrels v. Kensington*, 8 Term Reports, 230; *Barker v. Blake*, 9 East's Reports, 283.

The whole international law on the subject is admirably summed up by Lord Stowell in his judgments in the case of the *Maria*,‡ where he establishes three important propositions, viz. :—

1. That the right of visiting and searching merchant ships upon the high seas, and not merely their papers, but their cargoes, whatever be the ship, its cargo, or its destination, is an incontestible right of the lawfully commissioned cruisers of every belligerent nation.

2. That the sovereign of the neutral country cannot, consistently with the law of nations, oppose this right of search.

3. That the penalty of opposing this right of search is the confiscation of property so withheld from visitation.

Mr. Pitt, in his speech on the 'State of the Nation in 1801,' insisted on all the points set out in the judgments of Lord

* 1 Collect. Jurid., 138; Halliday's Life of Lord Mansfield, &c.; Ele. General History, vol. iii. 222.

† Lettres Persannes, xlv.

‡ 1 Robinson's Reports, 340. 1 S. C. L. Edward's Reports, 206.

Stowell, and the doctrines were deliberately propounded by the late Lord Liverpool in an able work to which he gave the sanction of his name. M. Thiers would have us believe that these doctrines are wholly British, but if he had continued to study law at Aix, he would have found that they are maintained by Bynkershoek, Vattel, Voet, Zuarias, Loeccænius, and Abreu, none of them British writers, and set forth also in 'Il Consolato del Mare.' Bynkershoek says, 'Non ex fallaci forte aplustri, sed ex ipsis instrumentis in navi repertis constare oportet navem amicam esse. Si id constet dimittam; si hostilem esse constiteret occupabo. Quod si liceat ut omni jure licet et perpetuo observatur, licebit quoque instrumenta quæ ad merces pertinet excutere et inde discere si quæ hostium bona in navi lateant.' Vattel's words are emphatic. Without searching neutral ships at sea, says he, the commerce of contraband goods cannot be prevented. There is then a right of searching.*

In another passage Vattel says, "Si l'on trouve sur un vaisseau neutre des effets appartenants aux ennemis, on s'en saisit par le droit de la guerre." This very law as to neutrals, therefore, which M. Thiers would endeavour to prove was exclusively English, was, until a very recent period, French also. Valin, a great French lawyer, and whose works have obtained a European reputation, in his 'Traité des Prises,' justifies the French ordonnances, by which both ship and cargo are subject to confiscation, if the smallest part of the lading belonged to an enemy, for he observes—'Parceque de maniere ou d'autre c'est favoriser le commerce de l'ennemi et faciliter le transport de ces denrées et marchandises; ce qui ne peut s'accorder avec les traités d'alliance ou de neutralité. Monsieur Hubner,' he adds, 'entrepren de prouver fort sérieusement que le pavillon neutre couvre toute la cargaison, quoiqu'elle appartienne à l'ennemi. Mais cet auteur est absolument décidé pour les neutres, et semble n'avoir écrit que pour plaider leur cause. Il pose d'abord ses principes qu'il donne pour constants, puis il en tire les conséquences qui lui conviennent. Cette méthode est fort commode.'

It is, therefore, audacious hardihood to say, that the principles of maritime law, for which England contended, were a usurpation, or unsanctioned by foreign and even French usage. This part of the subject is so important at any time, and may, under such a minister as Lord Aberdeen, become so dangerously momentous, that we give in

a note the ordonnances of the French marine on the subject, all proving that these were recognized principles not merely of English, but of European law.* Abreu, the most eminent of Spanish civilians, fully

* Under the old government, the law of nations administered by France was always more severe against neutrals than the law of England. They admitted eight causes of confiscation of vessels, one only of which would be ground of condemnation in our courts, namely, that the vessel belonged to the enemy; the other seven would not produce that effect.—1. Il est de bonne prise, si étant de fabrique ou construction ennemie, ou provenant originairement de l'ennemi, le neutre, l'allié, n'est pas en état de prouver, par pièces authentiques *trouvées à bord*, qu'il l'avait acquies avant la déclaration de la guerre. *Reglements des 17 Feb., 1694, Art. 4; 1704, Art. 7; 1744, Art. 10; 1778, Art. 7.*—2. Si sa cargaison appartient à l'ennemi, elle emporte la confiscation du navire. *Ord. 1681, tit. Prises, Art. 7; Arrêt 26 Oct., 1692; Reg. 1704, Art. 5.*—3. Si la totalité de cette cargaison, ou seulement les trois quarts de sa valeur, sont de contrebande, il s'en suit la confiscation du navire. *Regl. 1778, Art. 1.*—4. Quelque soit la navire, si son équipage est composé de matelots ennemis, au delà du tiers de leur nombre total, ou s'il se trouve à bord un subre-cargue marchand, commis, ou officier major d'un pais ennemi, il est confiscable. *Regl. 1704, Art. 9; 1744, Art. 12; 1778, Art. 9.*—5. Défaut de papiers de bord. *Ord. tit. 9, Art. 1, 3, 6; Regl. 1704, Art. 9; 1744, Art. 12; 1778, Art. 9.*—6. Des vices des papiers de bord représentés. *Ord. tit. Prises, Art. 5; 1694, 1704, 1710, 1744, 1778, &c.*—7. Il est défendu de jeter les papiers à la mer ou autrement les soustraire et détruire, à peine de confiscation du navire et de son chargement. *Ord. 5th Sept., 1708, 26th July, 1778, Art. 3.* Of their eight grounds for confiscating the cargo, we admit only two, namely, Enemies' property and contraband. The other six are these:—1. Toutes marchandises chargées sur un navire ennemi sont confiscables. *Ord. Prises, Art. 7; Arrêt, 26th Oct. 1692.*—2. Une cargaison de marchandises originairement ennemie est confiscable quoiqu'elle n'appartienne plus à l'ennemi. *Art. 3 et 4, Regl. 1704, 1744.*—3. Leur destination. *Regl. 1704, 1744, 1778.*—4. Défaut de papiers de bord. Tout navire qui n'a pas outre ses lettres de mer, &c., des chartes parties, &c., est confiscable. *Ord. tit. Prises, Art. 6, 21 Jan., 1693.*—5. Vices de ces papiers quelqu'ils fussent, s'ils n'étaient pas faits, signés, et délivrés dans les formes. *Regl. 17 Feb., 1694; 21 Oct., 1744, Art. 9.*—6. L'usage des papiers de bord, s'ils étaient jetés à la mer, &c., 5th Sept., 1708; 26th July, 1778. *Ord. tit. Prises, Art. 6.*

As to regenerated France, it was decreed, 14th Feb., 1793, que les lois anciennes concernant les prises seraient exécutées jusqu'à ce qu'il en eut été autrement ordonné. But the editor of the 'Code des Prises' observes, that pendant ce temps là, même jusque encore à present, nous n'avons vu qu'incertitude de la part des parties, même de celle des juges. Les armateurs comme les réclamateurs ont pris dans chacun des anciens réglemens ce qu'ils ont cru leur être favorable, et laissé ce qu'ils ont cru leur être contraire:—Les juges ont puisé leurs motifs tantôt dans tel reglement, tantôt dans tel autre, quelquefois dans tous. He illustrates the consequences of this mode of administering the Law of Nations, by showing that three different sentences might be pronounced in the same case, according as this or that ordinance, all of equal validity, was adopted as the rule of decision.

* *Questiones Pub. Jur.; Vattel, Droit de Gens, lib. iii., c. 7, p. 114.*

maintains this proposition in the following passage :—

"Sin embargo, si se consulta el derecho de las gentes, y la facultad, que dà el de la guerra, concurren todas las razones para que afirmemos, que las mercaderías pertenecientes à enemigos que vinieren embarcadas en navios de amigos, ò confederados son de legitima pressa, puesto que lo que se apprehende, se verifica pertenecer à enemigos ; y por consiguiente trae consigo un vicio real, ò inherente, que adquirió en su fabrica y origen, de que no se purga por transportarse en nave de amigo ò confederado."

The opinions of M. Thiers, as to what is contraband of war, are as flagrantly incorrect as his doctrines, in respect to the rights of neutrals ; but into this branch of the subject we cannot enter now. It may be thought by some that we have bestowed too much attention on the opinions and disquisitions of the ex-minister on this latter question. We cannot, however, be persuaded to think so. Though it is not very likely that M. Thiers will soon return to power, yet he occupies a considerable space as a party man, and as a writer, in the eyes of France, and his activity and talent, as well as the peculiar facilities he enjoys of propagating his opinions, both at the tribune, and through the press, give to his observations a weight to which they are not intrinsically entitled, either by their justice or their truth.

M. Thiers' sketches of the Prince of Peace, of Charles IV. of Spain, his Queen and Court, are generally good ; but the characters of Godoy, and of the minister, Urquijo, are more graphically drawn by the lively and versatile Abbé de Pradt.

The negotiation entered into by M. de St. Julien was disavowed by his court. This caused great dissatisfaction to the First Consul ; but a general negotiation of all the powers was ultimately proposed, on the condition of England granting a naval armistice. The conditions could not be satisfactorily agreed on. After a further short suspension of hostilities, which lasted for forty-five days, on the condition of giving up Philipsburgh, Ulm, and Ingoldstadt, to the French, the emperor, who had himself journeyed to the head-quarters of the army, returned to Vienna.

Meanwhile, the First Consul was not idle. He caused the body of Turenne to be removed from the Petits Augustins to the Invalides, and directed a public monument to be raised to the memories of Kleber and Desaix. The public roads, which, for ten years, had been neglected, and were, in consequence, in a dangerous and disgraceful state, were somewhat repaired, and rendered more practicable. Some attention was also

paid to inland navigation, and praiseworthy efforts were made for the suppression of highway robbers and the bands of armed marauders with which the country was infested. These were laudable efforts, and, since the brilliant victory of Marengo, undoubtedly tended to the consolidation of the power of the First Consul. M. Thiers does not, therefore, very much exceed the truth when he says, that in assuring to the patriots of 1793 a civil equality—to the purchasers of national property the exclusion of the Bourbons—to the moderate royalists the security and re-establishment of religion—to all, order, justice, and national greatness—the First Consul had really vindicated his claim to the suffrages of the honest and disinterested among all shades of party.

The observations of M. Thiers on the violent of all parties are well worthy of attention. We regret we cannot cite them at length. We must, however, stop to observe, that in relating the events of October, 1800, at which we are now arrived, M. Thiers states that Georges and his assassins had their hands full of gold *venu d'Angleterre*. If this merely means that the French royalists, and the agents of the French princes, sent him money, we have no exception to make to the statement ; but if it mean that he was sent gold by the ministry or people of England, the statement is a pure falsehood, and no man knows it to be so better than M. Thiers.

The following character of Fouché will be read with interest, though the language is about the poorest in M. Thiers' book :

"M. Fouché, entrusted with the exercise of this power (minister of police), was an old *Oratorien* and *ex-Conventionnel*. He was an intelligent and crafty person, neither virtuous nor vicious, but knowing mankind well, above all, the baser portion, which he despised. He employed the police funds not merely for the support, but for the *surveillance* of his agents, and was always willing to procure bread or a place for every individual tired of political agitation, thus making friends for the government, and also friends for himself—obliged friends, far better able to inform him of what it was his interest to know than credulous or deceitful spies. And such obliged friends he had among all the parties, even among the royalists, whom he knew how to manage and keep within bounds. Thus was he always warned in time, never over estimating the danger himself, nor exaggerating it to his master. He knew well how to distinguish between a mere hot-headed man and men really dangerous ; the one he warned, the other he prosecuted or hunted down, thus executing the functions of police minister better than they had ever been before executed—for the duties of the office consist in disarming hatred as well as in repressing it. Had he possessed but elevated intentions—had his indulgence assumed any other garb than

indifference to good or evil—had his activity any other moving spring than a desire to mix himself up in everything—a desire which rendered him not merely inconvenient to, but suspected by the First Consul, and gave him often the appearance of a vulgar intriguer—he had, indeed, been a great minister. His ignoble but expressive countenance was a perfect index to the vices of his mind. The First Consul did not willingly extend his confidence to men whom he did not esteem. But though he mistrusted Fouché, he made a full use of him. Sometimes he tried to supply his place, or to control him, in giving money to his secretary, Bourienne, to the commandant of Paris, Murat—above all, to his aide-de-camp, Savary, to form a species of contradictory police. But Fouché always knew how to exhibit the blundering puerilities of these pseudo-practitioners, and demonstrated that he alone was well-informed. Thus in counteracting the First Consul, the minister, nevertheless, brought him back to his views by his manner of dealing with men—a manner into which no touch of love or hatred entered, but merely the fixed principle of wresting individuals, one by one, from the feverish and agitated life of faction.”

The most exquisitely drawn portrait in the whole book, whether as a striking and faithful resemblance, or for colouring or finish, is the portrait of M. de Talleyrand, which we give at length :

“ M. de Talleyrand played a part the very reverse of the minister of police. He had no liking for Fouché, nor any resemblance to him. Though both ex-priests, the one belonging to the higher clergy, the other to the lower, yet they had only this in common—that Talleyrand availed himself of the Revolution to divest himself of the flowing robes of a bishop; while the other stripped himself merely of the short gown of an Oratorian professor. This government, composed of a military man and two priests who had abjured their profession, was a strange spectacle it must be admitted—a spectacle which characteristically paints a society completely convulsed and overturned—a society which, notwithstanding the strange manner in which it was composed, had no less splendour, grandeur, and influence in the world.

“ M. de Talleyrand, descended of a family of the very highest extraction, destined to the profession of arms by his birth, but doomed to the priesthood by an accident which had deprived him of the use of one foot, had no vocation for his imposed profession, and having been successively prelate, courtier, revolutionist, emigrant, and ultimately minister of foreign affairs of the Directory, he had preserved something of all these characters. There was in him some touch of the bishop, of the man of high rank, and of the revolutionist. Entertaining no fixed opinions, but imbued with a natural moderation which repudiated everything like exaggeration, appropriating instantaneously to himself the ideas of those whom he wished, either from taste or interest, to please, expressing himself in a language unique and peculiar to that society of which Voltaire had been the teacher and the model; full of lively and pungent repartees, which rendered him at once formidable and attractive; by turns complaisant and disdainful, open or impene-

trable, careless or elaborately dignified, halting in his gait without losing any portion of his gracefulness, this singular personage who could only be produced by a revolution, was the most seductive of negotiators, but at the same time incapable of directing, as chief minister, the affairs of a great state; for to direct, a strong will is necessary, as well as fixed views of public questions, and habits of steady labour, and he had none of these. His will was limited to please, his views consisted in opinions of the moment, and he scarcely laboured at all. He was, in a word, an accomplished ambassador, but not a great or leading minister in the highest signification of the word. Besides, he played no other part than the part of minister of external relations under the consular government. The First Consul, who permitted no one to have an opinion on affairs of war or diplomacy, employed him only in negotiating with foreign ministers, which he did with unsurpassable art. He had always the great moral merit of loving peace under a master who was fond of war, and of showing him that he loved peace. Endowed with an exquisite taste, with a sure tact, with a useful indolence, he was enabled to render real service to the state in opposing to the flood of talk, the over-abundance of writing, and superfluity of action, of the First Consul, his own moderation—his perfect circumspection—his decided propensity to do nothing. But he produced little impression on this imperious master, and inspired neither awe by his genius, nor respect by his sincerity. He had, therefore, no more influence than Fouché—even less—though he was fully as much employed—and more agreeable in his manners. Talleyrand entertained opinions widely different from those of Fouché. Attached to the old dynasty, but not to the persons or the ridiculous prejudices of other times, he counselled his master to re-cast as quickly as possible the monarchy, or its equivalent, in making use of the glory of the First Consul to supply the want of royal blood, adding that if it were wished to have a speedy and desirable peace with Europe, it was the duty of France to take immediate steps to resemble other states. And whilst invoking the name of the revolution, the minister Fouché advised that we should not proceed too quickly, M. de Talleyrand, invoking the name of Europe, advised that we should not march too slowly.”

The characters of Joseph, Josephine, and Lucien, are subsequently given, but we regret we have not space to extract them. The Emperor Paul, who had broken with his late allies, was more especially enraged with the English cabinet because they would not surrender Malta to him. He laid an embargo on the English shipping in the Russian ports; caused 300 British vessels to be seized, and ordered that such as attempted to escape should be sunk. He renewed the league of 1780, and, on the 26th of December, 1800, a declaration was signed by the ministers of Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, by which these powers mutually engaged to support, even by arms, the principles of the law of neutrals, embodied two

months before in the treaty establishing peace between France and the United States. This rupture of all the northern powers with Great Britain was eagerly seized on by the First Consul to force harder terms on Austria. To these terms Cobentzel was obliged to yield, and ultimately signed the celebrated peace of Lunéville, on the 9th of February, 1801. By this treaty France obtained, for the second time, the boundary of the Rhine.

Thus, in the short space of fifteen months, partially recognized at home, and victorious abroad, France was again in alliance with the north of Europe against England. But the life of the First Consul had been, nevertheless, more than once attempted. The conspiracy of Ceracci and Lebrun was still fresh in the minds of the people, when three agents of Georges attempted by the infernal machine to destroy the victor of Marengo. The life of the man of destiny was, however, on this occasion, saved by the dexterity of his coachman. The north as well as the south of Europe were now prepared to act against England. The southern states closed their ports, and the northern entered into an armed league; but England, ever invincible, held on in her course, and despatched the ever glorious Nelson and the gallant Parker to the Baltic, to bury the foes that had conspired against her existence in the deep bosom of the ocean. Now was fought that bloody engagement in the channel of Copenhagen in which victory was our own. Thiers states that we lost 1200 men, killed and wounded, and that the loss of the Danes was not much greater; but the loss of the British really amounted to 234 killed and 644 wounded, in all 878; while the loss of the Danes, according to Brenton, was double, and according to their own account more than double, for it was 1800. During the suspension of hostilities which followed this battle the Emperor Paul was murdered, and the confederacy of the neutral powers dissolved by his death. M. Thiers lays much stress on the authentic details, which he alone, he contends, is in a condition to give of the conspiracy against the life of the Emperor; but we have not been enabled to find a single new fact in his recital of the event. The despatches of Savary and Haugwitz contain nearly all that is stated by M. Thiers, and Capefigue, in the fifth volume of his History, gives a more copious and dramatic account, though we admit his French is neither so pure nor so racy as the language of the ex-minister. In the seventh volume of the 'European Annals,' and in 'Bredow's Chronik,' many of the details now put forth with an air of novelty are also stated. We are now ap-

proaching the period of the Addington administration, when proposals of peace were made to M. Otto, and with this the second volume of the History closes. On the last chapter, in reference to the neutral powers, many observations occur to us; but these must be deferred to some future opportunity.

In now leisurely considering, at the conclusion of our task, all that we have written, we see no occasion to modify the opinions we have expressed. The praise of a style at once brilliant and vigorous, M. Thiers no doubt deserves. He possesses in the highest degree the art of dramatically grouping his facts—the accounts of battles are written to the tune of fine martial music, and must always be popular in a nation like France:—for, as Chateaubriand said, 'La France n'est qu'un soldat.' But we in vain look for incidents and anecdotes which have never before appeared in print; vainer still has been our search for that breadth and expansion of view, or those profound remarks which it is the duty of the philosophic historian to throw out for the benefit of a future generation. M. Thiers is the eloquent partisan, apologist, and exponent of a party, and for France of a great and glorious epoch: but to the name of philosophic historian, or deep and serious thinker, he has no kind of claim.

ART. VII.—*Mémoires de Fléchier sur les Grands Jours tenus à Clermont en 1665—1666.* Publiées par B. GONOD, Bibliothécaire de la ville de Clermont. Paris: 1844.

THIS work, written by the celebrated Bishop Fléchier, and now published for the first time, gives a detailed account of the proceedings of the last and most important 'Grands Jours' held in Auvergne, and affords many curious and minute illustrations of the state of society in that province, about the middle of the seventeenth century.

And what were these 'Grands Jours?' the English reader will say; nor has he any reason to blush for his ignorance, seeing that untill just now, it was shared by nearly all the best informed Frenchmen. Previously to the publication of the work before us, very few were those who could explain the meaning of a term, which, but one hundred and eighty years ago, had a portentous significance, and was associated with intense

emotions of fear or hope in the breasts of high and low.

The Grands Jours were extraordinary assizes held by judges chosen and deputed by the sovereign, and fulfilling functions much like those of the *Missi Dominici* of the kings of the first and second races, whose business it was to visit the remoter provinces, inquire into the conduct of the dukes and counts, and reform all judicial and financial abuses. The judges were invested with very ample powers, and were to constitute a final court of appeal from the ordinary local tribunals in all civil and criminal cases; but chiefly they were to exercise primary and plenary jurisdiction over those daring offenders who were enabled, by the vices of the feudal system, to set at naught the feeble powers of the district authorities. That was a memorable and momentous epoch in the history of a province, which witnessed the advent of one of these special tribunals, rare in their occurrence, surrounded with unusual pomp and solemnity, and armed with all the terrors of a fitful justice, now roused to convulsive activity, and eager to make amends by extreme severity for its past supineness. Hence the popular name of *The Great Days* universally applied to this sort of assizes.

The Grand Jours, of which Fléchier (then an abbe, and tutor to the son of M. de Caumartin) was a spectator, lasted from September 26, 1665, to January 30, 1666. More than twelve thousand causes, civil and criminal, came before them, and of these a great multitude were heard and determined. Among the culprits brought to trial, or who suffered judgment by default, were many persons of the highest consideration in Auvergne and the adjacent provinces, the best born and the wealthiest, magistrates and officers of justice, priests and dignitaries of the church. Atrocious acts of violence and oppression, extortion, murder, arson, and pillage, were the charges brought home to them, not singly, but in accumulation. A *gentilhomme*, who had but one murder on his conscience, was, in the opinion of the virtuous Fléchier, almost deserving of commendation and respect for his comparative innocence. We, who are happily far removed from the 'good old times,' can hardly comprehend such an amount of audacity and crime as constituting the permanent condition of a Christian land in the seventeenth century; but if we reflect on the licence and anarchy produced by thirty years of civil and foreign war, on the imperfect organisation of the police of the country, and the want of roads and free communication, we shall be able to account for a large

proportion of these crimes, and for their almost constant impunity. What these causes will not suffice to explain, we may fairly lay to the charge of the laws themselves, particularly the law of primogeniture, which co-operating with other circumstances of the times, forced younger sons to adopt the profession of arms, or to become priests or monks, however unqualified by inclination and habits worthily to fulfil the sacred calling.

The evil, common to all France, had reached its highest pitch in the parts far distant from the centre of government, especially in the wild and mountainous region of Auvergne. A remedy was at last sought in the establishment of the Grand Jours at Clermont, with jurisdiction extending over Haute and Basse Auvergne, Le Bourbonnais, Le Nivernais, Forez, Le Lyonnais, Le Pays de Combrailles, Haute and Basse Marche and Berri. Nothing was omitted that could give efficiency to the labours of the commission, and among the more stringent measures resorted to were the following: The prelates were required to publish letters mandatory, containing a long list of offences—a curious document, which may be regarded as a general schedule of the crimes of the age, and of the means then possessed by criminals for evading the vengeance of the law. All persons who had cognizance of any of the matters specified therein, were commanded to come forward and give information: those who neglected to do so were excommunicated, first simply, then doubly and trebly, after the lapse of two successive intervals of six days allowed for repentance. The effect of the first measure of ecclesiastical chastisement was to deprive the offender of the consolations of religion; the second stripped him of his civil rights; and the third put him wholly out of the pale of society, and was equivalent to denying him the use of fire and water. As for those persons who fled from justice, troops were to be quartered in their châteaux, and to be maintained out of the income of their estates; and, in case of resistance, the châteaux were to be demolished, and were never to be rebuilt. To harbour such persons, or in any wise aid or comfort them, was strictly forbidden, under pain of corporeal punishment in case of villeins, and of degradation from the rank of nobility, demolition of their châteaux, confiscation, and imprisonment, in case of men of gentle blood.

"I remarked all through the country," says Fléchier, "and in Clermont, when I arrived there, that terror was universal. The bulk of the noblesse had fled; and there remained not one

gentilhomme but had taken himself to task, reconsidered all the ugly spots in his life, and tried to repair whatever wrong he might have done to his subjects, so as to stop the complaints they might make. There took place a thousand conversions, which came less of the grace of God, than of the justice of men, and which, however constrained, were not the less advantageous. Those who had been the tyrants of the poor, became their suppliants, and more restitutions were made than occur in the great jubilee of the holy year."

But if the nobles were in consternation, the humbler classes, who had so long groaned under their insolent oppression, were in ecstasy at the prospect of deliverance and revenge. The very day after the arrival of the judges, while all was trepidation and dismay in the families of the conscience-stricken *seigneurs*, the streets of Clermont rang with the first verse of a popular song of triumph on the occasion, the *Marseillaise* of that day, which was afterwards extended to the length of two-and-twenty stanzas. It is a very humorous poem, written in the rude and racy patois of the country. The poor peasants, it must be owned, did not bear their good fortune with exemplary moderation; on the contrary, they displayed a very prompt alacrity, more natural than generous, to exult over their humbled persecutors, and to pay off old scores with compound interest. A party of this class in Forez, after carousing together, conceived the brilliant design of bringing some gentleman or another, no matter whom, to the block, merely for their own diversion. The intended victim was chosen by lot, and chanced to be one of the most inoffensive men in the country; nevertheless, they proceeded forthwith to try his patience with all manner of outrageous insolence, in the hope of provoking him to some act that might afford colour for a prosecution against him.

"It was remarked that the peasants were very bold, and were forward to make their depositions against the nobles, when they were not withheld by fear. If they are not accosted with honour, and if any one fails to salute them civilly, they talk of appealing to the *Grands Jours*, and threaten to have the offenders punished, as though they had suffered violence at their hands. A lady residing in the country parts complained that all her peasants had bought them gloves, fancying that they were no longer obliged to work, and that they were now the only persons in the king's dominions, for whom his majesty entertained any consideration. When persons of quality, talent, and excellent character, who had no fear of the most rigorous justice, and who had won the good will of the populace, came to Clermont, these good folks assured them of their protection, and presented them with certificates of good conduct, believing that these were a necessary security, and that they themselves were become, by special

privilege, lords over their own lords. They were furthermore persuaded, that the king had sent all these judges and councillors among them with no other intention than to reinstate them in their possessions, no matter how they had sold them; and in this belief they already counted as their own all that their ancestors had sold as far back as three generations. These silly notions, which moved the laughter of such as were not affected by them, were sore annoyances to those on whom they had any bearing, because they found themselves constrained to endure acts of impertinence to which they were not accustomed, and to curb those impulses of temper to which they had been used to give free course when justice was not so near at hand. The person who was most annoyed in this way, was M. de Chazeron, a man of some consideration in the province, and against whom no charge could be brought. One of his subjects, a very covetous and fractious man, recollecting that there was a tradition in his family of his great-grandfather, or great-great-grandfather's having sold some meadow or another, or some vineyard, to the grandfather of that gentleman, called on the latter in his house and demanded restitution of his property. Demands of this kind are in no case agreeable; but when they are unjust and unfounded, they are too much for the best tempered people. The peasant insisted that the time for restitution was come; that after his lord's unjust enjoyment of the property the king now sent folks that did not fear him, and would see right done between them. The other replied, that the man was mistaken, and that if his forefathers had sold their field, it was no less true that his own ancestors had paid them for it. The fellow did not seem to feel the force of this reasoning; so, putting on an air of clownish consequence, he clapped his hat on his head, set his left arm akimbo, and shaking his fist in M. de Chazeron's face, cried out in a passion; 'You shall give it back to me, and the *Grands Jours* . . .'. At any other time the peasant would have been more discreet, and his lord would have been less so; but the trouble into which those who were accused were cast, frightened those who were not accused. The only notice, therefore, which the gentleman ventured to take of this insolence was to knock off the man's hat, and bid him behave more respectfully. But the black-guard only burst into a fury, and commanded him to pick up the hat, or it should cost him his head. Things were at such a pass that the gentleman, afraid of giving way to his resentment, and distrusting his own powers of forbearance, picked up the hat, and having given its owner a few blows with it, thought it advisable to mount his horse and go and lay his complaint before M. le Président. Such high notions do the people here build upon the *Grand Jours*, and such is the dread of them entertained by the noblesse!

"It fared still worse with an officer of Riom, whose father had bought the field of a poor man in his neighborhood. He was in the quiet enjoyment of his property, and had no fear of incurring any prosecution, when a demand was made upon him, that he should either give up the field or pay down its value according to arbitration. He investigated the matter, sent for the elders of the village, searched his papers, but found nothing in them by which he could substantiate his title. The villa-

gers testified that the field in question belonged to the family of the claimant. The readiest expedient was to send for the arbitrators, obtain a reduction of the estimated value, and pay the claimant eight hundred livres, rather than be obliged per force to make restitution, and be exposed to the penalties inflicted for extortion and violence. Afterwards, however, he found some papers which justified his possession of the property; but the peasant not being of opinion that the Grands Jours were intended to lay hold on such as him, or that they had a right to compel those who have not the misfortune to be of noble birth to make restitution, the officer found that all he could do served no other end than to bring down upon him [the ridicule of the whole town."

The peasants only practised clumsily, and in a small way, the lessons their masters had taught them; but they were inapt scholars, and fell far short of their models. Let us see a few specimens of the latter.

The wickedest old sinner in the province was the Marquis de Canillac, who surpassed all his contemporaries in the art of squeezing money out of his vassals by force and fraud. Other lords of manors availed themselves to the utmost of their poor ability, of those cases in which they were entitled, by very ancient usage, to levy fines on their tenants, as, for instance, on the marriage of the lord or of his eldest son; but the marquis was singularly ingenious in multiplying these occasions, and what the others did only once in their lives, he did every year. He kept in his pay twelve desperate ruffians:

"These men, whom he called his twelve apostles, catechised with sword or cudgel those who disputed his orders, and committed fearful acts of violence at their cruel master's pleasure. He gave them very apostolic names, calling one Sans-Fiance (Lack-troth), another Brise-Tout (Smash-all), and so on. Backed by the dread which these terrible names inspired, he levied pretty considerable sums on the viands commonly consumed; and then finding that abstinence was practised rather too much, he turned the impost upon those who left the viands untouched. His largest revenue was that which he derived from justice; for the least trifle he had wretches imprisoned and condemned, and compelled them to ransom themselves from punishment by payments in money. He would gladly have seen all who were under his jurisdiction, of the same humour with himself, and he often beguiled them into bad acts, that he might afterwards force payment from them all, with uncompromising severity. In a word, no one ever so largely committed, desired, or profited by crimes as he. Not only did he exact money for the evil deeds people had perpetrated, but he even made the liberty to transgress in future matter of bargain; and any man who had money to give him was free to be criminal then or thereafter. He was in the habit of saying, that he had a barb that supplied the keep of all his horses. This barb was a servant-woman of that

name (Barbe), whom he allowed a curé to have in his house, in consideration of a certain tribute which defrayed the expenses of his stables. * * * All these extortions and many other acts of violence, the proofs of which were with difficulty procured by reason of the terror with which the marquis and his emissaries had deeply impressed the minds of the populace, obliged Messieurs des Grands Jours to sentence him to death. He was executed in effigy, to the great satisfaction of everybody; he had undergone the same thing once before by decree of the parliament of Toulouse, and had even himself been a spectator of his own execution, from a neighbouring window, where he sat quite at his ease, and thought it very good fun to see himself decapitated in the street, he being all the while safe and sound within doors. He never suffered the slightest pain in his head from that operation, and I believe he was very sorry not to have one more opportunity of enjoying the same diversion; but he thought it expedient for his health to retire, advancing years having deprived him of much of his former cheerful humour. He was condemned to a heavy fine, and to the confiscation of his estates; and two or three towers, which had long served as strongholds for his apostles, were demolished."

The Baron de Sénégas was another of these noble robbers, supremely versed in all the devices of feudal oppression. Less fortunate than the crafty old marquis, he fell into the clutches of the commissioners, and escaped sentence of decapitation only by a majority of seven votes to six. He was condemned to pay a heavy fine, to have the fortifications of his houses razed, to have all his property confiscated, and to be banished for life. Among the numerous weighty charges against him, the blackest perhaps was that which related to his treatment of an individual who had the misfortune to be liable to his jurisdiction, and to have given him offence. He had the man imprisoned in a horrible damp cell, a sort of cupboard, in which the poor wretch could neither sit nor stand upright; and where he remained several months, with hardly enough of fetid air to enable him to breathe, and supplied with just so much food as sufficed to prolong his torments. He was brought out, at last, more dead than alive, and scarcely resembling a human being. His face was a shapeless mass, and his clothes were covered with a sort of moss.

The Marquis de Canillac and the Baron de Sénégas were both men of strong passions and energetic character; our readers might, therefore, be inclined to suppose that theirs was exceptional cases, and that the villainies they practised should be imputed solely to the evil dispositions of the actors. But it was not so: it was the peculiar beauty of the old system of society, so tenderly regretted and so fondly invoked by those who know least about it, to enable and en-

courage very common-place reptiles to become very consummate tyrants. The Count de Montvallat passed for a good, easy man, a Jerry Sneak, in fact, snubbed and beaten by his wife, and often threatened by his peasants; and yet, saving that he committed no murders, he contrived, perhaps, to do as much mischief in other respects, in his own quiet way, as his more notorious contemporaries. He traded largely upon his judiciary rights, and sold impunity to murderers, robbers, and violators of female honour; so that there was nothing he less desired to retain on his estates than an honest man. Among the memorial rights still subsisting, nominally at least, in Auvergne, in his day, was that odious one called *maritagium*, or *droit des noces*.^{*} It had now lost its most disgusting character, the old usages connected with it having, by common consent, been commuted into a pecuniary charge. But M. de Montvallat, with a fine conservative instinct, insisted on the superiority of the good old system, particularly when any pretty village lass was on the eve of marriage; and as he seemed to hint plainly enough that he intended something more than a mere empty ceremony, the parties interested always thought it best to purchase his forbearance at a heavy cost. In this way he often exacted a full half of the bride's dowry.

M. de la Mothe Tintry was sent to the galleys for three years; a sentence far too lenient for his deserts. He had a grudge against a peasant, who had refused to do some harvest work for him. Finding this man one day fast asleep under a tree, he pistoled him, and then despatched him with his sword. This cowardly assassin's fate excited a lively sympathy in the higher circles, it being thought more shocking that a man of his quality should be made to toil at the oar along with base-born slaves, than that he should nobly lose his head.

^{*} Michelet says (*Origines du Droit Français*) "there is no evidence that this shameful right was ever exacted in kind;" but this is not true. The right was possessed, for instance, by the Seigneurs de Lobier, in Ossau, Béarn; and in what manner it was exercised by them, appears from the fact, that there, as elsewhere, the first child of a serf couple, if a male, was of freeborn condition in consideration of his probable paternity, "per so qui poeyre star engendrat de las obres deudit senhor et de sous susditz plasers." '*Fors de Béarn*,' by Mazure et Hatoulet. Pau, 1842. The clergy sometimes laid claim to this strange privilege. 'Ego vidi,' says a jurisconsult of the fifteenth century, 'in curia Bituricensi coram metropolitanoprocesso appellacionis, in quo rector seu curatus parochialis prætendebat ex consuetudine primam habere carnalem sponzæ cognitionem, quæ consuetudo fuit annullata.' Nic. Boerii. *Decisiones*, cccxvii., 17.

There were several prisoners of low condition condemned to the same punishment, one of whom, while waiting for the chain to proceed to Toulon, took it into his head that if a girl could be induced to demand him in marriage, he should certainly be liberated, in conformity with an ancient custom. Addressing himself, therefore, to some charitable ladies who were in the habit of visiting the prisons, he so wrought upon them by his eloquence, that they undertook to find him a bride, who, being conscious of some flaw in her own character, would gladly accept even a rogue's proposal to make her an honest woman. There was no difficulty in procuring such a person, and the benevolent ladies were rejoicing in prospect over their good work, when the whole project turned out to be founded on a popular error. The common law recognized no such ground of release as that relied on by the convict. A still more curious case of a somewhat similar kind had occurred at Lyons three or four months previously. A girl of considerable mental and personal attractions had unhappily committed some offence for which she was condemned to death. The man who was to be her executioner, offered to become her husband, and thereby the preserver of her life. A gallant who wooed in this fashion had enormous odds on his side. 'Bless me with your hand, and make me the happiest of men! If you deny me your hand—ah, cruel fair one!—I must content myself with your neck.' Could mortal man devise a more irresistible formula for popping the question? But woman's wilfulness and inscrutable caprice baffle the sagest calculations. The finisher of the law was repulsed with bitter scorn by his victim, and the proud girl died by his hand with the constancy of a martyr.

The reader doubtless remembers the incident in Victor Hugo's '*Notre Dame de Paris*,' where the poet, just about to be hung by the Truands, is released on Esmeralda's consenting to marry him. Many traces are discoverable of this old custom, which so well accorded with the spirit of the middle ages.^{*} Another curious point of legal history adverted to by Fléchier is the existence of personal slavery. It was generally abolished in Auvergne about the close of the 15th century; but it still continued to

^{*} En plusieurs lieux et pays est de coutume que si une femme a marier, et mesmement si elle est pucel et requiert ung homme a mary que est condempné a morir et est mene au gibet, len le deslivre a la dicté femme elle lui sauvera sa vie. Mais cella est contre le droit commun." *La Masuer en francoys selon la coutume du hault et bas pays d'Auvergne, imprimé à Lyon, par Claude Davost, l'an 1505, fol. lxx.*

subsist in certain localities, until finally suppressed by the edict of August, 1779. The regular canons of St. Augustin had estates in the Pays de Combrailles in which there were serfs, not merely bound to the soil, but absolutely 'de serve condition, de main-morte et de suyte'; that is to say, slavery was inherent in their flesh and blood, and followed them wherever they went: they were chattel property.

Some of these unhappy beings earnestly invoked the protection of the Grand Jours, and claimed exemption from thralldom, on the ground that they were born of free fathers. They argued that as the father is the head of the family, his condition ought to determine that of the children, in accordance with the common adage, *Le bon emporte le pire*, 'The good overbears the worse.' Fléchier, whose leaning was always to the side of mercy, approves of this reasoning and corroborates it by a characteristic remark. It is laid down, he says, by the most orthodox theologians, that had Adam not sinned, it would have mattered nothing though his wife ate of the forbidden fruit; her transgression would have entailed no bad consequences on us her descendants. On the other hand were alleged various customs of the province, explicit on the point in dispute, and reference was made to the ancient laws which left the child in slavery when either parent was not free. Lastly, the common maxim was insisted on, which declared that the mother imparted her own condition to her offspring: *Partus ventrem sequitur*. M. Talon, the king's advocate, exerted himself with honourable zeal on behalf of the appellants, stigmatized the rights in question as odious and unchristian, and called for their peremptory abolition. But the court decided against him, and pronounced the vested rights of the reverend slave breeders to be more sacred than the claims of justice and humanity.

Only a very few of the many nobles sentenced to be beheaded actually suffered that fate; the great majority of them, having prudently given 'leg bail' for their appearance, were executed in effigy: that is to say, pictures were exposed in the ordinary place of execution, in each of which was the portrait of a culprit with a headsman in the act of doing his office. It must have been a golden season for the sign-painters of Clermont, since the contents of this strange picture-gallery were renewed every day, and on one occasion nearly thirty criminals were effigied together. Sometimes the sword of justice descended not metaphorically but in real earnest on the culprit's neck; but unhappily in these instances the blow seldom

fell where it was most merited. Private affection and political animosity too plainly appear to have biased many of the decisions of the Grands Jours. The Count de Canillac, seneschal of Clermont, richly deserved death, but to the indignation of the whole province he marched boldly out of prison after paying a paltry fine of 500 livres, the evidence against him having been strangely deficient. The secret of this was, that he was nearly connected by marriage with M. de Novion, the president of the court, and his sister-in-law was about to bestow her hand on the counsel for the crown against him. A kinsman of his, the Viscount de la Mothe Canillac, the least criminal of the whole family, lost his head; in reality because he had borne an active part in the wars of the Fronde against the king, but ostensibly on account of a homicide which was in a great degree excusable, considering the circumstances of the case and the habits of the times. Having received funds from the Prince de Condé for the purpose of raising troops in the time of the civil war, he had transferred 5000 crowns upon the same condition to a M. Orsonnette, who embezzled the money. This led to a long quarrel between the latter and the viscount. At last a chance medley encounter took place between them, each being accompanied by several servants; d'Orsonnette's falconer was killed, and himself and another of his men were wounded. It was a remarkable fact on this trial, and one very indicative of the state of the country, that the prosecutor and the witnesses against La Mothe were infinitely worse men than himself. D'Orsonnette was accused by his own father of having murdered his brother, and attempted parricide; and the others had been condemned to the galleys for forgery and other crimes.

Fléchier depicts, with more than usual fulness of detail and colouring, the character of the principal personage in this lugubrious epic of the Grand Jours.

"L'Espinchal is a gentleman of the province of Auvergne, who was at first highly esteemed for his birth, property, and talent; and would have been the most accomplished man in his native country, had he combined good conduct with his outward perfections, and possessed a soul as fair and good as his person and his wit. He was so handsome and said such agreeable things, and with so good a grace, that every one was delighted with his presence and his conversation. He had fought frequently, and was reputed brave; a thing that is sometimes no bad assistant in love matters, particularly when valour is accompanied with suavity and good breeding. In a word, he had everything requisite to make him feared by cavaliers and loved by ladies. He conducted himself so discreetly in his ordinary conversa-

tions, that any one would have thought him the mildest and most moderate being in the world, but in reality no one could be more dissolute; and he was always extremely ready, after playing the gallant cavalier in the most ingenious and polished manner, to commit crimes and iniquities. His irregularities were already notorious; but the moment he showed himself, his mere presence dissipated the evil opinions that had been conceived of him, and people willingly persuaded themselves that he was in all things the amiable gentleman he appeared. He was married to a daughter of M. le Marquis de Châteaumorand, who was a very desirable match for him in point of wealth, virtue, and beauty, and who thought herself fortunate in marrying the most gallant man in the province. After the first sweets of wedlock and novelty had passed away, he was not content with a wife, but must needs have mistresses, and amuse himself with intrigues. Nor had he any difficulty in indulging his humour, so great was his reputation among the fair sex. I have been told that when he was in Clermont, all the girls took his part against whoever ventured to speak in his disparagement, and even stood up against their own mothers in his behalf. A demoiselle, whom he had fascinated, was in the habit of saying, that though he were ever so wicked, still he was such a charming man, that people ought to forgive all the wickedness he did, and all the wickedness others might do with him."

The last sentence is a clencher: after the lady's enthusiastic testimony, it would be idle to say another word in commendation of this engaging reprobate; we may, therefore, proceed to the other side of the account, and mention, that with all his power to win hearts, he was not so successful in retaining them. In fact, he was the most obsequious of wooers, but when his suit was granted, he became the most intolerable of tyrants; hence those who had loved him at first, came at last to regard him with unmixed fear, and by no means piqued themselves on remaining faithful to him. One woman alone clung to him to the last, in spite of brutal scorn and outrage, with the unalterable affection of a noble, patient, loving heart. This was his wife. Whatever sorrow his infidelities caused her, she bore all without a murmur, and they lived with each other on amicable terms, the cold serenity of which was not ruffled until one of d'Espinchal's mistresses, wishing to divert his importunate jealousy from herself, contrived to give his suspicions employment at home. The vile scheme succeeded: d'Espinchal believed his wife guilty of an intrigue with her page, and entering her chamber one morning whilst she was still in bed, he held out to her a pistol in one hand and a cup of poison in the other, and bade her take her choice. Entreaties and protestations of innocence were of no avail;

the unhappy woman swallowed the poison, and then d'Espinchal left her. Fortunately, the draught she had taken produced nausea, and a part of it was discharged by vomiting. A servant lad ran off, of his own accord, for the family physician, who soon arrived and effected a complete cure, the husband standing by all the while, and with well-feigned demonstrations of the liveliest anxiety, urging the physician to exert all his skill for the preservation of a life so dear to him.

Failing in his attempt to kill his wife, d'Espinchal proceeded to wreak his vengeance on her supposed paramour, on whom he inflicted a horrible mutilation. But this not being enough to satisfy his savage ferocity, he suspended his bleeding victim from the ceiling, and left him to die in lingering agony. According to some accounts, he took the precaution, before he proceeded to extremities, to make the page write letters dated from Italy two or three years in advance, so that should he be missed, it might appear he had gone abroad.

These, and other acts of brutal violence, soon made such a noise in the country, that the lady's relations interfered to effect a separation between the ill-matched pair, and threatened to take judicial proceedings against the husband. But though the latter had again attempted to murder her, and had nearly succeeded in strangling her, Madame d'Espinchal would not sanction any hostile measures against her persecutor; and it was with extreme reluctance she at last admitted the necessity of seeking refuge in a convent. D'Espinchal seemed surprised at this step. His jealousy had occasional fits of intermission, in which he visited her at the convent, and appeared to regret his unjust suspicions.

"One day he called on her at the convent in Clermont, and sending for her at the grating, he again addressed her in very abusive terms, to which she endeavoured to reply with all the firmness of conscious innocence, and all the moderation which her love for him imposed on her. A nun who accompanied her, and was present during the whole interview, told me that the conversation having gradually waxed warm on both sides, ended in rather a curious manner; for the day being far advanced, and M. d'Espinchal having some appointment to keep, perhaps with some mistress or another, made a motion of his hand to draw his watch from his pocket, whereupon the lady, thinking he was going to draw out a pistol and shoot her, fainted and fell from her chair. Fear had become so habitual with her when she lived with him, that she never had a moment free from apprehension. If he spoke, she looked for some reproach to be cast on her; if he touched his sword, she thought it was with the intention of accomplishing his evil purposes; every morcel she ate with him, she expected would be her last; every

drop of water she drank, reminded her of the deadly potion she had swallowed. It is no wonder, therefore, if her fears still clung to her even after she had taken refuge in that sacred place. Their interview ended in this way; the lady was restored with difficulty from her fainting fit, the husband withdrew gaily, and went off to tell the story very pleasantly to his mistresses."

At last there seemed a probability that this daring criminal's career would be cut short. A prosecution was begun against him before the *Présidial* of Riom, the most rigorous tribunal in Auvergne; but the ministers of justice could not lay their hands on him, and in default of his appearance, he was condemned *par contumace* to pay heavy fines and damages, and to be beheaded. A man of less energy might have thought himself lost under such circumstances; but d'Espinchal took the matter coolly, and stole away to Paris, where he established himself in a house that communicated with the Hotel de Guise. If he had abstained from committing any fresh offences, he might, perhaps, have obtained letters of grace through the influence of his powerful friends; but he made his case worse than ever by an act of monstrous audacity, committed under the very nose of the *Grand Monarque*. Some time previously to this period, one of his mistresses in Auvergne had played him false, and he had discovered his rival, upon whom he heaped all sorts of indignities and outrages. The unlucky fellow appealed in vain to the local courts, but could obtain no satisfaction; so, at last, he put his cause into the hands of his brother in Paris, who memorialized the king in person, was graciously received, and dismissed with hopes of speedy justice upon the wrong-doer.

The memorialist left the Louvre very well pleased with his audience; but great was his surprise to find himself arrested almost at the very gate, by certain unknown officers of justice, who clapped him into a chair they had in readiness, and hurried away with him, without telling him the cause of his arrest, or whither they were taking him. He chanced, however, to cast his eyes on one of his captors, whom he recognized as one of M. d'Espinchal's retainers, and being now assured that foul play was intended, he shouted 'Murder!' with all his might, and eagerly besought the assistance of the good bourgeois. His captors, however, quieted all suspicion, by telling every inquirer that their prisoner was an atrocious criminal, arrested by the king's orders, and that hanging was too good for him. 'Serve him right,' was the response of the honest bourgeois. At last they left the crowded streets behind them, and reached the comparatively desert-

ed faubourgs. The prisoner's chance of succour grew less and less as they advanced, and his cries for help increased in vehemence in the same proportion. Some soldiers on guard, hearing the noise, thought proper to inquire into the matter, but the same answer that had been given to others satisfied them also, and they let the party pass on. One of the soldiers, however, on reflection, began to suspect that all was not right, and he communicated his suspicions to his comrades, who soon came over to his views, and determined on further investigating the matter. No time was to be lost; the prisoner and his guards had now had a considerable start of the soldiers, who made all haste to overtake them. They came up with the objects of their pursuit, in the open country, where the latter, thinking themselves perfectly secure, had paused to take breath, while some of them were beginning to rob their prisoner, whom the soldiers arrived just in time to save from, perhaps, still worse treatment. The indignation of Louis XIV. may be imagined, on hearing of this flagrant insult offered to his own majesty; Fléchier says it was this circumstance that mainly determined the king to have the Grand Jours held in Auvergne.

Soon after this event, the death of M. de Guise deprived d'Espinchal of a potent protector. Paris was now too hot to hold him, and he thought it advisable to return again to his native province. His friends remonstrated in vain against a step that appeared to them little short of an act of madness. For a man actually under sentence of death, to put himself voluntarily within the reach of that terrible *présidial* of Riom, was like walking deliberately into the den of a hungry lion. But d'Espinchal knew well what he was about. 'Tis a far cry to Lochaber,' said the Highland rieviers of former days; and in our own time Dick Martin has been known to thank Heaven devoutly, 'that the king's writ was a piece of waste-paper in Connemara.' The mountains of Auvergne, too, were a very convenient resort for those who were not on friendly terms with the ministers of the law. Thither, therefore, d'Espinchal repaired; but not like a vulgar, commonplace criminal, ignobly seeking mere safety in flight. There was a racy spirit of devilry in the man, that made him relish vice chiefly for the *éclat* and the fun of the thing; and of this feeling he now gave a conspicuous proof. He took his route through Riom itself, and boldly entering that town, where no one ever expected to see him again, except as a criminal about to be beheaded, he called on the *lieutenant criminel*, and after-

wards on all the other judges severally, and addressed the same discourse to them all. Holding in his hand a small empty tin box, he told them, that the king having been graciously pleased to grant him letters of indemnity for all his past life, he was come to present them for registration, and that he would have the honour to place the document in their hands for that purpose next morning. So saying he took leave of them, mounted his horse, and rode off. Next day he sent them the empty box, to the great amazement of their worshippers.

Amidst the flutter into which the culpable gentry of Auvergne were cast by the news of the approaching Grands Jours, d'Espinchal preserved all his coolness and presence of mind. Whilst others were flying in hot haste, he alone would neither quit the kingdom nor the province. Withdrawing from all intercourse with society, he betook himself, with a single companion, to the mountains of Haute Auvergne, where, changing his abode every day, he completely baffled the pursuit of all the prevosts. He often met these men, and conversed with them under various disguises, and so well did he play the part of an honest man, that they never recognized him. He knew the country far better than his pursuers, and he led them many a weary dance by means of false intelligence, which he had conveyed to them in the most ingenious manner; so that sometimes when they thought they were certainly on his track, and were making all speed to overtake him, he was sauntering along very leisurely in their rear. On one occasion they invested a château, and gathered round it all the troops in the province by forced marches; the place was carried, but the victorious besiegers had only their labour for their pains. Thus he remained at large until the commission was approaching its close, and their worshippers of the Grands Jours, despairing of his capture, were fain to content themselves with confirming his previous sentence, executing him in effigy, and razing a castle belonging to him. This latter was a measure to which the tribunal had recourse in numerous other instances, and doubtless it was much more efficacious towards establishing peace and order in the province, than all the solemn foolery of their executions in effigy.

"I remember," says Fléchier, "that the Marquis de St. Floret, who is a person of quality, the most learned and the most peaceable gentleman in Auvergne, but not the more on that account esteemed a great prophet in his own country, wished to memorialize the court against the demolition of a castle belonging to one of his neighbours, to which he had a right to send every year a trum-

peter to peal out some lively airs from its summit, by way of signifying the dependance of the castle. He requested that some other right should be granted him in exchange for this; but I believe his wishes met with little attention."

To return to M. d'Espinchal:—feeling assured that he could not always escape from the fangs of the law, he determined to quit the kingdom; and with his usual cunning, address, and courage, he succeeded in reaching Bavaria, which was then at war with France. The elector, Duke Ferdinand Maria, delighted with the acquisition of so renowned and able a man, received him with the greatest distinction. The fugitive became generalissimo of the Bavarian forces, and defeated the French on the banks of the Lech. After peace was made, it was through his influence that the marriage was concluded between the Dauphin and the Princess Maria of Bavaria. For this good service he received a free pardon from the sovereign he had braved, insulted, and beaten; he was restored to his property and his rank as lieutenant-general, and was created Count of Massiac. Louis XIV. sent him his own royal portrait set in diamonds, which is still in the possession of the family.—*MORAL.*—Three things, says the rude old proverb:

A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
The more you beat them, the better they be.

To these things, for which a little wholesome drubbing is to be prescribed, may be added a fourth, viz., an absolute king.

D'Espinchal built him a new mansion at Massiac, where he spent the calm evening of his stormy life, and died at a good old age, in 1686. M. Gonod gratifies us with the assurance that the old scapegrace made a very decent end, and died (there is a fine touch of unintentional irony in this) 'enjoining his children to be always true to God, their king, and their country.'

We might extract many other curious traits of manners, many humorous incidents and provincial oddities, from the volume before us; but our limits compel us to turn away reluctantly from a pleasant dish, the choice *morceaux* of which we have by no means exhausted. Perhaps even the brief notice we have given of the book will induce the inquiring student to examine it for himself, and to investigate a subject which has been so unaccountably neglected by professed historians. How fruitful of mischief to the best interests of literature have been those much-abused words, 'The Dignity of History!' How often has this cant phrase been subversive of historic truth, of the one

vital quality, without which history is no better than an old almanac! Sieges and battles, wars and treaties of peace, courtly grandeurs and courtly vulgarities, have so engrossed the attention of your dignified historians, that they have scarcely deigned even to mention the 'Grands Jours,' an institution which wrought so prompt and complete a change in the habits of society, and effaced the last vestiges of feudal power. Ten lines comprise the longest notice they have obtained from those authors who have been the most liberal to them of their precious space; they are despatched in two lines in the work of the President Hénault; and Voltaire, in his celebrated special treatise on the age of Louis XIV., never so much as mentions their name.

ART. VIII.—1. *Die moderne Philologie und die deutschen Schulen.* Von Dr. MAGER. Stuttgart. 1840.

2. *Ueber Wesen, Einrichtung, und pädagogische Bedeutung, des schulmässigen Studiums der neueren Sprachen und Literaturen.* Von Dr. MAGER. Zürich. 1843.

3. *A General and Practical System of Teaching Languages.* By C. Le VERT. London. 1842.

4. *A new Method of Learning to Read, Write, and Speak the German Language in Six Months.* By H. G. OLLENDORF. London. 1844.

5. *Henry's First Latin Book.* By Rev. T. K. ARNOLD. Fifth Edition. 1844.

6. *A Practical Latin Grammar, adapted to the Natural Operations of the Mind, on the Plan pursued in the Public Schools of Germany.* By L. E. PEITHMAN, LL.D. Second Edition. 1835.

7. *Spanish without a Master.* By A. H. MONTEITH. Second Edition. London. 1844. (Robertsonian Method.)

THE phrenologists, and those who talk with them, will have it that there is a peculiar bump of language, somewhere either behind the eye or within it, it is not easy to say where; and no doubt they are right to a certain extent; in so far, that is to say, as a fluent talker has to thank, not education merely and opportunity for his gift, but also an originally bountiful nature; who, as Cicero tells us, where a great orator is produced, does nine-tenths of the work which scholastic persons set down to the credit of the rhetorician. But if it be meant to assert (as some persons understand, or mis-under-

stand the phrenological doctrine) that the learning of languages requires some peculiar intellectual function or faculty in the individual not common to the species—as the capacity of producing musical notes unquestionably does—such an idea is sufficiently refuted by the obvious fact, that while few persons can sing tolerably, all persons being healthy and normal specimens of the genus *homo*, can speak; and by the same natural capability that they do speak one language, they could speak two, three, four, and half-a-dozen, if only external circumstances were favourable for such a result; a fact, indeed, which the not uncommon phenomenon of bilingual and even trilingual races and families sufficiently testifies. Whence, then, proceeds the extraordinary difficulty experienced by some persons, especially in this insular triangle, when they attempt in their individual experience to achieve systematically what so many bilingual races have arrived at accidentally,—the ready faculty of conception and expression in more tongues than one? Whence is it that many a most intelligent adult will sooner set himself down to munch gravel than apply himself with grammar and dictionary in hand to attack Greek or German?—and why does the cleverest boy, perhaps, in the grammar-school go through six or seven years of linguistic drudgery that he may learn, as the natural result of so much salutary discipline, to—hate Latin? The answer is obvious. Not that there is the want of a bump, of an instinct, of 'a genius for languages' as people are fond to phrase it; but that the necessary external conditions have not been supplied; not that the seed was not in the ground, but that there was no atmosphere, no rain, no sunshine; that the mason was called upon to build without bricks, and the architect taught the mason, not how to build but how to speak about building. The acquisition of languages, which of all things depends so much more on the influences of outward circumstances than on inward impulses, has been left too much to these impulses; the machinery has not been supplied that would enable the steam to work; in one word, the masters have been bunglers.

And what wonder? Let us consider for a moment, who and what were the masters. First take the scholastic teachers of languages, from the poor parochial schoolmaster to the more honoured dignitary of the grammar-school—who and what were they? What peculiar vocation had these men to tune the ears of British boys to a Roman tune, and to make the bitter pill of old Pegasus vocables sweet? They were pedants, a great number of them (to speak the truth

without offence), and not a few of them stupid pedants to boot, workmen, who were not the masters, but the slaves of their own tools, persons in whom the profession had overwhelmed the man, till, like certain animals of the Mollusc species, they found themselves prisoners in the dark holes which themselves had bored. And why were they pedantic?—what made them stupid? Not mere poverty and neglect everywhere, certainly (for no place was more famous for linguistical pedants than rich Oxford, and some of the old, well-endowed schools), but partly also a professional taint, which makes pedantry as natural to a pedagogue, as dogmatism is to a priest, and argumentative impertinence to a lawyer. It is certain, however, on the other hand, that the pedantry and the stupidity of many of our teachers of youth has, in a great many cases, been owing to the culpable indifference and neglect of the British people to the interests of education generally, and the false position of the educator thereby caused. In Scotland, for instance, where they long delighted themselves to make loud boasts of their ‘parochial schools,’ the ‘dominie’ was, and, in a great measure is, the lean and meagre product which the neglect of a money-making population, the shabbiness of a ‘game-preserving aristocracy,’ and the jealousy of a half-educated church, have starved out of all fellowship with living society, and banished from every possible contact with politeness. To expect that languages, which require a little thunder and lightning occasionally, and a continued glow of the Promethean spark in them, for their due exhibition, should, under a sorry system of this kind, have, in the general case, got beyond the osseous frame-work and rudimentary projection of scholarship, was to expect that roses should grow where men had sown thistles, and that crabs should suddenly make to themselves wings, and become eagles. The Scotch have shown their respect for elementary education, by keeping their parochial schoolmasters for long centuries,—‘Passing rich on forty pounds a year.’ And as for educational institutions of a higher grade, to compensate for the lack of them, they have turned their universities into gymnasias, and their professors into schoolmasters!

We have mentioned the case of Scotland more particularly, merely by way of illustration; the general proposition which we mean to state is this, that the scholastic teachers of languages in this country have proved themselves pedants and bunglers in a great number of cases, as much from the culpable indifference and neglect of the pub-

lic as from the inherent vice of the pedagogue profession. The only certain way to brush off pedantry, and to make a man base his educational practice on broad, human, and not on narrow scholastic grounds, is to open a pathway for him into general society, and to treat him like a gentleman; and the shortest way to do this is to give the teacher 400*l.* a-year instead of 40*l.*, and to distribute your patronage wisely. Let us now cast a glance on the teachers of modern languages, and ask who and what were they? Look at our universities and great schools in the first place, and say where you find the professors of modern philology standing in that attitude, and occupying that position which belongs to them? It matters little on this point whether we cast our eyes to Oxford or to Edinburgh, or to any part even of paedagogic Germany and Switzerland, under the able guidance of Dr. Mager; we shall find everywhere that modern languages and literatures are either not taught at all, or taught in the most perfunctory style imaginable, and that not by thoroughly-disciplined philologists (to use that word in its large and proper sense), but often by any chance person picked up in the street, who happened to have the foreign trick on his tongue, whether by birth or by inoculation, it matters not. In many of our great schools, indeed, the teachers of modern languages stand in somewhat the same relation to the Greek and Latin dignitaries that dissenters do to the deacons and doctors of the established church; they seem, in fact, rather tolerated than recognized; attendance on their classes is not imperative; they have no salary, or a very small one; and their allotment of time is often so scanty, that, with the best will, it is often impossible for the teacher to do his duty either with satisfaction to himself, or with profit to his scholars. All this is evidently not as it should be; for, a professor of the Teutonic dialects, for instance, is evidently, at the present day, a much more natural appendage to a well-furnished English school or university than a professor of Latin and Greek; and he who imagines that to be a profound classical scholar requires a superior calibre of brain to that which is necessary to make a thorough modern philologist, has merely to cast his eye on this, and the other famous Hellenist or Latinist, and see what heavy and unproductive hulks they are. It is, however, and has long been, a sort of bookish superstition with John Bull, to pay a zealous worship to the letter of ancient literature just in proportion as in many of his ways of thinking and acting he is most remote from its spirit; and thus it has come

to pass, that while a head-mastership in a classical school is oft-times the best passport to a bishopric, the professorate of Teutonic or Romance philology is an office that for the most part has no existence in England; the duties that ought to be performed by such an officer being devolved upon the 'voluntary' teacher of modern languages, any poor Polish refugee, German baron, or Italian marchese, that can find nothing better to do. The consequence of this is, that beyond the pale of a certain very limited sphere, a thorough and serviceable knowledge of the most useful modern tongues is a rare accomplishment among the youth of this country, and just in proportion to the want of recognized modern philologists in the public schools and universities are the swarms of superficial quacks and empirics of all kinds, who perambulate the country and the booksellers' shops, big with their own praises, and fertile every one in his own infallible method to master the most difficult language in Europe in six weeks, or it may be six days. The Hamiltonian method, the Ollendorffian method, the Robertsonian method, the method of Jacotot, what do they all mean, and whither do they tend? What relation further do they bear to the classical or scholastic method of which we have all had such harsh experience in our youth? Is there anything so opposite in the nature of ancient and modern dialects, that the method of inculcating them on the youthful mind should necessarily be so diverse?—or is it possible (as may be done in so many cases) to unite these seeming contradictories into the contrary poles, so to speak, of one and the same magnet? These questions, so often proposed by the intelligent student—not so often, it is to be feared, by the teacher—it shall be our endeavours in the remarks that follow, shortly but decidedly, and altogether from a practical point of view, to answer.

Now, whatever may be the varieties of detail in the methods pursued by different teachers, it is manifest that when we look for a principle, all the methods that have been, or are now in vogue in the world, can be reduced to two; that class of methods where abstract formal rules are brought forward prominently in the first place, and practice subordinated; and that other class where the commencement is made with the concrete tongue, and the preponderance given to the living practice, the scientific principles of languages being postponed and subordinated, or perhaps altogether neglected. Of the former class of methods the most familiar exemplifications are to be found in some of our old-fashioned schools

and colleges, where a slowly piled, granite-faced cyclopean substructure of grammatical rules and formulas is considered absolutely necessary before the little linguist is allowed to crawl; and, indeed, so little is practical despatch and dexterity of any kind taken into account by these scholastic inculcators, that, after four or five years hard drill with them, it is no uncommon thing to see even a clever lad, when you put a Latin book into his hand, not able to get beyond a painful and clumsy 'crawl'. Of the other or empirical method, Captain Basil Hall says, that a modern gentleman, named Ollendorff, is the 'Euclid.' But we remember amid the multifarious literary stores of old Morhof, to have stumbled upon the practice of a person of the name of Cle-nard, which may serve as a more vivid and racy picture of how such a system under a clever teacher may be made to work.

"Wishing to make an experiment on the genius of boys, I collected together a few sons of the burgesses, taught at the public expense, so entirely ignorant of the Latin language, that up to that hour they had never heard the sound of a letter. Attracted by the novelty of the thing, a great number of persons, agreeably to previous invitation by advertisement, crowded to my first meeting; so that, in the course of a few days, the multitude always increasing, my room was not able to contain the number. For into this new gymnasium of mine, persons of all ages were admitted; and a multitude of the most motley description were congregated together. There were some boys scarcely five years old; there were clergymen; negro servants; and some very old men. Parents came to school along with their children, and yielded obedience to the master as pointedly as the youngest tyro. With this motley environment, I commenced immediately talking nothing but Latin, and by constant practice, succeeded to such a degree, that within a few months they all understood whatever I said, and the smallest boys babbled Latin fluently after their fashion, when they scarcely knew their alphabet. For I did not vex their tender brains prematurely with things too hard for them, but whatever they knew I taught them in sport, so that my school became a *ludus*, in the original sense of that word, not in name only, but in deed. I had three negro lads for servants, not particularly well skilled in grammar, but so trained by constant intercourse with me, that they apprehended at once whatever I spoke to them in Latin, and answered me readily in the same tongue, though sinning now and then, of course, irreverently enough, against Priscian. These I ordered to come with me into the school, and, in the presence of my scholars, set them a talking Latin, while at every convenient opportunity I myself interposed, to vary and enliven the dialogue. The audience, meanwhile, listened to every word spoken with the utmost attention: so strange a thing did it seem, and almost a miracle, to hear three negro boys talking Latin. 'Come, now, young Master Dento,' said I (always in Latin, of course), 'salta Dento! show us how you can caper;' and forthwith the nimble

little tumbler vaulted over head and ears three times; and an 'ingens cachinnus' immediately arose. 'Now, you *Nigrine*,' continued I, 'repe nobis per pavementum, show us how you can creep;' and immediately the little fellow turned himself into a quadruped, 'et in cachinnos iterum sunt soluti quotquot aderant;' the whole company burst again into repeated peals of laughter. Then I told the third negro to run a race—'tu vero, Carbo, pedibus quid perfecteris ostende;' and off he went. This, and many other things of the kind I did, teaching words directly by deeds, rather than indirectly by the intervention of other words, so that the new vocables found a ready entrance into the ears and memories of the scholars, in the midst of play and amusement. All this while I paid little or no attention, especially in the first outset, to grammar rules: I was fearful, rather, of creating disgust, by throwing these in their way at an early stage; but I endeavoured by every possible means, as merchants learn the idioms of various foreign countries by intercourse with the natives, to cause the ears of my pupils, in every corner, to be assailed by Latin words, and Latin words only—'ut omnibus in locis streperent voces Latine.' It was also forbidden strictly, during the first days, to write anything; but the scholars were ordered, keeping their eyes fixed on the teacher, to accustom their ears to the sound of the words. And if in the course of our talking, any sentiment or adage presented itself, comprised in a few words, it was immediately set into circulation through the whole class, and as hand rubs hand, communicated from one to another, while I stood by as they were talking, and made the thing more evident by gesticulations. For this also had been part of my plan from the beginning, not to teach with any solemn pomp, or on any meditated system, but to talk at random on whatever came uppermost. So that, for example, if I saw anything remarkable about any boy's nose—'si quem conspicuum insigni naso;' I immediately went up to him, and 'ridendo et contractando naso fungebar docentis officio;' and while in the act of laughing at him, and squeezing his nose, brought out some pertinent Latin vocables which were not easily forgot. Then, as a sort of by-play, one of the negroes would blow his nose, and I immediately told the school that the Latin for that was 'mungere nares;' and immediately the peal of imitation went round the room like thunder—'mungere nares! mungere nares!! mungere nares!!!' Then, to ring the changes upon *mungo*, I said to one of the other negroes—'At tu, *Nigrine*, munge candelam! Now you, Blackie, snuff the candle!' And if it happened that he snuffed it out, then I immediately assumed an angry air, and rated him soundly with every sort of abuse that Plautus or Terence, or Cicero's Orations against Cataline, could supply me withal; while my scholars learned at the same time, what was the Latin for to extinguish, and what for to light the candle. From this we took occasion to discuss tallow and wax, the various excellences and defects of wax and tallow candles, as compared with oil lamp, and so forth. With this sort of mere trifling and random talking, we would often spend three successive hours, without being aware of it, to the great delight of the whole school. And the result was, that the scholars could scarcely be restrained from hastening with

the utmost eagerness to our school at the earliest hour of the morning, rejoicing in nothing so much as to hear their master; so much so, that they often came an hour before the school was open, and in the night time could dream of nothing but our scholastic comedies."

The reader sees at once, that this method of Clenard's presents, in every respect, a complete contrast to the respectable old method of teaching Latin so long practised in our grammar schools; and the inquiry which we have now to make is, which of the two is the better? and whether a well tempered compound of both be not possible? To solve this question in the most expeditious and satisfactory way, we shall take the two cases in which Nature takes the teaching of languages altogether into her own hands, and endeavour to discern clearly what are the necessary elements of her teaching. The two cases we mean are, that of a child learning its mother tongue, and that of an adult learning a foreign language by residence in the country where the language is spoken. In this latter case, especially, universal experience testifies, that three months' living intercourse with the natives of a country, will go further to familiarise the ear with a foreign dialect, than three years' private study. If this be so, it may be assumed as a maxim in teaching languages, that the more near a method approaches to the method employed by Nature in this case, the more near does that method approach to perfection. What, then, are the elements of this natural method? 'Tis a simple affair. First: there is a direct appeal to the ear, the natural organs by which the language is acquired. Secondly: this appeal is made in circumstances where there is a direct relation, *ipso facto*, established between the sound and the thing signified. The sound makes directly for the thing, like an electric flash, or it rests upon it like a graceful mantle; there is no painful series of steps through grammar, dictionary, and the idiom of another language, to be made before you establish the connection. Let any Englishman take a walk in the streets of Hamburg, and by merely reading the signs of the shops as he passes, he will learn more available German in half an hour, than he could master otherwise in a week. Thirdly: the same living appeal to the ear is continuously and for a considerable length of time repeated. Fourthly: the appeal is made under circumstances which cannot fail strongly to excite the attention, and to engage the sympathies of the hearer. In these four points, lies the whole plain mys-

tery of Nature's method; and where teachers of languages, whether dead or living, make slow and heavy work, as they so often do, with their pupils, it is because they are either altogether regardless of the example of Nature in the matter, or because they lack the skill to put her principles into practice.

Let us take now the old 'dominie' of the grammar-school, and see with what persistent perversity he runs sheer in the teeth of Nature in all these points. First, he rarely appeals to the ear at all, but is the thrall slave of the printed book. Instead of pronouncing the vowels properly, with a more extended or a more rapid utterance—long or short, as the case may be—from the beginning, he allows his pupils to pronounce them any way they please, or according to a systematically false analogy in the first place, and then teaches the right pronunciation, not to the ear, but to the understanding, in the shape of jaw-breaking rules, the aggregate of which compose the '*monstrum horrendum ingens, cui lumen udemptum*,' which he calls PROSODY. After loading his memory with these barren formulas, the hopeful youth (can it be believed?) still continues to make no audible difference between short vowels and long ones, making his ear and his tongue constantly and systematically give the lie to his understanding. Then, with the sound not spoken, but merely written—not written even (so far as the niceties of prosody are concerned), but merely understood, what does the scholastic teacher proceed to do? He makes no attempt to connect that sound directly with the object to which it belongs, but the scholar is forced to work out the connection in the most slow and painful manner possible, by means of the mother tongues and a dictionary. Instead of giving the poor boy a book and a dictionary, the teacher should, in the first place, take into his own hand a well-known and interesting object (say a bird or a flower), and with his own tongue and fingers (for the fingers, also, are useful), point it out and describe it, again and again, till he has established in his pupil's mind a direct relation between the object and the new sound, with which he is henceforward directly, and without the intervention of his mother tongue, to connect it. Then, as to the third point, many of our scholastic teachers do not seem so anxious about the constant repetition of a variety of familiar sounds, as about the formal committing to memory of certain formulas, that have no immediate bearing upon any practice at all. In our best schools, however, and most recent school books, the old established inconsistencies and absurdities of this kind are

fast dying out. As to the fourth point, the old wielder of the grammar and dictionary is most completely at fault; to excite the attention, and to engage the sympathies of boys in a grammar-school, has always been the main difficulty. Boys might like many things, but how were they to like Latin? Merely energy and emulation might spur on a few, but the many flagged; and flagging, in learning of languages, is equivalent to retrogression. The grammar and the dictionary could interest nobody; scarcely a grown person, with all his resources, much less a boy. The 'dominie,' accordingly, was fain to give up this point altogether; he assumed the attitude of rigid sternness and cold command; where it was impossible to govern by love, he governed by fear; where the feeling of a cheerful and a triumphant progress was unattainable, he could at least talk largely of 'salutary discipline;' and, failing to achieve the main points of a quick ear, a ready combination, and a nimble tongue, he could at least point with satisfaction to the indirect fruits of a hard head and a gnarled memory. In short, though few boys under this system learned to love Latin, yet some boys, by help of Latin, learned to love hard work; and if any of these, in after life (as was likely enough), happened to distinguish themselves by the perpetration of any substantial deed of any kind, the praise of this was instantly set down to the account of the admirable drilling of the grammar-school; so that a bearded British youth could not cross the Indus, and look an Affghan in the face, without the Eton grammar being quoted, and another sermon being preached on John Bull's old text, 'the advantages of a classical education.'

So much for the scholastic teachers. But are we to say, on the other hand, that the Lockists, the Hamiltonians, the Ollendorfsians, and the disciples of Jacotot were altogether right?—Right they certainly were in a great measure; but not right *altogether*, in so far as they proceeded (if indeed they ever did proceed) *exclusively* upon a concrete practice; and that for the following plain reason:—Man is something more than a parrot; he is also a reflecting, a reasoning, a combining, a systematising creature; it is his nature not to be satisfied with being a mere speaking machine, however perfect. It will not do, therefore, merely to take an adult student of a strange tongue into an echoing chamber of new sounds, which by repeatedly assailing the ear, shall at length become familiar; not the imitative function only—which, however, is always the main thing in acquiring language—but the discriminative, the arranging, the combining, the systema-

tizing faculty must be called into fair exercise ; that is to say, a good teacher of languages will make science, at every step, go hand in hand with practice, and strive to make his pupil not merely a fluent talker and a ready reader, but, as far as may be, a sound and thorough philologist. Nor let it be supposed that this scientific study of languages is a thing altogether distinct, and that may with advantage be separated from the practical part. The practical part *may*, indeed, be separated from it, and carried on by itself (as every day's experience testifies) to a great pitch of perfection ; but it *should* not be so separated any more than the practice of drawing the superficial outline of the human figure should be separated from the scientific study of anatomy. Join the two together, therefore, if you have wit enough, and comprehensiveness to do it ; and while practice from the first moment is busy in supplying science with materials, let science never intermit to build up these materials (as they are supplied only, and not sooner), into a fair and a consistent organism.

The ideal, therefore, of this important point of paedagogy is plain : as for its realization, that manifestly, like all other educational questions, depends much more on the demands which an intelligent public may make, than on any organic reforms which may emanate from the teachers. Let the public only take a living interest in the matter, and teachers will soon be found to do what is reasonable. Let well-informed parents declare their decided conviction, that unless the scholastic study of the learned languages can be carried on in such a way as to combine exact intellectual training with a more vigorous display of energetic muscle and living complexion than has hitherto been common, the study of these languages must cease ; that in no cases shall they be carried on in such a way, as to throw into an undue subordination, or practically to supersede, the free and natural development of the human being into other and more obvious directions ; let the general voice declare this (as it has in many points already triumphantly done), and pedantry will shrink forthwith into its shrivelled skin. Let the public also declare, that with regard to modern languages, they desire their sons to be furnished with something more than a mere smattering of strange words ; that they wish the history and genius of the tongue, the soul and the circulation of the literature to be developed ; upon the expression of this conviction, also, efficient professors of modern philology will not fail to start up in all our great cities. But the public must show their conviction, not less by their

deeds than by their words ; they must pay honour to the enlightened and efficient pedagogue, as to a public officer whose calling is equally noble and necessary ; they must not be content that mere grammarians, however learned in Priscian and in Vossius, shall hold any place, much less a directing and controlling place, in their schools ; they must themselves provide their Frenchman and their German, a man with a head and a heart, and a hand as well as a tongue—and having provided, plant him in a position, where, while he engages affection, he can also command respect. Thus, and only thus, will the teaching of languages become an intellectual occupation, worthy of the best exertions of a noble mind ; only thus can the learning of them be changed from a penance into a pleasure, from the tread-mill into the railroad. To make our views more clear and practical, we shall now submit the following scheme, and a detached enumeration of the different steps of progress in a well-ordered system of linguistical study, such as we conceive it.

1. Let the teacher commence by presenting to the pupil a series of distinct and familiar objects, and baptizing them audibly with their several designations in the language to be acquired ; and let him cause the pupil to repeat the names audibly after him.

2. Let him at the same time write the names on a black board, so that the eye may from the beginning act as the ally of the ear ; and let the pupil be required to spell accurately every word that he pronounces.

3. Let him, then, by the aid of a very few persons of the verb to *love*, and to *be*, and one or two others of frequent occurrence, form short sentences out of the words at first given ; and such sentences as from their simplicity and their direct application to the object, the pupil cannot possibly misunderstand ; the learner always repeating and echoing as before.

3. Let this process be repeated for several lessons, till the learner has got a ready command of the materials supplied : and let a few turns and variations be ever and anon introduced, both to prevent monotony and to expedite progress.

5. Let the field of expression be gradually enlarged, so as to bring forward new and more complex forms of the language, without, however, losing sight of those already acquired (for constant repetition is essential) ; and in this process writing may always, and, indeed, ought always, to follow, offering its tangible body as a sort of test to examine the more vague and fleeting element of speech.

6. Let the teacher now commence delivering short and easy lectures, explanatory of some object placed before the pupil—say any object of natural history, a picture, a map, or anything that admits of being described in few and simple sentences. Such a lecture, after the fourth or fifth lesson, if wisely conducted by a lively and intelligent teacher, will be sure to be understood. The pupil will then be made to give back what he has heard, *vivâ voce*, on the spot, and afterwards to commit it to writing, trusting altogether to his memory, so as not to turn the exercise into the dull and slavish function of writing after dictation, and trusting to dead paper.

7. The grammar may now be introduced, or rather educed out of the preceding practice, and the forms already acquired supplemented so as to exhibit the complete scheme of a declined noun or a conjugated verb. This must, however, be done with great care, and the grammatical skeleton, so to speak, produced and expounded only by degrees, as it is required to explain the motions of the living body of the language.

8. Books may now be made largely to assist, but never to supersede, the living speech of the teacher.—In the selection of books, however, great care is necessary that they be—

9. Such books only as by the simplicity of their style and matter are suited to the stage of linguistical progress where the pupil stands; and

10. Above all things such books as the pupil, either from his previous education and habits, or from his intellectual constitution, is prepared to take a lively interest in. Books of a different description will infallibly disgust the student; and it is on this vital point that we see learned and excellent persons most apt to err. They imagine that because certain Latin and Greek books are classical, that is to say relished by men of taste in mature age, therefore, they are the best reading for boys of any and of every age. This is a great mistake. Only some books of the classical catalogue possess this rare catholicity of character; and some books which are not so classical, may possess it in a greater degree. If boys must be taught Latin, and must read certain books, let them defer their studies till they are a few years older, when their minds will be more open to sympathize with what they read. To read without sympathy is to learn to hate learning, and to march without making progress.

11. The master will take care so to superintend the reading, that it shall become a quarry of linguistical materials to the stu-

dent, that he is continually to be employed in constructing into every variety of shapes. By the living word, and in writing, no form of expression must be allowed to pass in the reading, which is not to be brought on the carpet again in the way of conversation and composition. The pupil must, above all things, never be sent to a dictionary to select words for himself that may be right, and that may be wrong. He must always speak and write from a model, either from his master, or from a book. He must always *know* that he is right.

12. For this purpose, a wise master will stick as much as possible to one author, so as not to confuse the juvenile imitator with unnecessary variety of style and phrase. This was one of Jacotot's good ideas; and Professor Long, of London, strongly advocates the same thing.

13. Let the teacher ingraft upon the reading, or rather bring out of it, as much of the scientific principles, philosophy, and history of the language as he can; and let him know that, as in the anatomy of living structures, so in the dissection of the various forms of vocal utterance, the greatest discoveries, and the most delightful illustrations, are made only by comparison.

14. In addition to the above exercises, the pupil may, from as early a period as possible, be trained to commit to memory, and to recite continuous pieces of fine composition both in poetry and prose. This will be a more delightful and a more profitable exercise than the scholastic practice of overloading the youthful mind with barbarous piles of rules, before they can be understood or used, and of exceptions that make the rule of no value. Such things are only to be learned by practice, and by degrees, not according to a formula and with a stride.

15. The master will take care to make the reading of his pupil a text not merely for descanting on the philosophy of words, but for exhibiting an interesting view of whatever is known of the matter discussed by the writer. Thus, for instance, when the student of Greek is reading that part of the Second Book of 'Herodotus,' which treats of the Egyptian Delta, an intelligent teacher may, with a very few well-directed hints and familiar illustrations, open up to the little linguist an interesting peep into the wide region of modern Geology. A master of languages, who teaches thus, will find his labours crowned with a double blessing; not only will a great number of the rudimentary truths of science be taken into the youthful mind, but the foreign words will be retained better in the memory, by virtue of the interesting knowledge of which they have been

made the medium. So utterly false is the Oxonian idea, that Greek and Latin would be studied to less effect, were the natural sciences admitted into an arena of fair and equal competition. On the contrary, it is quite certain, that the study of words can never prosper, but where their full meaning is unfolded by the living knowledge of the things of which they are signs. This knowledge, however, is in no case to be got from a dictionary.

16. After the student has proceeded so far as to be able to read any common book *ad opturam*, then, and not till then, will frequent original compositions, both in prose and verse (if the pupil has talent), be found advantageous.

17. Then, also, to ensure accuracy in small matters, a regular and systematic study of a truly scientific grammar may be entered on. A good teacher, however, may always so train a vigorous-minded pupil that he shall be a grammar to himself; that is to say, that he shall instinctively form a system of the abstract rules of the language out of the living body of the language as it presents itself to his attention.

18. After all this, a historical view of the literature of the language, with biographical and critical sketches, will complete the curriculum. The teacher may lecture on these subjects, either in the mother tongue of the hearer, or in the foreign language, according to the taste and capacity of his pupils, or his own genius.

The reader will observe, that these points of paedagogic practice are meant to apply equally to teachers of ancient and of modern languages. Some people may think it chimerical, to expect that teachers of Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, should be able to commence their instructions in these dead tongues by conversation, in the same way that teachers of French and Italian may do. But in this judgment there is a great practical mistake involved. It is not the most difficult thing, or a difficult thing at all, to speak any language, whether living or dead: it is imagined to be difficult, because under the old scholastic system it was different, that is all. Boys do many things at grammar-schools much more difficult than speaking Latin, much more disagreeable, and, we may add too, less useful. What is more difficult, more forced, artificial, and awkward to a boy, than the writing of Latin or Greek verses? And yet people defend that practice who would object to commencing by speaking. Verily, like the Pharisees, such paedagogues strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. A boy will be taught to understand your single *visæ vocæ* description of

an object, or a picture in Latin, and to echo back that description in the same, much more naturally and easily than to swing in a delicate see-saw of nicely-poised oscillations with Ovid and Tibullus. 'Tis a much more plain and direct way, also, of giving him a command of such Latin words as he may afterwards find of use in the prosecution of those natural sciences (almost all the sciences except Mineralogy), whose technical vocabulary is derived mainly from the learned languages. And if the teachers will still think it difficult to speak Latin and Greek, we only ask them one thing—try, and you will find it easy! It is, in fact, not difficulty, but pride and vain conceit, that would prevent any classical teacher from attempting the oral method; he is afraid of making a blunder and losing his dignity—he would have the silly boys believe that he is the pope, and that he cannot err. Or, if this is not the case, then he is only dull, and slow, and stupid, with waxen ears and a dusty tongue, and with his painful, creeping method of teaching, would do all he can to make his pupils as dull, and slow, and stupid as himself. It is our plain and literal conviction, that many a hopeful boy has been discouraged and dispirited, depressed, blunted, and stupified, by a quinquennial endurance of 'salutary discipline' in a grammar-school.

The foregoing observations are intended to comprise, in as short a space as possible, the results both of various reading on the subject, and of considerable personal experience and experiment on the part of the writer; but as some readers may feel that, in adopting this method for handling the subject, we have disappointed them of what they had a right to expect, from the heading of the article, viz., a special notice of some of the principal novelties in the practice of teaching languages, we shall here endeavour, in a very few words, to meet their wishes. In the first place, therefore, the two *brochures* of Dr. Mager, which stand at the head of our roll, are of a polemical character, and contain a most spirited and vigorous vindication of 'modern philology,' as opposed to the exclusive claims of the Greek and Latin monopolists. Dr. Mager is a man who unites a healthy breadth of view, with a high grade of linguistical culture, and an extensive scholastic experience. From the sample of his talent given in these *brochures*, we should think his various practical works in the department of French philology (which we have not seen) likely to be of great value to the intelligent teacher.

The next work is no less distinguished by its great sound sense, and general intelligence, than by its thorough mastery of every practical detail of teaching and necessary *paedagogic manœuvre*. The author, M. Le Vert, is a teacher of French in the metropolis, and occupies a position from which he will not be easily driven, midway between the empiricism of the Hamiltonians on the one hand, and the pedantic formalism of the schoolmen on the other. In one thing only do we materially disagree with him, *viz.*, in the disposition he shows to carry on the study of a foreign language, whether dead or living, mainly through the intervention of the mother tongue. Now we have several times in the text stated strongly what appears to us the superior expediency of establishing from the very first a direct connection between the new instrument of expression, and the mind that is to use it. We think a comparison between it and the old one—that is, the mother tongue, must necessarily be made, to a great extent, by every method, and can never be made without instruction; but in order to give an individual, as soon as possible, a ready command of any new tongue, it will be found a less cumbersome and painful way, to cause him to think and speak from the first directly in the new dialect, and that, of course, from the direct imitation of a person speaking or declaiming it. This is assuredly the process by which a foreign language is so readily picked up by a stranger in the country where it is spoken—and according to this reason, in our opinion, every complete system of teaching languages ought, in the first instance, to be modelled. In the same manner an academical man, who wishes to write Ciceronian Latin, will not make the best episode by thinking, in every case, what the English is, and then what the Latin *ought to be*; but he will go directly to his model, and mould his thoughts and turn his sentences directly from the original. The intervention of the English idiom could only serve to entangle and to confound.

The next work on our list, is an introduction to the German language, by that Mr. Ollendorf whom Captain Basil Hall's linguistic experience (recorded in 'Schloss Hainfeld') has done so much to puff into celebrity. Mr. Ollendorf's method is neither more nor less than the Hamiltonian method, put into the shape of question and answer; that is to say, the teacher commences by furnishing the learner, not with a book and an interlinear translation, but with a certain number of vocables which are spoken in his presence, and which he is required to repeat in every possible variety, till he be master

of them. This repetition and variation are best effected by the method of question and answer; and in order to achieve this, the master supplies the pupil with a complete sentence from the very beginning; joining the vocables with the commonest inflexions of the verbs 'to have,' and 'to be'; *e. g.*, 'Have you a hat?—Yes, I have. Have you a coat?—No, I have not,' and so forth. In this manner the learner is led on from one thing to another (the principles of grammar being introduced gradually, as the sphere of conversation is varied and enlarged), till he finds himself, in a few weeks, able to understand and to speak many common sentences with considerable fluency, before he has learned any tense of a verb, besides the present indicative and the infinitive. The distinctive character of the Ollendorffian method therefore is, that it commences with the concrete practice in the most simple shape, develops the grammatical forms and the syntactical rules gradually, by means of practice, and further makes this practice to consist mainly in common and familiar conversation on the most necessary and familiar subjects. It is, in one word, the grammar put into a conversational shape; and in so far as it is so, serves its purpose admirably, and we have no quarrel with it. It seems, however, that Captain Hall spoke unadvisedly, when he called Mr. Ollendorf 'the Euclid of German.' For the phrase 'Euclid' seems to imply something scientific and systematic; whereas the order of progression in Mr. Ollendorf's method is by no means very clear on all occasions, and is inferior, in our opinion, to what we have seen in many elementary books for the study of the Greek and Latin languages. We shall only mention the strange whim, that the feminine nouns, which are the easiest in German, and which Noehden, with great good sense, made a first declension of, are not heard of in Ollendorf's method till the eighty-fourth lesson, or till nearly four-fifths of the book are finished!!! We must say, moreover, that whatever may have been Captain Hall's experience, a method exclusively and entirely conversational will never satisfy strong minds; conversation and repeated talk are admirable as a part, and as an element, but they must never be looked upon as a whole, or as a substitute for everything else.

Turning now to Arnold's little work, we find the same principle of commencing with the concrete, applied to the elementary study of Latin. The little humanist commences with complete sentences the very first day; educes his system, step by step, out of the material that is supplied to him only in proportion to his gradually enlarged capacity;

and builds up his etymological schemes piecemeal, into an architectural completeness, as the several tiers of hewn stones are furnished to him by the skilful superintendent of the work. Of all this we most heartily approve; though, of course, like other things, it is liable to be pushed to excess, and to parade itself somewhat pedantically. We suggest, however, to Mr. Arnold, to go a step further; let him take a hint from Ollendorf, and mingle his narrative style, from the beginning, a little with the vivacity of question and answer; and, in order to achieve this, let him take another hint from Dr. Peithmann, and pronounce *every* syllable of a word—not merely certain syllables—with the proper quantity, from the beginning. Dr. Peithmann, indeed, is the only English writer of a Latin grammar that has come under our notice, who has decidedly announced and acted on the principle, that prosody (or pronunciation, for it is nothing else) ought to be the first thing in the teaching of the ancients of the modern languages, and not, according to the perverse practice of our schools, the last. Here are his words: 'Though it is obvious, that, in the order of nature, we acquire the sound and sense of a word at the same time, and that sound and sense, when once acquired, are ever after almost inseparable; yet the common grammars reverse the order which nature has pointed out, and, instead of beginning with pronunciation, they furnish the learner with rules to correct the vicious utterance which he has acquired in his passage through the book. But years consumed in the practice of versification are often unable to effect this. To enable, therefore, the youthful learner to acquire that correctness of pronunciation which stamps the accomplished and elegant scholar, this grammar begins with the general rules of pronunciation, and points out the qualities of the words by constant denotation of their syllables.' This great improvement, as well as most others, in the form of our elementary Latin books, Dr. Peithmann has confessedly derived from our admirable pædagogic masters, the Germans; from whom Mr. Arnold, also, has at all times borrowed with a wise liberality.

We now conclude with the so-called 'Robertsonian method;' and with regard to it, need only remark, that, so far as we can judge from Mr. Monteith's specimen of 'Spanish without a Master,' it seems founded, in the main, on the Hamiltonian method of interlinear translation, and, in this view, presents no novelty worthy of especial trumpeting. The method of rendering pronunciation visible, and thus dispensing with a master, must always be imperfect and un-

satisfactory. Spanish has been learned, and may be learned again, 'without a master,' but not so well as with one. It is stated by Mr. Monteith in his preface, that 'the principle of Mr. Robertson of Paris' method is, to introduce the learner to a general view of a language before he is led to a consideration of its minutiae;' that is to say, he begins not merely with the concrete, but with the concrete in its most complex state; into the middle of which complexity the raw student is at once introduced, and forced to gain a command of its various component elements by a gradual process of discrimination, dissection, and re-construction. There can be no doubt that this analytic process has its advantages, and under a skilful master might be made to produce admirable results; but it is by no means free from the danger of confounding, scattering, and discouraging the student on the very threshold of his attempt, and, therefore, except under very skilful handling, is scarcely to be preferred before the synthetic method, to which prominence is given in the text, and in the works of Ollendorf and Arnold. It must always be borne in mind, however, that there is nothing to prevent a skilful teacher from uniting all the different methods, or from allowing this or that modification of a great general principle to preponderate, according to the bent of his genius, or (what is too often neglected) the different inclinations and capacities of his scholars. There can be no end, indeed, to mere varieties of technical dexterity; but the best method is always that which unites the greatest variety of practical gymnastic, with the greatest subtlety and profundity of scientific principle.

ART. IX.—*Du Prêtre, de la Femme, et de la Famille*, par JULES MICHELET. Paris: 1845.

DURING the last four years, France has been the theatre of a passionate struggle of which few tidings have reached us here in England. It is not because the struggle was unimportant, or unworthy of European attention, but because other and political struggles which made more noise, usurped our attention, that we heard so little of the angry and profound dissension which agitated most serious minds. The struggle we allude to is that between the Jesuits and the Philosophers; and we hope to present our readers with a detailed account of it in our next.

Meanwhile, there lies before us the latest manifesto of the anti-Jesuit party—the brilliant book of the historian Michelet—which is exciting such a sensation, that we must at once take notice of it as a separate publication. It is, indeed, a book which has an individual interest quite independent of the quarrel whence it originated. It is a book which at all times would be welcomed as a profound insight into the social life of France, but which is particularly valuable at the present time, when in our own country there is a powerful, persevering influence at work, which strives to hurry society into accepting spiritual direction and celibacy, the two monster evils of Catholicism. We speak of that active, ardent, and, if successful, terrible sect, the Puseyites. Its more recondite principles we are not now to discuss; but what it openly avows we may openly challenge; it avows its preference for the celibacy of priests; and it avows, though less boldly, its approbation of confession and spiritual direction.

This brings the subject of M. Michelet's work home to our 'business and bosoms.' This makes that which is a subject of European interest a special subject of English interest. His work is full of eloquent indignation, piquant portraits, historical traits, and subtle analysis; but these are literary qualities which the majority of people would be tolerably indifferent to, did they not all combine to illustrate one strong, vehement purpose, and that purpose practical.

"The family is in question;

"That home where we would all fain repose, after so many useless efforts, so many illusions destroyed. We return home very wearied... do we find repose there?

"We must not dissimulate, we must frankly confess to ourselves the real state of things. There exists in the bosom of society—in the family circle—a serious dissension, nay, the most serious of all dissensions.

"We may talk with our mothers, our wives, or our daughters, on all those matters about which we talk with our acquaintances: on business, on the news of the day, but not at all on matters nearest the heart, on religion, on God, on the soul.

"Take the instant when you would fain find yourself united with your family in one common feeling, in the repose of the evening, round the family table; there, in your home, at your own hearth, venture to utter a word on these matters; your mother sadly shakes her head, your wife contradicts you, your daughter although silent disapproves. They are on one side of the table, you on the other, alone.

"It would seem as if in the midst of them, 'opposite to you, sat an invisible man to contradict what you say."

Such is the mysterious opening of the work. That invisible enemy is the priest.

To show how the priest becomes your enemy, and your powerful enemy, is the object of what follows. Although we entirely agree in the reasons M. Michelet alleges, and quite see the force of his arguments against celibacy, confession, and direction, as destructive to domestic peace, we think he has omitted two elements of the social anarchy, elements which marvellously facilitate the dangerous powers given to the priest by confession and direction. These, as supplementary rather than contradictory to his work, we may briefly indicate.

1st. *The husband has not the same faith as his wife.* In France, while the girls are sedulously educated in the principles of the church, and turn out religious, often devout women, the boys, with the greater license of public schools, and the general, almost universal scepticism, or, at least, indifference in matters of religion prevalent amongst men, and apparent in every shape of French literature, are found to have no religion at all. There is very little Voltairianism in France; but there is a wide-spread indifference; no polemics, but no fervour of belief, not even fervour of disbelief. When we say France, we mean, of course, Paris; for to some of the provinces the same charge will not apply.

What is the consequence? A timid, devout, serious girl, is sold in marriage to an ambitious, occupied, or frivolous man. But the man, whether he be ambitious, over-worked, or frivolous, is sure to be indifferent to all religious matters. We repeat *indifferent*. Were he a positive sceptic, he might convert her; and then, at least, there would be sympathy. But he does not attempt it. All her religious scruples are received with a shrug, her heart's effusions seared by a *bon mot*; her sympathies are outraged. She married without love; she is soon to be a wife without respect, as well as without love for him who ought to be her all-in-all.

But her sympathies, though chilled, are not stifled; they are agitating the heart, they struggle for utterance. An English wife so situated, if not cursed with some 'female friend and counsellor,' would soon make up her mind; keeping her thoughts to herself, praying in her own way, and praying for her husband, she would devote herself to the education of her children. There would be a 'silent sorrow' in the home, as there must always be when such differences exist. But the husband would possess a wife, the children a mother, the house a mistress. The French wife has not this refuge. The priest is at her side. To him she is *bound* to confide her sorrows, and

how willingly does she perform the duty! To him she tells all—the secret of her soul, the secret of her home. She asks advice, and receives it; but from that moment she is lost. The priest sits at the hearth, in the place where the husband should sit. The priest has all the deepest utterances of the young heart poured into his ear; he is the only one to sympathize with her. She is *une femme incomprise*; but the priest is there ready to understand her; he is there, with the most poisonous of all flattery—sympathy! He is there, unconsciously, unwillingly, the refuge for all her disappointed aspirations, all her outraged feelings. She does not love her husband; love-matches are rare in France, and the affection she could bestow on him, and which in time might ripen into love, she bestows on another.

This is no exaggerated picture; it is the inevitable result of an unhappy position. The priest is perhaps the hastener of the evil; he is not the first cause of it. If he were the first cause, why is he not so wherever Catholicism is accepted? Why not in Spain, in Italy, in Ireland? M. Michelet will not contend that the sad evil he so eloquently exposes, exists to anything like the same extent, in those countries, as in France; and why not? Simply, we believe, because the priest is not there so often called in to interfere. The faith of the wife is also the faith of the husband, her aspirations, if not always shared, are always understood; her deepest thoughts find an echo in her husband's heart; what she holds sacred, he holds sacred. Upon these points, the priest is not called on to interfere. He may listen to her confession, he may direct her conduct; but he has not to listen to the outpourings of a wounded spirit; he has not to soothe and flatter *la femme incomprise*.

2d. *The mother does not nurse her infant, does not educate her child.* This point is perhaps of less importance than the former, but less than that only, and being coupled with it, becomes of fearful importance. M. Michelet has finely treated that portion of it which concerns education. It wrings from him expressions of the noblest kind; and wisely, feelingly, does he exhort the reader to pay attention to the claims of nature in this respect, and not be led away by the foolish notion of a mother's care making her son effeminate. Willingly would we transfer to our pages all the passages in which he treats of this matter; but we must be content to refer our readers—who will, we trust, all become his readers—to the work itself.

But this is not all the question. That

the child is best educated by the mother, because she alone rightly understands him, when the father or the tutor so often misunderstands him, so often expects him to appreciate that which is above his comprehension,—this will scarcely be denied. We mean, of course, a competent mother, not a silly, doting woman. But M. Michelet is a Frenchman, and as such, we may venture to say, is not so much alive to the importance of the mother's *nursing* her child, as all Englishmen are; and here we fancy he overlooks a grave consideration. Our readers are probably aware, that it is the very general custom in France for women not only to procure wet-nurses for their infants (as many English mothers unhappily also do), but for the infants to be sent away into the country to nurse. A serious social error. We pass over all collateral evils to dwell solely on those which immediately bear upon our present subject. The *young* mother is left alone! She has no husband to love; she has no child to *occupy* her thoughts—no child to form the centre of all her hopes, her fears, her thousand womanly affections.

Remember, the case is stronger than with the English mother, who, if she were to send her baby away from her, would (unless a *young* wife and mother, and to her the case does not so well apply) have *other* children to occupy her affections. The French are often facetious on the subject of large English families; and they little imagine how much of their own social anarchy results from their obedience to Plato's uncompromising and audacious law of proportioning the number of children to the amount of property—*οὐχ ὑπὲρ τὴν οὐσίαν ποιοῦμενοι τοὺς παῖδας, εὐλαβοῦμενοι περὶ τὴν πόλιν*.* It is a subject we dare not dwell upon. Enough that the position of the wife and mother is an isolated one. The infant is sent away to nurse. When it returns home it is almost time for it to be sent to school. The mother is thus alone. What are her resources?

To be thus alone is to be a prey to the demon of *Ennui*. The fearful effects of that condition M. Michelet has pointed out; and in one epigram he has condensed volumes: '*Ennui* makes her receive friends she knows to be enemies—curious, envious, calumnious.' If it makes such society agreeable, what charm must it not lend to the society of one who feels for her, understands her, flatters her, occupies her? There are two persons who are capable of this:—a priest and a lover. How often the two are one!

The last phrase will startle many; but it

* 'De Rep.' ii., p. 65, ed. Bekker; confer also *Leges* v., p. 397.

was not written carelessly. The priest differs essentially from the clergyman; and it is because they differ, and because the Puseyite tendency is to make them resemble, that we feel reticence will now be cowardice. We assert, therefore, calmly, but distinctly, that the priest is but too often the lover of the woman whose conscience he directs. The thing is natural, often inevitable. M. Michelet's work abundantly proves it; and thousands of daily examples confirm his work. It is an awful fact; but its very awfulness only the more stringently forces examination of its causes.

Our readers, if personally unacquainted with French society, and drawing their notions of it from novels and vaudevilles, may imagine that every married French woman has, or will have, her lover. Indeed, to believe the novelists, love seems only possible when it is adulterous. But, although there is prodigious exaggeration in all this—although there are French homes as happy as English homes, and French wives as chaste, as fond, and as devoted as English wives, the exaggeration is the over statement of a real truth. Adultery does exist in France to a frightful extent; and we have just named two powerful causes. The lover is accepted because he fills the 'aching void' of an unoccupied heart. He is the centre of feelings which have no other centre. He takes the place of husband and children. When he is not chosen to fill that place the priest is chosen.

The priest, as confessor, possesses the secret of a woman's soul; he knows every half-formed hope, every dim desire, every thwarted feeling. The priest, as spiritual director, animates that woman with his own ideas, moves her with his own will, fashions her according to his own fancy. And this priest is doomed to celibacy. He is a man, but is bound to pluck from his heart the feelings of a man. If he is without faith, he makes desperate use of his power over those confiding in him. If he is sincerely devout, he has to struggle with his passions, and there is a perilous chance of his being defeated in that struggle. And even should he come off victorious, still the mischief done is incalculable and irreparable. The woman's virtue has been preserved but by an accident, by a power extraneous to herself. She was wax in her spiritual director's hands; she has ceased to be a *person*, and is become a *thing*.

There is something diabolical in the institution of celibacy accompanying confession. Paul Louis Courier has painted a fearful picture of the priest's position as an unmarried confessor; and as Courier's works are far less read than they deserve to be, we

make no scruple of transferring his powerful sentences to our pages.

"What a life, what a condition is that of our priests? Love is forbidden them, marriage especially; women are given up to them. They may not have one of their own, and yet live familiarly with all, nay, in the confidential, intimate privacy of their hidden actions, of all their thoughts. An innocent girl first hears the priest under her mother's wing; he then calls her to him, speaks alone with her, and is the first to talk of sin to her, before she can have known it. When instructed, she marries; when married, he still confesses and governs her. He has preceded the husband in her affections, and will always maintain himself in them. What she would not venture to confide to her mother, or confess to her husband, he, a priest, must know it, asks it, hears it, and yet shall not be her lover. How could he indeed? is he not *tonsured*? He hears whispered in his ear, by a young woman, her faults, passions, desires, weaknesses, receives her sighs without feeling agitated, and he is five-and-twenty!

"To confess a woman! imagine what that is. At the end of the church a species of closet or sentry-box is erected against the wall, where the priest, wise and pious as I have known some, but yet a man, and young (they are almost all so), awaits in the evening, after vespers, his young penitent whom he loves, and who knows it; love cannot be concealed from the beloved person. You will stop me there: his character of priest, his education, his vow. . . I reply that there is no vow which holds good, that every village *curé* just come from the seminary, healthy, robust, and vigorous, doubtless loves one of his parishioners. It cannot be otherwise, and if you contest this, I will say more still, and that is, that he loves them *all*, those at least of his own age; but he prefers one, who appears to him, if not more beautiful than the others, more modest and wiser, and whom he would marry; he would make her a virtuous pious wife if it were not for the pope. He sees her daily, and meets her at church or elsewhere, and sitting opposite her in the winter evenings, he imbibes, imprudent man! the poison of her eyes.

"Now, I ask you, when he hears that one coming the next day, and approaching the confessional, and when he recognizes her footsteps and can say, 'It is she;' what is passing in the mind of the poor confessor? Honesty, duty, wise resolutions, are here of little use, without peculiarly heavenly grace. I will suppose him a saint; unable to fly, he apparently groans, sighs, recommends himself to God; but if he is only a man he shudders, desires, and already unwillingly, without knowing it, perhaps, he hopes. She arrives, kneels down at his knees, before him whose heart leaps and palpitates. You are young, monsieur, or you have been so; between ourselves, what do you think of such a situation? Alone most of the time, and having these walls, these vaulted roofs as sole witnesses, they talk; of what? alas! of all that is not innocent. They talk, or rather murmur, in a low voice, and their lips approach each other, and their breaths mingle. This lasts for an hour or more, and is often renewed.

"Do not think I invent. This scene takes place such as I describe it, and through all France; is

renewed daily by forty thousand young priests with as many young girls whom they love, because they are men, whom they confess in this manner, entirely *tête-à-tête*, and visit, because they are priests, and whom they do not marry because the pope is opposed to it."

Paul Louis might have added another argument. Forbidden fruit is proverbially of all fruit the most coveted. The very fact of man's imagination being thus stimulated by contradiction is enough to constitute temptation. What is temptation? It is the irritation of the soul, produced by the presence of an object desired, but forbidden. Were it not desired, there could be no temptation. Often there would be no desire were it not forbidden. Now it is well that men should conquer their desires; it is well that they should learn to calculate consequences, and to forego the present enjoyment, if that enjoyment must be too dearly purchased. And such mastery all wise men possess. But, although a man may conquer one desire, although he may resist one temptation, because by an effort of the will he can rise superior to his own passions, such a state of effort is spasmodic, not normal: it may conquer once, it cannot always conquer. It is an effort; and the very nature of effort is spasmodical and temporary; it must relax, and in relaxing the man succumbs. The vehemence with which a man resists temptation is a latent cause of his fall, if the temptation continue. 'When a woman hesitates she's lost;' when a man does not at once shut himself out from the possibility of a recurring temptation he is lost.

Let us take an illustration from another class. You are residing in the house of a friend whose wife is extremely fascinating. You begin to perceive that she interests you too much, and, conscious of the peril, you either put a guard upon your feelings, or which is by far the wiser plan, you quit the house. By an effort you have conquered. But there was only wisdom in your effort; there was no virtue; for this fascinating woman was not only another's, but had shown no signs of interest in you. This is a simple and, doubtless, common case. But now let us make it more complicated. Instead of being merely her friend, you are made the repository of all her secrets, of thoughts which neither her mother nor her husband ever know; you are revered as a superior being; your word is law; your menace terrible. She almost worships you; and you cannot leave her, cannot shun her, cannot put a stop to those confidences which torment you. In vain you struggle; you conquer to-day only to renew the fight to-

morrow. The agonizing irritation of the soul, named Temptation, is perpetually present. How many men are there who could withstand this?

This the priest has to suffer; and to him the peril is greater, because he is blinded by sophisms. A man in love with his friend's wife sees everything clearly enough; he knows his guilt, and shuns or braves it with open eyes. But the priest has the spiritual care of her he loves; her soul is in his hands. He is connected with her by the most sacred ties; his interest in her he disguises to himself under the cloak of spiritual anxiety. He can always quiet the voice of conscience by an equivocal. The mystic language of Love is also the mystic language of Religion, and what guilt is shrouded under this equivocal, the history of priestcraft may show. *Parler l'amour c'est faire l'amour*, is a profound truth. From the love of God, it is easy to descend to the love of man; especially when this man is a priest, that is to say, a mediator between the woman and God, one who says, 'God hears you through me; through me he will reply.' This man, whom she has seen at the altar, and there invested with all the sacred robes and sacred associations of his office; whom she has visited in the confessional, and there laid bare her soul to him; whose visits she has received in her *boudoir*, and there submitted to his direction; this man whom she worships, is supposed to be an idea, a priest; no one supposing him to be a man, with a man's passions!

M. Michelet's book contains the proofs of what we have just said; but they are too numerous to quote. We shall only borrow from his work the passages he gives from an unexceptionable authority, Llorente:

"Llorente, a contemporary, relates (t. iii., ch. 28, article 2, ed. 1817), that when he was secretary to the Inquisition, a capuchin was brought before that tribunal, who directed a community of *béguines*, and had seduced nearly all of them, by persuading them they were not leaving the road to perfection. He told each of them in the confessional that he had received from God a singular favour: 'Our Lord,' he said, 'has deigned to show himself to me in the Sacrament, and has said to me: Almost all the souls that thou dost direct here are pleasing to me, but especially such a one (the capuchin named her to whom he spoke). She is already so perfect, that she has conquered every passion, except carnal desire, which torments her very much. Therefore, wishing virtue to have its reward, and that she should serve me tranquilly, I charge thee to give her a dispensation, but only to be made use of with thee; she need speak of it to no confessor; that would be useless, as with such a dispensation she cannot sin.' Out of seventeen *béguines* of which the community was composed, the intrepid capuchin gave the

dispensation to thirteen, who were discreet for some length of time: one of them, however, fell ill, expected to die, and discovered everything, declaring that she had never been able to believe in the dispensation, but that she had profited by it.

"I remember," said Llorente, "having said to him: 'But, father, is it not astonishing that this singular virtue should have belonged exactly to the thirteen young and handsome ones, and not at all to the other four, who were ugly or old?' He coolly replied, 'The Holy Spirit inspires where it listeth.'

"The same author in the same chapter, while reproaching the Protestants with having exaggerated the corruption of confessors, avows that: 'In the sixteenth century, the Inquisition had imposed on women the obligation of denouncing guilty confessors, but the denunciations were so numerous, that the penitents were declared dispensed from denouncing.'

It is painful thus to drag to light the iniquities which have sullied the past; but our arguments would be suspected of gross exaggeration, were they not in some measure supported by these historical facts; and although we are as unwilling as any one to hold a body of men responsible for the acts of their predecessors, we are surely keeping within the legitimate bounds of argument, in thus pointing out the *results* of an institution; results which we hold to be inherent in the very nature of that institution. We may as well anticipate an objection which is sure to be made. It will be said that the picture we have drawn of the Priest and the Wife is not a fair one, because it is not true of all priests and all wives; it is an exception, and not to be treated as the rule.

We accept this objection, and admit that the case we have considered does not apply to all wives. Let us explain, however. In the case we have considered, we assumed the wife to be truly religious, to have married a man she does not love, and who does not share her faith, and to have no children at home with her. This we say is the common, though not universal, position of French wives; and wherever it exists, the consequences we have pointed out will certainly follow. But the wife is not religious? In that case she would not be in danger from the priest; but in that case the evils of the institution of priesthood would not have a trial. We say that celibacy, confession, and direction, have an almost inevitable tendency to convert the priest into a lover. This being the point we wish to illustrate, we are right in selecting only such cases as admit of the natural operation of this tendency. It would be no argument against the purity of a clergyman's doctrine and example, that several persons who never entered his church, and never paid attention to his acts, were notoriously dissolute and

profane. In the same way, it is no argument against the danger of priesthood, that those persons who have no religion, or who seldom come in contact with the priests, are entirely free from the evil effects which are found to follow in other cases. If there is a real vice in the institution, it will best display itself where the surrounding circumstances are most favourable to its free operation: that is, in convents, and in families such as we have described.

M. Michelet says, that the priest is the cause of the social disunion; and to show how he is the cause, the book was written. He is the cause, because he possesses the wife: possesses her soul as a confessor, directs it as a director. He is the real master of the house. Old Selden long ago saw the nature of the priestly tactics. 'When the priests come into a family,' he says, 'they do as a man that would set fire on a house; he does not put fire to the brick wall, but thrusts it into the thatch. They work upon the women, and let the men alone.' And have we not had experience enough of the truth of this in our own country? Are not the Cantwells and the Stigginses abundant? Do we not find the essence of 'direction,' if not its name, among certain classes of religionists professing the strongest antipathy to Romanism? It were a serious error to suppose, that M. Michelet is only fighting against an evil endured by France. He fights against an evil which we are all bound to take arms against, because it more or less openly menaces us all. Wherever the priest departs from the strict nature of his office, interferes with temporal matters, and with the private concerns of family life, and makes himself privy keeper of the several consciences of his flock, there direction exists to all intents and purposes.

Having thus endeavoured to point out the dangerous tendencies of direction, especially when accompanied by celibacy, we may now proceed to give an account of the book in which M. Michelet has so brilliantly exposed them; an account we would gladly enrich with piquant extracts, but that our space forbids it.

It is divided into three parts. The first is an historical appreciation of direction and its theories in the seventeenth century. This is touched in his own masterly manner. All the brilliant qualities of the historian assist him here; and exquisite are the pictures he paints of Saint François de Sales and Madame de Chantal, of Bossuet and la Sœur Dornau, of Fénelon and Madame de la Maison Fort, and of Madame Guyon. Beside these portraits are little cabinet pictures of the inner life of much of the sev-

enteenth century; and *La Dévotion Aisée*, and *La Dévotion Galante*, let us into the secret of the times. Contrasted with these cabinet pictures, there are some of those ghastly subjects worthy of the pencils of Rebeyra and Francia; we speak of Molinos—the society of Le Sacré Cœur—la mère Agueda et Marie Alacoque.

The second part is devoted to an appreciation of direction in the nineteenth century. In this Michelet examines, in detail, the whole question of direction; the means by which the priest acquires his power, and the ends for which he uses it. This second part we have made use of in the foregoing pages, but the reader will find it a far more satisfactory exposition. It contains, moreover, a fearful exposure of the convent system; in the course of which he refers to Eugène Sue's 'Juif Errant,' the third volume of which contains the real history of Mademoiselle B—. 'It took place recently,' says M. Michelet, 'but in a convent, not in a mad-house.'

The third part is devoted to a brief consideration of the Family: a subject we have already touched upon. From this brief outline, our readers will gather an idea of the extent and variety of the subject treated; and when we add, that it is treated by M. Michelet, we have said enough to excite the most eager curiosity.

ART. X.—*Manchester in 1844.* By M. LEON FAUCHER. Translated with copious Notes by a Member of the Manchester Athenæum.

It is a good sign, we think, of the vigour of modern French literature, that it does not, as in days of old, confine itself to subjects either frivolous, or, at the best, of a light nature; but that it ever and anon plunges into the dirt and smoke of statistical and positive questions, and, as in the present instance, grapples with a manufacturing monster, and tries to unfold to us the mysteries of that creature's existence. Who would ever have suspected a French *littérateur* of quitting the Boulevards, or the Bibliothèque, for the dingy cotton metropolis, the antipodes of learning and all refinement? So, however, it is: M. Léon Faucher has visited not Manchester only, but Liverpool, and London, and Birmingham, and others of our industrial towns; and viewing them with a liberal and enlightened eye, has communicated the result of his observations to the

Parisian world, in the pages of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' (an excellent periodical by the way); and from this an enthusiastic Manchester man has borrowed it, and translated it for the information of his fellow-townsmen.

Let us hasten at once to say, that though the translation is well made, yet the calibres of the author and the translator are far different from each other; the *animus* with which they write is by no means the same. The one writes with the feelings and the information of a traveller who has seen men in various forms of social existence; who has been able to compare the good and the bad things in many a system; and who looks on all the misery he has been thus compelled to witness with a compassionate and no narrow regard. The other comments upon that author, with the limited views of one whose knowledge is confined almost to his own town,—at all events, to his own country—who, by being perhaps nose-ground at the wheel of unwilling labour, has contracted an acerbity of spirit, and an obliquity of vision, injurious to his discriminating powers; and who, therefore, not only thinks his own dear region of soot and cotton a near approximation to the apex of commercial excellence, but also settles things in a way not quite consonant with the experience and the wishes of nine-tenths of his fellow-countrymen. These are faults, however, of a young author, or rather commentator; he shows that he has abilities for literary pursuits; and we wish him success in them.

To M. Faucher, we really think the English public are under obligations for the able and dispassionate manner in which he touches one of our national sores, probes the wound, and prescribes remedies, which, if not doomed to be effectual, have the merit of originality and good intention. The commercial and manufacturing greatness of England cannot but be an object of interest to an enlightened French politician: for his own nation is partly running the same race as ourselves,—*longo intervallo*;—and it is a point of importance, for those who are coming after the ponderous Colossus, to see the rocks over which the shins of traders may be broken, and the beams against which speculators may dash to pieces their aspiring heads. In France, where money, or rather national wealth, is so much more equally distributed than it is here, and where there is not so much obtrusive evidence of physical suffering, although there is a good deal of the essence, in such a country the accounts of that appalling misery which is to be witnessed in any of our large towns, and of that boldness of popular enthusiasm which

shows itself in periodical outbreaks and strikes, create feelings of wonder and incomprehensibility. No Frenchman can understand how it is, that the jarring and repulsive elements of our social body adhere together; the most enlightened French statesmen and publicists have expected to see the 'puritanical English' fly off to the moon, or, at least, some one of the planets or their satellites,—so fierce have been our internal disputes, so lowering, at times, the clouds that hung upon our political horizon. They all fall into an error, common indeed to most French authors,—and never more prevalent than at the present day,—that of estimating the characters, the social and political characters, of other nations by their own, and of taking for granted that a much greater similarity exists than is really the case. It should ever be remembered, that the character of French authors themselves, is that which they attribute to their fellow-countrymen, collectively and indiscriminately; whereas, the French author is only the Parisian *homme de lettres*, and his character is none other than that of the Parisian literary public,—the most heterogeneous, and the least national character of any in Europe,—we might say, in the world. When, therefore, an intelligent and calm observer of men and things, like M. Faucher, takes the trouble of crossing the channel, examines into facts for himself, and expresses the result like a gentleman, and a man of good feeling and good sense, he does service to both countries: he administers an unperceived counter-poison to the rubbish about 'perfidious Albion,' and other trash; and he raises the character of French public writers in the estimation of their rivals.

Unfortunately, M. Faucher did not remain long enough in our manufacturing districts to unravel the secret of their existence in all its mysteries: and he has been driven to depend rather too much upon statistical returns and hearsay information. Nevertheless, he had considerable advantages for obtaining the most accurate information upon subjects of the kind he was looking after; for he was introduced to one of the most eminent and most philanthropic manufacturers of the neighbourhood of Manchester, in whose house we understand he was a guest, and he was aided in his researches by the superintendent of police of the borough; so that he went to nearly the fountain-head in both cases, and, as might have been expected, has brought forward facts which, though not to be called new—for they may be found in Parliamentary Reports, and have been often mentioned in the public prints—yet derive additional interest from the light in

which he regards them, and from the comments with which he accompanies them.

The main things that struck our author—and, indeed, they must strike any visiter of South Lancashire—are the squalid misery of the working class, their moral recklessness, and their rude but short-lived existence. These are things painfully evident to whoever comes into contact with the hard-working thousands of this district, and they became more and more deeply engraven on the attention, the longer that contact is continued. We do not say that these things exist without the coexisting remedies, nor that they remain in unmitigated severity at all periods; at the present moment, for instance, they are on the decline; but still a large substratum of moral, political, and social evil and suffering always remains; the least pressure of commercial distress wears away the covering, and the stench of the unremoved ills rises to the nostrils of all the nation. M. Faucher, therefore, after noticing the social diseases of the Manchester operatives, and detailing them for the information of his fellow-countrymen, as he was bound to do, goes into disquisitions on the causes of the evils complained of, and proposes, as we before observed, his remedies. His book is not about the high commercial system of the place; that is 'all right;' he leaves the great commercial houses to take care of themselves; his thoughts are principally directed towards the poor, the suffering classes—his sympathies are with them. After opening his book with a brief but brilliantly-written sketch of the early condition of Lancashire—of the growth of the cotton-manufacture—and of the labours of the Cartwrights, the Hargreaves, the Arkwrights, and other great authors of the present system, M. Faucher gives several pages to a topographical and social account of the town of Manchester, from which we make the following extracts. Though many of our readers have, no doubt, witnessed for themselves what he describes, we deem some of these details not without interest, as being clothed in the language of an intelligent and closely-observing foreigner:

"Nothing is more curious than the industrial topography of Lancashire. Manchester, like a diligent spider, is placed in the centre of the web, and sends forth roads and railways towards its auxiliaries, formerly villages, but now towns, which serve as outposts to the grand centre of industry.

"An order sent from Liverpool in the morning, is discussed by the merchants in the Manchester Exchange at noon, and in the evening is distributed among the manufacturers in the environs. In less than eight days, the cotton spun at Manchester, Bolton, Oldham, or Ashton, is woven in the sheds of Bolton, Stalybridge, or Stockport; dyed and

printed at Blackburn, Chorley, or Preston, and finished, measured, and packed at Manchester. By this division of labour amongst the towns and amongst the manufacturers in the towns, and amongst the operatives in the manufactories, the water, coal, and machinery work incessantly. Execution is almost as quick as thought. Man acquires, so to speak, the power of creation, and he has only to say, 'Let the fabrics exist,' and they exist.

"Manchester, which holds under its sway these industrial agglomerations, is itself an agglomeration the most extraordinary, the most interesting, and, in some respects, the most monstrous, which the progress of society has presented. The first impression is far from favourable. Its position is devoid of picturesque relief, and the horizon of clearness.

"Amid the fogs which exhale from this marshy district, and the clouds of smoke vomited forth from the numberless chimneys, Labour presents a mysterious activity, somewhat akin to the subterranean action of a volcano. There are no great boulevards or heights to aid the eye in measuring the vast extent of surface which it occupies. It is distinguished neither by those contrasting features which mark the cities of the middle ages, nor by that regularity which characterizes the capitals of recent formation. All the houses, all the streets, resemble each other; and yet this uniformity is in the midst of confusion. On closer examination, however, a certain approximation to order is apparent.

"Manchester does not present the bustle either of London or Liverpool. During the greater part of the day the town is silent, and appears almost deserted. The heavily-laden boats glide noiselessly along the canals, not at the feet of palaces, as at Venice, but between rows of immense factories, which divide amongst themselves the air, the water, and the fire. The long trains roll smoothly along the lines of railway, conveying as many multitudes as individuals aforesaid. You hear nothing but the breathing of the vast machines, sending forth fire and smoke through their tall chimneys, and offering up to the heavens, as it were, in token of homage, the sighs of that Labour which God has imposed upon man.

"At certain hours of the day the town appears suddenly animated. The operatives going to, or returning from, their work, fill the streets by thousands; or it is perhaps the hour of 'Change, and you see the chiefs of this immense population gathering to one common centre; but even at those times, when the inhabitants relax from their arduous duties, and give free course to their feelings, they lose nothing of that serious and angular stiffness, which a too exclusive occupation in industrial pursuits communicates to them.

"These characteristics bespeak the origin of the population. In our manufacturing towns industry has been grafted upon a pre-existent state of society. Mulhausen was a free town, having political traditions of its own, and which have imparted to its industry a peculiar physiognomy, almost that of a family, or rather of a clan, so much do the inhabitants support and assist each other, and so paternally are the workmen treated. Lyons is a literary and religious as well as an industrial town; the noblesse and the clergy have their dis-

tinutive quarters, from which they come to take their share in the working of the municipal arrangements. Rouen belongs as much to the members of the bar as to the manufacturers and landed proprietors. There are present all the elements which concur to form what we call society. But, at Manchester, industry has found no previous occupant, and knows nothing but itself. Everything is alike, and everything is new; there is nothing but masters and operatives. Science, which is so often developed by the progress of industry, has fixed itself in Lancashire. Manchester has a Statistical Society, and chemistry is held in honour; but literature and the arts are a dead letter. The theatre does nothing to purify and elevate the taste, and furnishes little but what is necessary to attract the crowd habituated to gross pursuits.

"In political opinions radicalism prevails. As to religious sects, the latest imported is generally the most acceptable. Manchester contains more Methodists, Quakers, and Independents, than adherents to the Established Church.*

* As closely connected with the state of religion in Manchester, we may mention 'Carpenter's Hall,' and the 'Hall of Science.' The first is the Sunday, resort of the Chartists. They open and close their meetings with the singing of democratic hymns, and their sermons are political discourses on the justice of democracy and the necessity for obtaining the charter. The second is an immense building in Camp Field, raised exclusively by the savings of the mechanics and artisans, at a cost of 7000*l.*, and which contains a lecture-hall—the finest and most spacious in the town. It is tenanted by the disciples of Mr. Owen. In addition to Sunday lectures on the doctrines of Socialism, they possess a day and Sunday-school, and increase the number of their adherents by oratorios and festivals, by rural excursions, and by providing cheap and innocent recreation for the working-classes. Their speculative doctrines aim at the destruction of all belief in revealed religion, and the establishment of community of property; and they are vigorously opposed by the evangelical portion of the religious public. It is at the same time admitted, that they have done much to refine the habits of the working classes. They are mostly advocates of temperance societies, and never allow fermented liquors to be drunk at any of their festivals. They were among the first to introduce tea-parties at a low rate of admission, and the popularity they have obtained by these endeavours to improve the habits of their fellow-townsmen, is one great cause of their success in the propagation of their system. The large sums of money they raise, prove that they belong to the wealthier portion of the working classes. Their audiences on Sunday evenings are generally crowded.

The architectural character of the Dissenting places of worship, affords curious instances of perverted taste and of inconsistency with the principles maintained by the old nonconformists. Many of the Independent and Baptist chapels have exchanged the plain meeting-house of the last century for imitations of Gothic architecture, and diminutive Grecian porticoes—even the Quakers have been infected with the prevailing fashion; and although their consciences refuse the ordinary nomenclature of the days and months, yet the Spirit moves them in a building, so heathen in its architecture, that Jupiter or Bacchus would not be disgraced by it. The Scotch Presbyterians are building a stone Gothic temple in Oxford-road, which

"The town realizes in a measure the Utopia of Bentham. Everything is measured in its results; by the standard of utility; and if the BEAUTIFUL, the GREAT, and the NOBLE, ever take root in Manchester, they will be developed in accordance with this standard."

Much of what M. Faucher here says is strikingly true:—he describes the general impression made by the outward appearance of Manchester with great effect and acuteness of perception. 'Tis the filthiest hole in England—except Leeds;—and there is no remedy for its innate ugliness and dirt but some universal conflagration burning out all the abominations that exist within its compass. But then again, when the fire should be over, and the houses rebuilt, factories and warehouses must also reappear; and the same succession of smoke and dirt and stink must recur: so that it is, perhaps, of little use to complain: there must be a dirty cotton factory somewhere or other, and it is well for the rest of England that the nuisance should be confined within the limits of nearly a single county. It may be said of Manchester and its inhabitants that they are nothing more than the conglomeration of many Lancashire villages and many Lancashire people; but in all time the inhabitants of this county have been a rude, uncivilized, dirty, and outwardly careless race,—however much their inward intelligence may have been sharpened by necessity. There is the strongest ethnical distinction between them and the people of the south of England; many of the most offensive peculiarities of the Americans are nothing more than Lancashire modes of saying and doing still in common practice in that county. It is true that the Irish portion of the population is one that makes itself readily remarked: but we doubt whether it be the worst portion:—and of this we are certain, that the Irish immigrants are themselves greatly improved, not by contact with the Lancasterians, but the habits of active industry which they are there forced to assume. Nothing is said of the tone of society in the upper classes of Manchester: it was a delicate point for M. Faucher to touch upon: we have no wish to go into it ourselves, further than to remark, that the

would almost make John Knox turn in his grave with dismay: and to complete the character of the town for architectural taste and consistency, the Unitarians have built for themselves a handsome Roman Catholic chapel decorated with the architectural symbols of the Trinity! It is singular that whilst the Dissenters have been signaling themselves by such false taste, the Methodists (who approach nearest to the Church of England) have adhered to plain and commodious brick structures for their chapels.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

gradually increasing number of foreign mercantile houses in that town tends to soften the roughness that existed not many years ago:—and that literature and the fine arts, though sparingly encouraged there, and even that more in name than in reality, are doing something towards elevating the character and the amusements of the higher circles.

Manchester makes pretensions to be a literary, as well as a practically scientific town; but it has not hitherto produced many proofs in support of its claims, at least in recent times. The honour of sheltering—it can scarcely be said of encouraging—Dalton, certainly has belonged to it; but this refers to a personage purely scientific; and the only literary names of any note now associated with the place are those of the Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert, the dean, who is a poet and an antiquarian, as well as a man of science, Swaine, also a votary of the Muses, and Miss Jewsbury, the author of 'Zoe.' The neighbouring and rival town of Liverpool has the advantage in this respect; for there not only are literary institutions better supported than they are in Manchester, but the name of Roscoe sheds a lustre on it not easily to be equalled, much less extinguished.

It is needless, however, to look for much elevation of sentiment in a district the pursuits of which are so exclusively practical and one-sided. It is enough that the community does its duty as a commercial community. As long as manufactures flourish there, and commercial probity is upheld, the end of its existence is attained; there is no cause to be dissatisfied with the result. Nevertheless, it is a special result; not to be envied by the mass of mankind, nor to be imitated; and so the Manchesterians judge themselves; for while a family is rising in the world there, they are careful to live as far removed from the town as the habits and requirements of business will permit; but when once they have climbed to the top of the tree they quit the place for ever.

M. Faucher follows up the remarks quoted above by some interesting and judicious observations as to the effect of the factory and great-town system upon the female portion of the community. The results are not very cheering of course; nevertheless, we are inclined to believe that this part of the evil is exaggerated in the apprehension of those who are not practically acquainted with the subject. We subjoin, without much comment, the following passages relating to another evil, which afflicts not Manchester only, but, more or less, every town in England. We should only remind our readers, that the words are those of one ac-

customed to the cheerful society of a sunnier clime than our own.

"Saturday evening and Sunday are the periods of the week devoted to intoxication. Whence this employment of their repose? In what features of the manners or institutions of the country are we to seek for the cause which induces them to spend in debauchery or idleness, the day which Nature and Religion have consecrated as a respite from daily labour? Let us put out of sight, for the moment, the other causes of moral degradation; this, of itself, seems a vice inherent in modern society, which manifests itself more conspicuously in Great Britain than elsewhere. We have no longer our national holidays and religious festivals. Athletic games, to which our forefathers had recourse to exercise and develop the physical powers, are fallen into disuse; and the mystic ceremonies of religious worship, by which, in former times, the soul was borne away from earth, and hovered in celestial regions, have not found favour with the religious in our day. At least in Catholic towns, religious spectacles have given place to scenic representations upon the stage; and the theatre might be made, under the influence of an intelligent government, a powerful means of education. But in Protestant countries, where the bigoted Puritanism of their religion is opposed to all innocent recreation, and admits no other intellectual food upon the Sunday than the Bible, the labouring classes remain sunk in an immovable stupidity, and know no other relaxation from the *ennui* which affects them, than the excitement of drink. Thus, the more rigorously the Sabbath is observed, the more frequented are the public-houses and gin-shops. This holds good as a general rule; and Scotland, for instance, which is infinitely more puritanical than England, is accordingly the classic ground of Intemperance.

"I know nothing more repulsive than this stern and sullen character of the Protestant sects. In proportion to their enthusiasm, they proselyte the soul by violence, and not by the charms of persuasion. It is thus that the stern voice of the fiery Knox succeeded in raising all Scotland in his favour; and the more recent success of the Methodists is to be explained by the same violent excitement. As soon as the sudden excitement is ended, Protestant society is literally cut into two distinct portions. Place yourself in Briggate, at Leeds; Mosley-street, at Manchester; Lord-street, or Dale-street, at Liverpool; of what description are the families you see, walking along in silence, and with a reserved and formal attitude, towards the churches and chapels? You cannot be deceived, they belong almost exclusively to the middle classes. The operatives loiter on the threshold of their cottages, or lounge in groups at the corners of the streets, until the hour of service is terminated, and the public-houses are opened. Religion is presented to them in such a sombre and gloomy aspect; it succeeds so well in addressing neither the senses, the imagination, nor the heart, that it is no wonder it remains the exclusive patrimony of the rich, and leaves the poorer classes forlorn in a moral desert.

"The aristocratic character of society contributes still more to this evil. If the people of Manchester wish to go out upon a fine Sunday, where must

they go? There are no public promenades, no avenues, no public gardens; and even no public common. If the inhabitants seek to breathe the pure atmosphere of the country, they are reduced to the necessity of swallowing the dust upon the public highways. Everything in the suburbs is closed against them; everything is private property. In the midst of the beautiful scenery of England, the operatives are like the Israelites of old, with the promised land before them, but forbidden to enter into it. Aristocracy appropriates to itself the soil, and lives in ease and luxury, yet fears to grant a paltry plot for public recreation to the labourers, who have been the ladder to which they are indebted for their own elevation. Even the Cemeteries and the Botanic Gardens are closed upon the Sunday. What then remains but the brutal diversion of drunkenness?"

There is but too much truth in these painfully interesting passages:—but the remarks apply nearly as well to all our manufacturing towns, as to the one in question—some of the evils here pointed out are as ripe in our capitals as in our provincial cities:—they seem to be common, in modern times at least, to all large masses of men dwelling and working together. What M. Faucher subjoins is, however, more specifically true; and he indicates the mischief in his bright and forcible manner. After quoting statistical returns to show the premature mortality to which a manufacturing population is exposed, he says:—

"The general appearance of the population does not contradict these melancholy statistics. The operatives are pale and meagre in their appearance, and their physiognomy has not that animation which indicates health and vigour. Female beauty is not to be found amongst them, and the declining vigour of the men is replaced by a febrile energy. The officers of the regiments raised in Lancashire, affirm that the men cannot bear much fatigue. It is evident that the race is degenerating.

"Certainly, if there is one nation more than another fitted for labour, that nation is the English; and especially the Lancastrians. Nature has liberally endowed them with an indomitable energy, and with nerves of steel. The Lancashire operative is, indisputably, the best workman on the face of the earth; the best spinner, and the best mechanic. It is he who brings into the field of industry that ingenuity which economises labour, and that active energy which is not surpassed, if indeed equalled, by any other race. But this untiring, this excessive and unceasing energy, carried beyond certain limits, tends to enervate and undermine his frame. Over-working is a malady which Lancashire has inflicted upon England, and which England in its turn has inflicted upon Europe. Manchester is the seat, the concentrated focus of this malady; a malady which is felt in every portion of the kingdom, and which is now interwoven with the habits and constitution of the country. Even its politics are infected with the same evils. The members of the House of Commons devote the day to their

private concerns, and consecrate the night to the discussion of public affairs. Add of this the study and the correspondence required from a public character; the attendance at the political clubs; the necessity of being *au fait* upon the hustings, and of saying something *à propos* upon every imaginable subject, and you will be able to conceive the incessant wear and tear of public life.

"The English are not naturally sober, either in their judgments, their appetites, or their conduct. Take them from one extreme and they immediately rebound to the other; and their preachers, who know their character well, cure them of intemperance by the contrasted extreme of total abstinence. They cannot partake of anything in moderation; they must partake of it to repletion. Their politics are like their drinks, coarse and stimulating; their ambition without bounds, their activity without repose. In England, the bow is perpetually on the stretch; and hence the sole danger which can menace such a nation."

There is more truth in these last sentences than most Englishmen will care to acknowledge. In the second portion of his work, M. Faucher proceeds to propose remedies for the evils pointed out in the first, and he attaches himself quite as earnestly to the cure of the moral ills as to that of the physical ones. The leading idea which he brings forward is this, that as much as possible the factory system should be carried on, not in large towns, but in country districts; where the workpeople would be more immediately under the inspection and control of their employers, and where the temptations of a crowded city would not be experienced. To strengthen this argument, he urges that the facilities afforded by railroads are now becoming so great, as to annihilate petty distances of a few miles, and to make one whole county, like Lancashire, as accessible in its remotest districts as the purlieus even of Manchester. He also brings forward some very felicitous instances of the working of the country-factory system, as carried into operation by Mr. Ashton, at Hyde; Mr. Greg, at Quarry-bank, and Mr. Ashworth, at Turton. The results of their experiments have all been embodied in Parliamentary Reports and other publications, so as to need no quotation here. Indeed, the mere fact itself will speak volumes to whoever knows the bearing of the subject, and has thought upon topics of this nature. We agree with him fully; and we have great pleasure in bringing before our readers the following parallel instance, quoted from his pages, of a similar experiment as tried in France. We doubt not that the information will be new to many among them:—

"The French clergy, in our day, has made several attempts, and with more or less success, to

attract industry towards itself. It will not be without interest to compare these essays, which have a character nearly allied to the attempts at organization to be observed in Lancashire; and hence I will say a few words respecting the *religious families* founded in the departments of the Rhône and Loire by the brothers Pousset. The following particulars of this attempt have been furnished to me by an honourable deputy of the Loire, who has treated of them in a liberal and impartial manner.

"These two ecclesiastics have inherited from their father a domain of *moderate value*, which is situated in the commune of Cordelle, upon the right bank of the Loire, a short distance south of Roanne. The elder brother is curate of the church of Chartreux, at Lyons. He commenced his work by gathering together some poor girls rescued from misery and vice; their own labour was at the first almost the sole resource he opened to them, and when at length he organized a workshop, he little dreamt of the important economical consequences which would flow from it.

"There exist now four houses of religious families (*saintes familles*); one at Lyons, another at Beaujeu (Rhône), a third at Cordelle (Loire), and a fourth at Mornand (Rhône). The first has been established fifteen years, the third six, and that of Mornand is but recent. I have only seen the one at Cordelle, which contained fifty-three inmates in the month of September last.

"This house is built on an elevated site, and in the midst of an immense garden, in which the young women cultivate flowers for their amusement. The nature of their labour does not admit of a more rude or fatiguing employment. The house was built purposely for its present use.

"The cooking, the washing, the sewing and mending of garments, are done by them either in turns or in common, according to the nature of the occupation. The remunerated labour consists in winding coloured silk, or weaving satin fabrics for the market at Lyons. The Lyons merchants send the silk in hanks and receive it woven in the piece. The work is always done with the greatest care, and the merchant is certain to receive back the same quantity of silk which he put out, whilst in the houses of the common weavers he is generally certain that he will receive back less.

"Out of the twenty-four hours of the day, eight are set apart for sleep, twelve for labour, and the other four for prayers, meals, recreation and the toilet; but the hours of labour are divided by four different intervals. The provisions are abundant, healthy, and strengthening. Their linen and bedding are kept in proper order. They work in common in a large room; there are hours when silence is prescribed, and others when conversation is permitted—others again are devoted to choral sacred music whilst at their work.

"The economical results are not to be despised. These females are better fed, better clothed, and better lodged than the free labourers. It has been said that the Abbé Pousset makes enormous profits by them: I believe that he carries on a good work by which he does not lose; and good works which support themselves are the only ones which last.

"The Abbé Pousset has not given me any in-

formation as to his accountability, although I put several questions to him with a view to obtain it. It seems that each female has an account opened, in which is entered the amount she gains by her labour, and that which she costs, whether for her share of the common expenses or for private expenses; and at the end of the year the surplus is handed over to her. This surplus I have been told amounts to five pounds per annum for some, and is rarely below two pounds. No female operative in outer society can arrive at such a result; a result which springs much less from the economy of a community-life, than from the withdrawal from all distracting and corrupting influences.

"The first intention of the founders in collecting these forlorn children, was to teach them a trade, and to return them afterwards to society, with an honest means of getting their livelihood. They expected that a constant rotation would occur amongst the inmates, but in this they have been deceived. In contracting habits of order, cleanliness, and decency, in learning to respect themselves, they feel a repugnance to return to the gross manners of their neighbours. Their ambition is to become *sisters*, that is to say, to make triennial vows, which unite them in a definite manner with the *religious family*.

"Although the only consequence of their leaving the establishment is, that they are not permitted to re-enter, and although the principal entrance always remains open to any who wish to quit, yet in six years not a single young woman has left, and, consequently, not one has married. Perhaps this may be partly accounted for by the retired position of the establishment, and in the midst of a town this result might not have followed; nevertheless, this fact, joined to the serenity and contentment of mind visible in their countenances, proves that so far as individual happiness is concerned, the *families* of the Abbé Pousset have met with ample success.

"The religious families of the Poussets are not an isolated feature in the departments of the Rhône and the Loire. In these eminently Catholic districts, female communities have multiplied for some years, and the life they lead partakes jointly of a religious and industrial character. Silk-winding, and weaving, and embroidery, furnish ample employment to them, and they invariably compete with advantage against the independent labourer. If they increased extensively, they would have a serious effect in depreciating the wages of manual labour; for the economy of their arrangement allows of their reducing the remuneration for their labour very far below the *minimum* necessary for the independent labourer, who, in addition to his own subsistence, has other burdens to sustain. The industrial convent is, therefore, a competition of the family against the individual, a formidable but immoral competition, and one which is incompatible with the true welfare of society."

The religious constitution of English society hardly yet admits of plans like the one just mentioned being carried into effect: indeed, we are not prepared to say that they would be desirable, nor do we know that they would permanently effect the object

proposed. Much more feasible is the idea originally, we believe, propounded by Mr. Babbage, of allowing operatives to participate directly in the gains of their employers, and thus to form around the manufacturer a kind of industrial family, united by a common bond of interest and affection. Certain it is that our periodical returns of distress, and the strikes of the working-classes, are evils to which the legislative attention of the nation cannot be too seriously directed; for these oscillations of a commercial community like our own, though they have not yet thrown the machinery out of play, may, some day or other, give a fatal shock and wrench to the pivots of society, from which we may not have elasticity enough to recover. M. Faucher observes very truly, however, on this subject:—

"For an industry endowed with such vitality, that which is the greatest source of inquietude is not the present so much as the future. If the cotton manufacture were to remain stationary, the chances of success might be regulated, but this is precisely what is impracticable. So great an industry as this, which accumulates machinery, buildings, capitals, and labourers; which destines its productions for exportation, is in itself a system without limits, and consequently requires a field of action boundless in its extent. It is organized for conquest, and observes the discipline of a legion. Capital increases—population soon begins to overflow—production, therefore, must increase without ceasing. In no department of society is the law of progress more inexorable. The day when England shall have attained its climax, when its manufactures shall have no further prospect of increase, will be the day when she will begin to decline, and when she must retire and make way for the fortunate ascendancy of some other nation."

The gloomy prospect, here anticipated in possibility only, may come upon our eyes sooner than we are aware. At the present moment we are in the heyday of national power and prosperity; so were the Spaniards 300 years ago; so were the Dutch not 150 years back; so were the French, at a less distance than a century. But the tables of political fortune have been greatly turned since then. Our own commercial power dates only from the middle of the last century; and what has happened to the most favoured of other nations may fall to our own lot. With the two new nations rising, one on the western, the other on the eastern side of our horizon, it is impossible to say how long the comparatively few acres of our islet may retain the proud pre-eminence of being the busiest mart in the world. Fortune, like love, has wings; and the plains of the Volga, or those of the Mississippi, may come in for a share of the favours

of the fickle goddess, with just as good a claim to them as the domains of Father Thames or the Virgin Sabrina. We should never lose sight of the chance of this great revolution in the adjustment of nations; we should never forget that the ignorance or the misconduct of a statesman or a political faction may banish trade from our shores, and stop manufactures in our land, never to return or revive.

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- ART. XI.—1. *Slave Trade. Copy of Correspondence relating to the Suppression of the Slave Trade. Presented to Parliament by her Majesty's Command.* 1845.
2. *A Complete Collection of the Treaties and Conventions, and Reciprocal Regulations at present subsisting between Great Britain and Foreign Powers, and of the Laws, Decrees, and Orders in Council, concerning the same, as far as they relate to Commerce and Navigation, to the Repression and Abolition of the Slave Trade, and to the Privileges and Interests of the Subjects of the High Contracting Parties. Compiled from Authentic Documents.* By LEWIS HEETSLET, Esq., Librarian and Keeper of the Papers, Foreign Office. Vol. VI. London: Butterworth. 1845.

THERE is no question invested at the present moment with greater interest, than that of the Right of Search, since the peace of the whole world depends upon it. It unfortunately happens, moreover, that the solicitude which the subject itself is calculated to inspire, is very much heightened by accidental circumstances. The persons entrusted with the management of public affairs, both in England and France, want the wisdom and the probity that might inspire confidence. With the word peace continually in their mouths, they are heaping up in every quarter of the world the materials of war, not designedly, which would, at least, argue forethought and genius, but through sheer want of statesmanlike capacity. The French cabinet stands convicted by its own showing of weakness or folly, since it has entered upon a course which M. Guizot himself, not two years ago, maintained to be absurd. The imbecility of our own ministry needs no proof. Everybody who has bestowed a thought upon the matter will acknowledge it. Lord Aberdeen piques himself apparently upon one thing only, viz., that his policy contrasts strikingly with that of his predecessor. The fact is as he sup-

poses. The contrast is most striking. Lord Palmerston's policy was to the last degree bold and consistent, tending to the preservation of peace, by creating in all nations the conviction that there was nothing to be gained by going to war with us. Lord Aberdeen's policy is timid, fluctuating, and for that reason most dangerous, since it tends to inspire foreign states with the belief that there is no indignity to which we will not submit, rather than engage in expensive hostilities. Now, as this is a mistake, his lordship, whether he knows it or not, is actually laying a trap for foreign powers, who may find, when they least expect it, that they have arrived at the limits of English patience, and roused the lion instead of the animal which in the fable puts on the lion's skin. Among the statesmen likely to fall into this mistake is M. Guizot, who, notwithstanding his supposed partiality for England, is, in truth, among the foremost of those that would take advantage of Lord Aberdeen's simplicity to wound and humiliate her. The Tories, however, for party purposes, have long been engaged in disseminating an erroneous opinion of this man. According to them his abilities are of the first order. His political principles, derived from a profound study of history, and the most extensive practical knowledge of mankind, they regard as on a level with his genius. But what charms them most is the wonderful predilection for this country which they discover equally in his writings and in his policy. On each of these points they have deceived themselves, and would deceive the public. M. Guizot is not a man of genius. We might say of him, as Caning did of Peel, that he is the sublime of mediocrity. His political principles, instead of being the growth of study and experience, are purely traditional, and belong to that motley school which sprang up after the Restoration in France, and adopted for its leading characteristic the desire to reconcile contradictions.

We impute it as no particular crime to M. Guizot that he ranks among this class of politicians. If his prepossessions and the natural habit of his mind had not attached him to them, the events of the times would probably have done so. Possessed by the ambition to distinguish himself and to rise, he soon perceived that he could succeed no other way, than by siding with the party that might be uppermost; to do which, without incurring peculiar odium, it was necessary to make profession of a political creed susceptible of a double interpretation, the one popular, the other anti-popular, according to the exigencies of the moment.

It has for this reason frequently been doubtful whether M. Guizot was a Legitimist or a Liberal; whether he was for the elder branch of the Bourbons with or without the charter, or for the charter, in all its developments, at any rate. Our opinion has always been, that M. Guizot was neither for the one nor for the other, but simply for himself. He has in him nothing of the passion or poetry of politics. It answers his purpose exceedingly well to seem to be a minister, by taking on himself the responsibility of another man's actions: by expounding to the Chamber doctrines which he does not hold, as the representative of an individual who could not conveniently expound them there himself; by defending measures which he did not originate, nay, which in secret he condemns as vain, or worthless, or prejudicial to the best interests of France. M. Guizot is not endowed with a prolific mind; he gives birth to nothing. He only adopts the illegitimate offspring of others, and allows them, for a consideration, to assume his family name and seem to be his. This, no doubt, is a proceeding which implies some hardihood, some ingenuity, some power of face. It is not every one that could stand up in the presence of a whole parliament, and maintain contradictory propositions with an equal show of reason; that could, by the speciousness of his sophistry, obtain credit for conscientious patriotism, while openly acting contrary to the declared convictions of his whole life; that could establish his reputation for pacific views and honourable intentions, while laboriously exciting national animosities, and giving daily proofs of reckless Jesuitism and improbity. It is not every one, we say, that could accomplish this, and therefore we admit M. Guizot to be a shrewd man; a man capable of much calculation, a man familiar with all the prevailing arts of intrigue. What we mean to say is, that M. Guizot is neither a great nor an honest man.

To make good this proposition it is by no means necessary to enter into an elaborate critique of his works, or to recapitulate all the events of his life. As a writer M. Guizot is industrious, clever, and entertaining: nothing more. He has no philosophy of his own. He receives and reflects ingeniously the colours and intellectual forms of the age. His views are the views of his contemporaries. His system, if he can be said to have one, is of the composite order, made up of heterogeneous elements, united by an arbitrary act of the will, but sustained by no single great principle. He does not even form a necessary part of the intellectual existence of these times. So that if he and

his works were taken away, blotted altogether out of the list of contemporary entities, no chasm would appear, no loss would be felt. He does very well where he is; but hundreds would do as well, many would do much better. M. Guizot is wholly incapable of taking an independent view of political positions. He does not examine society as it is, and strike out original measures to meet its necessities, and conduct it towards something better. He falls into the pedantry of imitation, and is haunted by the desire of producing political parallelisms; of re-enacting, as it were, the events of history, and impressing on occurrences of the present day the image and superscription of the past. This indication of mental poverty, however, is common to him with most of his countrymen. Though intensely jealous of our superiority, they have done little, during the last hundred years, but study our history and literature, in order to discover models for copying. Our spirit has accordingly been upon them, for good or for evil, in all that they have achieved or imagined during that period, whether they have trodden ingenuously in our footsteps, or have flown off into eccentric or absurd paths, in the vain hope of placing themselves beyond the reach of that over-mastering influence, which Providence seems to have decreed shall impart its distinguishing characteristic to modern society. M. Guizot, to do him justice, has scarcely sought to conceal the sources of his inspiration. We might almost say, perhaps, that he has somewhat too explicitly pointed them out; because, from his supposed familiarity with English history, English politics, and English literature, he has drawn upon himself the very unfounded suspicion of being friendly to this country. He has studied Great Britain, however, in the same spirit that Voltaire studied Christianity, and for precisely the same purpose. His object from the beginning has been to discover where we were most vulnerable, that he might teach his countrymen to strike us there. But this, it may be said, is to pronounce M. Guizot's eulogium, since it is his duty to promote, not the interests of England, but those of France. Be it so: but then follows the inquiry, whether he did not over-shoot his mark; since, instead of creating among his countrymen generally the belief that he is inimical to Great Britain, which might go far to render him popular, he has had the unskilfulness to obtain credit for the feeling least calculated to recommend him to the people of France. Thus vaulting ambition sometimes overleaps itself. But most things have two handles.

This at least is the case with M. Guizot's

Jesuitism. For if on the other side of the channel it has curtailed his influence, and exposed him to obloquy, it has produced on this side the contrary effect, and procured for him the support of our Tory administration, which, joined with that of Louis Philippe, may be regarded as of far greater consequence than the applauses of the Parisian multitude. It is for the sake, therefore, of Lord Aberdeen and Sir Robert Peel, that we have engaged in the present investigation into M. Guizot's character. Had the Whigs remained in office, we might have spared ourselves the trouble. Lord Palmerston understood the man thoroughly, had taken the exact dimensions of his mind, and was familiar with the whole sweep of his policy. He would not, we fancy, have given him credit for being the friend of England. He knew better the value of such phrases and professions; and it is only because our present rulers superabound in the milk of human kindness, and have foresworn Machiavelli, and adopted the maxim that frank credulity is the basis of all true statesmanship, that we undertake the task of unmasking M. Guizot. Our bowels yearn with compassion towards Lord Aberdeen when we behold him made the dupe of the wily Frenchman, when we behold this small Talleyrand of the Universities throwing dust into the eyes of the British minister, and when we observe that minister himself, in order to keep him in his place, retract his solemn declarations in Parliament, and perform exactly the contrary of what he voluntarily undertook to accomplish.

The transactions to which our remarks will more especially refer, are of recent date and universal notoriety. We shall not pursue the stream of M. Guizot's achievements back through all the obscure and tortuous mazes of its earlier course. We shall omit to mention his flight to Ghent, his intrigues under the government of the Restoration, the pitiful part he played during the Revolution of July. Nay, our charity induces us to pass over in silence much of his subsequent career. It would, indeed, be unfair to criticise with severity the fluctuations of the youthful and unformed statesman, the waverings of whose mind, like those of the magnetic needle when its direction has been disturbed, may only indicate its anxiety to discover the polar principle to which it will ever after point steadily. We take up M. Guizot at a period when his political instincts may be supposed to have been brought into subjection to his reason; when it was no longer permitted him to veer and shift, and betray tokens of undisciplined impulses. In short, we come at once to the year 1840, and

the negotiations for a treaty between the five great powers of Europe on the subject of the Right of Search. One of the motives by which England was urged to desire this treaty, was the conviction that it would place her in a better position for operating upon the reason of the United States, which had hitherto refused to act cordially in conjunction with us for the suppression of the slave-trade. With the pride and obstinacy which its citizens originally carried along with them across the Atlantic, the great American Republic refused to recognize the Right of Search from the idea that it would be derogatory to its dignity. It was believed, however, that if all the great powers of Europe were to come in and consent to act frankly together, and give proofs unequivocal that they considered it to be for their honour to yield to the instances of Great Britain in the cause of humanity, the United States also would follow in their wake, if not from any better motive, at least from the vanity of being included in the list of civilized and influential states. M. Guizot was of this opinion, and laboured cheerfully and earnestly, in concurrence with our own minister, to bring to a successful issue the discussion on the celebrated treaty of '41.

The necessity for this convention arose out of the limited sphere of operation secured by the Right of Search treaties of 1831 and 1833. By those treaties, our cruisers were frequently hampered in the discharge of their duty. They could not pursue a slaver beyond the tenth degree of latitude north or south, or more than sixty leagues from the coast. Without these limits the most suspicious vessels might pass to and fro within sight, nay, within hail. Under whatever flag they sailed they were sure of impunity. This was a most vexatious state of things, which ought, it may be said, to have been foreseen by the framers of the former treaties. But Lord Palmerston's object in 1831 and 1833, was not to alarm the prejudices of the continent by insisting on too much. He knew that having obtained the recognition of the principle by France, it would be much easier to extend the range of its operation when experience should have proved that no practical evils of any importance were likely to spring out of it. In 1840, therefore, considering that the time was come to give plenary execution to his great plan, he set on foot the negotiations for a new and vastly more comprehensive treaty. This time the Right of Search was to extend its influence along the whole of the western and eastern coasts of Africa, and along the eastern coast of America from the Gulf of Mexico to Cape Horn.

Russia at first felt considerable repugnance to concede to Great Britain, necessarily the chief actor in all affairs taking place on the ocean, the power to overhaul, under any pretext, all the commercial navies of the world. She herself had many ships engaged in the fur and timber trades, which would probably be often mistaken for slavers from the character of their build, and from the circumstance of their always having scattered about them numbers of loose planks, spars, and other things calculated to expose a vessel to suspicion. For these and for other reasons, Count Brunnow felt considerable repugnance to enter upon those negotiations. It was impossible to foresee all the consequences that might flow from the act about to be accomplished by the plenipotentiaries of the leading European powers. Certain vague apprehensions that somehow or other Great Britain would reap all the advantages of the measure, disturbed him. He, therefore, long held back. He desired that the treaty should be temporary, and regarded merely as an experiment. He suggested the term of ten years as long enough to give the scheme a fair trial. But M. Guizot, either because he then sincerely desired the suppression of the slave-trade, or, which is more probable, because he unconsciously acted under the influence of Lord Palmerston's genius, vigorously combated the arguments of the Russian ambassador, and returned so frequently to the charge, and reasoned with so much subtlety, warmth, and cogency, that after a resistance protracted for several weeks, Count Brunnow yielded. This circumstance, considered in itself, is honourable to M. Guizot. It proves him to possess many of the qualities of a man of business. It is creditable to his diplomatic eloquence, and it shows that, under certain conditions, he is far from being indifferent to the sufferings of humanity.

The objections of Russia having been thus overcome, no obstacle appeared to stand in the way of the signing and ratification of the treaty. France entered heartily into the business. Those evil influences which afterwards swayed her resolution appeared to be wholly dormant. But there was then, on the edge of the horizon, a small speck, which was destined soon to spread and darken this fair prospect. Every one will recollect the position in which the affairs of the Levant were placed in 1840, and the famous treaty concluded on the 15th of July of that year. The ruling mind of France may possibly, in secret, have expected that, by giving way to Great Britain in the matter of the Right of Search, it might purchase her forbearance in another quarter. Louis Phi-

lippe, in conformity with certain views of policy, which, without plunging deep into the affairs of the East, it is impossible to understand, was desirous, at the period referred to, of aggrandizing Mohamed Ali at the expense of the sultan, of securing to him the possession of Syria, and ultimately, it would seem, even the throne of Constantinople itself. What France expected to gain by this scheme, we may discuss some other time. Some prospect of advantage she had, though M. Thiers, who acted as Louis Philippe's minister at the time, protests he knew not what they were, or knowing, regarded them as of far too little importance to justify the disturbance of the peace of Europe.

However this may be, the treaty of July, 1840, came, very inopportunistically for the children of Africa, to disconcert the projects of Great Britain for their deliverance. Here again M. Guizot was engaged, though far less to his credit as a man and as a diplomatist, than in the matter of the Right of Search. M. Thiers, then first minister of France, has since, publicly, in the Chamber, accused M. Guizot of having played him false in the summer of 1840, of having designedly kept him in ignorance of the progress of the negotiations going on in London when he was ambassador, and that, too, for the dishonourable purpose of supplanting him in the post of minister. For M. Guizot's honesty no sane man would undertake to answer. Intrigue and hypocrisy are necessary to him. He rose by them originally, and now, that they are less necessary, adheres to them, perhaps out of habit, or gratitude. He hates M. Thiers, and has always hated him. He must, therefore, when he saw him placed over his head, have ardently desired his overthrow, and been ready to co-operate with any one who could bring it about. But in the transactions of 1840, which terminated in the treaty of July, we doubt whether M. Guizot's inaptitude for business did not completely neutralize his malice. We shall give the history of his achievements, and leave the reader to judge.

The object, it will be remembered, of Great Britain and the other parties to the treaty, was to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and France was formally invited to co-operate with Great Britain and her allies. Not that our foreign minister was ignorant of the intrigues which the French had for some time been carrying on in Egypt, but that it was not thought proper to take notice of her underhand doings, which, however congenial to her character, it was believed she might not like to have brought under public notice. But Louis

Philippe had formed his own theory of Levantine affairs, which he persuaded M. Thiers to seem, at least, to adopt, and instructed M. Guizot to act upon. His policy, as we have already said, was to sacrifice Turkey to Mohammed Ali, and, in the first instance, to gain over Lord Palmerston to these views; or, secondly, if that were found impracticable, to address himself to the representatives of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, and endeavour to prevail on them to co-operate with France in thwarting Great Britain. Here, then, we have M. Guizot pitted against Lord Palmerston. They had the same materials to work upon, the same tools, external to their minds, to work with. They entered upon the arena, each with the power of a great country at his back. To any one reasoning, *à priori*, from the characters and abilities of the men, the contest never could have appeared for one moment doubtful. But fortune sometimes prides herself on giving practical proofs that the race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong; and, therefore, by some perverse concatenation of accidents, she might have enabled the atrabilious Huguenot to triumph over the first diplomatist of this age. How far M. Guizot deserved to succeed, we shall presently see. Having sounded, in succession, all the foreign ambassadors, and made use of all that mixture of coaxing and menace, which, in the hands of a man of genius, sometimes produces effects so wonderful, M. Guizot perceived that the influence of Great Britain, in the hands of a diplomatist worthy to wield it, was a thing difficult to be counteracted. He foresaw, or might have foreseen, the isolation in which France was likely to be placed, by the diplomatic isolation in which he himself actually stood. He was no longer permitted to witness the secret agency by which a determinate direction was given to the great currents of European affairs. He stood without the magic circle, and could discern nothing of the characters drawn within it. He became irritated, fidgetty, and perplexed. He sought to provoke to argument the leading members of the diplomatic body, in the hope that in the intemperate moments of discussion, they would drop something that might enable him to guess at their designs. But he found them impenetrable. The blunt *bonhomie* of Baron Bulow, the quiet taciturnity of Neumann, the stern volubility of Brunnow, and the easy, graceful frankness of Lord Palmerston, equally puzzled him.

Still there were circumstances which led him to think it probable that the designs of the British cabinet would be defeated. The soil of England, though not fertile in in-

triguers, yet produces, from time to time, a few who are active in proportion to the scantiness of their numbers. Into the hands of two or three of these M. Guizot fell in 1840. Their names we need not mention, though they are at present enjoying, in high and lucrative situations, the reward of the ignoble services which, at the period referred to, they were supposed to render their party. One of these, revolving perpetually like a satellite round M. Guizot, undertook to keep him exactly informed respecting the proceedings of the parties engaged in negotiating the dreaded treaty. He affected to possess the most certain sources of information, spoke of himself as a sort of second conscience to Lord Palmerston, and maintained, that to the secret thoughts of all the other great diplomatists, he knew the avenues. This was charming to M. Guizot; for, though an industrious man, he was not unwilling to be relieved from some portion of the labours of his office, especially as, in reality, he found that his voluntary coadjutor did, from time to time, bring him important intelligence. The great object of the French ambassador was, of course, to prevent altogether, if possible, the conclusion of the treaty; or, failing in that, to protract the discussions, and postpone its signature, till it should be too late to undertake operations that year on the coast of Syria. An important event, which happened in the midst of the negotiations, promised the accomplishment of his most ardent wishes. This was the death of the King of Prussia, upon which the intriguer already mentioned hastened to M. Guizot, and said: 'The game is ours! It is impossible that the signature of the treaty should now take place in time to commence operations this year.' 'How so?' inquired the Frenchman. We must preface the reply of the intriguer by a brief explanation. When a sovereign dies, his plenipotentiaries at foreign courts lose their powers, and are treated as ambassadors only by courtesy. They can negotiate nothing, they can sign nothing, unless at their own proper peril. Now, Baron Bulow, the Prussian ambassador, was not a man to volunteer his responsibility, and the intriguer positively maintained, that his new credentials had not arrived. This was the fact insisted on, in his reply to M. Guizot. 'I tell you,' said he, 'that Bulow is placed *hors de combat*, so that you may make yourself perfectly easy.' 'That I can't do,' rejoined the diplomatist, 'until we are assured of the fact you state from the baron's own mouth. In grave, serious affairs like these, we must not act upon hearsay. Could you not sound him?' 'Why, not exactly,' ob-

served the intriguer; 'but—,' and here he paused, and placed his hand upon his diplomatic brow; 'but I think we have a friend who can manage this business for us.' The deputy-intriguer, accordingly, by accident, met Baron Bulow, to whom he was well known, and, addressing him in German, and using the national idiom, said carelessly: 'Well, is your roast roasted yet?' 'No,' answered Bulow, 'it takes a long time to roast our roast.' The deputy-intriguer then laughed in a way which signified, 'I know that as well as you.' He then placed the fore-finger of his right hand on the baron's sleeve, and throwing at the same time a scrutinizing glance at his face, said: 'Now tell me, upon the faith and honour of a gentleman, have your new credentials arrived?' The Prussian diplomatist, with the greatest possible frankness and simplicity, replied at once: 'They have not.' 'Thank you,' rejoined his interrogator, 'that is all I want to know;' and, bidding him good morning, hastened to report to the arch-intriguer the important discovery he had made.

This intelligence, immediately conveyed to M. Guizot, completely tranquillized his mind. He felt satisfied that no progress could, for some time at least, be made towards the conclusion of the treaty, and, repairing to the residence of one of the diplomatists, he artfully gave vent to the feelings of triumph that filled his mind. He affected to compassionate the extreme slowness of their movements, and said they would be far less likely to compromise the peace of Europe if they acted with a little more promptitude. Otherwise, unpleasant events might occur, which would not only frustrate their designs, but occasion them much future embarrassment. Having delivered himself of this political homily, he forthwith returned home and forwarded a despatch to his government. This document M. Guizot designed to be a masterpiece. It was intended to create in the mind of the French Cabinet, the belief that the conclusion of the treaty was imminent, that he might afterwards take credit to himself for having overcome the most formidable obstacles. But if such was his object, he failed completely; for, though the obvious meaning of the language employed was such as we have stated, M. Thiers thought it susceptible of a different interpretation, and, in fact, detected the *arrière pensée* of his ambassador. The French Cabinet, therefore, participated in the confidence of M. Guizot, and enjoyed, by anticipation, the extreme pleasure of outwitting Great Britain. Everything now was supposed to depend on the arrival of a courier from Berlin with the fate of the East

in his bags. None, however, arrived; and, therefore, up to the very morning of the 15th of July, M. Guizot and his friend the intriguer, continued to be lulled in the most perfect confidence, making no exertions, because they believed none to be necessary. On that day, however, the plenipotentiaries met, brought their deliberations to a close, and signed the convention, Baron Bulow and all! 'What then,' the reader may exclaim, 'was the Prussian ambassador guilty of an untruth, when he said he had not received his new credentials?' By no means; he had not received them; but the young King of Prussia had, immediately on his accession, written him a letter, authorizing him to act in all cases as if nothing had happened. He did not, therefore, require any new credentials: a fact with which the intriguer, on whose sagacity M. Guizot depended, was not acquainted.

The hopes of diplomatists, however, are not easily quenched. It immediately occurred to the French ambassador and his friends, that active operations could not possibly commence in the Levant till the contracting parties should have exchanged ratifications, which, considering the distance of Constantinople and St. Petersburg, it was calculated they could not do in less than two months. Now, two months from the 15th of July would bring them to the 15th of September, and then it would require at least a fortnight to collect the fleets on the coast of Syria; but by that time the winds would begin to blow, which render naval operations impracticable on that coast. It was therefore argued, that nothing could possibly be done till the ensuing season, and that France would consequently enjoy ample leisure and opportunities to bring her influence to bear upon events, and disconcert the designs of the allied powers. This was extremely ingenious reasoning, but it was rendered nugatory by one single act of the British minister, who had taken care to append to his treaty a protocol, empowering him to act at once. Within an hour, therefore, after the signature of the convention the order was on its way to the admiral's to proceed without delay to the coast of Syria and commence operations. It would be beside our purpose to enter upon the recapitulation of events which must be fresh in the memory of the public. It may be sufficient to observe, that both the French ambassador and his government remained in entire ignorance of the course it was intended to pursue, as well as of the moment of action, till the intelligence of the bombardment of Beyrout came to open their eyes. M. Guizot was still in London when the

news arrived. It had reached Paris by telegraph, and an express, with a copy of the 'Moniteur,' containing the startling paragraph, was instantly despatched to London. He saw at once that he had been the dupe of his own vanity, of that compound vanity which he felt, partly as a Frenchman and partly as a diplomatist. He had persuaded himself that France was too great a power to be set at naught by the rest of Europe, and that he himself was too great a diplomatist to be outwitted by any person in the world. This conceit, it was now clear, had placed him in a very humiliating position, and his indignation was exactly proportioned to the credulity and weakness he had previously displayed. He read over the paragraph in the 'Moniteur' again and again, his dark complexion growing each time darker and darker, till at length, having wrought himself up into a towering passion, he sallied forth to vent his fury on the diplomatic body.

Such is an exact history of the part played by M. Guizot in the affair of the treaty of July; and from this it will, we think, appear, that his diplomatic abilities are not of the first order. Had he possessed far greater capacity than has fallen to his share, he would not, we think, have succeeded in counteracting the influence of Great Britain; but a more skilful and daring intriguer might, nevertheless, have thrown so many obstacles in the way of the negotiators, that a great deal of valuable time might have been lost. As it was, we firmly believe that the efforts of M. Guizot did not retard the signature of the convention by a single hour.

On the 29th of October of the same year, M. Guizot became a member of the new French cabinet; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, became its chief, under the designation of minister for foreign affairs. Now, then, it may be said, he occupied a position which would enable him to give solid proofs of his hostility to the slave-trade, by hastening the conclusion of the treaty, which, as ambassador, he had negotiated, for confirming and extending the Right of Search. But the mutual relations of Great Britain and France had assumed an untoward aspect. The latter country felt, or fancied, that a slight had been put upon her by the allied powers, at the instigation of England, and she was, consequently, not in the humour to treat with us on any subject, much less on one so replete with difficulties as the Right of Search. Our own cabinet, perceiving this to be the case, suffered the whole matter to remain in abeyance, until the affairs of the Levant were settled, and

French excitement had had time to subside into its ordinary channels. A convention was then set on foot, the chief object of which was to supply France with a pretext for quitting that attitude of menace which she had rashly and foolishly assumed, and soon found extremely irksome: we allude to the treaty of the Dardanelles, ultimately concluded at London, July 13, 1841.

Having thus apparently smoothed the way, the British cabinet returned to the subject of the Right of Search, and proposed that the treaty which had been negotiated during the early part of the preceding year, should forthwith be signed and ratified. And now we come to speak of one of the most characteristic acts of M. Guizot's whole life, one of those acts which reveal a man's real principles; which disclose to us his secret theory of honour and good faith, which, in short, stamp him as what he is for the present age, and determine the place he is to hold in the estimation of posterity. The British ambassador in Paris, having been instructed to renew his representations to the French government, on the subject of the means to be employed for the suppression of the slave-trade, received from M. Guizot the most extraordinary reply ever made by any minister to a foreign ambassador. He could not, with all his Jesuitism, conceal from Lord Grenville the fact, that the diplomatic defeat inflicted on him in the July of the preceding year, still remained rankling in his breast. He had been beaten, and could neither forgive nor forget it. He felt but too happy, therefore, that the state of the negotiations on the subject of the Right of Search, enabled him to aim a blow which he fancied must tell at his enemy, Lord Palmerston, and, through him, at the whole Melbourne administration. The state of his feelings, on this occasion, could not possibly be mistaken; indeed, he was at little pains to disguise it. He said, that as it was very clear the Whigs were going out of office, he should not pay them the compliment of signing the treaty with them, but reserve it for their successors, with whose views and principles he altogether sympathized.

We request the reader, desirous of understanding what manner of man M. Guizot is, to reflect a little on this proceeding. The original idea of the great convention in question, which was to bind together the leading powers of the world for the purpose of delivering humanity from the most grievous infliction, and from the deepest disgrace which has ever been heaped upon it, belonged altogether to Lord Palmerston. It was he who set the negotiations on foot, who rendered the project palatable to

Austria, Russia, France, and Prussia ; who overcame all but the final obstacle, which was not based on irresistible circumstances, which arose out of no misunderstanding between nations or princes, which was not suggested by any apprehension entertained by any of the contracting parties—the only obstacle which Lord Palmerston could not surmount, was the wounded pride and pettifying revenge of M. Guizot. There are able and honourable men who give this person credit for having been once sincere in his hostility to the slave-trade. We regret our inability to adopt this favourable opinion of him, not that we pride ourselves upon any Machiavellian rule of interpretation, when we desire to explain the acts of statesmen, but that in the present case, the lower we pitch the motive the more likely it is to square with the truth. For ourselves, therefore, we fear we must believe, that M. Guizot never cared anything at all about the suppression of slavery, and that his sole object in putting himself prominently forward was to gratify his insatiable thirst of notoriety. Had it been otherwise, will any man believe that, when an opportunity presented itself of mitigating, at once, the woes of millions, he would have fallen back on the most pitiful party considerations, and voluntarily put in jeopardy the grand scheme, for the success of which he once pretended to be so solicitous ? Nay, as far as France is concerned, it may with truth be affirmed, that M. Guizot completely shipwrecked the hopes of Africa ; for had he, when applied to, in 1841, by the Whig cabinet, consented to the immediate signature and ratification of the treaty, no time would have been allowed for the organization of those infamous intrigues which afterwards led France to play so dishonourable a part, and cast upon the reputation of M. Guizot a stain, which all the sophistry he is master of—and it is not a little—will never be able to obliterate. But because the disgrace of this transaction is not entirely monopolised by the French minister of foreign affairs, we must proceed with our narrative of events.

It has been seen, that in order to revenge a personal defeat, brought about by legitimate means and for a legitimate object, Mr. Guizot extended, in 1841, his most active patronage to the slave-trade. By completing an act which he had himself commenced, he might have gone far towards putting an end to it, at least such was the profound persuasion of all the leading statesmen in Europe, a persuasion which he himself, also, had always professed to cherish ; but when the time came to put his sincerity to the test, when Providence had moulded

events, and placed them in a posture so favourable that it required only a single act of a single man's will to render them adequate to the production of the greatest results for humanity, that man, because his pride had been humbled a year before by a British statesman, refused to perform his duty, let the consequences to humanity be ever so deplorable. We invite any man, we invite M. Guizot himself, to give, if he can, any other feasible version of this affair. Well, then, M. Guizot refused to sign his own treaty during the whole summer of 1841, because the Whigs were in office. The horrors encountered by thousands of men on both sides of the Atlantic, and in the middle passage, weighed nothing with him when cast into the balance with his personal pique against Lord Palmerston. Better, he thought, that those unhappy beings should writhe, and pine, and die in the floating dungeons prepared for them by fiendish speculators, than that he should accede to the wishes of the liberal cabinet of England, and not reserve what he himself regarded simply as a compliment for their presumed successors. We wish M. Guizot all the joy which sober reflection on this subject can afford him. He may not, perhaps, be able to get up the statistics of the question, and determine how many Africans, men, women, and children, were sacrificed to his ignoble egotism ; but when his approaching retirement from office supplies him with the necessary leisure, he may, by instituting a careful inquiry into the matter, make some approximation towards the number of his victims.

We have remarked already, that the criminal delay which took place in signing the treaty of 1841, was not attributable altogether to the French minister. The Tories came into office on the 3d of September, and considering the lavish professions of humanity which, as a party, they have for some years been in the habit of making, considering, too, that they have in their ranks several distinguished philanthropists, as Sir Harry Inglis, Lord Ashley, and so on, it might very reasonably have been expected, that they would lose no time in bringing to a close negotiations undertaken solely for the repression of human misery. Even the gratification of vanity, it might have been supposed, would have impelled them immediately to conclude an affair, which, for the reasons already stated, their predecessors were unable to accomplish. But, in the exultation of victory, Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues entirely lost sight of the Right of Search. They were too happy to find themselves in Downing-street, and devoted

the time to chuckling and rubbing their hands, and receiving the felicitations of their friends. What were the wretched Africans to them? They had beaten the Whigs, and got an overwhelming majority, and had before them the prospect of dispensing for years, the whole patronage of the empire. Was that a moment to disturb their repose with troublesome contests about negroes, and cruisers, and treaties excessively hard to be concluded? Lord Aberdeen resolved to take warning from the fate of his predecessor. The latter had devoted night and day to business, had concluded innumerable conventions advantageous to commerce and to humanity, had augmented by his genius and untiring activity, the external influence of the empire; yet, what had been his reward? Parliamentary defeat and exclusion from office. The Tory foreign secretary, mindful of the classical precept, resolved to learn wisdom at another man's expense. As Lord Palmerston had lost office by diligently and boldly performing his duty, Lord Aberdeen determined to retain it by doing nothing. That this was the rule by which he secretly shaped his course, any one may convince himself who will examine the history of the Peel administration. Had it felt any solicitude for the suppression of the slave-trade, it would instantly have applied to France to sign and ratify the treaty which the malice of M. Guizot had prevented the Whigs from concluding. There was now no obstacle in their way. Their friend over the Channel would have been happy at once to pay them the compliment which he had reserved for them. The juncture was, in all respects, the most favourable that could have been desired. The French Chambers were not assembled. There was no particular excitement in the country, so that the cabinet was quite free, as it was quite ready, to act upon its own responsibility. But Lord Aberdeen had adopted for his guidance the maxim, 'slow and sure,' though he had never realized more than the first half of it; and, therefore, delayed above three months to invite his friend, M. Guizot, to sign and ratify the important treaty already so frequently referred to. No objection was made, and the Count St. Aulaire, in conjunction with the ambassadors of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, readily affixed his signature on the 20th of December. Seven days after this act, the French Chambers assembled, and all the arts and sources of intrigue were called into play to prevent its ratification.

The United States had, at this period, in Paris, an ambassador congenial in feelings and principles to M. Guizot—we mean

General Cass. It would betray us into too intricate a labyrinth of details, to explain all the secret manœuvres of the diplomatic general, and the diplomatic Huguenot, who, about this time, laboured strenuously in common, to attain an object ardently desired by both. They who have been accustomed to give M. Guizot credit for sincerely desiring the suppression of the slave-trade, would be slow to conjecture what that object was; though the peculiar character of American diplomacy might, if carefully considered, serve as an unerring index to the truth. M. Guizot had hitherto figured in the political world as an ardent abolitionist, and, as such, would undoubtedly have been lynched by General Cass, had he caught him anywhere 'convenient' in the backwoods. But the necessities of office, like those of poverty, make men acquainted with 'strange bed-fellows.' Thus, in the winter of 1841—42, we find the abolitionist, Guizot, and the anti-abolitionist, Cass, without a single thought of lynching each other, cordially co-operating together for the accomplishment of some common purpose. Their numerous conferences soon proved prolific. The worthy general conceived the idea of becoming an author; and having been long in labour with a manuscript, was at length delivered of it, and astonished the world by the prodigious birth. It was a pamphlet against the Right of Search. Every one who knew the reputed author, felt surprised at the cleverness of his supposed production. It was profoundly profligate, but became popular in France, through the dash of clever vulgarity which pervaded it. But was General Cass really the author? The reader shall judge. While the pamphlet was in preparation, the American ambassador was constantly observed circulating to and fro between his own hotel and the residence of the foreign minister, with the tip of a roll of manuscript frequently peeping forth from his pocket. Day after day they were closeted for hours together, and the subject of their amicable discussion was, in most cases, the treaty recently signed in London. M. Guizot laid open all the difficulties of his position to the American, and, with those powers of logic which he must be acknowledged to have at his command, soon convinced him of two things; first, that it would be highly politic for General Cass to vulgarize and father M. Guizot's pamphlet; and, second, that it would be advantageous to both parties for him still to affect, some time longer, hostility to the slave-trade. Having thus come to an understanding, the two great diplomats proceeded forthwith to play their re-

spective parts—the American to get up a powerful and wide-spread agitation against the Right of Search, and the Frenchman gradually and gracefully to yield to the force of public opinion.

Of conduct like this what shall we say? We know of no parallel to it in private life, save that of giving a bill with the determination to dishonour it when it comes due. And what were the interests thus sported with by pettifogging and profligate intriguers? No less than the interests of two great divisions of the earth. For if Africa be depopulated by the nefarious traffic in slaves, if her wild and ferocious hordes of heathens are plunged into a depth of barbarism and demoralisation greater than that in which they were originally found, America, inhabited, for the most part, by men calling themselves Christians, is no less widely and profoundly demoralized by the servile population she receives, and the practices to which she is driven in order to hold them in subjection. Nor, in all probability, is this the whole of the penalty that she will be called upon to pay for the crime of dealing in human beings. In the slaves that people her territories, she may reckon so many enemies, who treasure up, and transmit from father to son the debt of vengeance, which will be paid in blood and slaughter at last. The history of ancient slavery furnishes what may, possibly, prove to be a parallel case. For, in the course of generations, circumstances enabled the victims of oppression to turn their chains into horrid arms against their torturers, and to carry them away captive, and make them servants of servants, till the whole detestable race was extinguished. Let America bear this fact in mind; far as she lies from the great seats of civilisation, punishment will sooner or later reach her. Providence has a long arm, and chastisement may come when she least expects it, and is least prepared to ward off its consequences. And what we say to America, we say to all those who aid and abet her in her crimes, who, for money, or place, or authority, afford facilities to the miscreants that prowl about the African coast to kidnap the ignorant and helpless natives, and consign them to hopeless slavery in a distant part of the world, or to death in its most cruel and revolting form on the middle passage.

In this guilt our Tory rulers have largely participated. We have proved, that, in the autumn of 1841, they might easily have obtained from France the ratification of the Right of Search treaty which would have compelled her to co-operate with us in putting down the infamous traffic. But they

voluntarily allowed the opportunity to slip by. Their friends and protégés across the Channel would not at the moment referred to have refused them anything, because M. Guizot had not yet made the discovery, that more was to be gained by playing into the hands of the United States, than by acting honourably towards Great Britain, and keeping the faith which he had pledged. M. Guizot, when he first came to office, finding the Conservative party in great strength, and generally disposed to promote a good understanding with England, continued to take the same views on the Right of Search as he had been in the habit of affecting for some years, regarding this step as calculated to strengthen him in his position. M. Thiers had fallen through the prevalence of English influence. He had paid the penalty of seeking to bring about a rupture between the two countries. M. Guizot understood this, and shaped his own course accordingly. He systematically separated himself from all the partisans of war, and studied with the greatest assiduity, to discover fresh grounds upon which the interests of the two countries might approximate and coalesce. At first he was enabled to avail himself of this element of strength without sacrificing any other. That is to say, he could exhibit his leaning towards England without diminishing his support in the Chambers, and so long as this continued to be the case, he cared not a single rush for popularity out of doors. For M. Guizot is not one of those who entertain any partiality towards the people, or who would even take a single step to purchase their good opinion or co-operation, so long as it might be possible to do without it. But society is made up of shifting materials in France, and M. Guizot soon found that he could not afford to affect the stoic and despise popularity. He beheld forming in Paris and throughout the kingdom, a secret association, having for its object the maintenance of slavery. The germ of this infamous society is said to have been imported from Cuba, whose merchants, together with those of Porto Rico, collected by subscription a very large sum of money, and sent it by secret emissaries to the French capital for the purpose of buying over the demagogues of the press and the Chambers, to get up, if possible, a national agitation against the Right of Search. These public-spirited efforts quickly excited emulation among congenial minds in France. The slave-merchants of Nantes and Bordeaux, and of every port in the kingdom, felt the most earnest sympathy with the gentlemen of the Spanish West Indies, and by their contributions greatly enriched the fund de-

tinged to purchase logic and eloquence in the Parisian market, where both greatly abound, and are generally venal.

By these means a violent storm was soon raised against the ministers, still supposed to be swayed by British influence, synonymous in the case under consideration with the influence of virtue and morality. The hirelings of the press, and the hirelings of the Chambers, vied with each other in tempestuous patriotism. People on this side of the Channel, not at all suspecting the source of the inspiration, wondered at the prodigious hatred which the mint-masters of public opinion in France had suddenly conceived for us. Every day our pride, our ambition, and our perfidy, were celebrated in a hundred journals, while the Chambers rang with a succession of furious speeches all equally complimentary to our character. It seemed that a moral epidemic had seized upon the inhabitants of France. And this was actually the case; for although the originators of the disease introduced it, as smugglers do contraband goods, for gain, the infection was soon transmuted out of an artificial into a real one, and spread through the population more rapidly than the plague virus. To understand the practicability of such a process, it is necessary to have had some experience of the French people, to have studied them, not in Paris only, but in the provinces, and ascertained how few are the ideas, how crude and vapoury the opinions, how lax, uncertain, and vacillating the principles of which they are possessed. There is probably in the world no community so mobile as that of France. An insatiable thirst for novelty torments every single member of it, and urges him to wander in every direction in which he fancies its excitement may be found. Being ignorant of the good or evil that may exist in the character of neighbouring nations, he is eternally forming a wrong estimate of them, sometimes exalting and loving them beyond measure, and presently, without rhyme or reason, veering round and hating them with equal intensity. But chief of all, the Frenchman hates the English, for this among other reasons, that he is conscious of their superiority, of their steadiness, of their industry, of their rectitude, and of the superior influence which they consequently exercise upon the councils of foreign states, and the preferences of foreign nations. In illustration of this truth we may relate an anecdote, which, though it may lose much of its point from the suppression of names, will yet be felt to be characteristic. A statesman now living and enjoying a great reputation for sagacity, on one occasion, while minister,

applied himself to prevent our concluding a commercial treaty with a neighbouring state. The British government, on hearing of these intrigues, directed our ambassador formally to complain of them. It was expected that he would rebut the charge, or seek to escape from it by some convenient subterfuge. Not at all. He frankly acknowledged what he had done, and said that in justice to his own countrymen he must on all occasions continue to do the same. 'For,' said he, with the most charming naiveté, 'though it may be stipulated by treaty that your merchants are to be placed on a footing of equality with those of other nations, that equality would exist only upon paper; because, such is your capital, perseverance, and enterprise, that you invariably beat your rivals out of the field!' Our minister felt the compliment, which experience had convinced him was well deserved. But he did not the less on that account wonder at the simplicity of the statesman who, in the conduct of public affairs, could be so candid.

Upon a people possessed by such a persuasion, the declamation of General Cass, and the other advocates of the slave-trade, could scarcely fail to produce a powerful effect. They did not at all investigate the subject of the Right of Search, but tricked up a one-sided view of it, addressed to the ignorance and prejudices of the French. They dwelt upon the insult offered to the flag of France by the British cruiser, when it boarded a merchant-vessel, and insisted upon overhauling its papers; but they omitted to state, that the French cruisers stationed upon the same coast, were empowered to exercise precisely the same right over English merchant-vessels. It is surprising that this privilege, so flattering to their vanity, did not reconcile them to the whole system. It was, perhaps, the first time that French officers had enjoyed the opportunity of visiting and examining the interior of British ships. But neither this nor anything else could blind them to the fact of our overwhelming maritime superiority, from the acknowledgment of which they sought to escape, by resisting the Right of Search.

To the popular clamour thus raised, M. Guizot yielded, and refused to ratify the treaty, which, with his sanction, and by his own direction, the French ambassador had signed in London. A more disgraceful proceeding than this, it would be difficult to mention. M. Guizot may, no doubt, plead in mitigation the opinion of the Chamber and the clamours of the people. But the apology will not avail him. He should have resigned, rather than have encountered the opprobrium with which such an act

must for ever cover his name. The Duc de Broglie, Dr. Lushington's coadjutor in the mixed commission, has very properly characterized the conduct of the Chamber, in the whole of the discussion on this subject, by describing it as at once frivolous and cowardly. He says, 'it was bold to make use of its power, because no responsibility was attached to it, while it yet absurdly sought to impose responsibility upon the minister whom it deprived of power.' He forgot to add, that a ministry which retains office under such circumstances, is still baser than the Chamber which seeks to place it in a situation so dishonourable.

Reasoning from occurrences like these, we might be disposed to regard a French minister in the light of a mere parliamentary reporter. He does not receive from the legislature the power to act according to the best of his own judgment, but accepts office as a sort of delegate of the Chambers. Whoever is acquainted, however, with the practice of constitutional governments, must know, that although parliament determines who shall be minister, and how long he shall remain in office, it does not imperiously prescribe to him the policy he shall pursue while at the head of public affairs. But there is no extremity of humiliation to which M. Guizot and his friends will not submit, in order to retain the show of power, the mere trappings of authority, without the reality. Still, even he considered that it was necessary to move cautiously in the retrograde career upon which he and his countrymen had entered. For, when the advocates of the slave-trade, having prevented the ratification of the treaty of 1841, proceeded to insist, also, upon the abrogation of the treaties of 1831 and 1833, M. Guizot declined to proceed so far in the first instance. He said, it was a rule of diplomacy never to make to any foreign state a demand which you are sure it will refuse to grant. In the case under consideration he maintained, that to do so would be an act of weakness, or of madness; of weakness, if, having made the demand, France were afterwards to omit insisting upon it at all hazards; and of madness, if she should so insist, and thus involve herself in a disgraceful and disastrous war. But, as M. Larcey once observed in the Chamber of Deputies, the French foreign minister has at his command doctrines suited to all occasions. He is not one of those statesmen who tower above events and circumstances, and impart to them a character snatched, as it were, from his own idiosyncrasies; but rather receives from the occurrences of the day, the principles he shall profess and the exposition he shall give of them.

When M. Guizot made his famous declaration about the weakness or madness of proposing to Great Britain the abrogation of the treaties above referred to, he overlooked one thing, which should by all means have been taken into account; that is, he overlooked the fact, that it was Lord Aberdeen, and not Lord Palmerston, to whose guardianship the external relations of the British empire were intrusted. This display of want of judgment is surprising, even in M. Guizot. Being a Tory himself, he should have known better of what stuff a Tory minister is made, should have known that his ruling passion is to provide for his own ease and convenience at the expense of the public interest; and should have recollected, moreover, that of all Tory ministers that exist, or have ever existed, Lord Aberdeen is the one of whom this is most emphatically true. In saying this, we are actuated by no personal hostility to his lordship. He is, we dare say, a very pleasant person, very affable, very obliging, and very much addicted to long explanations, more especially when desirous to exculpate himself. All this betokens great inherent amiability, because it can only arise from a wish to afford pleasure to all around him. Still, Lord Aberdeen is an extremely bad foreign minister, who introduces into the grave transactions of state the little, frivolous courtesies of common life, and sacrifices a national interest, or even a great principle, in order to avoid wounding the feelings of an individual. It will be seen that we are disposed to place the most charitable construction on his foreign policy, in consideration of which, the reader should give us credit for being actuated by none but public motives, when we feel ourselves called upon to speak with peculiar harshness of any of Lord Aberdeen's proceedings.

Having premised thus much, we proceed to speak of the act by which M. Guizot was delivered from his greatest difficulties, we mean that infamous treaty known throughout Europe as the Ashburton Capitulation. It is altogether unnecessary for us, or for any other man in his senses, to profess a preference of peace before war. Everybody must do so. The universal dictates of humanity and common sense determine invincibly to such a preference. Nevertheless, it is quite possible for nations to be so circumstanced, that the prolongation of peace instead of being a blessing must prove a curse to them, because it must diminish their honour. And let no one think that the honour of states is an empty sound. It is far otherwise. What is meant by the honour of states is simply their reputation for uprightness, for good faith, for inflexible

adherence to principles, for unflinching firmness in keeping their engagements, for a high and chivalrous devotion to what they esteem to be their paramount duties. And what duty can be more binding than that which we owe to humanity? Yet, by the odious Ashburton Capitulation, on behalf and with the approbation of his colleagues, Lord Aberdeen not only broke faith with a portion of our Canadian subjects, who were delivered over to a government which they detested, but yielded to the menaces of the United States the first relaxation of a principle, by a conscientious devotion to which Great Britain has acquired her greatest glory. But what renders this sacrifice most inexcusable is the fact, that it was not called for. We might surely, had we so pleased, have made a present of important territories to the United States, without making any reference to the suppression of the slave-trade. There was no necessary connection between the subjects, neither could the coupling together of things so heterogeneous be excused, on the ground that it proceeded from a resolution to remove at once all causes of dissatisfaction between the two countries, because the Oregon boundary having been left undetermined, the chance of collision remained as imminent as ever. We are at a loss, therefore, to divine why Lord Ashburton was sent to America, unless we suppose that the Tories desired to put on the appearance of doing something, though that something should be prolific of the most grievous mischiefs in all time to come. However, we have to do just now with one phasis only of this pernicious act, the abandonment of the Right of Search, in deference to the United States. That the capitulator felt ashamed of what he was doing is manifest from the language of those articles in the treaty which constitute the monument of his guilt. It is evident, that every word was conceived and brought forth in shame, and that the deepest possible sense of humiliation accompanied the signing of the convention. We are as sure of this as if we had been among the most intimate of Lord Ashburton's friends at the time; because it is wholly impossible that an English gentleman should have put his hand to such a document without being conscious that he was signing the death-warrant of his own fame. With another celebrated delinquent, therefore, who may only be more distinguished, because he acted on a vaster theatre, it is probable that secretly, in the depths of his heart, he must have murmured, while he consummated his country's shame and his own:—*Quam vellem nescire litteras*. To that, however, we have

nothing to say. It is Lord Ashburton's affair and let him see to it. We have only adverted to this treaty at all, in order to show how opportunely it was concluded to relieve M. Guizot from his most pressing difficulties, and gave him courage to undertake an enterprise which he had so recently characterized as an act of extreme weakness or madness.

In justice even to him, however, we must review all the influences to which he succumbed, partly, perhaps, as we have already said, of his own creating, but partly also accidental. In the case of administrations constructed upon certain principles, we find ourselves compelled to adopt the reverse of a well-known maxim, that union is strength; for the union of two feeble cabinets appears only to generate additional weakness in each. Thus, the Peel cabinet exposes itself to contempt by the vain efforts it makes to support M. Guizot in office; while the Guizot cabinet, laying hold of Lord Aberdeen, only finds itself benumbed by the touch of the torpedo. To be convinced of this, let the reader reflect for a moment on the wonderful proceedings of these two ministries. M. Guizot, after having pitifully given way in the affair of the treaty of 1841, thought himself entitled, on the ground of that concession, firmly to take his stand on the two previous treaties, and of course expected that his English friends would be careful to do nothing that should have the effect of weakening his position. Without being at all hostile to negro slavery, he may have desired to pause somewhere in his concessions to the slave-traders, through fear of hazarding his own weak government, by bringing France into collision with Great Britain. But what did the Tories do? Did they act so as to strengthen his hands? Was their policy calculated to create in the mind of the French people the opinion that England would go to war rather than relinquish any of the concessions in favour of humanity, which she had wrung from other Christian powers? Far from it. While their Huguenot protégé was surrounded by the most tumultuous sea of intrigue and clamour, they concluded with the United States a convention calculated to multiply his difficulties ten-fold, by proving practically the correctness of the notion, that by insolence and perseverance Great Britain might be bullied into a course which, in her heart, she vehemently reprobated. By this proceeding, M. Guizot was deprived of the pretext, that he was withheld from insisting on the abrogation of the treaties of 1831 and 1833, by the conviction that England would rather go to war than yield. It does not signify a tittle in the

present discussion what were M. Guizot's own secret leanings. As we have already observed repeatedly, we think he had none, but was ready to adopt and contend for anything which appeared to promise duration to his ministry. It would however be paying him too high a compliment to affirm that his selfishness was enlightened, and that he generally foresaw what course it would be best for his own purpose to pursue. Our opinion is, that he fluctuated incessantly, that he was for the Right of Search when it seemed to bode him any good, and that he was against it when the contrary seemed to be the case. The same remark will apply to all his apparent partialities. From this anarchical state of his mind it must result, that all who attempt to follow his career will be betrayed into apparent contradictions. They will represent him as playing different games, as willing different things, as swayed by different preferences. The fault, however, lies not in them but in him. He has all his life been a man of expediency, a man of shifts, a man who never could formularize his politics into a creed, and say what he believed and what he disbelieved. The fact is, that his creed has never contained more than one article, namely, that it is desirable for M. Guizot's own sake that he should be minister of France. No other view of the man's character will enable us to comprehend his actions, but this makes everything clear. For example, we have asserted above, that M. Guizot has all along been hostile to the Right of Search; that he encouraged the agitation got up against it in France; that he even wrote the pamphlet published by General Cass, which tended more than anything else to rouse the jealousy and national prejudices of his countrymen. We have also said, that the Ashburton Capitulation occurred inopportunely, and might be reckoned among the hostile influences with which he had to struggle. But how do we reconcile these statements? Simply by showing, that M. Guizot desired at once to remain on good terms with England, and to be popular in France; that to promote the former purpose he was ostensibly favourable to the Right of Search, and that to promote the latter he was determined to abandon it, not, however, as of his own will, but in obedience to a pressure from without, which the English cabinet itself should recognize as amounting to a necessity.

This was the difficult game which M. Guizot determined from the outset to play, though he was frequently deterred from the prosecution of it by the appearance of things around him, which sometimes propelled him

towards the English Alliance, sometimes hurried him in a different direction, and at length left him in a style of deplorable incertitude, from which he can only be delivered by retirement from office. But how his embarrassments sprang up and became complicated around him, it may be worth while to inquire. As far back as the beginning of 1842, and in the course of the very discussions which M. Guizot affected to regard as justificatory of his bad faith in refusing to ratify the treaty he had signed, a notorious Louis Philippiste and supporter of the Guizot cabinet, already adverted to the necessity which he maintained France was under of retracing her steps, and completely emancipating her flag from the surveillance of Great Britain. In other words, he contended not merely that the minister ought not to ratify the treaty of 1841, but that he should at once open negotiations for annulling those of 1831 and 1833. In concluding a long speech, he proposed an amendment to this effect, which was carried by a large majority. But did Monsieur Guizot acquiesce in the policy thus recommended by the Chambers? As we have already seen, he did not. But what were his reasons? that the faith of France was pledged? that the interests of humanity were at stake? no such thing. He placed the question on the lowest level possible, and dwelt simply on the absurdity or the danger of pressing such a proposition upon England. He insinuated, moreover, that the time was not yet come for taking such a step. Besides, the system, he contended, against which the Chamber declaimed with so much violence, worked well, both answering the purpose for which it was established—namely, the obstruction of the slave-trade—and allowing the greatest possible freedom to legitimate commerce, since during ten years, only one abuse worth mentioning had occurred. This was intended as a sop for England. It is in displays of this kind, that M. Guizot chiefly exhibits ability, when illustrating the truth proclaimed by M. Larcy, that he has ready cut and dried doctrines for all occasions. He has not studied ethics for nothing; but, when opportunity serves, can cull from the moral repertory of his memory, dignified sentiments to be put forward in pompous and sounding phrases, well calculated to elicit admiration from an assembly of sophists. It suited his purpose just then to bestow a little cajolery upon England. Intending to act most shabbily towards her, he thought it would be no harm to perfume the offence with a few sweet words. He therefore maintained, that the object of this country

was not, as many supposed, to establish maritime supremacy under colour of putting down the slave-trade, but that our designs were simply what we professed them to be.

His rival in the Chamber, M. Thiers, gave utterance on the same occasion to an opinion which would embarrass a statesman on this side of the Channel, if he meant to pursue the course which there is every reason to believe will be pursued by M. Thiers. He lamented that the conventions of 1831 and 1833, had ever been entered into; but, seeing that they had, he considered the act irrevocable. But wherefore did he lament it? Why, because forsooth, France had thus been playing into the hands of Great Britain, and conceding to her maritime advantages, which, according to them, she did not possess before. These gentlemen, considering the rank they hold, and the opportunities at their command for acquiring knowledge, continue to entertain very strange notions, both of themselves and us. Does M. Thiers think that the naval superiority of England depends on any concessions of France? Does he think that the having of a few anti-slavery cruisers on the western coast of Africa, will very materially influence the relative naval strength of the two countries? He would at least have had the public believe that such was his opinion; for, in order to diminish the poor popularity of M. Guizot, he affirmed that every statesman viewed with terror the future which the cabinet was preparing for France! From this it would of course be inferred, that the past had been different, and that all other ministers had exhibited more forethought than M. Guizot, and managed public affairs so as to ward off the frightful consequences to be anticipated from the policy now pursued. Had M. Thiers thought proper to indulge in such an insinuation, the Chamber was quite in the humour to applaud him. But the vanity of exhibiting historical research, came in to thwart the machinations of the party politician. Instead of saying that M. Guizot was preparing a new destiny for France, and heaping up for her unheard-of humiliations, M. Thiers went on to inform the Chamber, that as often as war had broken out between Great Britain and France, the commercial navy of the latter had always fallen a prey to the former. In that case she has no new indignity to dread, and M. Guizot is doing nothing which all preceding French ministers have not done.

We may here, by the way, make one or two remarks, which, if properly considered, and allowed their due weight, may spare the politicians of Paris a great deal of useless uneasiness. In the first place, the Right of

Search is not a cause, but a sign of our maritime superiority, nor would France, supposing we were to suffer the whole duty of cruising on the coast of Africa to devolve on her, be, on that account, a jot the nearer to supremacy on the ocean. Secondly, upon the breaking out of war between the two countries, several other consequences would ensue, besides those enumerated by M. Thiers. We should, in the first place, seize upon the French West Indies and emancipate the negroes, and though we might afterwards, on the conclusion of a general peace, restore those colonies—which, however, is somewhat doubtful—our garrulous and boastful neighbours would find it exceedingly difficult to re-establish slavery. This hint we throw out for the special consideration of the slave-holders of Nantes and Bordeaux. Next, we should destroy, capture, or block up in harbour, the fleets of France, as no man can for a moment doubt, who compares our naval forces with hers. We could put to sea nearly seventy sail of the line, not to insist just now on our overwhelming steam navy; while France, with all her efforts, could not possibly reckon on more than twenty-four or twenty-six sail of the line. But the greatest difference remains to be noticed, the difference in the officers and seamen, which is so great as to be wholly inappreciable. When, some years ago, the Tories, for party purposes, were, in and out of parliament, depreciating our navy, and repeating the boast of some silly Parisian journalist, that France possessed 73,000 registered seamen, it was proved by exact returns, that our registered seamen amounted to 370,000. With elements of maritime strength like these, every French statesman must perceive that France is unable to cope. In the third place, therefore, the result foretold by M. Thiers would infallibly ensue; we should destroy utterly the commerce of France, and by so doing create for ourselves new markets in various parts of the world. On this score, accordingly, we have nothing to apprehend from war, for though, at the outbreak, our merchantmen might suffer a little from privateers, we should soon clear the sea of that nuisance. Lastly, we should indubitably relieve France from the incumbrance of Algeria, first by cutting off all communication between the colony and the mother country; and, secondly, by affording aid to the bold chivalry of the desert, which, supplied by us with money, arms, and ammunition, would make one *razia* of the whole country, and either capture the entire French population, or drive it into the sea.

Such are some of the consequences that

would probably flow from the breaking forth of war between Great Britain and France, as the majority of French statesmen appear fully to comprehend. Still, both they and many of their partisans in this country, seem to be of opinion that the duty of warding off hostilities devolves exclusively upon us. It follows, also, from what they say, whether they intend it or not, that we alone possess the power to disturb the peace of the world, since all governments and all people would pursue noiselessly the even tenor of their way, if our violent and all-grasping policy would permit them. But, though we act thus, like a sort of terrestrial destiny, lulling the world into peace, or shaking it at our pleasure, it is we who, according to these prophets of evil,—it is we, after all, who have the most to fear from the consequences of our own omnipotence. There may possibly, if they could but discover it, lurk some fallacy in this curious chain of inferences. Having at our command so many resources and means so multiplied of offence, stretching as we do by chains of settlements through both hemispheres, inhabiting the torrid zone and looking upon the ice of either pole, it seems likely that we should be enabled to inflict more injury upon our enemies than they on us. We speak now, solely with reference to human probabilities, and make no presumptuous reference to that mysterious influence to which both the humble and the great are alike subject. Should hostilities, however, spring out of our efforts in behalf of humanity, our cause would be the cause of justice, so that we should, in this sense also, have less to fear than our enemies. But, according to some speculators, we are blinded by our philanthropy, and trust too much to the goodness of our intentions. A man must, indeed, be intoxicated with vanity to give utterance to such an observation, because it implies that he alone in the infinite incertitude of all human affairs is able to tower above passion and prejudice, and discover what is right. The age, however, is not so wholly a prey to delusions, that the only sane man left is a crazy pamphleteer.

But to return to M. Guizot. There is possibly on record in the history of modern statesmen no more striking example of bad faith, of sudden and audacious change of policy, of reckless indifference to the opinion of mankind, than that which M. Guizot has exhibited in the matter of the Right of Search. In his correspondence with the Earl of Aberdeen he most felicitously exemplifies the correctness of the estimate formed of his policy by Count Molé, when he said it was a policy of extremes, of extremes even in weakness. In applying to a foreign

government in order to procure its sudden abandonment of a system of indescribable magnitude, of a system established for the protection of the inhabitants of one whole quarter of the world, of a system hallowed by the cause of humanity, and springing out of the greatest sacrifices ever made by a great people in obedience to the sentiment of duty, M. Guizot does not present himself armed with any respectable reasons of state; but comes forward, and bases his claim solely on the ignorant passions and prejudices of his countrymen. He makes some little show, indeed, of contradicting his former affirmations, that the Right of Search had produced all the effects that were expected of it, and was attended by scarcely any abuses at all; but the reasons he most relies on are, that the excitement against the Right is rapidly spreading in France, that it is likely to spread still more, and that it already embraces within the circle of its operation both their houses of parliament. He then goes on to insinuate, in something very much like a menace—the menace of weakness, as Count Molé expresses it—that unless the reason of England will, at this important juncture, yield to the prejudice of France, great mischief might possibly ensue. He assumes, indeed, the tone of a dictator, and tells the British minister that agreement with his proposition is ‘indispensable!’ What Lord Palmerston would have replied to such a threat as this, every man in England may know by consulting his own feelings. He would have informed M. Guizot that we made no account of the passion and folly of France; but that we would compel her to execute the treaties into which she had entered, or defend her bad faith by arms. It is not, in fact, for us to lay by our good will towards mankind, because the French people never know what they would be at; because they determine one thing to-day, and another to-morrow; because they desire, at the same time, to obtain credit for philanthropy, and to enjoy the profits arising from the sale of men. It is for the French government to correct the notions and sentiments of its subjects, and not basely to come whining to foreign governments, to protect it from the consequences of the ignorance which it fosters.

But what is Lord Aberdeen’s reply to M. Guizot’s communication? We take some credit to ourselves for ingenuity, for some little experience in literature and politics, for some slight power of discrimination and judgment; and yet we can neither determine within ourselves what we are to think of his lordship’s answer, or what description it is proper to give of it. We are entirely non-

plused by his lordship. He tells the French foreign minister, in tolerably plain language, that he knows perfectly well, as everybody else does, that no adequate substitute for the Right of Search can possibly be discovered, and that the appointment, therefore, of any commission, whether mixed or unmixed, must be a mere act of hypocrisy, originating in no faith, and expected to lead to no advantage. His lordship causes it, however, to be understood, that he sympathizes very strongly with the difficulties of M. Guizot, and that he entertains precisely the same opinion as he does of the stupid excitement which has been got up by the advocates of slavery in France; and that, in consequence of this sympathy and this conviction, he will consent to assist in practising a hoax upon the French people, by giving them a commission which may sit and deliberate, till they shall have had leisure to come to their senses. But if they should prove madder than he expects, and persist even after the commission shall have pleasantly trifled away several months or years in chatting or taking snuff together—if they should persist, we say, in requiring the abandonment of the Right of Search, then his lordship will take a new view of the matter, reverse things a little, and, instead of practising delusions on the French, put a cheat on the good people of this country. That this is no strained inference from Lord Aberdeen's language, every one who attentively reads his correspondence must feel. He there says, that the substitute for the Right of Search to be proposed by the commission is to be regarded in the light of an experiment, and that, consequently, while the two countries are engaged in working it, in order to ascertain whether it succeeds or not, the Right of Search must necessarily be suspended.

From this statement the course that will be pursued must be obvious. Should the ignorance and obstinacy of the French prove exceedingly difficult to be subdued, it will be maintained in the teeth of facts and experience, that the experiment has succeeded, and no return will ever be made to the Right of Search. But if, on the other hand, the fury of the French prove, as is most likely, evanescent, while the convictions of the anti-slavery party in this country only grow stronger and stronger with time, why then the conclusion will be, that the new-fangled system has proved a failure, and that it would have been much better to persist, from the first, in standing on the old ways, to which we should be necessitated to return.

In the meanwhile every one who takes any interest in the subject is doubtless anxious to know what scheme is likely to be

hit on by the mixed commission, and whether, in their deliberations, its members are completely free, or act more or less under instructions. M. Guizot himself has already formed something like a plan, to which he darkly alludes in his communication to the Count St. Aulaire. To have explained the nature of it would have been imprudent; because, if the Duc de Broglie should by accident have fallen upon anything like the same project, it might, by ill-natured persons, be pretended that he had been prompted by M. Guizot. The secret, however, has to a certain extent transpired; we mean, as far as regards M. Guizot's idea; for what the mixed commission may in its wisdom think proper to recommend, we by no means affect to foresee. In the plan of the French foreign minister the Right of Search is still retained, but under certain conditions which, according to him, will render it unobjectionable, and, according to us, altogether ineffectual. He proposes that on board every British cruiser there should be a French officer, to whom should be delegated the delicate task of examining all suspected ships claiming the protection of the French flag; while on board the French cruisers there should be a British officer for the performance of a similar duty. We congratulate M. Guizot upon his invention. It argues a degree of simplicity and of confidence in human nature which we should scarcely have expected to find in its author. Truly M. Guizot is a far-seeing statesman! Nevertheless there occurs to us some little objections which may be urged against his plan. In the first place, how are we to be sure when a slaver with a French flag flying heaves in sight, that the aforesaid officer would always be in readiness to board her? It might be night, it might be blowing weather, he might be lazy, or he might be sick; and not being under the orders of a British commander, he might often make it a point of honour not to obey. In this way differences would arise which might terminate in serious quarrels, while the service would be utterly neglected. Again, a foreign naval officer placed even in the midst of the gentlemen who command our ships of war, would occupy no very enviable position. Our sailors, high and low, entertain an overweening contempt for the French, which they could scarcely be expected to get rid of all at once, because an officer belonging to that people was among them. Without intending any offence they would be perpetually saying things which would wound his feelings and humiliate his pride, so that, we will venture to affirm, every French officer, without exception, who should be

thus located on board of a British ship-of-war, would leave it ten times more than ever the enemy of England.

The situation of the British officer on board of a French ship would be infinitely worse. The insults given in the former case unintentionally would here be studied and contrived with exquisite malice. He would every day and hour of the day have to fight over again the battle of Waterloo; for, as the moth by some inexplicable fascination plunges into the splendours of the flame that threatens to consume it, so Frenchmen of all ranks and conditions are attracted towards the blighting glories of that field. No memorable name occurs so frequently in the debates of their Chambers, in the columns of their journals, in their conversation whether at home or abroad. It would seem as though they expected to efface the memory of that dire defeat by clamouring everlastingly about it, and inventing pretexts and reasons to explain away what took place. By this means they convert their own affliction into a general calamity. We could almost wish we had lost the battle, if haply in that case we could hope to hear no more about it. But success would only have moulded the national vanity into a different form, and boasting and exultation would have been made to perform the work which the thirst of revenge does now. Under these circumstances we should bestow our choicest pity on the wretched lieutenant who should under M. Guizot's system be condemned to do penance for his sins in the purgatory of a French ship-of-war. For our own part we would as soon be sent to the galleys at once. We say nothing now of the elements of French conversation, which the English gentleman would look upon with disgust, its impiety, its sensuality, its gross indecency. Imagine the conversation of such officers as M. Dupetit Thouars and his companions who flooded the Society Islands with their vices. But we forbear. Enough we trust has been said to show the utter absurdity of M. Guizot's project. It is to be hoped the mixed commission will have something better than this to propose, otherwise the enlightened and religious community of Great Britain will reject it with scorn. Even Lord Aberdeen, to whom M. Guizot communicates his ideas, could discover but little promise in them. With every disposition in the world to oblige the French minister, he felt that it would be beyond his power to render his plan palatable to the Parliament or people of England; and therefore it was that he felt himself bound in candour to declare that he had "hitherto seen no plan proposed which could safely

be adopted as a substitute for the Right of Search." We are glad his lordship could muster sufficient spirit to make this declaration, and that he and his colleagues still "hesitated" to fall into the trap laid for them by their friend M. Guizot.

Should any desperate scheme be proposed, it is easy to foresee what course ministers will pursue in their endeavours to mitigate the hostility of the public. They will avail themselves of the rash and unfounded admission made by certain philanthropists, that the Right of Search, instead of effecting the purpose which it was designed to effect, only multiplied the sufferings of the negroes and the number of the victims that annually fall a sacrifice to avarice.

But what then are those sufferings, and what is the number of the victims annually offered up to the Moloch of modern civilisation? Lord Palmerston, in one of the most eloquent and convincing speeches ever delivered within the walls of parliament, entered upon the whole topic towards the close of the last session. To that speech we refer our readers. We can neither reproduce its facts in full, nor imitate its eloquence. But we may remark in general terms, that the amount of human misery daily occasioned by the slave-trade, surpasses all conception and belief. We ourselves have seen a slave-caravan which, having probably consisted at the outset of several thousand men, women, and children, in good health, and with every prospect of long life before them, had dwindled down by degrees to a small number, of which only the pampered few, spared for the worst of purposes, retained either health or spirits when approaching the close of their odious pilgrimage. They had come from the heart of Africa, had traversed mountains, and deserts, and great rivers, and had left their track marked by bones and skeletons. In other parts of the continent, and under other slave-traders, the horrors of the march are far more fearful. The weak and the infirm are knocked on the head as they proceed, or left to perish of thirst and hunger, or to be devoured by wild beasts in the depths of the wilderness. In this way, it is said, in all the kafilas that descend to the western coasts, three out of four of the original number of slaves captured, perish by the way. Then follow the diabolical cruelties of the barracoons where the slaves are examined and sorted, the hale and hearty being delivered over to the captains of ships, to be transported across the Atlantic, while the weak are summarily disposed of by murder on the spot, or turned adrift to die of famine in the surrounding wastes.

The few inconsiderate philanthropists who

have given currency to the notion that the Right of Search multiplies the sufferings of the slave, only take of course into their account those who are actually shipped, amounting annually, it is said, to about 200,000, one-fourth of whom perish at sea. This is a frightful waste of human life, the guilt of which is not to be extenuated by any arguments or considerations whatsoever. But how much of the misery suffered in the transit is attributable to the Right of Search, to the build of the vessels constructed, not for room, but for speed, and to every other circumstance arising out of the fear of capture? We apprehend that it is nothing in comparison with that which must attend the transport of so many slaves under any circumstances. If the slavers were delivered to-morrow from all fear of cruisers, they would not be delivered from the fear of their prisoners. Manacles and chains, therefore, would not be dispensed with, neither would that crowding and severe confinement which at present occasion the most grievous tortures endured by the negroes. Neither would the miscreant traders be delivered from their own evil passions, from cruelty and lust of gold, and whatever else degrades and pollutes human nature. These causes would remain in full operation though Great Britain should withdraw her hand and suffer slavery to take its full swing. We are not, however, left to collect by inference what would be the internal state of slave-ships, supposing the traffic to be made completely free, since we can revert to the example of what it was when no restraint was put upon it, and from examination we find that the horrors of the middle passage were no way inferior to what they are at present. Those philanthropists, therefore, who disparage the Right of Search because it fails to produce all the good effects originally expected from it, are guilty of a great crime against humanity, because by supplying the advocates of slavery with arguments, they do much towards establishing a free traffic in human victims. Supposing, however, that the sufferings which the slaves endure at sea were to a certain extent augmented by the establishment of the Right of Search, no one pretends that it is answerable for the miseries inflicted on the captives upon their way to the sea coast. Yet these must far exceed the others in intensity and destructiveness, since, while the former are supposed to cut off only 50,000 souls a-year, the latter are fatal to at least six times that number.

But if we stop short here, the most important part of the subject must be overlooked; for unless it can be shown that the more obstacles you throw in the way of

any trade the more it flourishes, it must be confessed that the practice of the Right of Search wonderfully circumscribes the traffic in slaves, reducing it probably to one-sixth or one-eighth of what it would otherwise be. As it is, however, what numbers does it annually cost Africa? Little short of half-a-million, so that within the memory of man a number of human beings equal to the whole present population of the British empire in Europe has been cut off by the slave-trade. Surely, therefore, it is no exaggeration to say that all the crimes ever perpetrated by mankind from the creation of the world to this hour, cannot exceed in number or atrocity the crimes perpetrated by the slave-trade alone. Humane men are accustomed to talk of the ravages of war and of the annihilation of armies; but what are these compared with the ravages of the slave-trade? We shudder with horror as we follow in the page of the historian the devastating course of *Timûr*, who swept like a hurricane over the plains of Asia, overthrowing cities, massacring whole populations, and leaving the earth in the rear of his army one vast wilderness. The same feeling comes over us when we follow *Napoleon*, for a time the scourge of Europe, in his disastrous expedition against Russia with one of the largest armies that have ever taken the field in modern times, and when we behold that army defeated, pursued, cut to pieces, and its scattered fragments chased with profound humiliation, back to the country which had sent them forth on their unprincipled mission. Yet, the sacrifice, in either case, of human life, was probably inferior to that which is caused annually by the slave-trade. And in the instances to which we have adverted, there were the illusions of ambition, the blind thirst of conquest, the hurry and excitement of war, to colour, and, in some sort, to mitigate the calamities endured. But, in the case of the slave-trade, there is no passion concerned which can possibly cast a halo over the crime. The perpetrators repair to the scene of their villany, not ostentatiously, in great numbers, with waving banners, and sound of trumpet, and beat of drum, but secretly, few at a time, under false colours, and with every precaution which the systematic perpetrators of guilt are wont to take, in the hope of escaping detection. As the basest motives that can prompt human action are theirs, they find it impossible to attach even the most factitious glory to their calling. Highwaymen have been known to acquire a degree of notoriety, almost amounting to fame, and pirates and buccaneers have even glo-

ried in fighting under the black flag; but there is, we believe, no instance on record of a slaver's being proud of his achievements, no example of his coming forward and boasting of the number of victims he has consigned to hopeless servitude, or flung into the Atlantic, or caused to be butchered on the coast of Africa. As he derives his principles from the author and source of all evil, so he works, like him, in darkness, clandestinely, under the thickest mask that can possibly be supplied by hypocrisy and fraud.

Yet, to uphold a traffic carried on by miscreants such as we have described, and by such only, is France at present labouring might and main. The rabble of sophists by which the salons of her capital are peopled, and by which, chiefly, her press is conducted, endeavour, indeed, to impress a sort of national character on the agitation which they have been enabled to get up in favour of negro slavery. But their arts, though sufficiently subtle to delude the unreasoning multitude of France, can by no means shield them from the penetration of this country. We understand perfectly well, under the influence of what inspiration they write, whether they seek to avail themselves of the powerful sympathy of the United States, or labour to serve some popular prejudices in Spain, by the grossest misrepresentations of our principles and policy.

Under these circumstances, it is extremely difficult to foresee what will be the future course of France in reference to the Right of Search. When M. Guizot falls, by whom is he to be succeeded? and will that statesman, whoever he may be, prove more sagacious or more honest? The hopes of one party are centred in M. Thiers, who, on the subject of the Right of Search, neither knows his own mind, nor what is due to the honour of his country. It would be difficult to play a more disreputable part than has been played by this political impostor in connection with the very question under consideration. In the debates of the present year, while labouring to place himself in the most advantageous light in the eyes of France, M. Thiers was guilty of an act of hypocrisy so palpable, that nothing but the furious character of French disputation could have prevented its being detected and pointed out. He objected to M. Guizot, as a flagrant delinquency, the treaty of 1841, which he described as a great sacrifice made by France to England; and on his own side of the Chamber, this accusation was received with rapturous applause. But how stands the fact? When the idea of that treaty was first conceived, and during

the whole period in which it was negotiated, M. Thiers himself was minister, and directed every step that was taken. M. Guizot was but his agent, who originated nothing, but only executed, with more or less ability, the task confided to him by his present accuser.

This may be regarded as one of the most striking illustrations on record of the lax morality prevalent among French statesmen. They look upon the public business of the country merely as a stage, whereon they may display their powers of intrigue. It is not in their eyes a momentous concern, in which the happiness of many millions, and the hopes of future generations, are bound up. They do not approach it with that awful sense of responsibility with which a matter so vast would inspire men of integrity, but rush into it as into a great gambling transaction, in which they may personally be winners or losers to a considerable amount. Even Count Molé, the other rival of M. Guizot, and who seems to have a powerful party both in the Chambers and in the press, is not a jot less to seek for his moral principles than M. Thiers himself. He affects much gravity of demeanour, and exhibits occasionally a large share of political sagacity; but, nevertheless, there is nothing in his character which could enable us to determine what he would do under any given circumstances, which would be the case were he an honest man. Count Molé speaks cautiously, and throws a large amount of meaning into his phrases. He thoroughly understands, moreover, the personal history and private relations of all the statesmen around him, whether in or out of power, and can, therefore, when he thinks proper to strike, impart a tremendous force to his blows. But these, after all, are only the qualities of a great political gladiator. The only question for us, as Englishmen, to consider is, whether, if he were minister, our relations with France would thereby be placed on a better footing; and, considering the whole of his career, the measures of which he has been the author, the acts he has performed, and the acts which he might have performed but has not, we ought probably to come to the conclusion that we should gain nothing whatever by his elevation to power. Among the other notabilities of the day there is none to which we could point, or on which we could rely with any confidence. The Duc de Broglie has capacity, but appears to be wholly wanting in energy, the consciousness of which has generally placed him in secondary situations.

We must content ourselves, therefore, with regarding the political lottery of France with imperturbable *sang froid*, since who

falls or who rises is really at bottom matter of indifference to us. Not so with the proceedings of the mixed commission. These we must watch with the greatest solicitude and assiduity, since we unhappily have not ourselves a ministry upon whose honour or capacity we can place any reliance. With what projects the Duc de Broglie is big it would, of course, be folly to pretend with certainty to know, though the French journals, with that rage for penetrating into the future which always torments little minds, have pretended to divine and disclose his instructions. They have probably obtained some imperfect hint of the plan of M. Guizot, which we have already briefly sketched; and it is this they are endeavouring to describe when they talk of *mixed cruisers*. M. Guizot, like Sir Robert Peel, is pre-eminently fond of mystery, and loves, when he has found a mare's nest, to reserve as long as possible the pleasure of peeping into it himself. Still he has not been able to shroud his designs wholly in darkness. Some half word, some indiscreet confidence, has enabled the journalists to obtain a glimpse of his intentions, which, because they have seen them but in part, they distort and misrepresent most ludicrously. At the same time, M. Guizot is not above adopting an absurdity even from the columns of a public journal; so that if in their efforts at delineating his scheme the politicians of the press should throw out any suggestion which he might think feasible, he would immediately introduce it into his plan and call it his own.

Hitherto, however, it is quite clear to us that the French press remains in profound ignorance of the minister's real ideas. The notion of mixed crews appears perfectly monstrous to them, and yet it is a certain modification of this notion that M. Guizot means seriously to propose to Great Britain through the mouth of the Duc de Broglie. Whether, when he first hears it, Dr. Lushington will be able to keep his countenance, is more than we can say. He also, however, is a grave man, and may therefore accomplish that achievement; but should the scheme even so far proceed as to be laid before Parliament, we anticipate the most extraordinary outburst of merriment that ever shook the walls of St. Stephen's. M. Thiers, in speaking of the mixed commission, observed, that it could only transfer the centre of agitation from Paris to London, and give rise in our House of Commons to the most stormy debates. But if M. Guizot's plan were placed in all its naked deformity before Parliament, the indignation of the House and of the country would be stifled in inextinguishable laughter. Whether or not the

plan of twin cruisers has ever been seriously entertained by the French government, is more than we can say. All we know is, that it is by no means too ridiculous to be possible. M. Guizot is a strange man, and his head is filled with strange notions, and he takes of other statesmen and other nations the strangest views possible, bewildered probably by his experience of Lord Aberdeen and Sir Robert Peel.

But the Parisian journals appear to think that mischief would inevitably ensue from the endeavours to carry out such a system, because the seamen of the two countries being yoked as it were together, might, under circumstances quite conceivable, endeavour to pull different ways, and thus bring about a collision which might end in a war between the two countries. They have not yet fathomed, however, the power of endurance possessed by Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues, and are not aware of how great a weight of insult John Bull can bear on his shoulders when in the leading-strings of a cowardly cabinet. It is quite true that, naturally, the officers and seamen of England are bold, rough, and ready; not prone, indeed, to trample on the weak, and therefore not at all likely to quarrel with the French, while in strength and numbers they are obviously inferior, on the coast of Africa. But were the circumstances of the case changed, and the French rendered equal to them in numerical strength, they might possibly be provoked by impertinence to perpetrate some act which would compromise the pacific relations of the two countries. If they did, however, it would of course be in contravention of Lord Aberdeen's instructions. He would have them be tame, and submissive, and gentle as sucking doves. He has no belligerent qualities in his composition. He relishes the ease of a peaceful office, in which there are few or no duties to be performed which transcend the abilities of Mr. Addington or Mr. Hammond. It was for this reason that he consented to consider the insulting proposition of M. Guizot to retrace our steps in philanthropic legislation, and undo the most honourable acts of the Melbourne cabinet. We say the most honourable; for although that administration, composed of the ablest men in Christendom, performed many great and glorious services for this country, none of those services can transcend in honour or importance those which it rendered to the cause of humanity. Possibly—for there is no fathoming the jealousy of little men—Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues may be incited to abrogate the treaties on the Right of Search, because they were concluded by their predecessors, just

as they abandoned Afghanistan and the advantageous position we had won in Central Asia, for the same reason. We have, however, no desire to be unjust towards them, and, therefore, omit to determine respecting the character of their motives. But their acts are before us; and these, in whatever views they originated, are to the last degree paltry and pettifogging as far as regards the Right of Search.

It is never too late to reconsider the direction of a course which has not yet been accomplished, and it is by no means dishonourable to yield in any matter to the force of reason and argument. Had it consequently been shown, that in our desire to put down the slave-trade we were actuated by passion and prejudice, that justice was against us, that we were inflicting unnecessary suffering on humanity, and that we were alienating from us the affections of our best friends in the Christian world, it would have redounded infinitely to our credit to give way to such representations. The pure and good are ever ready to relinquish an enterprise in any respect inconsistent with the principles of equity and right feeling. But will any competent and dispassionate judge of what is fair and honourable in human transactions, maintain that it is the duty of reason to give way, when the happiness of millions is at stake, to the most vulgar of all prejudices; that it is the duty of common sense to yield to blind passion; that it is the duty of enlightened wisdom to quit the field before the onset of ignorance? Yet this is what M. Guizot and Lord Aberdeen are at this very moment endeavouring to compel Great Britain to do. They both admit, more or less frankly, that the French people are guided in their hostility to the Right of Search solely by prejudice; but M. Guizot pretends that this prejudice is unconquerable; and Lord Aberdeen apparently concedes, that to unconquerable prejudice, justice and reason, and whatever is most enlightened or sacred among mankind, ought to succumb. But in putting forward his countrymen's weakness and ignorance as a reason why we should act indulgently towards them, M. Guizot cannot divest himself of his propensity to sophisticate and play the hypocrite. For, not satisfied with urging upon Lord Aberdeen's attention the reason we have above stated, he proceeds to say that he has latterly become convinced, that the Right of Search has lost its efficaciousness, and that it would be very possible to substitute in its place something quite as good, if not better. But if the Right of Search be itself good for nothing, which it must be if it be *inefficacious*, then it certain-

ly would not be difficult to find a substitute for it, since any plan would be equal to that which was itself of no value.

But this is not precisely the point of view in which we consider M. Guizot's conduct most reprehensible. By admitting that the French are actuated by prejudice, M. Guizot, in effect, admits that they take a wrong view of the subject. Now the opinion which they put forward is, that the Right of Search, while it is injurious to the maritime interests of France, is likewise unproductive of benefit to the Africans for whose sake it is tolerated. In thinking thus, the French people, M. Guizot says, are guilty of prejudice; or, in other words, either do not understand the matter at all, or suffer their better knowledge to be overborne by their passion. This view of the matter is intelligible, and it is also quite conceivable that as a politician he should lament such a state of things, though he might not be able to improve it. But, instead of taking up this position, which upon the whole would be a dignified one, M. Guizot professes himself to be a prey to the very prejudice and ignorance which he objects to in his countrymen; for, he says, he also thinks that the Right of Search has ceased to be efficacious! In what then consists the difference between M. Guizot's opinions and the opinions of the most ignorant brawler in Paris? It will be admitted, probably, by both that the suppression of the slave-trade is desirable, but it will likewise be admitted that the Right of Search is not calculated to effect that suppression. We can perceive, therefore, no distinction between the notions of M. Guizot, and the notions of that vain multitude which he affects to compassionate, while he shares its worst weaknesses. But, perhaps, it may be said M. Guizot does not candidly state his own opinions in his letter to the Count St. Aulaire, designed expressly for publication. Perhaps that despatch may form part of the system so ingeniously described to the Chambers by M. de Morny, who observed, that if the government were constantly interfered with by the legislature, and compelled to publish its despatches, it would be under the necessity of framing *two different sets of diplomatic documents, one to be presented to the public, and the other to be really acted upon*. We dare say M. de Morny was not supposing a case, but describing a practice. We dare say, if he had thought proper, he could have given numerous examples of when and where the thing had been done, and we feel perfectly assured, that had he gone minutely into the subject, he must have mentioned the letter written by M. Guizot to M. St. Aulaire, on the subject of the mixed commission.

And it is all this political juggling that Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues undertake to countenance! It cannot, in their defence, be said that they do not comprehend the drift of the whole proceeding, that they do not correctly estimate the value of the sacrifice they are about to make to keep M. Guizot in office, because it is wholly impossible that on these points they should be ignorant. But we are quite ready to give them credit for not knowing, or not caring to believe the truth, that their concessions to M. Guizot are only calculated to precipitate his downfall. This is an idea which they will, of course, be slow to entertain, because it is deeply humiliating to their pride. Nevertheless, it will be beyond their power to sustain the man in office, because they cannot give him principle, or wisdom, or genius, or consistency with himself; and the persevering, though abortive attempts to accomplish this enterprise, will only relax still more their own hold on public opinion. It cannot, in fact, escape the country, that the Peel administration is making sacrifices of national honour to France. The same accusation, indeed, is preferred on the other side of the Channel against the Guizot cabinet; and the ministerial journalists in both countries bring forward this fact as a proof, that the charge originates in faction. But there is no force in this observation, unless it be maintained that it is wholly impossible that there should exist weak, and indolent, and profligate statesmen in France and England at the same time. For ourselves, we can discern no impossibility in the case; the breed of incapables is a prolific one, and, we fear, is not confined either to France or England.

At any rate, the anti-slavery party should be up and stirring. The Peel cabinet is a weak one, and if not kept in the right course by irresistible pressure from without, will inevitably fall into a wrong one. It has no sympathy with freedom, whether to be enjoyed by whites or blacks. It will babble about slave-grown sugar, because it has a sordid interest in the West Indies to protect; but it will wink at the kidnapping and enslavement of the negroes, who toil to produce that sugar, because it has an insolent and suspicious neighbour to conciliate. The Melbourne cabinet would have acted differently, would have constrained France to abide by the engagements into which she had entered, or accept the consequences. That cabinet would not have yielded in the smallest tittle to keep the Huguenot Jesuit in office, but would have forced him to avow like a man the honest convictions of his mind, or to retire like a man into honourable obscurity. As it is, shuffling and weakness on one side of the Channel beget shuffling and weakness on the other. M. Guizot dares not face the stubborn prejudices of France, because he has a back-door by which he hopes to escape from the struggle; while Lord Aberdeen consents to trample on the enlightened convictions of England because he beholds them accompanied by no energy or enthusiasm. We conjure the enemies of slavery to come forward and undeceive his lordship, and make him understand, that as a nation we are ready, if need be, to engage in war to-morrow with France in behalf of that humanity, which, more than any other country, she has oppressed and persecuted.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Die Lustspiele des Aristophanes. Übersetzt und erläutert von HIERONYMUS MÜLLER. Erster Band. Leipsic. 1843.

THERE are perhaps few classics who need translation so much as Aristophanes, as certainly there are few so difficult to translate. To understand the amazing quantity of witty allusion in those uproarious farces requires thorough knowledge of antiquity; whilst the extraordinary power of language—a power wilfully, wantonly abused by the poet—requires of course an equal mastery in the translator. But who has ever possessed that mastery?—who was ever so airy, delicate, and

luxurious, at the same time so capricious, boisterous, preposterous in the use and abuse of language?

Hieronymus Müller has certainly not that mastery, but he wields his own flexible language with unusual power. His translation is that of a profound scholar and admirable writer. The fidelity with which he has executed it has not interfered with the spirit; indeed, as we endeavoured on a former occasion to prove, fidelity is never likely so to interfere.

The advantages of having such a translation by one's side while reading that most curious of poets, need not be insisted on; and German is a

language now so generally studied that we shall be doing several of our readers a kindness in pointing out to them the existence of this work, since our own language has no substitute for it. The masterly paraphrases of Mr. Hookham Frere and Mr. Mitchell are often useless to any but the merely English reader, and they only comprise a small portion of Aristophanes. Herr Müller's version is to comprise the whole in three volumes: the first of these lies before us, and is preceded by a succinct but excellent history of the Grecian drama. When the publication is completed we may return to it in a more special manner.

Project for Transporting Laden Merchant Vessels by Railroad across the Isthmus of Suez. By Sir WILLIAM CORNWALLIS HARRIS. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1845. pp. 8.

THE distinguished author of this pamphlet was selected in 1830, by the Bombay government, to conduct a survey of the Isthmus, with a view to the execution of a navigable canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Subsequent political events caused the idea of the survey to be set aside, but Sir William had meanwhile diligently collected information on the subject, and on his return through Egypt from his Abyssinian mission, he applied his practised eye to scrutinize the engineering capabilities of the country between the Nile and the Gulf of Suez. Convinced, in common with all unprejudiced inquirers, of the perfect feasibility of an Egyptian railway, he now comes forward with an exceedingly ingenious plan whereby the utility of that work may be incalculably enhanced. The grand and peculiar excellence attributed to the system of water communication between the two seas is, that it would enable merchant vessels to pass from the one to the other *without discharging their cargoes*: Sir William undertakes to show that this most desirable condition may be fulfilled "at an infinitely less expense, by a much less complicated process, and in a very much briefer space of time than by a canal,"—in a word, by a railway.

"I propose," he says, "to construct a class of narrow steam-vessels, of about 800 tons burthen, suited for freight, and to transport them across the Isthmus of Suez upon trucks, by means of locomotive engines of adequate size and power. The vessel must be built upon the plan that will best serve to counteract any additional strain upon the sides

involved by removal from the water; and the cradle truck, upon which each will be placed during the transit, must be constructed with the same view. * * * At the terminus on the Nile, and at the head of the sea of Suez, an inclined plane must be run out, under suitable shelter, to a distance to admit of the steamers being readily hauled upon the rails. It might be carried into deep water at an inclination of one foot in forty or fifty, and a truck upon wheels sent down to it so as to be brought beneath the floating vessel. This truck must be cradle-shaped, and so constructed as to receive the shoulders of the vessel, and thus afford her adequate support when she rides high and dry. By means of a stationary engine both the vessel and the truck must then be drawn up the incline, so that the first, sinking upon the second, will be raised upon the railway along which it is to travel.

"The locomotive engine required to draw a laden vessel of 800 tons burden across the desert of Suez, need not possess above three times the power of those ordinarily used upon an English railway, and the increased disposable breadth for the machinery will render this power one of easy acquisition. The masts of the vessel must be so constructed as to fold over and lie flat, during the transit, in order to prevent any action of the wind upon them; and a moderate width between the rails will then be found sufficient. A station to admit of vessels on their trucks passing each other must be constructed in the centre of the line; and as the entire distance of eighty-four miles could be accomplished in six hours, communication between Suez and Cairo might be daily held each way upon a single line of rails.

"The expense that would attend the construction of such a railroad, with inclined planes, stationary and locomotive engines, carriages and trucks, may be estimated within a million sterling."

Communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, through the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Additional Observations by the Engineer, Signor GAETANO MORO. pp. 16. London. Ackermann. 1845.

THE author's "Report," which we noticed in our last number, having satisfactorily established the feasibility of a ship canal through the great American Isthmus, the present publication addresses itself to the question; What pecuniary advantages might reasonably be expected from the construction of that grand work? The answer given is such as ought surely to attract the earnest attention of capitalists.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, February 25th, 1845.

THE chronicle of our doings on this side of the Alps since Christmas, Mr. Editor, would, I fear me, afford but little to interest your purely literary readers. With you, in busy bustling England, gaieties and gravities go hand in hand. Life is found to be too short to devote any portion of it to the exclusive pursuit of one object. Thus in the high tide of your London season, Murray is by no means idle because Gunter is in full action. Colburn and Collinet run neck and neck. Brougham and Bunn make play at the same time. It is the harvest time of fashionable chapels and missionary societies, as well as of opera houses and concert rooms. The energies and amplitude of mighty London suffice for everything at once. Not so with us easy-going inhabitants of *la bella Italia*. 'One thing at a time,' is our principle; and the one thing to which the whole attention and energy of every soul in Italy from Christmas to Shrove-tide is devoted, is amusement, jollity, and carnival foolery of all sorts. Like the sailor, who expended the three wishes granted him on 'as much rum as ever he could drink, as much tobacco as ever he could smoke, and thirdly—why, a little more rum;' so we Florentines seem to bound our carnival wishes to as many balls as it is possible to dance through, as many suppers as it is possible to eat, and then—a few more balls. We have private balls and public balls, city balls and court balls, noble balls and snoble* balls, fancy balls and masked balls; to which may be added this winter (to the great disgust of those English wanderers who fancied that the *bel cielo d'Italia* knew no winter), *snow-balls*.

Well! *Dulce est desipere in loco*. And of all places for playing the fool in, commend me to the classic banks of Arno. And, believe me, our grave, beef-fed, sensible, Saxon countrymen, are by no means laggards in Folly's Carnival race. Far from it! Not a sallow-faced Signor of them all keeps his Carnival so religiously, so hard-workingly and unshakingly, as your Englishman in Italy. And if a prize of a model partner in silver were awarded, as it ought to be, to the young lady who had accomplished the greatest number of polkas, waltzes, cotillions, mazurkas and quadrilles during the Carnival, I would back some of our English lasses ten to one against all Italy. But Carnival once ended, the Italians and the English part company. 'One thing at a time' is, as we have said, the Italian's motto; and having eaten up his fat during Carnival, he fairly and honestly betakes himself to his lean during Lent. Not so our countrymen. Carnival is all very well; but Lent is popish superstition. So we

carry on our balls, flirtations and dissipations, nearly as hard as ever, while Italy does penance for her excesses.

I have not written to you, I think, since the flood. This is the era from which we calculate our dates now at Florence. Our Florentine flood, I mean, which occurred on the 3d of November, A.D. 1844. All the particulars of the disaster, as far as regards the consequences thereof, your readers have of course long since seen detailed in the newspapers; including sundry circumstances, of which those same monstrous London '*quid-nuncs*' gave us also the first intimation. Our attention here, however, has been more seriously occupied in considering the causes of the mischief, and the question is almost as difficult a one as it is interesting and important. In truth, the present state and progressive modifications of the condition of nearly all the great rivers of Italy, have for some time past been giving considerable uneasiness to men of science, and to the more enlightened among the rulers of the Peninsula. The subject becomes from day to day a more urgent and alarming one. The whole of the great valley of Lombardy is menaced by its dangerous inmate, the Po. At Ferrara, the ordinary level of the water in that river is said to be higher than the summit of the highest steeple in the city! And every passing season adds to the alarming evil. The immense quantity of earthy materials, which the river brings down with it from the hills and upper valley, and deposits in its channel during its passage across the plain of Lombardy, has been for centuries gradually raising the bed of the river; a change which has been met by the populations, through which it flows, by a proportionate embankment. The two operations have proceeded *pari passu* together, until the mighty and threatening stream may almost literally be said to be conveyed across the rich plains of Lombardy in an artificial conduit, raised above the surface of the country.

It is but too evident that this condition of things cannot continue indefinitely. And not a year passes, but partial breakages of the embankment, involving inundations more or less extensive and destructive, warn those, who think for the morrow as well as for to-day, that the period is not far distant, when some great and radical change in the circumstances of the river must be attempted, if Lombardy is to be saved from almost total inundation. It is, of course, clear enough *now*, that if a system of *dredging* had been pursued, instead of that of continually building up embankments, all would have been well. Various schemes have been suggested for the remedy of the mischief, all more or less attended by great and discouraging difficulties. But the evil is pressing, and increasing, and something must shortly be done.

Many other rivers of Italy are giving their neighbours cause for uneasiness, though none, perhaps, to the same degree, and certainly none of

* 'Snobili' is a classical Italian word, meaning the reverse of 'nobili'; and yet it is not the parent of our classical English 'snobs.' What a trap for the etymologists of a thousand years hence!

so mighty a power as the Po. The subject is an interesting one; but any satisfactory examination of it, or detail of the remedial plans that have been proposed, would lead me far beyond the limits of this letter. But there are some peculiar circumstances that complicate the question, as regards the Arno and its valley, which, as they are very curious, and have been recently occupying every one's attention here, I shall endeavour to explain to your readers in a few words.

From the Arno near Arezzo to the Tiber near Orvieto, stretches among the surrounding Apennines a low, flat valley, called the Val di Chiana. Now, the whole of this remarkable valley is so flat, so nearly level, that a very small matter—either a weir raised by art, or a deposit of earth brought down by a torrent from the adjacent hills—would be sufficient to cause its waters to drain off northwards into the Arno, or southwards into the Tiber, at the pleasure of man, or at the caprice of the elements. The waters of this district, therefore, which are very abundant, used to be nearly stagnant. The whole valley was a marsh, and the Val di Chiana was one of the most pestiferous of all the dominions of the foul fiend *Malaria*. Its waters ran partly into the Arno, and partly into the Tiber. And it is curious, that so far back as the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, orders were issued by the senate of Rome, in consequence of the city having suffered from inundations of the Tiber, that embankments should be raised in the Val di Chiana, so as to throw all its waters into the Arno. Upon which the municipality of Florence, and the inhabitants of the lower Val d'Arno, sent deputies with a petition to Rome, begging that they might not be exposed to the certain destruction by inundation, which would await them were such a plan carried into execution.

It is to be presumed that their remonstrances had the desired effect. For there is no reason to think that the operations of nature, with regard to the waters of the Val di Chiana, were in any way interfered with before the times of the Medici. Under the last of those princes extensive works were undertaken, with a view to guarantee Florence and the Val d'Arno from the frequently recurring inundations, caused in a great measure, or at all events aggravated, by the waters of the Chiana. A huge weir was erected under the superintendence of Dutch engineers, for the purpose of regulating and retarding at will the discharge of the Chiana into the Arno. For though there are no traces of any ancient works constructed for the purpose of changing the course of the Chiana waters, it is clear that in the course of ages great changes have taken place in the hydraulic conditions of this district. It should seem that the Chiana was once a river rising near Arezzo and flowing into the Tiber; now the majority of the waters of the valley are discharged into the Arno. The old road from Rome to Florence in the days of the Roman emperors—the *Via Cassia*—ran through this Val di Chiana, avoiding thus the ranges of the Apennine which the present road traverses; and it is clear that this road was passable towards the year 1000 of our era. The probability, therefore, is, that gradually the deposits of earthy matter which the Chiana dropped into its bed, in greater and greater quantities, as its stream, from the same cause, grew slower, at length

sufficed to block up its passage towards the Tiber entirely, to cause the whole valley of the Chiana to become a pestiferous marsh, no longer traversable by the road; and, finally, to throw its overflowing waters into the Arno. This was the state of things till towards the end of the last century. At that time the celebrated Fossombrone, who died but a few months since at Florence, a nonagenarian, was appointed, by the late grand duke, governor and manager of the Val di Chiana. In 1790, he published an octavo volume on the subject, containing an exceedingly interesting account of the former condition and successive modifications of the state of the Chiana and the Arno, and detailing his views of the measures to be adopted for reclaiming, and rendering salutary and productive, this hitherto pestilential district. In this enterprise he succeeded to an almost unhopd-for extent. The main feature of the operations adopted was briefly this:—by draining off the waters of the Chiana into the Arno *pure*, after they had by temporary detention been caused to deposit the earthy materials they carried with them, to raise the entire bottom of the valley, and thus to make the torrents themselves the means of reclaiming the lands they were destroying. Recently, a few years before the death of Fossombrone, other schemes of further reclamation and improvement, in which the grand duke was greatly interested, made it desirable to obtain for the main stream of the Chiana a greater fall, and more rapid course. With this view it was proposed to pull down, or at least considerably lower, the great dam that was built under the Medici. This Fossombrone most warmly opposed; predicting the inundation of Florence at no distant day as the certain result of such a measure. The question was eagerly disputed among the engineers and men of science; and eventually the opinion of the younger men prevailed. Old Fossombrone was deemed behind the present point reached by hydraulic science—old-fashioned in his notions—and a croaker, as old men are apt to be. It was decided to pull down a part of the old dam; and Fossombrone declared that he should thenceforth keep a boat on the first floor of his house in the Borgo Ognisanti in Florence.

Death came in time to save the nonagenarian engineer from the necessity of using his boat, and from seeing his prediction verified. But many of the inhabitants of the Borgo Ognisanti, which lies along the bank of the river, would have been very glad, last November, if they had followed the old man's example, and had boats ready in their houses; for the water was eight or ten feet deep in that street.

Under these circumstances it may easily be imagined how earnestly and eagerly the different views and arguments of the rival engineers are canvassed. Fossombrone's book has been republished. Counter statements have been put forth, and the question, a most important one to the future prosperity of Florence, is occupying the thoughts and conversation of all.

In the meantime, everything seems to indicate a degree of prosperity, which will every day more and more make fair Florence the foremost of Italian cities in the race of modern civilisation and progress. Material and moral improvement is on all hands the order of the day. New buildings are

rising rapidly within and without the city. New villas in addition to the already almost innumerable residences, which, crowning every eminence and vantage ground of the lovely environs, led Ariosto to declare that in his day the villas around Florence would make two Romes, are nestling themselves into each unoccupied nook of the hills whence a view of the incomparable Val d'Arno below may be obtained. One of the finest of the old villas has recently been purchased, together with the large estates belonging to it, by a countryman of ours, who intends to make it his residence. This is the celebrated Villa Salviati, the property of that turbulent family whose conspiracy against the Medici is one of the best known episodes of Florentine history. The fine old castle, which had become the property of the Borghese, who sold it to the present possessor, has in its day been the scene of many a transaction celebrated in Tuscan annals, and is rich in reminiscences and associations grave and gay, romantic and chivalresque. When the improvements external and internal, which the present proprietor is now engaged in executing shall be completed, it will assuredly be one of the finest residences in Italy.

Within the city we have new streets built, building, and projected in all directions. In one fine open quarter within the walls an entire new district is about to be created. A square is to be built larger than our boasted Belgrave square. It is probable that one of the stimulating causes of all this movement may be the now proximate probability of railroad communication from Calais to Marseilles; and the great additional influx of English and French which would unfailingly result therefrom. We have already a railroad open from Leghorn to Pisa, and the line thence to Florence is in the progress of construction; so that, ere long, the entire journey from London hither will be accomplished in four or five days entirely by railroad, with the exception of a few hours' steam-voyage from Dover to Calais, and from Marseilles to Leghorn. All this is only a little foretaste of what may and will be accomplished for Italian progress, improvement and civilisation, by that great nineteenth-century civilizer, railroad communication.

And now what have I to give you of literary gossip *proper*? But little, for the reasons set forth at the beginning of my letter. Cavaliere Inghirami's 'History of Tuscany' has been brought to its termination in fourteen post octavo volumes. This work, which has been its author's favourite occupation for several years since the completion of his great work on Etruscan Antiquities, has been, like that, printed at his own press, and published on his own account. So that he has been author, printer, and publisher of it. The Cavaliere Inghirami's reputation was raised deservedly high by his former work, entitled 'Monumenti Etruschi o di Etrusco Nome, disegnat, incisi, illustrati e publicati dal Cavaliere Francesco Inghirami.' It is admitted to be the best, most extensive, and most accurate work on the difficult and obscure, but highly interesting subject, which it treats. But we fear that the learned Cavaliere's history of his country is not calculated to place his reputation as a historian on a level with that which he has earned as an antiquary. Not that the work is otherwise than creditable and respectable—far from it.

It is the honestly and industriously executed work of a learned, conscientious, and laborious man. The Cavaliere had spared no pains in searching out and bringing together the materials of Tuscan history, and of these he has raised a huge, massive pile. But such an edifice as history should be elegant, delighting, symmetrical, critically beautiful—this he has not accomplished, nor apparently either attempted or conceived. In fact, is a deeply-learned and long-practised antiquary the most likely man to become a satisfactory and successful historian? It is to be feared not. It is to be anticipated that the acquisitiveness which has been educated into excessive development by the long habit of picking up and accumulating as treasures all sorts of odd scraps of fact and forgotten information, will have become so strong as to exclude criticism and judgment. The antiquary is omnivorous. The historian should be dainty, and of choice palate. Then the antiquary is but too apt to consider his work done precisely at the point where the true historian's should begin;—when facts and dates, that is, *have been* ascertained and collected, and are now to be reasoned on and reduced into their legitimate relative positions of cause and effect. Your readers, therefore, Mr. Editor, will know what to expect, and what not to hope for from our learned Cavaliere's history of Tuscany.

One other little bit of news is too curious, and too indicative (though but of straw-like importance) of the way in which the wind is blowing, and is likely to blow in this part of the world, for me to conclude this gossiping letter without communicating it. Eugene Sue's 'Juif Errant,' the successive volumes of which are pouring themselves in tens of thousands of copies and multitudes of editions, legitimate and pirated, over the four quarters of the globe and Polynesia, is a forbidden book in Italy. The first two volumes were permitted to come. But the church then took the alarm. The Jesuits, once again dear to Rome, felt the arrow in their vitals and cried aloud. So Rome growled forth its penny-trumpet thunder; and Tuscany obediently, as in the case of Nicolini's 'Arnaldo da Brescia,' prohibits the book. But the prohibition of 'Arnaldo' was followed by the sale of a large edition of the work; and the Tuscan government has forgotten to prohibit the 'Constitutionnel,' in whose *feuilleton* the 'Juif Errant' enters daily without molestation, let, or hindrance, and is daily read in every café and reading-room in Florence. Is it possible for Tuscany to speak its own wishes and tendencies on such subjects more plainly? Nor, as there is good reason to hope, is the time far distant when she will be able to follow the dictates of her own more enlightened sense in such matters, and lead rather than follow the steps of the most benighted portion, not of Italy only, but of Europe.

TURIN, Feb. 19th, 1845.

SIR,

In the Foreign Correspondence of your 'Review' (Jan. 1845), I observed the following words respecting my book 'Delle Speranze d'Italia.' 'The first remarkable circumstance at

tending the publication of Signor Balbo's book is, that it is not prohibited in the dominions of the King of Sardinia.' The writer was ill-informed. The book was, and is, so far prohibited here, that it is neither publicly sold nor advertised, nor can it be otherwise obtained than upon an application in writing or as it is here called *sotto cautela*. In short, my book is tolerated here in the same way, as the very facts produced by your correspondent prove, that it is or was tolerated in Tuscany, in the same way that Niccolini's 'Arnaldo' was tolerated there; and as he is permitted to live peaceably there, so am I here.

All who know my social position, and I may say my personal character, must be aware likewise, that I am not exactly the man to write a book either at the command or suggestion of another. And yet, if an Italian prince had commanded such a book as mine, very willingly would I have written it, but I would have acknowledged that I had written it at his command; and I believe many millions of Italians would have rejoiced that an Italian prince had thus declared himself willing to prepare the day of independence in the way pointed out by me; that is, treading the path of universal progress, and always walking therein before the foreign ruler, and not fearing to continue in those paths as far as political liberty. But unfortunately, such was not the case, and my book was neither commanded nor suggested, but merely tolerated. It is, however, the first serious publication on the present political condition of Italy that has been written in this country since the year 1814, by an author continuing to reside here. I know not whether this be creditable to the author tolerated, but it certainly does honour to the prince who tolerates him.

Nor did I, in my book, propose this or any other prince to Italy as the 'Captain of her hopes.'

Neither I nor any author, however superior to me, could have the authority so to do. Public opinion alone could make such a proposal or declaration, and I doubt not that it will do so, to the immortal glory of whichever of our princes boldly takes the lead in the path which I pointed out, but which all perceive. But here I will venture further than I did in my book: I will confess my earnest desire that the King of Sardinia may be the one who takes the lead of all the rest, both because he is my sovereign, and because he is better placed for so doing than any other. And to accomplish this desire, I would willingly give not only my poor and often wrongly interpreted words, but the last drop of my blood and that of my six children.

Sir, my book, of which (in spite of the difficulties it has encountered from opposite quarters) nearly 3000 copies are circulating in Italy, could be neither criticised nor mentioned in the Italian papers. Several of my countrymen residing out of Italy have there attacked me harshly, less for what I said than for what I did not say, and even for what I did say in quite a contrary sense. I am grateful for the former criticisms; sincere discussion is useful to our country, and one of my aims was to excite it. I should perhaps have answered the other criticisms in the same periodicals, in order to prove their inaccuracy; but some of the latter were not worth the trouble, and others have the bad habit of not admitting discussions on the articles they have published. But your review is serious and important throughout all Europe; and British habits and honour make me hope that you will not refuse a place to my answer, which cannot appear in any of the publications of my country. With this hope,

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your most obliged servant,

COUNT CESARE BALBO.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Political Refugees in Belgium.—The new "Confession of Faith," which Freiligrath has made by the act of withdrawing across the frontier, has, it is supposed, given more offence at Berlin than his previous one in print. Whether he really had any cause for apprehension, may be questioned: but, considering the fate of some political offenders in Germany, it is not surprising that he has thought it best to be on the safe side of the border. The number of refugees residing here has greatly diminished of late, notwithstanding the hospitality exercised towards them—for Belgium, small as its revenues are, has extended to these helpless people the same support as its wealthy neighbours, England and France. Since the amnesty published at his coronation by the Emperor of Austria, most of the Italians have returned home.

Among the few that have preferred remaining, are Count Arivabene, Signor Cebritt, and the Abbé Gioberti, who has lately become celebrated for his work on religious ethics, 'Del primato morale e civile degli Italiani,' published at Brussels; for he had been compelled to preach his fiery political 'Evangile' in a foreign land. His writings have been prohibited in Italy, but they are not the less eagerly disseminated, for, in this instance, they are passed from hand to hand under the protecting mantle of the church. The object of his aspirations is no less a one than a union of all Italy, under the dominion of the Papal Chair. Rome, as the ally of Austria, must, of course, officially condemn such a doctrine; but Rome, once the seat of Gregory VII., and, up to this hour, the centre of the most diligent and far-reaching Propaganda, is in her

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THE

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. LXX.

FOR JULY, 1845.

ART. I.—*Histoire des Comtes de Flandre, jusqu'à l'avènement de la Maison de Bourgogne.* (History of the Counts of Flanders to the Accession of the House of Burgundy.) Par EDOUARD LE GLAY, Ancien Elève de l'Ecole Royale des Chartes, Conservateur-Adjoint des Archives de Flandre à Lille. 2 vols. Paris. 1843.

IN commencing a notice of even the most unpretending historical work of a foreign writer, an English critic cannot but feel embarrassed by a recollection of the decline, or rather death, of history, as well as of most of the other higher branches of literature, in our own country. Disregarding, as we must if our present remarks are to be proceeded with at all, this unpleasant consciousness, we refer to it only for the purpose of calling attention to one or two of the causes which may account for our undeniable inferiority in this respect to our French and German neighbours: not that we see any chance of removing them, but because it is desirable to provide our countrymen with legitimate excuses for their deficiencies. The most general cause of the decline of literature is probably to be found in the extreme cheapness, which not only makes it impossible for publishers to remunerate any but the lightest and most amusing writers adequately, but supplies the indiscriminate appetite of the public with a vast mass of food in which it is wholly incapable of distinguishing for itself the wholesome and nutritious portions. When books were few and dear, those who bought them were often guided in their choice by those who understood them; but all persons can judge of a

half-crown volume, or a book for a book-club. Still, cheapness of books is in all other respects a good thing; and if it were not it cannot be helped. This, however, is one of the excuses of English authors. Another applies more particularly to books of abstract reasoning, and to poetry. We believe there are, at most, two poets of the present day whose works command *any* price from a publisher; one of them, nevertheless, being known and admired by all the remaining readers of poetry in England. We do not believe that any metaphysical, logical, or political treatise, would pay the expenses of publishing. If Locke, and Berkeley, and Adam Smith were at this moment ready and willing to instruct the world, we believe that every publisher in London would be compelled, by regard to his own interest, to refuse to become the medium of instruction. This result, too, seems unavoidable—readers have become a larger and, therefore, a busier and less instructed class. The opinion of their intellectual superiors daily loses in weight, and the majority, who perhaps care for poetry and philosophy neither more nor less than the same class in former times, have become the ruling body in the world of literature. The publisher would lose his best customers by publishing dear books. The author who writes for the few cannot afford to write cheap books. Hereafter, the taste of the great body of readers may possibly be raised; but, in the meantime, the evil must be submitted to. Authors, since the death of patronage, necessarily depend on publishers, and publishers as necessarily on readers: that authors of the higher orders are now probably worse remunerated than at any period since the Restoration is their

misfortune, and much more the misfortune of the public. We do not believe that the 'Paradise Lost' would now be valued at so large a sum as at the time it was written; but certainly publishers are not in fault. They are quite right in preferring tales in monthly numbers, sermons, and illuminated magazines, to unprofitable speculations in solid and enduring literature. If the body called the public wanted wise books, sooner or later wise books would be written for it.

There is, however, one important exception to the general want of interest in literature. We believe the discerning public has a growing taste for history. Memoirs and letters of all kinds, and even translations of foreign historical works, are among the most popular publications of the time. There is no study more wholesome or more useful, especially to a nation of politicians; yet how little has been done to meet it. Mr. Alison's history, embracing the most immediately interesting of all periods, has acquired popularity alike by its merits and its defects; Dr. Thirlwall's 'History of Greece' has been fully appreciated by scholars; and the more congenial subject of Roman history has acquired through Dr. Arnold a wider circle of readers; but in the more immediate business of Englishmen, the history of their own country, there seems to be an entire stagnation. Mr. Hallam's histories have been published, we believe, more than twenty years; and even the little which Mackintosh added to our literature, belongs to another generation. It is universally admitted, that not only the general history of England, but that of almost every separate period, still remains to be written. Yet we have heard of no rising historians, and one cause of the deficiency, at least, appears to us plain, though we suggest no means of removing it. The study of history for the purpose of writing history, is a profession to occupy a life; and the historian requires a fixed position during the continuance of his labours, as well as a reward when he has completed them. It is as necessary to possess a technical knowledge of manuscripts, records, and public documents, as to have judgment to understand events, and genius to reproduce them in narrative. Even poetry, even philosophy, though they may strain the intellect more strongly, require less continuousness of labour; for the vast abundance of materials in modern times has produced the same change in the duties of a historian, as the accumulation of statutes and cases in the qualifications of a judge. Neither office can now fitly be held by a layman—the labour necessary to attain one position is perhaps equal to that required for

the other—the standard of natural ability is much higher for the historian than the judge. Now let it be observed what temptation is offered to embrace the more arduous career. In the whole of England there are two historical professorships of 400*l.* a year, one at either university. This is, with the exception of two or three miserable pensions, the whole provision furnished by this country for the maintenance of historical learning—we might almost say, of learning of any kind. The college endowments of the universities succeed admirably in producing the groundwork of knowledge, but the short period for which they are generally held is a direct inducement to select any other pursuit rather than that of literary study for advancement in the world. We do not much regret the absence of great rewards. A moderate inducement will keep a historian or a philosopher in the path to which his genius leads him; but he ought not to be called upon to sacrifice all prospect of advancement in life. At present he will find no provision, and, unless he is popular, no reward. The prospects of literary men have gradually been darkening since the time when the national reverence for genius was expressed in the regard shown to it by statesmen, when it was popular to make Addison a minister, and Prior an ambassador. The Church remained to them long; but popular feeling has declared conclusively against a learned clergy. The revenues will henceforth be associated to active duties, and we fear that Mr. Milman will be the last Prebendary of Westminster who will add to the literature of England. Nor are the indirect advantages of learning greater than its pecuniary rewards. In Germany the university professors alone are, perhaps, the most influential body in the nation; and from them are selected many of the highest judicial and administrative officers. In France it is enough to say that M. de Barante is a peer of France, that M. Guizot and M. de Salvandy are in the cabinet, that M. Villemain has recently left it, and that M. Thiers is the leader of opposition. Most of these statesmen have been university professors, all have been eminent writers. They passed their youth in thought and study, and their country thinks them worthy in their mature years of serving and ruling it. In England, they would have had pensions of 200*l.* a year each, if in want: and would have had condescending invitations to aristocratic dinners, if their manners were agreeable. We repeat that we speak not on behalf of literary or historical writers, but on behalf of readers, and it may be reviewers. Let us, if we like, do without great

writers, but let us be fully aware that our offers to them are smaller, and our treatment of them less respectful, than at any former period in this country but our own. We give the highest rewards in the world for mechanical skill, and we obtain the most skilful mechanics in the world; we give no rewards to learning, and learned men are rare among us. With this contrast we turn to M. Le Glay, whom we have too long neglected.

Almost every historical work is useful, and M. Le Glay's is both useful and creditable. The subject is interesting to all—to Belgians especially, as it forms an introduction to their national history; and the author has shown commendable diligence in collecting his material from many scattered sources in chronicles and voluminous publications, with further illustrations from the documents to which he has access, as conservator of the archives of Flanders at Lille. We cannot place his work among the higher class of histories, for he seems to us deficient both in comprehensiveness of view, and in harmony of composition. He neither masters his subject from above, nor throws himself unreservedly into the current of events, but vacillates between the character of a judge and that of a witness. There are two opposite modes in which the account of a remote age may be written, corresponding to the so-called subjective and objective schools of history. The writer may retain his actual position of calm and impartial criticism, judging the events and characters before him, not merely by the standard of the time to which they belonged, but with the additional light of subsequent experience and fuller knowledge. Summing up the simple facts as they have impressed themselves on his mind, with the deliberate estimate which he has formed of their bearing, he may be called a judicial or subjective historian. A more imaginative mind will naturally attempt to realize the original spirit and form of the period which the writer describes. After imbuing himself with the feelings and associations of the age which he is to delineate, the objective historian will apply no less care and industry than the calmest critic to the weighing of evidence and investigation of doubtful facts; but when he is ready with his story he will tell it as a witness, and leave his hearers to judge of the tendency. His colouring will be more vivid, his figures more solid, and his art will bridge over or conceal the gulf which separates us from distant times. 'It is of little importance,' says M. de Barante, in the admirable essay on historical composition prefixed to his *Histoire des Ducs de*

Bourgogne'—'it matters little to the reader what impressions the events I relate produce on me; but it is highly important that he should know how they were regarded by those who witnessed them.' We confess, however, that we think something further necessary. The reader ought to be told not only what his ancestors or their contemporaries thought, but what he ought to think of their thoughts, and the historian who understands their thoughts should teach him. Among recent historians, Barante himself is generally considered the most successful writer of the objective school; though a part of the result which he proposes to himself has, perhaps, been more fully realized by Scott in his novels, which, no doubt, gave rise to Sismondi's scheme of filling up the defects of a grave history by the supplement of a dull romance. Hume, with his natural and acquired incapacity to appreciate the middle ages, and his singular sagacity in apprehending the motives which in his own time influenced human conduct, may divide with Voltaire the credit of having introduced the subjective method of writing history; which has since been parodied by Mitford, and has nowhere been more fairly and advantageously applied than by Schlosser. Historical essayists and critics, such as Guizot and Hallam, or discoverers, like Niebuhr, are generally classed under the same denomination. It is difficult to find a classification for Carlyle's living and richly coloured pictures, in their peculiar frame-work of irony. His imaginative representation is purely objective, but the undercurrent of humour incessantly recalls the writer to mind. To a great extent he has exemplified the two great requisites of history, reality in the picture and sincerity in the painter. But his secret for reconciling difficulties, the irony which is founded on duality and opposition, cannot be, and ought not to be, an ordinary method for historians.

Writers who, like M. Le Glay, have no peculiar genius for composition, are always liable to fall, like him, into the error of writing of a former time, neither as men of that time nor as men of the present day. Sometimes he utters commonplaces founded on modern views of the growth of trade and of municipal freedom; but his commonplaces are more often mediæval. His warlike counts, after a life of aggression and violence, become as amiable in his eyes as in those of his monkish authorities, when old age leads them to found monasteries and churches, and approaching death reminds them, that as they can use their goods no longer, it may be as well to leave them to the poor.

In almost every chapter of the book we see traces of the opinions of different writers and different ages, unharmonized by the critical and final judgment which should be pronounced by the modern historian. Crusades are praised, because they seemed praiseworthy to the twelfth century; commercial regulations and guilds, because the fourteenth century approved of them; but there is a sufficient mixture of modern reflection to remind us, that we might expect something more than a translated chronicle, and that a writer not possessed by the spirit of the middle ages is not bound to reproduce their prejudices. Detrimental, however, as scraps and patches of a foreign material are to every composition, some of his literal extracts from old chronicles, especially a fragment of a warlike legend, called 'Ralph of Cambrai,' are in themselves extremely interesting; and on the whole, the book, as we have said before, is useful, and a second-rate history can hardly fail to be more than even a sound criticism upon it.

Although the counts of Flanders never aspired to complete feudal independence, none of the great fiefs of Europe can compare with their dominions in historical importance, or in the duration of their separate existence. In the eleventh century, their territories equalled the immediate dominions of the French king in extent, and far surpassed them in population and wealth; and long afterwards, when Champagne, Normandy and Brittany had become parts of the royal domain, and the provinces to the south of the Loire had either been torn from the Empire, or converted from dependencies into provinces of France, the Flemish provinces retained a distinct national character as possessions of Spain and Austria, till they became, for the first time, nominally independent, by the formation of the kingdom of the Netherlands. It is in a great measure to the early civilisation and vigorous character of the people, that this peculiarity is to be attributed, although, in the earliest period, their greatness in some degree depended on the vigour and capacity of their counts; but there are few, even of the greater states of Europe, which have kept together so entirely by organic national unity, uninfluenced by the marriages or enterprises of their princes. As Lorraine, or Lotharingen, was the country of Lothar, so Prussia is the offspring of the arms and policy of Hohenzollern, and Austria of the marriages of the arch-ducal and imperial family. The connection between Brandenburg and the Lower Rhine, or between Bohemia and the Tyrol, is no other in its origin than that which unites Grosvenor-square and Covent-garden, re-

spectively, to Eaton and Woburn. The great properties have been brought together by great proprietors; but Flanders had an existence of its own. Neither the union of the neighbouring provinces under the same princes, nor their occasional separation, materially affected its prosperity. The Flemings outgrew the control of their counts, and resisted the cohesive pressure of the house of Burgundy. They passed, under Charles V., into the Spanish monarchy, as a distinct possession, and 200 years afterwards were transferred to Austria with little effect on themselves. It is, perhaps, to be regretted, that national distinctions have prevented them from uniting, either in the time of Philip II., or in our own age, with their northern neighbours, into a great lowland state, which would have united the manufacturing skill of Flanders and Brabant to the commercial energy of Holland, and combined the Manchester with the Liverpool of the Continent.

The house of Flanders, like the Plantagenets of Anjou, derived its origin from the *waldgraves*, woodreeves, or foresters, who administered the power of the Frank monarchs in some of their provinces,—officers, perhaps, identical with the *missi*, or legates of Charlemagne. Baldwin of the Iron Arm, who had succeeded his father, Ingelram, as governor of the northern provinces of Gaul, under Charles the Bald, having been secretly married to Judith, daughter of Charles and widow of King Ethelbald of England, was after an interval of hostility reconciled to the King, and received from him the government of a district extending from the Somme to the mouth of the Scheldt, with the character of Markgrave of the Flemings, a title which implies the duty of defending the frontier of the kingdom against an enemy more distinct from the inhabitants in race than the Franks of Lorraine and of the Rhine.* The empire of Charlemagne was still considered, in many respects, as a whole, notwithstanding its division among the princes of his family, and the increasing difference of language and character between the Eastern and Western Franks. At the treaty of Verdun, in 843, the bound-

* The Eastern frontier of Germany was protected against the Slavonic nations by markgraves, but it was not till long afterwards that similar officers were established against France. The corresponding French title of *marquis* was, as is known, introduced into England at a late period; but the lords of the Welsh Marches are called *marchioness* as early as Henry III.'s reign, and their office exactly corresponded to that of the markgraves appointed by the German kings. Bacon somewhere calls the Markgrave of Baden, 'Marquis of Bath.'

ary of the western kingdom assigned to Charles the Bald, was drawn along the Scheldt, and the purely German population of Flanders were cut off from Germany, while all the remaining part of the Low Countries, including the Gallic and Romanised inhabitants of Hainault and South Brabant, fell either directly, or after the extinction of the independence of Lorraine, to the share of the German kings. The line which at present marks the division of Flemish and Walloon, that is, of German and French, is drawn, according to 'Murray's Handbook,' nearly due east from the Lys, at Menin, passing a little south of Brussels and Louvain, to the Meuse, between Maastricht and Liège; and although the boundary of the two nations may have advanced somewhat northward in the course of ages, the direction in which it was drawn in the eighth century, probably intersected the arbitrary frontier formed by the Scheldt, as in the present day, at nearly a right angle. As long as the sovereignty of both kingdoms remained in the Low-German house of Pepin, it might, perhaps, be indifferent to the Flemings, whether their allegiance was paid to the throne of Rheims or to that of Aix-la-Chapelle; and the virtual independence of their counts or marquises during the troubles of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, was furthered by the weakness of their nominal sovereigns in comparison with the emperors of the Romans. But when the power of France began to unfold itself, the importance of the feudal relation arising from the treaty of Verdun was fully felt in Flanders. Notwithstanding the absorption of the kingdom of Lorraine into the Empire, and the temporary re-union of Charlemagne's empire under Charles the Fat, the boundary of the Western Franks, as fixed at Verdun, was never afterwards disturbed; and the German prince of a German people was, from an early period, reckoned as one of the peers of France, and was consequently exposed to all the encroachments which an ambitious sovereign had always pretexts for making on the power of his vassals.

During a long interval, however, as we have said, the successors of Baldwin were, in all essential points, independent. Their rank of marquises or wardens of the marches must, we suppose, be referred to the duty imposed upon them of guarding the coasts and rivers of the Netherlands against the Norman marauders. The reign of the second marquis, Baldwin the Bald, so called in honour of his grandfather, King Charles, was almost wholly occupied in conflicts with the invaders, generally with loss, but accompanied by the contingent advantage of con-

centrating the population of the country in walled towns, which afterwards became the centres of the national strength and opulence. The original capital of Flanders, Bruges, was fortified against the Normans by the first Baldwin, and many of the abbeys which afterwards formed cities around them owe their origin to the same period. The northern pirates were followed by a still more formidable enemy, the savage Hungarians of the East, and in these wars a succession of warlike chieftains, Baldwins and Arnulfs, sustained themselves with varying success, till the end of the migrations of the barbarians. In the intervals of the troubles, and after their cessation, they also took an active part in the disputed successions of the later Carlovingian kings, whom from regard to their own descent from Charlemagne they generally supported against the dukes of France of the house of Capet. The kings of Germany were more formidable allies or enemies. Otho the Great was followed by Arnulf, as a vassal, to the siege of Rouen, and afterwards took from him a district including Ghent, where he appointed a governor of his own. In the eleventh century we find two successive Baldwins at war with the emperors Henry II. and Henry III., and in each case the war is ended by the submission of the Marquis of the Flemings, and his acquisition of territories to be held as fiefs of the empire. It was in this manner that imperial Flanders was formed on the right bank of the Scheldt; and from this time forward the emperors had a claim to the allegiance of the counts, of the same nature as that which connected them with France; but far the more valuable portion of their territories was held under the French sovereignty, and the diversion of the attention of the emperors to the affairs of Italy, even before the decline of their power, relaxed the ties which united their vassals to them, while the royal authority in France was steadily concentrating itself and increasing.

The possessions of the first Baldwin, which had been divided at his death, were for a short time reunited by the marriage of Baldwin of Mons, sixth of his name, and brother-in-law of William the Conqueror, with Richilde, Countess of Hainault; but at his death, in 1071, a struggle for the guardianship of his son, between the widowed Countess, supported by her Walloon countrymen, and Robert of Friesland, Baldwin's younger brother, who held imperial Flanders in his own right, led to the establishment of Robert in the marquisate of the Flemings, while the descendants of Baldwin were compelled to content themselves

with Hainault. Robert II., son of the Frieslander, was the last Count of Flanders who assumed the title of marquis. The foreign invaders had long since conquered the territories for themselves, and taken rank among the established principalities of Europe: and perhaps the familiar title of 'Count' or 'Graff' was more expressive of personal and hereditary rank, than the official and significant designation of 'Mark-graf,' or Count of the Marches. The new field of ambition which about this time opened itself to the princes of Europe in the crusades, offered peculiar attractions to the warlike and wealthy counts of Flanders. From the first siege of Jerusalem, in which Robert II. took an active part, till the establishment, a century later, of Baldwin on the throne of the East, few of the descendants of Robert of Friesland failed to visit the Holy Land as pilgrims or crusaders. The personal distinction which they acquired was the principal result of their toil and danger: but the prosperity of their dominions seems to have been little affected by the frequent absences of the princes and their nobles. The indirect influence of the crusades on their comparative greatness, by the consequent elevation of kingly power in France, was of far more vital importance. The first faint symptoms of the future dependence of the counts upon their nominal sovereigns appeared soon after the return of Robert II. from the first crusade. Louis VI. of France, commonly called the Fat, was relieved, by the departure of many of the great barons, from rivals and enemies, who almost confined him to the walls of Paris. Some mortgaged their lands, some left their children orphans. The Lord of Montlhery, who commanded the road to Orleans, gave his daughter to the king's son, with the tower for her dowry, which Philip I. had spent his life in watching and fearing.* The king was the general reversioner, in virtue of claims, which had, perhaps, been uncontested only because they were hitherto nominal. For more than a century the Flemish marquises had entered into few relations, either of alliance or enmity, with the powerless Parisian kings; but, in 1111, Robert II. assisted Louis the Fat in an expedition against Normandy, undertaken under the pretext of supporting William, son of Duke Robert, against his Uncle, Henry I. of England. It cost the Normans little exertion to repel the invasion; but the

share which Robert took in the war is remarkable on account of the change of relations which it indicates. M. Le Glay has fallen into a common error as to the ground of his hostility to Henry I., which we notice the more, as he has in many cases, as it seems to us, paid too little attention to the nature of the feudal bond. Even in a detailed account of the homage done, in 1305, by Robert of Bethune to Philip the Fair, he recounts the ordinary circumstances of the ceremony in such detail, that it seems as if he attaches undue importance to the use, in one particular case, of forms which were equally required of all vassals, of the King of England when he did homage to his French rival for Guyenne, or of the French king's son when he received the investiture of Dauphiné from the emperor. Even in the mere formalities, moreover, he has fallen into the error of making the lord put his hands between those of the vassal, instead of the converse position.

Baldwin, in consideration of the supplies which he furnished to his son-in-law, William the Conqueror, for the invasion of England, had received a pension of 500 marks, which was afterwards continued by the kings of England to his successors. M. Le Glay, copying the earlier historians, alleges, that when Robert II. demanded the payment of this pension, he was answered by Henry I. that England was too great to be tributary to Flanders, and says that the count supported the cause of the French king in revenge. It must be admitted that the story rests on plausible authority, and that Henry's reply is so natural, that it is only surprising that it should not have been anticipated by his father or his brother, little as either of them was disposed to undervalue his position as the most powerful monarch of his time. It is remarkable, however, that this very anecdote has been selected by Rymer, as a specimen of the value of his great collection of records in the exposure of established fictions, and that the first page of the '*Fœdera*' contains a refutation of it, in the form of the original agreement made with King Henry by Robert II. on his return from the crusade in 1101. Indeed, we believe that a little consideration would have led a historian to the conclusion, that a money payment made by one potentate to another was not likely, according to the notions of the eleventh century, to assume the form of a tribute, or to imply the superiority of the receiver to the payer. The terms of benefice and service were reciprocal, the grant proceeding from the lord, the military or civil service accruing from the feudatory. First came the fief or fee in

* See 'Michelet,' vol. ii, who quotes from Suger, 'Vit. Lud. Grossi,' the advice of Philip to his son: Age, fili, serve excubans turrem cujus devectione penè consenui, cujus dolo et fraudulenta nequitia nunquam pacem bonam et quietam habere potui.

land, money, or office, and thence arose the obligation of the holder to swear obedience to the giver. It was only by establishing a relation of feudal superiority to his grantee, that the payer of a pension could secure the performance of the conditions which induced him to make the donation.

In the case of England and Flanders it is not necessary to speculate on the nature of the transaction. The treaty contains an agreement that the count shall do homage to the king for a fee (*feodum*) of 400 marks yearly, saving his allegiance to the King of the French. The count is to serve the king in all his wars in person, and with 500 men, except against France. If the King of France calls on the count to invade England, he shall dissuade him from the attempt; and if compelled to follow him, he shall do so with as small a power as possible, and injure his lord the king of England (*dominum de quo feodum tenet*) as little as circumstances will permit. In a renewal of the treaty, in 1103, there is a further exception saving also the Count's allegiance to the Emperor of the Romans, who had probably been passed over in the former agreement, in consequence of the hostilities which arose about that time between Count Robert and Henry IV. of Germany.

Nor is it true, as M. Le Glay seems to infer, that the payment of the pension or subsidy from England ceased in the time of Henry I. In 1163, a similar agreement appears between Henry II. on one side, and Count Theodoric, Dietrich, or Thierry, and his son Philip on the other, with the important addition of a guarantee for its execution, by the recognition of the principal barons of Flanders that they are liege men (*ligii homines*) of the king. It is, no doubt, the same payment which, so late as 1248, occasions an arrangement by which Thomas of Savoy, the widowed husband of Countess Jane, does homage to Henry III. on behalf of Jane's sister and successor, Countess Margaret.

It is true, that the superiority of the grantor of the fief was in some cases only formal. Many causes affected the relation of lord and vassal, as well as their comparative power; especially their tenure by the same vassal of other fiefs either more valuable in themselves, or more liable to effectual forfeiture. The nearest modern analogy is supplied by the kindred relation of landlord and tenant. The landlord is, as a general rule, in a more favourable condition and in the position of a superior; but it often happens that the tenant is in fact more independent, or that he holds from another landlord more valuable lands; or, as it sometimes happened

with lord and vassal, the same persons may stand to each other at the same time both in the relation of landlord and tenant. A curious instance of the possible confusion of relations arising from the practice of subinfeudation, happened in the case of the Countess Margaret whom we have just mentioned, in 1254. William, Count of Holland, held Zealand under the counts of Flanders, who had received that province as a fief of the Empire from Henry II., in 1007. By his election as King of the Romans, William became entitled to homage from Margaret without escaping the obligation of paying her homage as undertenant of the same fief. The king and the countess both refused to take the oath of homage, and as each declared that the fief was forfeited by the other, it became necessary to solve the difficulty by a long and bloody war, which only terminated with the death of William.

It was in the reign of the same king, Louis the Fat, whom Count Robert had served in Normandy, that the first opportunity occurred for an efficient interference by the feudal sovereign in the affairs of Flanders. On the extinction of the male line of Robert of Friesland, by the death of his grandson Baldwin of the Axe, the county had devolved on Charles, a son of the King of Denmark by one of Robert's daughters. The death of this devout and popular prince by the hands of assassins in the church of St. Donatus at Bruges; the subsequent attack on the church and its desperate defence by the slayers, shut up together with the body of their victim, before which, throughout the siege of seven weeks, they were careful to keep lights constantly burning—form one of the most striking episodes in the history of Flanders, and are told in minute detail by M. Le Glay; though we must regret the one-sided view which he has evidently presented of the motives for the murder. When we are told that the avengers were supported by the arm of God, and that the murdered count was made a saint after having received the title of Charles the Good, we can at once see that we are listening to the opinions of an ancient partisan unsifted by the modern historian. A taint of serfdom discovered in the genealogy of the most powerful family in the county, had exposed them to insult and to probable ruin, and the good count refused to relieve them from an oppression intolerable to a house of which the chief, Bertulf, was chancellor of Flanders, and his brother castellan of Bruges. That they should attempt revenge and that punishment should overtake their not unprovoked crime, were events equally in the nature of things; but the

mixture of good with evil on both sides, and the growth of wrong from wrong, suggest more complicated considerations than those which a monkish chronicler was likely to entertain. It was not without reason that a modern English dramatist selected the story of Bertulf as containing the materials of true tragic interest.

Louis readily availed himself of the death of Count Charles to appear in the favourable light of a judicial avenger, and a supreme mediator. At a moment when the general indignation, and the danger of anarchy, withdrew attention from the danger of foreign interference, the king called on the inhabitants of Bruges to assist him in punishing the murderers, and persuaded the nobles and the great towns to accept William Cliton, son of Duke Robert of Normandy, as their count. But, except as a precedent for future assumptions of power, the bold attempt to establish in Flanders a hereditary enemy to the English king, did little service to Louis. The material basis of his power was too small to enable him to control the great fiefs of his crown, or to rival the power of England. When the young count attempted to raise the taxes on his subjects, they deposed him as readily as they had elected him, and answered the reclamations of Louis, that the election of their counts was a matter in no way pertaining to the king of France. William fought for his power with all the gallantry of his race; but his early death in battle left the undisputed possession of Flanders to Dietrich or Thierry of Alsace, a descendant, like Count Charles, in the female line from Robert the Frieslander. Before the kings of France were again in a position to endanger the independence of Flanders, the power of the counts had reached its greatest height by the re-union of Hainault through the marriage of Margaret, Thierry's daughter, with Baldwin of Hainault, the direct heir of Baldwin of Mons, and of the original founder of the race. Thierry's son, Philip, had already acquired the county of Vermandois by marriage, and during the minority of Philip Augustus he exercised in France the power of guardian of the king, to whom he gave his niece Isabella, daughter of Baldwin and Margaret, in marriage. But at the climax of the prosperity of his house, Philip laid the foundations of its decline by severing the district of Artois from his dominions as a dowry to the young queen; and by leaving, in consequence of his animosity against his son-in-law and successor, the life-enjoyment of several towns in Flanders to his widow, Matilda of Portugal. It seemed, however, that Flanders with the

alliance of England was still an overmatch for France. It was not till the policy of Henry II. and the strength of Richard was removed, that the genius of Philip Augustus arose into the ascendant over the ancient enemies of his crown.

The elevation of Baldwin, son of Baldwin of Hainault, to the imperial throne of Constantinople, while it seemed to add lustre to his family, deprived them of a head, and enabled the King of France at his death to assume the guardianship of his orphan daughters, Jane and Margaret, and to impose as a condition on the marriage of Jane with Fernando of Portugal, the cession of Aire and St. Omer, both ancient possessions of the counts. The indignities with which the cession was enforced by Louis, Philip's son, and the discontent of the Flemings with the count for submitting to the loss, prepared Fernando to join with eagerness in the formidable league which the ambition of Philip Augustus had raised to resist his encroachments. After the war had lasted for three years with varying fortune, the first great coalition against France was finally arranged, in 1214, at Valenciennes. On one side were King John of England, and his nephew the Emperor Otho IV., with all the princes of Lorraine and Low Germany, and the counts of Flanders and Boulogne; on the other side, Philip Augustus was allied with Innocent III., and with the young King of Sicily and claimant of the Empire, Frederic II.; a Hohenstauffen by a strange combination of circumstances supported by the pope against the Welf Emperor, son of Henry the Lion. In the plans of the confederacy, the western provinces, Champagne, Burgundy, and the Free County, were to be given to the empire; the lands south of the Loire to be restored or added to the possessions of England; and Artois, Picardy, and Paris itself, were to be the share of the Count of Flanders. The great victory of Philip Augustus at Bovines secured the existence of France, and determined the future history of Europe. It is useless to speculate on the results which might have followed the dismemberment of France, and the establishment of a great Flemish kingdom, extending from the Scheldt to the Seine, and exceeding in power and population the dominions which Philip had inherited. Languedoc and Provence as yet formed no part of France, and the western provinces had long been possessed by vassals more powerful than their sovereigns; but Picardy and the Isle of France formed the heart of the kingdom, and were separated by no broad distinctions of language and character from the Walloon inhabitants of Hainault and

Southern Flanders. It seems not impossible that the defeat of Philip might have formed a northern power, which inheriting none of the claims of the French kings, might have remained permanently separated from the Gauls beyond the Loire.

Even his victory did not enable the king to establish his direct authority in Flanders. To the end of his life he kept Fernando prisoner at Paris; but when the Countess Jane consented, as the price of her husband's liberty, to demolish the fortresses of Flanders and Hainault, her subjects refused their consent, and the treaty remained a nullity. The countess governed her states alone for twelve years, till the death of Philip, and of his son Louis VIII., left Blanche of Castile guardian of her son, afterwards celebrated as St. Louis. In 1226, the queen-regent consented to the liberation of Fernando. The count died in 1233, his wife in 1244; but during the remainder of her reign, the wise moderation of Louis IX. gave no occasion for further jealousy of France. The troubles which arose from the romantic story and perversity of her sister Margaret would undoubtedly have offered an occasion for interference to the predecessors or successors of the king. But St. Louis contented himself with acting as a judge; and in this, as in other cases, perhaps, his disinterested virtue coincided with true policy. The success which rewarded his justice and self-denial was only less extraordinary than that which crowned the unprincipled ambition of his brother Charles of Anjou.

If the conspiracy of Bertulf is a fit subject for tragedy, the story of Margaret of Flanders and Constantinople is almost unequalled in the romance of history. Confided to the guardianship of Bouchard, a knight of the ancient house of Avesnes, she had consented at an early age to marry him clandestinely. He is described as a character unequalled in that age, a profound and accomplished scholar, a wise statesman, and a gallant knight. It was known that he had studied philosophy at Paris, and proceeded doctor of either law at Orleans, and that he held prebends at Laon and Tournai; but it was not till after his marriage that his enemies discovered that he had once submitted to the fatal tonsure, and condemned himself to clerical celibacy. The Countess Jane demanded that her sister should leave him, and Innocent and Honorius successfully fulminated excommunications against the apostate clerk; but Bouchard and Margaret were firm, and the friends of his family supported him for many years against the countess and the censures of the Church. At

length, to the surprise and indignation* of all men, Margaret left her husband, and married William of Dampierre, after answering Bouchard's remonstrances with cool effrontery: 'Sir, leave me in peace, and think of saying your hours.'

Both Bouchard and William of Dampierre were dead when Margaret succeeded to the county, leaving each two sons, John and Baldwin of Avesnes, William and Guy of Dampierre. The legitimacy of all of them was liable to question, as the first marriage, if not void in itself, must have invalidated the second. With the unreasoning wickedness of a woman whose mind has been once perverted, Margaret extended to the sons of Bouchard the hatred she had conceived to their father, and her long reign of more than thirty years was occupied in endless contests between the Dampierres and the D'Avesnes; in the course of which, the dominions of the Emperor Baldwin were once more divided by the award of St. Louis, who assigned to the Avesnes the county of Hainault, to the Dampierres the succession of Flanders. His successor, Philip the Bold, was, during the greater part of his reign, too much occupied with distant objects, to take an active part in Flemish affairs; but in the grandson of Louis IX., the counts of Flanders were to find a second Philip Augustus.

The lively and picturesque work of Michelet contains no passage more characteristic of its ingenious and thoroughly French author, than that in which an elaborate contrast is drawn between the early Norman kings of England, and their contemporaries, kings of France. It can hardly be better abridged than in the words of his index: 'The King of England is violent, heroique, impie—Le roi de France, *figure pâle et impersonnelle*.' The feudal superior stands towards his great and violent vassal in the relation of an energetic, good-for-nothing son: 'Mechant fils, qui bat son père.' Fierce, red-complexioned, lawless, fearless, greedy of all things, from lampreys up to provinces, preferring force to fraud, but capable of either, the strong and unscrupulous descendant of the Conqueror was yet often foiled by the quiet, pliant, almost saint-like personage, who represented, in his dignity and impotence, the trampled law and morality of the times. 'In the grand mystery-play,' says Michelet, 'of the twelfth century, le Roi de France joue le personnage du bon Dieu, et l'autre celui du Diable.' In the

* Si prist Guillaume de Dampierre;
Mais ele en fu partôt blasmée,
Quar Boucars l'avoit molt aimée.

Ph. Moushes. Chron. rimée, quoted by Le Glay.

following century, however, the characters of the drama were not so distinctly marked. The race of Plantagenet lost none of the strength which it derived from Robert the Devil, and little of its fierceness;* but the saint was now little better than the sinner—the patient, residuary legatee of Charlemagne had become the most active and rapacious of litigants. Seldom have force and fraud been more unscrupulously combined, than in the Flemish proceedings of Edward I.'s rival, Philip the Fair.

About the year 1297, the kings of France and England were, as was natural, either at war or preparing for war; and Edward sought to strengthen himself by contracting the Prince of Wales to the daughter of Count Guy of Flanders, a worthy but inefficient prince, surrounded by a Priam-like train of brave and spirited sons. As sovereign of the count, and Godfather of the princess, Philip invited them to receive his farewell at Paris; they obeyed, and found a prison, from which Guy obtained his release only by ruinous concessions, while his daughter remained in captivity till her death. The breach of terms so iniquitously imposed upon the count, gave occasion to a fresh invasion of his territories; and, feebly supported by his subjects and allies, the aged prince was induced once more to trust to the honour of Philip, and again found himself deceived. The pledge of the king's brother, that the prisoners should be released within a year, was wholly disregarded, the authority of the count was suppressed, and Flanders passed, for a time, under the immediate sovereignty of France, while Guy and his eldest son, Robert, remained captives at Paris.

Several of the cities of Flanders had either actively or passively encouraged the aggressions of Philip; they had, as a matter of course, differences with their lord; they had no objection to avail themselves of the offered protection of the king; and they may have thought that there was little difference between the rule of the vassal, and that of the deputy, of Philip. To neither did they intend to sacrifice their civic privileges or their Flemish nationality. When Philip, in 1301, visited the two great rival cities, Ghent and Bruges, he was received at Ghent with shouts for the abolition of an unpopular tax, which it was thought prudent to con-

cede; but, in consequence, the people of Bruges were forbidden to trouble the king with any such clamorous demands; accordingly, they received him in silence, more convenient, and also more significant than clamour. Neither incident seems to have taught him the character of the people who astonished him by the display of their wealth, whose strength was even greater than they themselves knew, and whom the oppression of his lieutenants was urging to put their force to the trial.

At first sight no struggle could appear more unequal, than one between the monarchy of France and a few manufacturing towns; and such it doubtless seemed to the man whose trade was war, to the nobles of France and their retainers, descendants of those who, on the plain of Bovines, had cut to pieces the chivalry of Flanders, though backed by the empire and Lorraine. But the towns had great advantages, not merely in their wealth—though money formed then, as now, the sinews of war—but still more in the concentration of their force. No invading army could equal their population in numbers, nor greatly surpass it in warlike spirit and discipline. Every man was a soldier, well fed and well armed, every parish was a regiment, and the ringing of the storm-clock, the great bell, Roland,* with its fine old Flemish inscription, was the beating of a '*générale*' for a regular army, whose head-quarters were the homes of the men, and which was thus exempt from the danger of dispersion for want of pay or provisions, and, indeed, from the one great military difficulty of the commissariat. Perhaps the wits of the French court, in 1301 and 1302, had as many good jests against citizens and trained bands, as are to be found in Beaumont and Fletcher; but the burghers in Bruges, like the Londoners in our own civil wars, were soon to prove, that the imputation of cowardice is not necessarily deserved by a city militia. In these battles, moreover, the knights and gentry often fought on foot, by the side of the commons, and both together gave proof of the new doctrine, which Swiss pikemen and English archers so often illustrated to unwilling learners, that good infantry were more than a match for the heavy-armed horsemen of the middle ages.

Several disturbances, slight and serious, and partial revolts against the representatives of Philip, had preceded the great and successful insurrection of the 21st of March,

* On the paternal side, the Plantagenets were descended from a devil in a less metaphorical sense—a devil in disguise having married one of the ancient counts of Anjou, according to authentic tradition. In the blood of our present royal family the stain has been effaced by lapse of time. The change in the character of the French kings is recognized in the fierce invective which Dante puts into the mouth of Hugh Capet.

* Roland, Roland, when I toll then is brand (fire),
When I peal, then is storm in Flanderland.
Roelandt! Roelandt! als ick kleepe dan ist Brandt,
Als ick luye dan ist Sturm in Vlaenderlandt.

1302, when the people of Bruges, men and women alike, rose upon the French with all their fury which, it would seem, the French only have the secret of provoking. None escaped by mercy; between 3000 and 4000 perished. 'Après cela,' says Michelet, 'il fallait vaincre,' and the Flemings acted on the necessity. Ghent, chiefly from jealousy, stood aloof; but the small towns mostly joined Bruges. With the sons and grandson of the count at their head, they waited the great army which the king despatched against them under his cousin, Robert of Artois. The queen, who remembered how the dresses of the citizens' wives had presumed to eclipse the splendour of her own, exhorted the gentlemen of France, in almost untranslatable language, to slay Flemish boar and sow alike; nor were her knights wanting in loyal obedience to the extent of their power. They wasted and slew, till their advance was stopped by the Flemish army at Courtrai. It was composed chiefly of the infantry of the towns; but many of knightly lineage were on their country's side. They sent away their horses; they took their stand with the commons; they knighted the leaders of the commons. 'Scildt und Vriendt' (Shield and Friend) was the watchword of their determined and perfect union. The fiery valour of the French knights, wasted, as in many fields, by want of conduct, was broken against the steady array of the citizens. The defeat was total, the slaughter immense, including the highest names of France. The victory which saved the Flemings, might console them for the recollection of Bovines, and may be regarded by us with more than equal sympathy, not only as the rare triumph of right over might, but as, in some degree, that of freedom, civilisation, and commerce, over feudalism, all powerful till then. This great victory saved the country, but did not end the struggle, which was continued by Philip with much historical consistency; that is, with much perseverance, vigour, policy, and perfidy. Campaign after campaign, the whole strength of France was directed against the Flemings, who, resolute as they were to maintain their liberties, were yet anxious to be relieved, at the price of any reasonable concessions, from an exhausting war, in the course of which Philip sometimes beat them in the field, and always overreached them in negotiation. At one time the old count was sent back into Flanders, to aid in arranging the terms of peace; though received by the people with compassionate affection, he failed, as a matter of course, and returned, according to his promise, to a captivity, dishonourable only to the king who had en-

trapped him. He died in 1305, at the age of eighty, when on the point of being restored to his dominions by means of a treaty, which, originally more advantageous to Philip than his success in the war had entitled him to expect, rendered still more so by his unscrupulous duplicity, and by the concessions which he extorted from Guy's eldest son and successor previous to his release, and in all ways unfair towards the Flemings, and to some extent disavowed by them, yet had the effect of restoring to Flanders an interrupted and doubtful peace for the rest of the reign of its malignant and versatile enemy.

The three sons of Philip the Fair, who successively occupied the throne of France, inherited the policy of their father with respect to Flanders, and Count Robert, who, at an advanced age, succeeded to his father, Guy of Dampierre, was almost incessantly engaged in hostilities with his sovereign, which, without any striking direct result, tended constantly to weaken the bonds which united the great towns to their feudal lords, a consequence as it then seemed favourable to France. The change of relations which followed in the next generation, when the marriage of Robert's grandson and successor, Louis of Nevers, with the daughter of Philip the Long, had procured him the protection of the ancient oppressors of his house against his revolted subjects, showed the error which the French king had committed. Philip the Fair had interfered to protect the commons against the count, and, notwithstanding his imperfect success, he had so far succeeded in weakening his great vassal, that the descendant of Guy appeared as a suppliant for aid at the coronation of Philip of Valois. When the herald summoned the Count of Flanders to do service by bearing the sword before the king, Louis appeared not to hear the appeal; when the proclamation was repeated, he knelt before the king and said, 'Sire, if I had been called Louis of Nevers, I would have answered—of Flanders I only bear the name—the people of Bruges, of Ypres, of Poperingen, and of Cassel, have thrust me from my lordship.' 'Fair cousin,' said the king, 'I swear by the unction I have received to-day, that I will never re-enter Paris till I have put you in possession of Flanders.' The gallant attack of the Flemish commons on the royal camp at Cassel, nearly put the king out of a condition to keep his promise; but his hard-earned victory restored Count Louis to his dominions. 'Fair cousin,' Philip said on receiving his homage, 'I and my barons have laboured much for you, and I give you your land in peace—cause me not

to come again by your fault ; for if I return it will be for my profit and your loss.'

But before the king could come again Louis was an exile, and Philip was shaken on his throne. At this period the communication of England and Flanders acquired fresh importance by the succession of Edward III. to his weak and unfortunate father. In Rymer we find that the king's constant cause of complaint is the permission to trade given by the Flemings to the Scots, adherents of the late Robert de Brus of infamous memory, pretended King of Scotland. To one of these remonstrances the count answers, that the markets of Flanders were free, and that it was not lawful to exclude Scots from them—but simultaneously the corporation of Bruges sends a declaration of obedience to the king's wishes, and of hostilities to the Scots, protected though they were by the King of France, and by his ally and dependant, the Count of Flanders. The disunion of the count and his subjects was soon made visible to the world. When the great war between England and France broke out, Louis assisted his sovereign by sending armed vessels to cruise on the English coasts. Edward replied to the provocation by making the exportation of wool, felony. The effect was immediate. The old friendship of England and Flanders was founded on the broad basis of mutual interest. England dealt in wool, Flanders dealt in cloth ; but the profit of the manufacturer is many times greater than that of the producer of raw material, and England grew many things besides sheep, while Ghent and Bruges lived by the loom alone. The count soon found that Edward had more power with his subjects than he possessed himself. The great towns and their dependencies tacitly passed from his power, and James of Artevelde, the ablest, perhaps, of all tribunes of the people, governed Flanders for seven years in close alliance with England. He it was who, to overcome the scruples of his countrymen against breaking their treaties with their sovereign, persuaded Edward to assume the title of King of France, which twice verified itself, and which afterwards was retained by our kings for nearly 500 years. By his newly acquired prerogative, the king restored to Flanders the Walloon territory of their ancient counts, and Artois—but the friendship of the Flemings did not extend to the surrender of their independence. The plan of Artevelde, for giving the county to the Black Prince, led to his murder in 1345. The year afterwards Louis of Nevers fell fighting for France at Crecy. His son, Louis of Mâle, succeeded peaceably to his dominions, but similar variances to

those which had led to the exclusion of his father from government, soon raised Philip van Artevelde, the son of James, to the regency of Flanders. It was not till the defeat and death of the regent on the field of Honbecque, that the last count re-entered on the possession of his dominions. By his early death, the succession passed to Philip the Bold, founder of the new house of Burgundy, which, while it was strong enough to repress the cities on one hand, was, on the other, more dangerous to France than the counts of Flanders had been in the height of their power. M. Le Glay finishes his history at the death of Louis of Nevers.

Since the extinction of the independence of Flanders, and since the rise of manufactures in England, the relations of the Southern Netherlands to the neighbouring states have changed their character, but not lost their importance. Flanders and Hainault have become the battle-field of Europe against France, the central point where England has assisted Austria to check her ancient enemy. In those plains Villars, and Saxe, and Luxembourg, successively struggled with the hereditary rival of their country. The Revolution gave to the Republic and Empire the prize which the Monarchy had for centuries struggled in vain to grasp. It remains to be seen whether Belgium will be the field of our future contests. The new kingdom, founded in 1830, is often considered little better than a dependency on France : but there are strong economical interests opposed to a union ; and possibly it may be found that the alterations of modern warfare have changed its field as well as its means.

ART. II.—*Etudes sur les Tragiques Grecs ; précédées d'une Histoire Générale de la Tragédie Grecque.* Par M. PATIN, Professeur de Poésie Latine à la Faculté de Lettres de Paris. 3 vols. Paris. 1843.

'THE light of the understanding,' says Bacon, 'is not a dry light, but drenched in the will and affections ; for what men desire should be true, they are most inclined to believe.' This admirable remark applies equally to the investigations of literary historians, as to the speculations of philosophers. Men are naturally more prone to argue than to observe ; they prefer seeking in their own ingenuity for a ready explanation, to awaiting the slow but certain process of induc-

tion; and this because they are more impatient at error than anxious for truth.

The speculations on the subject of the drama, with reference to its history and present condition, have been all impressed with the above characteristic. The deplorable condition into which this art has now fallen, not only in our own country, but in all Europe, has occupied much attention. The drama, which in its 'high and palmy days' numbered the greatest poets amongst its professors, and was the highest expression of the nation's art, is now in the last lingerings of decay. A blight has fallen on it. Sterility, only varied by feeble abortions, is the universal complaint. The *stage* may exhibit more vigour in one country than in another, but nowhere does the *drama* give any signs of life. It is very natural that many persons should regard this depression of an art, once so exalted, once so fondly cherished, as a serious misfortune: hence the anxiety about 'reviving it:' and the many plans proposed. Facile theories, angry discussions, presumptuous hopes, and practical failures, have hitherto occupied those most interested in getting the problem solved. Let us, therefore, now endeavour to do that which should have been done at first; let us ask the question, 'Can the drama be revived at all? Is the present depression temporary, or is it inevitable decay?' If this is capable of theoretical answer, that answer must be sought in the history of the drama.

The work of Professor Patin placed at the head of this article will afford us an opportunity of taking a bird's-eye view of this great subject. But first let us discharge our critical office of introducing the work, which, on the whole, is excellent. It comprises a cursory and somewhat confused, though erudite, survey of the history of Greek Tragedy,* and analysis of all the plays of the three tragedians, with illustrations derived from modern imitations. Professor Patin is extremely well read; and takes advantage of all that the erudite Germans have been able to drag into light: so that with French clearness and German research, the work cannot fail to be both interesting and useful. Anything novel in criticism must not be looked for in this work. There is no peculiar stamp of an individual mind to distinguish it from the works of other *savants*; but it has good sense, the views upon debateable points are moderate and well expressed; in short, it

is very much of a professor's book. Better than Bode's 'Geschichte der dramatischen Dichtkunst der Hellenen,' but many degrees below Gruppe's 'Ariadne.' In the 'History of Greek Tragedy,' which he prefixes to his considerations of the three great poets, he takes a rapid glance at the attempted revivals of the Greek drama by moderns. This being, as it were, beyond the real province of his studies, is very feebly treated by him. Still the very attempt opens curious tracks of inquiry; one of which is the *comparative* history of the drama, and on this track we propose to conduct our readers, confident that some certain results may be obtained which will better enable us to answer the question respecting the revival of the drama.

At the outset it will be advisable to state that we shall uniformly regard the drama as a form of poetry occupying a distinctive place in the national literature, 'expressing the generalized reflection of the epoch on human life.' We have nothing to do here with the stage. We put aside the ordinary subjects of dispute, to confine ourselves solely to the dramatic art. Too much stress has been laid on the stage and its dependants. Whatever influence it may exert, the literary historian is not bound to consider it as essential to his subject; no more than booksellers are essential to poetry, although they also exert some influence on the condition of literature.

The drama has no existence in Europe at the present time. In other words, it has ceased to be the form in which the national poetry, or at least the greater portion of it, is represented. The ancient drama is studied with avidity; there is no modern drama. If editions, commentaries, and criticisms, were signs of vitality, we might say that at no former time did the drama flourish more vigorously. Unfortunately, as Mr. Carlyle says, it is an infallible sign that religion is at a low ebb when men are profuse in building churches to embalm it in; so is the drama feeble when so much labour is bestowed on that which is past. Whatever may be done towards a thorough intelligence of the ancient drama, very little is done towards the creation of the modern. Men write plays; men, too, of great ability, of dramatic ability; but these plays are essentially the works of individuals (to say nothing of their being imitations of ancient models), and do not constitute a drama. Perhaps all young poets, in our country at least (fascinated by Shakspeare), have written plays: but they have not given the exclusive devotion of their lives to the culture of this art; they have not made it occupy

* His account of the Grecian actors, though full, is not to be compared with that given by Mr. St. John in his 'Hellenes,' vol. 2, pp. 232-244.

that position in the national mind which it occupied in the great dramatic eras of Pericles, Elizabeth, Louis XIV., and Philip. Amongst the band of poets which made the beginning of this age illustrious, some few wrote a play or two; but he is a bold man who would pronounce Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Byron, dramatists, or assert that their plays, added to the innumerable plays of other writers, form a national drama. All the great dramatists have devoted their lives to their peculiar office, and have scarcely written anything but dramas; modern writers attempt plays by way of imitation or of variety; and these plays form a very inconsiderable portion of their works. In other words, the drama at one time occupied a large and distinct place in the national poetry, and the greatest poets had no higher ambition than to cultivate it with success; it now occupies no such place, and neither attracts nor rewards the devotion of such energies. This is what we mean by saying that it has no existence at present. History will convince us that the existence of this art depends on causes no longer in operation.

The drama was a religious festival before it became an amusement; this not only in one country, but universally. Otherwise we might wonder, with M. Patin and the Germans, that the Greeks did not sooner possess a drama, seeing that they possessed all its elements in the works of Homer: action, character, passion, and dialogue. The 'Iliad' has, in consequence, been theoretically distributed into several plays. We are called upon to notice the fact that the narrative portions need only be placed in the mouth of the *ἄγγελος*, and the speeches to be spoken by the separate characters, to produce a complete drama out of the first book of the 'Iliad.*' The same argument might be applied to Chaucer, in whose 'Canterbury Tales' there is dramatic character variously set forth, together with humour and pathos, cutting satire and exquisite tenderness. Yet no drama was produced till upwards of a century after their publication. Small as the step seems, there was no one to take it. Why should there have been? Homer and Chaucer sufficed; the narrative poem gave perfect delight; no one thought of altering it into something else. The drama had to grow up from an original soil: that soil was religion. It was a distinct species, fulfilling a distinct office from the epic.

The origin of the Greek drama is by universal consent referred to the ceremonies of the worship of Bacchus. The dithyrambs,

which celebrated the triumph of the god, were transformed by gradual changes into the drama which represented a great portion of the national mythology and legendary lore. In a similar way the Miracle-plays of modern Europe, which were purely religious festivals, became gradually transformed into the drama. But as the dithyramb did not throughout Greece become a Tragedy; so also the Miracle-play did not in every European country produce a national drama. England, Spain, and France, can alone be said to have succeeded in this; the reason we shall presently bring forward.

The first stage of our inquiry will embrace the detailed proofs of the foregoing statements respecting the uniformity everywhere visible in the causes which produced the drama. To begin with the Greek:—An altar is erected, and on it a goat sacrificed to the god Dionysus; around the altar is a band of drunken revellers, bearing the Phallos, and disguised as satyrs, dressed in goat-skins and deer-skins, their bodies stained with soot, vermilion, and green, their faces covered with masks or huge leaves; they dance and sing, roar out obscene jests and impassioned songs, throw themselves into fantastic attitudes, and celebrate the virtues, exploits, and sorrows of Bacchus. It is not clear how the drama could proceed from such a 'rabble rout.' We see nothing here but the mummeries in which most nations have delighted: the Lithuanians, the Swedes, nay, even the inhabitants of the Himalayas, have had such, yet no drama. We might as well expect to see a tragedy issuing from the mummeries of sweeps on Mayday, which were also, we are told, once symbolical and religious. Nevertheless, from the Bacchic rout the drama rose. Arion came, and transformed this irregular band into a regular chorus. The flute was changed for the cithara; the rapid pyrrhic dances for slow and solemn movements; the wildness of jest for the tragic and impassioned strain which expressed the sorrows and victories of the god. The comic element was not suppressed, but separated from the tragic. It continued to flourish, and gave birth to Comedy; but we have no more to do with it here. The dithyramb was formed; the chorus was serious; but a drama was still far from being constituted. Thespis came, and laid the foundation stone. Standing on an elevated platform, he varied the monotony of the songs with recitations in character. He is said to have invented the first actor; and this one actor sufficed for all the parts, since by means of a linen mask he was enabled to represent different characters who appeared on the platform one after the other, and oc-

* Patin, 'Etudes,' i., p. 4; Bode, 'Gesch. der Dram. Dicht.,' pp. 5, 6.

casionally answered the chorus.* This step, small as it appears, was in truth immense, for it was in the right direction. To the singing of the chorus was now added recitation, and this, with the aid of occasional dialogue, enabled them to represent a story; the first elements of tragedy, the assumption of character, and by it throwing the legend into an action instead of a narration, were thus secured. Phrynicus succeeded Thespis, and made another improvement in the introduction of female characters. He did not venture on adding to the single actor of Thespis, but he used it differently. It is not to be overlooked that by the time Phrynicus wrote, the *religious* character of the drama had undergone considerable change. Instead of a purely Dionysiac legend, he introduced subjects of national interest. The 'Phœnissæ' and the 'Capture of Miletus' had nothing whatever to do with Bacchus. It is evident, therefore, that although we have no positive information as to the nature of the plays of Phrynicus, they must have been very different from those of Thespis. The drama had taken another and considerable stride: instead of being a mere religious festival, it had admitted subjects of human and national interest. The honest populace occasionally took offence; for as Plutarch informs us, missing and regretting the satyric chorus in the legends and tales of national suffering which Phrynicus and Æschylus represented, they cried out, 'What is this to Bacchus?'† In the plays of Æschylus which have come down to us, we may clearly see that the religious, or rather the Dionysiac element, has been almost entirely displaced.‡ Æschylus was universally regarded as the father of tragedy, his improvements must have been very considerable: we are entitled, therefore, to assume that the plays of Phrynicus were rude, inartificial, and feeble, compared to those of Æschylus; and indeed of a different structure, or Æschylus would not have been named the father of tragedy. We shall endeavour hereafter to state the cause of his being so named.

The English drama pursued a similar course, called 'Mysteries,' but more accurately, according to Mr. Collier, 'Miracle-

plays;' the early plays were throughout Europe exclusively religious.* That their object was religious instruction in the shape of an entertainment is expressly stated by various authorities. The Miracle-play was nothing but a portion of religious doctrine represented in action: an amusement with a religious object. The Scriptures were then untranslated, and these plays must have formed an efficient source of religious instruction, far surpassing church-service.

Mr. Collier, who is well entitled to speak on this subject, says, that 'in their earliest state these pieces were of the simplest construction, merely following the incidents of Scripture, or of the Pseudo Evangelium, the dialogue being maintained by the characters introduced. By degrees, however, more invention was displayed, particularly with reference to the persons concerned in the conduct of the story.†

On looking into these Miracle-plays, we are struck with the extraordinary mixture of simplicity, buffoonery, extravagance, piety, and what, to modern ears, sounds like blasphemy. Priests and sacred persons kick and cuff each other, with all the freedom of a modern farce. Scurrilous jests, obscene jests, and dull, prosing sermons, fill up the greater portion of the dialogue. The excess of rustic buffoonery is not seldom mixed up with the most appalling subjects; as in the quarrel between Cain and Abel, which commences by an invitation from the former to salute the least honourable part of his person, and that in the least honourable manner. We may say, however, with the author of the 'Historia Histrionica,' the taste of that age 'was not so nice and delicate in these matters; the plain and incurious judgment of our ancestors being prepared with favour, and *taking everything by the easiest handle.*' Touches of pathos, and 'strains of higher mood,' occasionally redeem the dreary nonsense of these pieces. Of the former, we may notice Abraham's turning aside to weep, pretending he has lost something, exclaiming: 'What water shoots into both mine eyes? I should have been more glad than of all worldly gain, if *I had found him once unkind*; but I never found him in fault.‡

* Hence the term *ἀποκρίματα* (an answer) for actor.

† Plut. 'Symp.' i. 5. Suidas, however, tells the story of Epigenes of Sicyon. It matters little of whom the remark was made; the remark itself is all we would refer to.

‡ A convincing proof of which may be seen in Aristotle's definition of tragedy, where a moral aim, 'the purification of the passions,' is, indeed, mentioned; but there is not a syllable about religion.

* The very titles show this: 'The Fall of Man,' 'The Death of Abel,' 'The Flood,' 'Abraham's Sacrifice,' 'Moses and the Ten Tables,' 'The Genealogy of Christ,' 'Anna's pregnancy,' 'Mary in the Temple,' 'The Birth of Christ,' 'The adoration of the Magi,' 'The Temptation,' 'Christ disputing in the Temple,' 'Christ Betrayed,' 'The trial of Christ,' 'Crucifixion,' 'Descent into Hell,' 'Sealing of the Tomb,' 'The Resurrection,' are amongst the Coventry plays.

† 'Hist. of Dram. Poet.' ii. 124.

‡ This is Mr. Collier's modernisation, vol. ii., p. 166.

Of the latter, Noah's description of the falling flood is a specimen :

"Behold the heavens,
The cataracts all,
They are open, full even,
Great and small;
And the planets seven
Have left their stall (stations);
Thunders and lightning
Strike down the strong halls
And bowers full stout,
And castles and towers."

An excellent account of these Miracle-plays will be found, together with twelve whole pieces, in a work published at Basle, in 1838.† Mr. Collier has also given analyses and extracts of several. We need not enter into any detailed comparison of these plays with the Dionysiac festivals. The student is at once struck with the similarity of religious intention in both; and with the wild, extravagant, coarse, but awe-inspiring means which both employed. They were both performed on days of festival; they were both accompanied by music and pageantry—the one by a flute and the dance, the other by an organ; in both, long admonitory choruses filled the interstices of the action. One word, however, on the buffoneries common to both. In the infancy of nations, as of men, the sense of the incongruous is dull; unaccustomed to the critical refining tendencies of advanced culture, our ancestors could enjoy parody and practical joking, but had little perception of those incongruities which so strongly affect us. They took everything much as it came, and by the easiest handle. They were neither subtle nor fastidious, and therefore did not trouble themselves with separating and classifying. It would be a perilous thing for a modern clergyman to lead an ass up to the altar during divine service. The fact, familiar enough to all, that our Saviour entered Jerusalem on the back of an ass, would not suffice to keep down the risible emotions of the devoutest. And what would be the effect if the ass was not only placed there, but the minister was to begin braying? Would not every mind revolt at such a scene? Yet our ancestors saw nothing in it but a symbolical act, at which they bowed and crossed themselves. And what do we think now of the act of initiation into the order of Knights Templar, the spitting on the cross? Is it not an infamy, a sacrilege, at which every one shudders? It was once a sacred symbol.

The obscene jests and fantastic attitudes of the 'Bacchic rout' were symbolical; of course, in later times, they lost this sense, and had to be stopped. So in Italy we find, about the middle of the fifteenth century, the Archbishop of Florence scandalised at the vulgar buffoneries, jests and gestures, as well as the absurd masks worn by the actors, that he interdicted all further performances in churches, and commanded the priest to abstain altogether from performing.

The Miracle-plays were succeeded by 'Moralities'; a decided step, though a small one, towards the formation of a drama. The difference between the Moral-play or Morality and its predecessor, consists solely in the characters being abstract and allegorical, instead of concrete and historical. The Morality resembled the Autos Sacramentales of Spain; Truth, Pity, Perverse Ignorance, Justice, Peace, and other moral qualities, usurped the place of scriptural personages. Mr. Collier has well shown how abstract impersonations, by degrees, found their way into Miracle-plays. As these innovations became numerous, the scriptural characters fell into the back-ground. Having got rid of the purely religious subjects, and substituted others moral and allegorical, the next step was easy: it was only necessary to attempt individual instead of allegorical character, and to represent scenes of real life and manners instead of abstract morals, and the first rude sketch of a drama was accomplished. This step was taken by Nicholas Udall, in the comedy of 'Ralph Royster Doyster,' which we have evidence for asserting was in existence as early as 1551.‡ In it, as in 'Gammer Gurton,' 'The Four P's,' and the rest, we see religion and allegory completely banished, and life, in its every-day aspect, substituted.

On a first glance, it seems a great fall, from the serious heights of scripture instruction, to the buffoneries of 'Gammer Gurton,' undertaken for the amusement, and the not very dignified amusement, of the populace. The same phenomenon is visible in Greece: the mysteries of Bacchus were set aside for the events of contemporary history. The fall is only apparent; or, if real, the drama, like Antæus, only touched its mother earth to rise again with greater vigour. In the hands of succeeding poets the richness of the soil was amply proved. Indeed, on looking at the history of the drama, we are almost led to assert, that such a decline was necessary for subsequent perfection. It was

* A collection of English Miracle-plays, containing ten dramas from the Chester, Coventry, and Townley series, with two of later date. By W. Marriott.

* Quadria, 'Storia d'ogni Poesia,' v., p. 207.

† Mr. Collier has given an analysis of it, vol. ii., pp. 451–60.

a rude beginning but on the right ground. The tragedies of the Greeks were known to scholars; and as the poets of that age were all scholars, they might easily have imitated the lofty, passionate, poetical language which they so warmly admired. But imitation stifles art. The attempt to transplant shoots and branches to another soil is useless labour; the soil must be tilled, and it will bear its own fruit and flowers; the transplanted flower withers in a day. A fortunate condition both of the stage and of audiences, prevented imitation being successful in England. It was tried often enough; Seneca and Euripides were translated, but they succeeded only in the Universities and the Temple; with learned audiences, not with the nation. The people relished the rude productions of their own country. It was their own life, their own thoughts, they were called to enjoy, and they enjoyed. Seneca's laboured rhetoric touched them not. 'Gorbuduc' might be, as Sir Philip Sidney said it was, 'full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality.' It did indeed contain much poetry which, even in the present day, may be called fine, and which in its day was marvellous; but the people preferred their ruder, more familiar comedy, to all the 'stately speeches' in the world.

'Better a nation's life, however slow,
That is its own, than any strength or wealth
Confer'd or cultured by friend or foe.'

A still more striking instance is afforded by the 'Suppositi' of Ariosto, which was translated by Gascoigne, and acted without any apparent influence. This truly excellent comedy might be played even now, so full is it of fun, situation, and equivocal. One would suppose that such a piece must have had an influence on the dramatists; it was a model they might well have tried their skill in rivalling; but no one seems to have attempted it. The English drama, like every thing else that has any vitality, had to grow slowly; it could not be forced.

In France the phenomena are very similar. There, as elsewhere, the learned attempted to introduce Greek and Roman plays, but only partially succeeded. Ronsard tells us that:—

'Jodelle le premier, d'une plainte hardie,
Françoisment chanta la grecque tragédie.'

But translations of Sophocles and Euripides had been published before Jodelle's imitation. They were not acted, however, nor could Jodelle get his first piece performed without great difficulty. He succeeded at

last in getting it represented before Henry II., and the Friars, who had hitherto refused to play anything but sacred pieces, now consented to play his. We cannot but regard this success as eminently unfortunate. It transferred the drama to the court—a miserable soil, compared to the nation—and the French drama never recovered from the error, but remained courtly till it had ceased to possess vigour. Better far a 'Gammer Gurton,' fresh from the heart of the nation, than all the pedantic excellence of Jodelle. Fortunately, the imitation was not a close one. The external peculiarities of the Greek theatre were somewhat copied; the spirit was modern: a cursory view of Jodelle, Garnier, Maret, &c., betrays this. Even as late as Corneille the grotesque and familiar are mixed up with the serious, and the style often ignoble, or inflated.

In Spain we see a closer resemblance to the march of events in England. The religious plays, however, continued to a much later period. By far the greater portion of Calderon's works are Autos Sacramentales; and we are told that the performance of such pieces formed a part of the monastic education, even to within a comparatively recent date. The reason of this longer continuance of the religious drama, is probably the undisturbed continuance of the Catholic faith in Spain. Religion received no shock there from the reformation. The religious drama had the same office to fulfil during the whole period; and Calderon the poet was also Calderon the Inquisitor. Side by side, however, with this religious drama, we have to notice a new species growing up; sprung originally from it, but quickly striking into a new path. This was the national drama. The separation took place as early as the thirteenth century, when an especial law was enacted to forbid priests from performing in the *juegos de escarnios*, ridicule-pieces. These were, therefore, consigned to regular actors, who, selecting some piece from low-life, illustrated it with rough hilarity. The scholars of course attempted to introduce the classical models. Villalobos translated the 'Amphitryon' of Plautus. Perez de Oliva attempted the 'Electra' of Sophocles and the 'Hecuba' of Euripides (the favorite pieces of European translators of this age), and other writers followed in abundance. But, as Bouterweck says, 'The translators, even those who endeavoured to conciliate public taste by prose versions, formed with their learned friends a solitary party.' The first man who saw distinctly the wants of the audience was Torres Naharro. He was the first to write a comedy, such as Spaniards

could delight in: free from the rude folly of the improvised ridicule-pieces, and from the heavy pedantry of the classical imitators: preserving the national element of the one, and catching some reflex of the political meaning of the other. He adopted the romance style, writing in *redondilhas*, and relying on the intricacy of the plot, and interest of situations, for his principal effects. Spain applauded; her poets followed. Lope de Rueda soon surpassed Naharro. This Lope de Rueda, of whom Cervantes makes honourable mention, wrote many plays which obtained great success. He mixed up buffoonery with his poetry, as did all the early writers; coarse jests, 'conceits, which clownage kept in pay,' practical jokes and scenes of low-life, formed of course the larger portion of each piece; but rude as these were, they had the inestimable merit of being national, intelligible. In the drama, as elsewhere, the primary condition is luxuriant life; pruning, refining, polishing, will come afterwards. To begin with refinement is as wise as to polish the marble before the statue is rough hewn. Yet the pedants never believed this. Juan de la Cueva, in his 'Art of Poetry,' mentions a number of learned poets who vainly endeavoured to bring on the stage works resembling those of Greece and Rome. The public had strongly manifested its preference for modern plays; indeed had manifested a decided aversion to the ancients. Juan de la Cueva confidently believed that in invention, grace, and ingenious arrangement, his countrymen equalled the ancients, and, therefore, could not imitate any one. The Spaniards, by persisting in this proper pride and predilection, at last possessed a national drama.

These three countries, England, France, and Spain, are strong illustrations of the opinion before hazarded, that the growth of a drama cannot be forced; that it must spring from the soil of national manners and feelings. This position is strengthened by the negative evidence of other countries. Rome never had a drama she could call her own. Italy and Germany were very late in possessing theirs. In each case imitation stifled the young growth.

Rome had scarcely a fragment of literature she could call her own, far less a drama. Roman literature is the most astonishing product of imitation extant; but it is only imitation. The poets were men of rare faculties, but these faculties were denied natural development. Rome plundered the world and lived upon the product; meanwhile her own soil was neglected. The sculptured gods of Greece thronged her temples.

The warrior people wondered at these exquisite statues, and mistook their wonderment for taste. They had conquered the Greeks in war, and then attempted to rival them in art. This might have been practicable, but not as they attempted it. That strong nationality which made them great in war, might also have made them great in art. The art would have been very different from that of the Greeks; but it might have been equal without being similar. It was not by adopting false gods and foreign sentiments that Rome had become the mistress of the world; her strength was not the product of falsehood and affectation, but of truth and rude wild energy. Passionate nationality was the force of Rome, and it extended even to her dependants and colonies. In art she gave up her nationality, and spent all her energies in imitation. This was not the way to be strong; nor was she. The child was instructed by a Grecian slave; the boy was instructed at the school of some Grecian rhetorician; the man completed his education by a visit to Greece and the Greek philosophers. The language became infected with Græcisms. Taste consisted in the admiration of nothing which was not Greek. Philosophy was a translation from Greek. Religion itself aspired to be Greek. To think, speak, believe, or feel like a Roman, was vulgar. In this disease was the strength of Roman life wasted; in this error was all the originality of her literature destroyed.

We need not detain the reader by pointing out the sources of Roman dramatic entertainments, Etruscan and Grecian; the absence of any effective tragedy,* and the obvious imitations of Greek comedy in Plautus and Terence, are too well known to need particular proof.

In Italy, the miracle-plays continued till the revival of learning. Lorenzo de Medici composed the poem for one of these representations, called 'St. John and St. Paul,' performed on the marriage of his daughter Maddelena. Ginguéné has given an analysis of it.† Such representations were usually given at the public expense, which would remind the classical reader of the *τὸ θεῶνιστον* at Athens; but occasionally the rich citizens courted public favour by taking the burden on their own shoulders, and thus making a display of their wealth and liberality.

M. Ginguéné says that when the works of the ancients became known, and the poets desired to rival those *chefs-d'œuvre*, 'on

* The plays of Seneca were not even written for representation.

† 'Hist. Litt. d'Italie,' iii. 511.

sentit que ce ne serait pas avec des farces monacales qu'on pourrait s'élever au niveau de la tragédie antique! 'what did they?' 'l'on essaya de chausser le cothurne!' the old story, and the old result. Imitation the means; laborious failure the result. To write tragedies which should resemble those of Euripides, was the constant ambition and constant error of the Italian poets. Until Alfieri, they had no tragic writer in Italy; that is to say, no man capable of taking his place anywhere amongst the European dramatists; and Alfieri was luckily no scholar. To detail the various attempts made by the Italian poets, would be needlessly wearisome; one word characterizes them all, and that is the fatal word, Imitation.

In Germany we find even greater sterility. The Miracle-plays continued down to the time of the Reformation; but the learned had previously ventured on imitations; indeed so little did they trouble themselves to please the public, that they wrote in Latin and performed in universities.* The Reformation interrupted the Miracle-plays; and many causes, the Thirty Years' War for one, prevented a national drama supplying the place. Terence and Plautus were repeatedly translated during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as also some plays of Sophocles and Euripides.

This pedantry was fatal: it interfered with the growth of a national drama, yet could not create a love of the antique. After many fruitless struggles, the classics were relinquished. The Pastor Fido of Guarini had made a sensation, and the stage swarmed with pastorals. When tired of the pastoral, the people turned to the English. It is a curious but undoubted fact, that a troop of English players journeyed through Germany during the early part of the seventeenth century, giving representations which met with universal success. Imitation of English dramas was now the order of the day. It became 'a rage,' and endured throughout the century. So strong was the current of prejudice in that direction, that it was a good speculation to publish a collection of plays under the title of 'English Tragedies and Comedies,' (1620), which were only English in imitation. This rage passed away, and imitation of the French succeeded. The 'unities' became in request; 'regularity' was the dramatic ideal. In this manner did the German drama turn from model to model, in miserable incompetence; in this manner did it struggle till there arose that giant in literature, Ephraim

Gottlob Lessing, who, both by precept and example, led his countrymen at last into the right path. Lessing is the father of the German drama, we might also say of German literature.

We end here the first stage of our inquiry. A rapid glance has been taken of a wide field, and the general results of the observation may be thus summed up: The drama, in its origin, was universally a religious festival; by degrees, the religious element gave place to one moral and human, expressing the national life in its familiar aspects; and out of this slowly grew the drama. Whenever imitation of other nations took the place occupied by the national life, sterility was the consequence.

The second portion of our inquiry will be devoted to tracing the similarities observable in the first formation, in each country, of what may fairly be called the Drama, i. e. as it exists in the works of Æschylus, Marlowe, Corneille, Cervantes, Alfieri, and Lessing; who fixed the form which their successors improved; and who may therefore be regarded as the fathers of the European drama.

With Phrynicus the drama had become familiar; with Æschylus it became ideal. This step has been also taken by the other writers in his position: Corneille, Marlowe, Cervantes. We might almost say that it was a necessary step. The drama must touch the earth, indeed, but must not grovel there. Like man, whose nature it reflects, its feet must rest upon the ground, but its head be held erect, communing with the stars. We call attention to this point, because we shall hereafter see, that not only did the drama first commence when it first became ideal, but that the gradual extinction of the ideal element was the gradual ruin of the art.

We traced the progress of the drama up to the time of Æschylus, and found that though much had been done by Thespis and Phrynicus towards clearing the ground of incumbrances, nothing solid had been built. The services of Æschylus, as the founder of tragedy, have, therefore, to be stated. They were many and important. We must first remark, that the popular prejudice in favor of religious subjects, expressed in the *ὁδὸς πρὸς Διόνυσον*, had to be conciliated, and this was very felicitously achieved by Pratinus, a contemporary of the young Æschylus; he invented a separate species, called Satyric-plays, in which the old Dionysiac songs, dances, jests, attitudes, and costumes were preserved. Tragedy, thus freed from its greatest hindrances, was now ready for organization. We remark, in passing, how exactly this separation tallies with that

* Gervinus, 'Gesch. der Deutschen Dicht., iii. p. 417.

practised in modern Europe; in Spain, particularly, where the 'Autos' preserved to the last its original office. Æschylus appeared, and formed the scattered materials into an organic whole. He availed himself freely of the materials of his predecessors, but he used them to a different result. His improvements are usually stated to have been the addition of a second actor to that introduced by Thespis; the invention of magnificent scenes and costumes; the limitation of the functions of the chorus, and consequent increase of the dialogue; and the 'use of weighty words, expressing weighty thoughts.'

These are, no doubt, important improvements; we question, however, whether it was purely on their account that he was said to be the father of tragedy. Quintilian expresses the opinion of all antiquity, when he says: 'Tragedias primus in lucem Æschylus protulit;' but this surely refers to something more than a few improvements, however important. It expresses, we believe, a conviction that he introduced some new element, something which made it essentially different from what it had been before. What was this element? The Homeric dialogue, the Homeric drama. Referring to what was said respecting the dramatic element in Homer, and to the impossibility of its assuming its dramatic shape, before the necessary progress had been made in the formation of a drama, we shall now perceive the drift of the well-known saying of Æschylus, that his plays were but scraps from the great Homeric feast. He joined the dramatic dialogue of Homer to the chorus; placed the narrative portions in the mouths of heralds, or else allowed his characters to narrate, and thus accomplished what modern scholars wonder was not done before. This explains the two-fold nature of the Greek plays. Every student remarks the singular mixture of Doric choruses with Attic dialogues; the metre of the one so irregular as to defy modern classification; that of the other uniform. It is obvious that this mixture denotes the dove-tailing of two very distinct elements; and those elements, we venture to suggest, were the Dionysiac chorus, as it existed in the plays of Phrynicus, and the dramatic element of Homer, expressed in Iambic metre, because, as Aristotle says, it was of all metres the most colloquial: *μάλιστα γὰρ λεπτὸν τῶν μέτρων*.

Æschylus was the father of Greek tragedy, and one of the greatest Greek poets. He originated the form of an art which Sophocles perfected. Only seven of his seventy

plays have come down to us, and of those the text sadly defaced; but as these were all produced in the maturity of his genius, they enable us to form a tolerably correct estimate of his powers. They form a small volume; but it is worth libraries. It stands like a stately column amidst ruins; not untouched by time, yet majestic in its ruin; from its beauty we can conjecture the style of the whole temple. In these fragments we discern the brother of Cynærgæus. They were written by the same hand that struck down the dark-haired Medes at Salamis and Marathon; the same hand that wrote, in his epitaph, of his deeds in war, but left unmentioned his success in art. His voice was a trumpet that stirred the hearts of his countrymen to battle; and the clang of arms was the music sounding in his ears, as he poured forth his martial strains.

'Sublimis et gravis,' says Quintilian of Æschylus, 'et grandiloquens sæpe usque ad vitium, sed rudis in plerisque et incompositus:' an excellent judgment, every word hitting some characteristic, and that the right one. Modern critics have rarely been so just. They have either treated him with frivolous disdain for the faults pointed at in the second half of Quintilian's judgment, or with exaggerated admiration for the beauties mentioned in the first. The idea of his sublimity must be accepted with some qualification. He is more simple than sublime; more naïf than terrible. This simplicity is often sublime; but it is often, to modern tastes at least, trivial. It is the rudeness and triviality of the infancy of art, often more interesting than the finest polish; but interesting as an indication of the condition of the human mind at that period, not as the perfection of art. Schlegel, by a happy illustration, compares the 'infancy' of Æschylus to that of Hercules, who strangled the serpents in his cradle; but this is an ingenious comparison, not an answer. We may carry it on, and say that it was, nevertheless, only infancy; and, compared with the maturity of Sophocles, was as the strangling of serpents to the Twelve Labours. What Aristophanes says of the language of Æschylus, that his words were wedged like one who rends timber, breathing with gigantic breath—

*ῥήματα γομφόπαγῃ, πινέκην ἀποσπῶν
γυγυεῖ φασγάνῃ*—Ran. 825—

is very true; but too much stress has been laid on this quality, or, rather, too little has been laid on the other quality, equally characteristic, viz., his simplicity. The 'Prometheus,' which is the most sublime insubject, is extremely simple in treatment; it

* Aristop. Ranæ, 1059.

has a straightforwardness which, often descending to triviality, and sometimes to bad punning, is characteristic of all early poetry. The 'Prometheus' has none of the Agamemnonian rant; and even in the 'Agamemnon' there is considerable *naïveté* amidst the 'high-crested' compounds and strained metaphors. That Æschylus is often bombastic all the world knows;* few seem aware that he is at times extremely simple, straightforward, and even trivial. M. Patin has properly insisted on this. You have only to read a single play to perceive it. There is an error, however, almost as widely spread as the notion of his bombast, though ludicrously contradictory to it, and that is the profundity of his art.

To suppose Æschylus a profound artist, is to suppose that he who invented the art also perfected it; a feat never yet performed by mortal man. This is not the place to enter into a detailed examination of the plays of Æschylus; but we may, in passing, observe, that many things that strike the modern reader as the result of genius, were in truth, no more than stage necessities; and for them contemporaries had no admiration. Thus, to take an example, while Prometheus is being chained to the rock by Vulcan, Power, and Strength, he remains imperturbably silent; neither the taunts of Power, nor the pity of Vulcan, draw from him a word, a groan, or a gesture; he has no defiance for the one, nor friendly expression for the other. It is not till left alone that he bursts forth into passionate complaints, calling on earth, air, and ocean, to behold his woes. This is sublime; no one doubts that it is sublime; yet it was no stroke of the poet's art.† Either from some eurythmic tendency in the construction of the plays, as Gruppe, and, after him, Bode,‡ maintain; or else, and more probably, from motives of economy with respect to the actors, as Geppert§ asserts, certain it is, that more than *two speakers* were never together on the stage in the plays of Æschylus, with a trivial exception in favour of Pylades, who, in the 'Choëphoræ,' says a few words. This fact is indubitable. The invention of the third actor is due, as Aristotle expressly tells us,

to Sophocles. Æschylus only used two. Scholars have been much puzzled to account for the distribution of the 'Prometheus' into parts. In the first scene the protagonist would take the part of Power, the deuteragonist that of Vulcan. Prometheus therefore must be silent. Here the difficulty becomes inextricable; for how, if Prometheus be not one of the actors in the prologue, does he suddenly become one at the close, since he has not left the place where he was fixed to the rock? Welcker* supposes that Prometheus was represented by a picture, and that the protagonist, at the close of the prologue, got behind this and spoke through it. This explanation is accepted by Hermann;† but the difficulties which it raises have been pointed out by Schömann.‡ Be this as it may, we have shown that the silence so sublime was the effect, not of art, but of necessity. Critics, however, have believed that the art of the poet was shown in making this necessity a beauty. We have to show that this was not the poet's intention, and the play itself shall be the proof. At the opening of the play four persons are on the stage; two only speak. Why Strength should be silent, no reason beyond stage necessities have been offered. Why is Prometheus silent? They who dwell upon the poet's art, declares that Prometheus is silent in contempt: he is too proud to answer the sarcasms of his foe; too proud even to accept the pity of his friend. But let those critics turn to verse 905, and the scene which there ensues. Mercury insults Prometheus, and the Titan is *not* silent. He rails in good set terms; defies Zeus, scorns his messenger, and shrieks with pain. If at any time his pride was needed, it was needed then; yet he is fluent—scurilously so. Why? Simply because the *two actors* are together. The Titan, who was willing enough to express his pangs to the Oceanidæ and Oceanus, and also to his enemy, when no third speaker is on the stage, could not answer either friend or foe, when the two speakers were present.

Mistakes, such as that combated above, must always be made so long as we continue to judge of antique works by modern standards. Whatever we see in Æschylus that affects us as sublime, we naturally, but sometimes erroneously, suppose was meant to be sublime, and as such appreciated by his contemporaries. We should remember; that if contemporaries failed to see the grandeur of such things, on the other hand, they

* Many of his portentous compounds were, doubtless, derived from his predecessors. The 'Hyporcheme, of Pratinas, preserved by Athenæus, xiv., p. 617, is sufficient evidence of this. Here is a word to have delighted Aristophanes himself—*λαλοβαρυνταρμελειουσιμβαν*!

† M. Patin follows the ordinary critics in fancying this a stroke of art.

‡ Gruppe, 'Ariadne,' p. 143; Bode, 'Gesch. der Hellen. Dichtkunst,' iii., p. 233.

§ Geppert, 'Altgriechische Bühne,' p. 58.

* 'Trilogie,' p. 30.

† 'Opusc.,' li., p. 146.

‡ 'Prometheus,' p. 65.

were enraptured with the rhetorical, long-winded arguments of Euripides, which to us are so intolerable. Æschylus was a great poet, and created the Greek drama. He is, perhaps, worthy of as much admiration as Sophocles, but not on the same grounds. His name stands upon a lofty pedestal of imperishable renown; but viewed with reference to their intrinsic merit, his plays hardly bear comparison with those of his wondrous rival. This it is important to recognize; otherwise the history of art will be a blank: for the leading principle of that history is the gradual development, up to a certain point, and then the gradual decay. Art does not attain its summit at one stride; it is no Minerva, leaping ready-armed from the brain of Jove.

The Æschylus of the English stage was Christopher Marlowe. In his plays we see also the characteristics of rude energy, high-sounding verse, bombast, triviality and want of art. His conceptions are grand, daring, almost beyond the reach of adequate execution. He presents them forcibly, but unpleasantly; with a certain extravagant power, but without art. His muse was a Pegasus that disdained the curb-rein; or he was not strong enough to curb it. The winged horse started off, and dashed through the air into unknown regions; the hand that should have curbed and regulated this impetuous energy, that should have kept the steed on our earth, instead of mounting to the clouds, that hand was given to Shakspeare not to Marlowe. Passages unsurpassed in massive grandeur and luxuriant imagination are to be found in Marlowe's works; but the qualities which make a dramatist are absent. He neither dives deeply into character, nor paints the subtleties and paradoxes of passion so as to make them seem real. Nor does Æschylus; he sketches where he should paint; gives bold gigantic outlines instead of well-rounded, well-proportioned figures. The subject of 'Faustus' is as grand as the 'Prometheus;' and although miserably inferior to it in treatment, resembles it in one leading characteristic. Both are subjects which in a philosophical age excite the profoundest speculations; and no modern poet would attempt them without a philosophical aim. Shelley and Edgar Quinet have attempted the 'Prometheus;' Göthe and Lenau the 'Faust.' Widely as these differ in execution, they have all the characteristics of philosophical poems, and are in this essentially different from Æschylus and Marlowe. These early poets are not impressed with such profound emotions. They treated the subjects with a simplicity and absence of metaphysical intention very

curious to contemplate. In Marlowe there is a great quantity of low buffoonery; in Æschylus there is only passionate indignation; neither ~~would~~ led to touch on any of the mysterious problems which to a modern naturally present themselves in those stories. Æschylus treated this very much as he treated every other myth, and very much as all early poets treat mythical subjects, that is, with extreme simplicity and childlike faith. The poetry of 'philosophical symbols,' of 'types,' or whatever critics may call it, is a modern creation which has no parallel in ancient poetry. It was neither the taste of the poets nor of their audiences. The poet, indeed, has in all ages spoken to mankind at large, not a sect; he has spoken the language of his fellow-men, without esoteric meanings for a few disciples. And this we may see also in poems expressly philosophical; for in proportion as the poet is great is his poem intelligible to all cultivated minds, and it requires no 'initiation' to understand it. 'Faust' is read all over Germany; is relished by the workman as well as the *Philosophe*. Ingenious men may expound its esoteric meanings; plain men will deny that the poet meant anything esoteric. Be this as it may, Æschylus had clearly no symbolical meaning in the 'Prometheus;' for such meaning is the product of a reflective age. A meaning, doubtless, can be traced there, as Bacon traced a physical theory in each of the antique myths; but this is the result of idle ingenuity not of sound criticism. Like the sublimity of the silence before noticed, the philosophy is not the poet's but the commentator's. Besides the work of exposition is endless; each critic reads a different meaning from that read by his predecessor, and with equal evidence. Let us suppose one of these critics alighting on the chorus of the Persians, and there observing that they spoke of the fleet as the 'sea-forest,' *πόντιον ἄλσος*; and of ships as 'men-transferring machines,' *λαοφόροις μηχαναῖς*. 'See,' he would exclaim, 'with what exquisite art the poet depicts the non-maritime nature of the Persians in their wondering expressions for ships;' and this propriety of *couleur locale* is kept up throughout the play, each person using an oriental pomp of language, an oriental extravagance of metaphor: as where fish are designated as 'mute children of the sea,' *ἀναύδων παῖδων τᾶς ἀμιάντου*; or where Atossa says that the Messenger has 'spoken a great light to her palaces,' *ἐμοῖς μὲν εἰπας δόμασιν φῶς μέγα*! This is no exaggeration, as all readers of commentaries will admit; and it is sufficient proof of the worthlessness of such ingenuity.

To return to Marlowe : the English stage owes much to him, but he had many contemporaries who share with him the honour and trouble of forming a drama out of the materials at hand. But the adoption of blank verse, and the rythmical improvements which he introduced, must not be passed over in silence. Although by no means the first to use blank verse, Marlowe was the first who steadily persevered in his dramatic employment. We refer to Mr. Collier (vol. iii., pp. 127—146) for the proofs ; we refer to him, moreover, for the sake of noticing his extraordinary misconception of Shakspeare's versification, which he attempts to show was founded upon that of Marlowe, with little alteration. 'Marlowe,' he says, 'introduced such varieties of pause, inflection, and modulation, as left our great dramatists little more to do than follow his example.' Mr. Collier when he wrote this had not edited Shakspeare, or he would hardly, we think, have ventured so singular an assertion. Every reader knows that Marlowe's versification has a 'princely monotony ;' that the sense ends almost with every line, and that redundancies are sparing ; redundancies occur, as also deficiencies, but they are so few as to be noticed only on minute examination. The general impression is that of weighty regularity in the structure of the verse. Shakspeare, on the contrary, gives you the impression of inexhaustible variety. The lines run freely over into each other ; redundancies are frequent : lines of twelve, thirteen, and even fourteen syllables not unfrequently occurring. Another distinction : in Marlowe there is a monotony in the length and pauses of his verse, with great irregularity in the metre : he employs almost as many trochees and dactyls as iambs ; Shakspeare has great varieties in length and pauses, with comparatively a rigid employment of the iambic metre. Marlowe, however, is fairly entitled to the honour of having materially improved our blank verse, and having in spite of ridicule, fixed it as the dramatic verse. We reserve our remarks on Marlowe's want of dramatic characterization, till we come to Corneille's want of the same power.

The father of French tragedy was Corneille, who also exhibits the same characteristics as Æschylus and Marlowe : sublimity, bombast, triviality, and want of art. Corneille is often familiar, but seldom naïf. Not only does his language too much resemble, on occasions, the language of comedy, but, as Voltaire remarks, the poets of that day did not distinguish between the simple and the familiar, 'le simple est nécessaire, le familier ne peut être souffert.'

Voltaire, in his valuable commentary, has noticed many examples of this familiarity of expression ; but there are many which escaped his lynx-eyed criticism.

From our ignorance of conversational Greek, we are insensible to much of what was doubtless colloquial in Æschylus ; but there are not a few passages on which we could unhesitatingly pronounce, because the ideas themselves are trivial and colloquial. Corneille, however, with all his faults was a giant, and took a giant's stride in advance of his contemporaries, and is justly considered the father of the tragic style in France. His improvements were poetical rather than scenical. He made the language more suitable to the expression of serious thoughts ; enriched it with many new turns ; gave life and vigour to the feeble and contemptible imitations of the classic model then in vogue, and by the force of passion, rhetoric, and concentrated energy, made that form of drama truly national. He is not to be regarded as a great dramatist, in our Shakspearian sense of the term ; but some of his scenes approach perfection, and have never been surpassed. He has astonishing vigour and a daring spirit. He is sublime, but it is in sudden flashes, not in steady conceptions. Some of his brief sentences startled the audience into rapture, flashing like lightning ; but they were as flashes which for a moment illumine the dark night, not the steady harmonious light of a sun irradiating and suffusing with a poetical glow every corner of the piece. He wants that which all early dramatists wanted, the power of characterization.

The characters in Corneille are *vrais*, perhaps, but not *raisonnables* ; we cannot say they are unnatural, but neither can we say that he has made them natural. Without denying that the opposite passions, which he depicts as co-existent in the same breast, may and often do exist, we absolutely deny that he has made their co-existence credible. Owing to the absence of those subtle links which connect opposite passions, as bridges thrown over vast chasms, Cinna is by turns heroic and contemptible, a patriot, a hero, a hypocrite, and a driveller. Œmîle, whom Balzac (*not* Honoré de) calls an 'adorable fury,' has a considerable portion of the 'fury,' and none of the 'adorable.' The contending passions of love and filial duty which agitate Chimène are undoubtedly real ; but they do not affect us as if they were real ; we do not sympathize with her in the struggle, because we do not see it going on in her heart ; there is no fusion of opposing passions, consequently no truth. It is quite natural for a woman both to hate and love the same man ; to hate him with

a hate as deadly as her love is deep: for this hate is nothing but a wounded, bleeding love, stung with the sense of wrong and blind with intolerable grief. But to portray these contending feelings is a difficult task, requiring subtle knowledge and a delicate pencil. Racine did it, in 'Hermione,' to perfection. Corneille attempted it in 'Chimène,' only to make the contradiction glaring. The point we speak of is important. This talent for portraying the minute links of motive and passion constitutes the great dramatist. Æschylus had none of it; Marlowe had none of it; Corneille had none of it. The 'Choëphoræ' of Æschylus may be compared with the 'Electra' of Sophocles, the 'Edward II.' of Marlowe with the 'Richard II.' of Shakspeare, and the 'Cid' of Corneille with the 'Andromaque' of Racine, by the student desirous of clearly perceiving the nature of the two epochs in dramatic art. A distinction has been made between that 'Ideal which is a faint reflex of the God-like,' and that which is the 'highest point of humanity;' in other words, the ideal is sometimes that which imagination conceives as superior to man, and at others the superiority of humanity. Æschylus and Sophocles embody these two meanings of ideality. The one paints abstractions and demigods; the other, men. The one has a hardness and nakedness outline; the other fills up his outlines with perfect lights and shadows, and delicate tints. Let us for a moment glance at their manner of handling the same subject. Clytemnestra, in Æschylus, hears of the death of her son Orestes without exhibiting the least emotion; not merely is the mother stifled in her heart, the guilty woman is not even moved; she neither feels sorrow for her child nor joy at her security. Yet these contending passions are eminently appropriate to the situation, and Sophocles avails himself of them: his Clytemnestra expresses both feelings, both acutely. It is, indeed, curious to notice the absence of all human feeling in the 'Choëphoræ.' Neither Orestes nor Electra are moved with the least filial recollection. Hate, unmixed with pity, unmixed even with the recollections of maternal kindness, of the ties of blood, hate dark, settled, and implacable, alone moves them. And this hate seems, on the part of Orestes, less grounded in abhorrence at his mother's crimes, or in pity for his father's fate, than in the imposing command of the oracle, which he fears to disobey. The Germans, probably, find some very profound philosophical meaning in all this; meanwhile, we may say that nothing can be less dramatic. To portray passion, in its wondrous com-

plexity and appalling reality, belongs to the poets of the second epoch,—Sophocles, Shakspeare, and Racine. Before quitting the poets of the first epoch, let us remark how they resemble each other not only in cast of thought, language, and characterization, but also in the warlike spirit which pervades their works.

If in pursuing our historical review we call Cervantes the Æschylus of Spain, it must be understood as expressive rather of his position than of the nature of his genius. The dramatic powers of the author of Don Quixote were unquestionably of the highest order. Nevertheless, his dramas have but scanty merit. He possessed all the qualities which make a writer great: style, pathos, humour, knowledge of life, and mastery in the portrayal of character. He stands alone, not merely in his country, but in his art. But his warmest admirers must confess that his dramas are as unworthy of him, as the 'Rape of Lucrece' is unworthy the author of 'Othello.' The boasted tragedy of 'Numancia' is a 'rudis indigestaque moles,' with occasional glimpses of pathos and poetry. Bouterwek supposes that Cervantes had real genius for the drama, but, 'could not preserve his independence in the conflict he had to maintain with the conditions required by the Spanish public; and when he sacrificed his independence and submitted to the rules of others, his invention and language were reduced to the level of an inferior poet. The intrigues, adventures, and surprises which in that age characterized the drama, were ill-suited to the genius of Cervantes. His natural style was too profound and precise to be reconciled to fantastical ideas expressed in irregular verse. But he was Spaniard enough to be gratified with dramas which, as a poet, he could not imitate; and he imagined himself capable of imitating them because he would have shone in another species of dramatic composition had the public taste accommodated itself to his genius.' This is a similar defence to that erected for Shakspeare's poems. We incline, however to the belief that Cervantes did not attain dramatic excellence because his genius was not developed till late in life, when he had long relinquished the writing of plays.

Cervantes, though a poor dramatist, was to a certain extent the father of the Spanish drama, and in his works we see, as in Æschylus, Marlowe, and Corneille, a vigour and grandeur in certain passages, with an intensity of pathos which cannot be too highly admired; we see also the familiarity and bombast peculiar to early dramatists. He introduced a new kind of tragic drama

which was so perfectly in accordance with the national taste that it became the fixed form. Torres de Naharro had fixed the form of comedy; Cervantes fixed that of tragedy.

With Alfieri there was a vigorous attempt to create a drama in Italy; but although a man of powerful dramatic talent, and although his plays have had immense influence on his nation, are still acted, still admired, yet the attempt has proved abortive. There have been no followers to complete what he began. Monti, Niccolini, and the rest, are but feeble copyists of Alfieri. Opera has become the national drama. Germany has been late in establishing a drama; and in spite of the ability there occasionally bestowed upon it, we cannot on the whole regard it as at all equal to that of Greece, England, Spain, and France. Göthe's is doubtless a great name, but its lustre does not come from the drama. Schiller was unquestionably a man of rare talents; but both Göthe and Schiller contented themselves with being translators, and in some sort imitators of the plays of Greece, England, and France. A national drama they did not attempt. Lessing and Kotzebue in some measure attempted it. The *bürgerliche Trauerspiele*, the sentimental dramas such as 'Minna von Barnhelm' and 'Menschenhass und Reue,' are of course miserably inferior to 'Tasso,' 'Clavigo,' 'Fiesco,' and 'Die Jungfrau von Orleans,' in point of poetic beauty, in point of literary interest; but we suspect that in this species lay the germ of a real national drama, for it was the expression of the national character. If it was a real germ, it was completely buried beneath a host of imitations, historical tragedies, fate tragedies, romantic tragedies, and art tragedies, which have been produced with sterile abundance; German tragedies are unknown. Italy and Germany do not afford the same illustrations of that process of development which we have traced in the other countries; but they give negative evidence of almost equal value. The imitative drama, being always a spurious thing, has not been regulated by the same laws as those of natural development.

The third portion of our historical review is now to invite attention. The drama having been created, as we saw, we have now to trace its progress till it reaches a climax of perfection and then to observe its gradual decline. In Greece, the three epochs of formation, perfection, and decline, are felicitously represented by the only three remaining tragedians, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; in France equally so by Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire; in Eng-

land, less perfectly by Marlowe, Shakspeare, and Fletcher; in Spain, still less so by Cervantes, Lope de Vega, or Calderon, and Moreto. With the exception of the Spanish writers, the progress was in all these poets the same in kind, as also was the decline; the reason of this exception we shall hereafter explain. In Sophocles, Shakspeare, and Racine, the sternness, ruggedness, grandeur, bombast, triviality, and scanty outlines of their predecessors were replaced by beauty and harmonious completeness. They received a Cyclopean fragment, bold, but unshapely; in their hands it became a Phidian statue, the ideal of harmonious proportion. The Titan became a man. Art gained in depth what it lost in terror. The Titan, no doubt, was a grand, daring being, vast in size, indomitable in will; but compared to man, wondrous in intelligence, inexhaustible in affection, this Titan was insignificant.

It may be paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that the greatness of a poet is shown rather in small things than in great; these small things being only small in appearance. The minute springs of character, the involuntary demonstrations of feeling, the sudden glimpses of the heart, are ten times more difficult to portray than the general expressions and the open manifestations of headlong passion. To paint a demigod requires only imagination; to paint a man requires far other powers. It is comparatively easy to make characters great, imposing, even terrible: scarcely one man in a century can make them *true*. We may say the same of style; imagery is given to many, but that peculiar beauty which consists in the selection of the best images and the best expressions, which preserves the style equally from prosaisms and gaudy ornaments, which gives the thought all its real beauty and no more, in a word simplicity as distinct from boldness, is the rarest and greatest of qualities in a writer.

The most striking improvements effected by the three poets we are now to consider, are precisely in the above qualities. They made their characters more human, and their style more chaste. Sophocles, in a very important passage preserved by Plutarch, speaks of his having emancipated himself from the pomp (*δυναμις*) of Æschylus, and at length attained that style which was the best for the expression of character (*ὁμοειδὲς ἡδονικώτατον καὶ βέλτεστον*). This conveys the best idea of his aim in poetry; and when he said that 'Æschylus did right without knowing it,' he clearly enough indicated the critical nature of his own genius. He was in truth a very critical poet; but critical in the largest sense. In the fulness of

his knowledge he knew what was the best, and he executed what he knew. There are persons who prefer Æschylus to Sophocles, there are others at a loss to award a preference; we have not to settle such questions here, but we have to settle the question of historical development, and in this sense we must award the superiority to Sophocles, who unquestionably carried the drama onwards. He not only invented a third actor, which, of course, gave greater opportunities for dramatic complexity; but he put a new spirit into tragedy. The passions in Æschylus are indicated rather than delineated; extremely simple and elementary, they have no fluctuations, no subtleties. The passions in Sophocles are *dramatic*, they have their flux and reflux, their contradictions and subtleties; above all they are natural.* In Æschylus they are almost abstractions. It is from this, we believe, that Müller asserted that the masks with their uniform expressions suited the uniformity of passions in ancient tragedy, 'wherein the principal persons once forcibly impressed by certain objects and emotions, appeared through the whole remaining piece in a state of mind which was become the habitual and fundamental character of their existence.† He applies this to Sophocles as to Æschylus; yet surely his memory must have misled him here? The fluctuations of feeling which occur in the scene between Creon and Hæmon in the 'Antigone' (to take only one instance), could never have been represented by one expression, since they embrace the extremes of filial submission and outrageous defiance: the father who began with dignified calmness, and the son who began with affectionate obedience, are both quickly hurried into anger, bitter sarcasms, and mutual defiance. These fluctuations form one of the striking characteristics of Sophocles; and the complexity of his plots is contrived for no other purpose. His plots indeed are masterpieces, and fully demonstrate the delicate art which guided him. Simple in their outline they are complex in their internal structure. The events are few, the situations few; but the motives and feelings are complex. The story of the Œdipus Tyrannus may be told in a few words; the play could not be analyzed in less than a dozen pages. All the minute links in the great chain are brought into view. The result is a work that fills the reader with in-

cessant admiration. For severe simplicity in the economy of materials this play is a model for all dramatists; nothing is superfluous, nothing thrown away.

The drama, as we saw, began when symbols and allegories gave place to human characters, when instead of a virtue or a vice, a virtuous or vicious man was represented. The drama reached its climax when human character was represented in its inner secret phases, and not merely in its external acts. This is accomplished, in different degrees of course, by Sophocles, Shakspeare, and Racine. These poets were all distinguished by the epithet of gentleness; the 'Attic Bee,' the 'tendre Racine,' and 'Shakspeare bland and mild,* and to them we may add the 'gentle Raphael,' who stands in a similar relation to Michael Angelo as Sophocles does to Æschylus. This gentleness is in no way incompatible with the manliest strength; and those critics who prefer Corneille to Racine on the ground of superior strength, mistake spasms for force. Racine is stronger than Corneille, because wider and deeper. The general tenour of his verse, indeed, is sweet and gentle, but he can be terrible at will; he can be bitter and more intense than his rugged rival. So, also, Sophocles is, on occasions, more terrible than Æschylus. The Attic Bee carries a sting. The *womanly*-wicked Clytemnestra is more terrific than the fiendish Clytemnestra of Æschylus, because the one has the feelings of humanity and outrages them, the other is purely fiendish. The dying curse of Œdipus is more fearful than the howlings and ravings of the Eumenides, with all the superiority of moral over physical terror. For strength of purpose and unflinching endurance, Philoctetes is as grand as Prometheus; while in resolution, few can surpass Antigone and Electra. It was not that he was unable to wield the arms of terror, but because he delighted to portray the affections, that Sophocles earned the name of the Attic Bee. Owing to the nature of the subjects, and of Greek feelings, little space is occupied by love in the Greek plays; but in those of Sophocles, the affections generally find beautiful expression. Perhaps nowhere but in Shakspeare is there to be found such a couplet as that in which Ismene replies to Creon's question as to her share in Antigone's disobedience.

δίδρακα τοῦργον, εἴπερ ᾗδ' ὀμοῦ ῥόθου,
καὶ συμμετίσχω καὶ φέρω τῆς αἰτίας.†

The delicacy with which this is touched is wonderful; the whole character of Ismene,

* Respecting the differences between the simple plots of Æschylus and the complex plots of Sophocles, M. Patin has some excellent observations, and draws an ingenious parallel between the two poets and the two historians, Herodotus and Thucydides. See p. 37.

† 'Lit. of Greece,' i., p. 298, trans.

* Tennyson.

† I did the deed if she will let me acknowledge it, and I will share the blame and punishment with her.

with its feminine softness and mild heroism, is reflected in these lines, and how simple they are! Examine the couplet, reader, not merely in itself, but in its relation to the speaker, and the wondrous beauty of these artless words will then fill your mind with a glow of admiration.* Such a couplet you will seek in vain through Æschylus. He would have made Ismene as arrogant and violent as Antigone: she would have declared her willingness to share her sister's fate in some brief, stern words, or else in hyperboles: she would have been a termagant or a braggadocia.

The intensely human and extremely subtle nature of Shakspeare's creations, needs no comment here; all the world are agreed on the matter. But Racine demands a few words from us in exposition. Our remarks will be understood to apply to Racine in relation to all other French poets, not in relation to poets in general. We do not enter that debateable ground of national taste and national prejudice. We do not pretend to settle the rank each poet occupies on Parnassus, but the position he holds in the drama of his own country. This method is not only the fairest, but the safest. As Coleridge said of Klopstock, that he was a very German Milton, so may Englishmen say that Racine was a very French Shakspeare;† our task is to show that Racine did for the French drama what Sophocles and Shakspeare did for theirs.

In the two great qualities of a dramatic writer, style and characterization, Racine has never, in his own country, been approached. The precept of Horace,

"In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis,"

that exquisite propriety of diction which equally avoids triviality and bombast, is beautifully illustrated in the plays of Racine, and is felt and acknowledged by all persons competent to judge. In dramatic exposition of character he is also masterly. Let us rapidly trace his delineation of Hermione, which is, perhaps, his finest character, though 'Andromaque' is not his finest play. She is introduced as betrothed to Pyrrhus, whom she ardently loves, but who deserts her for Andromaque. Self-love struggling with injuries, jealously swallowing up all tenderness, makes her exclaim, 'Ah! je l'ai trop aimé, pour ne le point haïr!' Cléone counsels her to fly; 'Ah!' she replies,

* See also our remarks on the character of Ismene, in our last Number.

† Mr. Hallam, in his 'Literature of Europe,' ranks Racine next to Shakspeare as a dramatic writer. Vol. iv. 462.

"Laisse à ma fureur le temps de croître encore.
Contre mon ennemi laisse-moi m'assurer;
Cléone, avec horreur je m'en veux séparer.
Il n'y travaillera que trop bien, l'infidèle!"

Cléone, quite unaware of the sweet delusion which Hermione cherishes, and, of course, uninfluenced by any of the sophisms in which passion is so fertile, bids Hermione fly before she is again insulted, shows her the enormity of the insult she has suffered, in having a slave preferred to her, and finishes very sagely with:

"Après ce qu'il a fait, que saurait-il donc faire?
Il vous aurait déplu, s'il pouvoit vous déplaire."

To this Hermione passionately answers:

"Pourquoi veux-tu, cruelle, irriter mes ennuis?
Je crains de me connaître en l'état où je suis.
De tout ce que tu vois tâche de ne rien croire;
Crois que je n'aime plus, vante-moi ma victoire;
Crois que dans son dépit mon cœur est endurci;
Hélas! et s'il se peut fais-le-moi croire aussi.
Tu veux que je le fuie? Hé bien? rien ne m'arrête:
Allons, n'envions plus son indigne conquête;
Que sur lui sa captive étende son pouvoir;
Fuyons . . . Mais si l'ingrat rentrait dans son devoir;
Si la foi dans son cœur retrouvait quelque place
S'il venait à mes pieds me demander sa grâce;
Si sous mes lois, Amour, tu pouvois l'engager;
S'il vouloit . . . Mais l'ingrat ne veut que m'outrager.
Demeurons toutefois pour troubler leur fortune."

The fluctuations of feeling need not be pointed out; we cannot, however, pass over in silence the passionate depth of

"Je crains de me connaître en l'état où je suis."

In this state of outraged affection, her thoughts recur to Oreste, who long has sighed in vain for her; dallying for a moment with the 'faint surmise,' encouraging the flattering idea of happiness with him, she says:

"Quelque soit Pyrrhus
Hermione est sensible, Oreste a des vertus;
Il sait aimer du moins, et même sans qu'on l'aime.
Et peut-être il saura se faire aimer lui même.
Allons, qu'il vienne enfin.
Cléone. Madame le voicit.
Hermione. Ah! je ne croyais pas qu'il fut si près d'ici!"

In these few lines there is considerable subtlety. The third paints her own character while painting his. She, too, loves without return; and on this ground of sympathy she builds the hope of future happiness. 'He loves, will make himself beloved.' But directly Cléone says that he is at hand, we see how 'like the baseless fabric of a dream,' this flattering hope; she starts, and exclaims, 'I did not think he was so

near.' The next scene is too long for extract, and must not be mutilated. We pass to the third scene of Act IV. Pyrrhus has made Andromaque the formal offer of his hand and throne. Hermione enters silent and terrible; the brief answers she vouchsafes are stern and implacable. 'Fais-tu venir Oreste,' is all she says to Cléone. Oreste enters enraptured at being sent for by his mistress. To his gallantries, and somewhat maudlin interrogatories, she answers sternly:

"Je veux savoir, seigneur, si vous m'aimez.

Oreste. Si je vous aime! oh, dieux! Mes sermens, mes parjures,
Ma fuite, mon retour, mes respects, mes injures,
Mon désespoir, mes yeux de pleurs toujours noyés;
Quels témoins croirez-vous, si vous ne les croyez?
Hermione. Vengez moi, je crois tout."

This 'vengez moi, je crois tout,' is as magnificent as the more celebrated 'Qu'il mourut' of Horace. Vengeance is her only thought; the rhetoric of Oreste she dismisses with sublime indifference: 'Je crois tout.' Oreste consents to avenge her; but how? She sternly bids him assassinate Pyrrhus. Oreste hesitates, points out the horror of such a crime, but is interrupted by Hermione's imperiously and impetuously exclaiming:

"Ne vous suffit-il pas que je l'aie condamné!
Ne vous suffit-il pas que ma gloire offensée
Demande une victime à moi seule adressée;
Que je le hais; enfin seigneur, que je l'aimai?
Je ne m'en cache point: l'ingrat m'avoit su plaire.

Malgré mes vœux, seigneur, honteusement déçus,
Malgré la juste horreur que son crime me donne,
Tant qu'il vivra craignez que je ne lui pardonne."

Oreste consents; but as he still bids her pause and reflect, she pours forth this torrent of sarcastic passion:

"Tant de raisonnemens offensent ma colère.
J'ai voulu vous donner les moyens de me plaire,
Rendre Oreste content; mais enfin je vois bien
Qu'il veut toujours se plaindre et ne mériter rien.
Partez; allez ailleurs vanter votre constance
Et me laisser ici le soin de ma vengeance.
. . . . De mon ennemi je saurai m'approcher;
Je percerai le cœur que je n'ai pu toucher.
Et mes sanglantes mains sur moi-même tournées
Aussitôt, malgré lui, joindront nos destinées;
Et tout ingrat qu'il est, il me sera plus doux
De mourir avec lui que de vivre avec vous."

Oreste, overpowered, rushes off to execute her will. With a refinement of cruelty, she bids Cléone follow Oreste, and tell him to let Pyrrhus know

"Qu'on l'immole à ma haine, et non pas à l'état.
Chère Cléone, cours: ma vengeance est perdue
S'il ignore en mourant que c'est moi qui le tue."

She is, however, informed that Pyrrhus

approaches; a hope at once warms her heart, and dispels its ferocity:

"Ah! cours après Oreste, et dis lui, ma Cléone,
Qu'il n'entreprenne rien sans revoir Hermione."

All these fluctuations of feeling are wonderfully managed, and they are so perfectly true, and made to appear so true, that we follow them unhesitatingly, sympathizing with her hate as with her love. We must pass over the intervening scenes, though full of power, and stop at the *dénouement*. Oreste has slain Pyrrhus. Hé comes to seek Hermione in triumph. She at first only says, 'Il est mort,' for she is half stunned; she says it mechanically, without clearly apprehending the sense. Oreste described the assassination at some length. 'Qu'ont ils fait!' she exclaims; and this is the sigh which breaks from her as she awakens to consciousness, rather than a distinct reflection. So little does Oreste understand these words, that he expatiates on the deed, adding, that she might pride herself on having struck the blow, since it was but the execution of her wish. Her answer is a thunderclap to him:

"Tais-toi, perfide!

Et n'impute qu'à toi ton lâche parricide.
Va faire chez tes Grecs admirer ta fureur.
Va: je la désavoue, et tu me fais horreur.
Barbare, qu'as-tu fait? Avec quelle furie
As tu tranché le cours d'une si belle vie?
Avez vous pu, cruels, l'immoler, aujourd'hui,
Sans que tout votre sang se soulevât pour lui?
Mais parle: de son sort qui l'a rendu l'arbitre?
Pourquoi l'assassiner? Qu'a-t-il fait? A quel titre?

QUI TE L'A DIT?"

This wild disavowal of the deed she abhors now that it is done, because, in truth, she never meant that it should be done; the bitterness of her not only throwing all the weight of the crime upon Oreste, but with it her scorn and hate; the passionate ignoring of her previous commands, ending with that startling question, 'Who bade thee do it?'—these are in the finest dramatic spirit, and are truly Shakspearian in subtlety and intensity. Oreste, astonished at this burst, and these reproaches, says:

"Oh dieux! Quoi! ne m'avez-vous pas
Vous-même, ici, tantôt, ordonné son trépas?"

Her answer is full of the deepest pathos and the direst scorn, both bubbling from a bleeding heart, and couched in language very near perfection:

"Ah! falloit-il en croire une amante insensée?
Ne devois-tu pas lire au fond de ma pensée?
Et ne voyois-tu pas, dans mes emportemens,
Que mon cœur dementoit ma bouche à tous momens?
Quand je l'aurois voulu, falloit-il y souscrire?"

N'as-tu pas dû cent fois te le fair redire ?
 Toi-même avant le coup me venir consulter
 Y revenir encore, ou plutôt m' éviter ?
 Que ne me laissais-tu le soin de ma vengeance ?
Que t'amène en des lieux où l'on fuit ta présence ?
 Voilà de ton amour le détestable fruit,
 Tu m'apportois, cruel, le malheur qui te suit.
 C'est toi dont l'ambassade, à tous les deux fatale,
 L'a fait pour son malheur pencher vers ma rivale.
 Nous le verrions encore nous partager ses soins ;
Il m'aimeroit peut-être, il le feindroit du moins.
 Adieu. Tu peux partir. Je demeure en Epire :
 Je renonce à la Grèce, à Sparte, à son empire,
 A toute ma famille ; et c'est assez pour moi,
Traître, qu'elle ait produit un monstre tel que toi !

After fifty readings, this passage thrills us with rapture. The reader of Corneille will readily admit there is nothing at all compared to this in his works ; nothing, indeed, of the same kind. Yet there is a prejudice very prevalent that Corneille is more Shakspearian than Racine, because less artificial. A mistake, we believe, of the very nature of dramatic art. Corneille is not only rude and inartistic compared to Racine ; he is also deficient in that delineation of character which we recognize as peculiarly Shakspearian. Racine, whatever may be his merits or demerits, unquestionably does delineate character dramatically ; and Voltaire, speaking of Corneille's method of allowing his characters to announce formally their sentiments instead of letting them escape during passion, says the latter is the great art of Racine, ' Ni Phèdre, ni Iphigénie, ni Agrippine, ni Roxane, ni Monime, ne débutent par venir étaler leurs sentiments secrets dans un monologue, et par raisonner sur les intérêts de leurs passions.' The reader knows whether this be the manner of Shakspeare or not. Indeed, with reference to the 'grand Corneille,' we may say with Lessing that he should have been named 'the extraordinary, the gigantic, but not the great. For nothing is great that is not true.'

If there has been any truth in the parallel we have drawn of the great inventors and perfectors of the dramatic art, we believe it will be found equally true of the corruptors, Euripides, Voltaire, and Beaumont and Fletcher. The sure sign of the general decline of art, Mr. Macauley has acutely remarked, is 'the frequent occurrence, not of deformity, but of misplaced beauty.' This sign is visibly impressed on the works of the writers now to be considered, who

"With gold and silver cover every part,
 And hide with ornament their want of art."

The whole is sacrificed to the parts ; truth, character, and art, are given up for

effective rhetoric, striking situations, and bursts of poetry. The rhetoric, unquestionably, is effective, the situations striking, and the poetry beautiful ; but they are not worth the sacrifices by which they are attained.

Euripides was a wonderful poet, and possessed in a rare degree the power of expression and the language of passion ; but he was not a dramatist of the class of Sophocles and Shakspeare. As with Æschylus, we do not pretend to settle his rank on Parnassus. We neither side with his decriers, nor with his panegyrists. He may be the greatest of the three ; he may be, as Aristotle said, the most tragic of the tragedians, or he may be the worst. We have to show that he was different from the others, that his art was not their art, his means of pleasing not theirs, his merits and demerits the forerunners of decay. Looked at as a dramatist, we should say that Euripides was very quotable, perhaps more quotable than readable ; certainly more agreeable to read than to criticize. Passages of overpowering beauty and exquisite pathos, choruses running riot in luxuriant imagery, and situations of absorbing interest, are read with delight. But passages do not make a drama. To criticize his plays, is like stripping children's dolls to explore their anatomy ; being superbly dressed, they are superb to look upon ; strip them, and you find nothing but misshapen wood, or bulgy limbs of cotton. Sophocles not only bears inspection, but invites it, improves upon it. Incessant study does but explore new miracles of beauty, which had before been unobserved. The familiar knowledge of each part only makes the whole seem more stupendous. Euripides dazzles, Sophocles delights. In separate passages, in particular scenes, Euripides is, perhaps, finer than his great rival ; but no single play will bear comparison with the 'Œdipus,' 'Ajax,' 'Philoctetes,' or 'Antigone.' The scenes of Medea with her children, of Phædra with her nurse, of Iphigenia about to die, of Alcestis parting from her husband and children, though not quite free from his besetting sin of rhetoric, are certainly very masterly, very wonderful ; but the plays themselves are by no means equal to them. The two most palpable defects in his method are the 'Prologue' and the 'Deus ex Machina.' By these he abdicated all claim to the two great tasks of a dramatist, viz., evolution and *denouement*. Having evaded these difficulties, he was enabled to throw all his strength into the middle portion, the easiest ; hence the power of his separate scenes.

Every person conversant with the structure of a drama, will readily admit that evo-

lution and *denouement* form almost the only difficulties. It is easy to invent complex situations; but to make them naturally evolve from bygone conditions, and afterwards naturally grow to a point which shall complete the subject and be a real *denouement*, is what few men can accomplish. But to introduce, as Euripides does, a god or hero who circumstantially narrates the present state of affairs with a glance at the past; to bring forward the characters while at the white heat of passion, allowing them to rant, weep, and reason; and, having placed them in complex situations, to introduce a god who announces the decrees of fate, and affixes a termination to all the struggles and complexities, instead of letting them work out their own natural, logical termination: this is not to write a drama, but to use the drama as a stalking horse, under cover of which to shoot the arrows of rhetoric and moral reasonings. Golden arrows, perhaps; but they do not justify the stalking horse. The drama once used for such a purpose, never recovered its dignity.

Euripides is a rhetorician, not a dramatist. He speaks for his characters, instead of letting them speak. The impersonality which has been so much admired in Shakespeare and Göthe (and not sufficiently recognized in Sophocles), which is the key-stone of dramatic art, Euripides never exhibits. The drama is his theatre of display, and '*sicca secum spatiatum arena.*' He converts all his persons into sophists, and sophists of the same stamp, as Congreve makes even his blockheads utter witticisms, the same in kind, as those uttered by his wits. Rhetoric was the vice and luxury of the age in which Euripides lived. The quick-witted Athenians, prouder of acuteness than of truth, prone to quibbling, argument, and litigation, had their 'wit combats,' which were as debasing to their intellectual and moral integrity, as the gladiatorial combats which 'made a Roman holiday.' To make the worse appear the better reason, was not only the practice of the Agora, but of the philosophers; from the quibbling of lawyers to the sophisms of demagogues and teachers, the Athenian passed to the banquet where the guests were quibbling, or to the theatre where the mythic personages displayed their forensic art. The wisest philosophers, and the plainest citizens, were equally beset with this forensic passion. What are the works of Plato but the displays of laborious quibbling? Truth, and to show the nothingness of the reigning philosophy, were, perhaps, the ulterior objects: but the means, were they not dangerous displays of gladiatorial

ingenuity? Socrates, also, as represented both by Plato and by Xenophon, had no other method of teaching. Accompany him for an instant into the presence of Critias and Charicles, who commanded him no longer to discourse with the young men, whom he corrupts. 'At what age am I to consider men young?' Then Charicles said, 'Until they are allowed to be senators. Discourse not with men under thirty.' 'But if,' said Socrates, 'I wish to buy something, and the man who sells it be under thirty, am I not to ask him for how much he sells it?' 'Yes, surely; but you are in the habit of asking that which you already know; ask not such things.' Then said Socrates, 'If any one asks me where Charicles lives, may I not answer him?' And in this strain was he accustomed to quibble.

Rhetoric being the darling vice, Euripides, who pandered to it, became the darling poet. He was applauded because

τοῖσδε μέτροι γὰρ φρονεῖν
τοῖσιν αἰσθητέον,
λογισμὸν ἐνθεῖς τῇ τῆχυν
καὶ σκέψιν, ὅσ' ἔδην νοεῖν
ἐπαινᾷ.*

The audience were delighted with his brilliant passages. They murmured his musical verses; they quoted his moral aphorisms; they shouted at his democratic rhetoric; they admired his sceptical ingenuity. They sang with him, harangued with him, doubted with him, wept with him. He uttered their thoughts, and uttered them in a language clear, sparkling, and familiar. It was not the weighty, antique, and obscure language of Æschylus, nor the elegant, elaborate language of Sophocles; it was the language of the Agora, with a dash of the schools, and resplendent with imagery and conceits. Aristophanes might laugh at him, for treating of familiar household matters; he might, with wondrous sarcasm, deny him the lyre, and call for 'her who sounds the oyster-shells as cymbals;' he might, with equal bitterness and truth, lay bare the physical nature of the poet's pathos, by asking him for a 'raglet from some doleful tragedy;' but the audience appreciated such verses and such pathos better than the profound art of Sophocles. Art is for the *élite*. Some portion of the genius which creates is indispensable to the mind that appreciates. Euripides wrote down to his audience, and they applauded. Aristophanes must have known this, when he makes Bacchus close the dispute between Æschylus and Euripides with these words:

* Aristoph. *Rane*, 971.

τὸν πῶρ γὰρ ἡρόδοτος ἐμπεδὲν, τὸν δ' ἑὶς ἄλλος.—*Romæ*, 1413.

'This one I deem wise, with the other I am charmed.'

Together with much misplaced beauty, Euripides had also much misplaced familiarity. Horace, indeed, has sanctioned the use which the Greek poet makes of everyday language. In his 'Art of Poetry' he lays it down as an axiom that—

".... tragicus et Peleus, plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.

Telephus, quum pauper, et exsul, uterque
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
Si cor spectantis curat tetigisse querela."

But this is surely nothing but a misplaced literality, as bad as the colouring of statues. Because Telephus and Peleus are beggars and exiles, are they to talk like beggars? The 'sesquipedalia verba,' indeed, which pomp and power may fitly employ, should be set aside; but the man remains the same although his state be changed. Œdipus, when at Colonus, talks like a sorrowing old man; but he is still Œdipus. In this, as in some other points, we see the symptoms of decay, which the dramatic art is about to undergo with the successors of Euripides. That poet, in making the drama more familiar, made it more prosaic. Let us trace the consequences.

Æschylus sketched grand outlines; Sophocles filled them up. Euripides frittered away his picture by exclusive attention to details.* The first, painted demigods and their passions; the second, painted passionate men: he made the drama human. The third, degraded the drama by making it prosaic. It came into the hands of Euripides as a statue, cold, elaborate, and ideal. He added warmth, but destroyed the ideality; he lifted it from its pedestal, and placed it in the market-place. The characteristics of the three poets may be illustrated from the subject which they have all treated—the Electra. In the 'Choëphoræ' of Æschylus, Electra, in her mother's house, 'is unhonoured, unesteemed; excluded from the hearth like a most pernicious dog (πολυτρόπος κύνος), stifling laughter with her tears.' In Sophocles she is 'without husband, without child, dissolved in tears; the constant image of eternal woe; in her father's house (note the father's!) unhonoured as a stranger, dressed in poor, unseemly garments, and forced to wait for food till the others have finished.' The perfectly human images here will not escape the reader, as also the contrast they afford to the abstract conditions mentioned by Æschylus. Not content with

making her ill-treated and unhonoured, Euripides marries her to a peasant, and introduces her with her locks shorn close, and a pitcher of water on her head. How perfectly typical of Euripides! Quite in keeping with this is his making Electra recognize her brother by a scar on his forehead, occasioned by a fall. How does she recognise him in Æschylus? By the colour of the lock of hair placed on Agamemnon's tomb, and by the print of his footstep; signs somewhat incredible, it is true; but Æschylus aimed not at illusion. In Sophocles the recognition is by means of a ring, with which Orestes confirms his declaration that he is her brother. How typical of the three poets are these three points! The ring of Sophocles is not conclusive evidence, perhaps, but conclusive enough for poetry. The scar of Euripides is more natural, and more familiar; but it is too familiar, it is prosaic. We may say the same of his making Electra decoy Clytemnestra to her house, by pretending that she is in childbed. The transition from such tragedy to the new comedy was inevitable. When life is no longer represented in its ideal aspects, or when the familiar realities of household life are mingled with them, then prose comedy commences, and ideal tragedy is about to expire. It is to be remarked, that Euripides introduces matters which are both common-place and unnatural: common-place in themselves, unnatural as connected with the particular persons. When Sophocles said that 'he drew men as they ought to be, *ὡς οὖν δεῖ*, Euripides drew them as they are, *ὡς οὖν εἰσι*,' he very distinctly expressed the prosaic tendencies of his successor. Æschylus is grand and trivial; Sophocles passionate and majestic; Euripides passionate and familiar.

To compare Voltaire with Euripides will startle the careless reader. But those who have followed us hitherto with moderate attention will perceive at once that the comparison is rather one of position than of poetical genius. Euripides was a poet; his most violent detractors admit it. Voltaire was a poet only because he was a Frenchman; that is to say, French poetry being confessedly 'la poésie de la raison,' it was possible for him, not a poet born, to write verses which would live. Voltaire resembles Euripides, in sacrificing the whole to its parts, and making the drama a stalking-horse for political and religious opinions. Incapable of exciting interest by the simple portraiture of the passions, he exerted himself to produce an effect by other means. His tragedies are the productions of an extraordinary mind, and contain many fine passages, but they are not *dramatic*: the passions

* M. Patin acutely observes, that everything in a drama which is not dramatic is a fault, even when a beauty in itself.

are described, not evolved; the fluctuations are abrupt and illogical; the motives are neither deep, subtle, nor complex. We miss all the delicate shades of feeling, all the subtlety which delights us in Racine. Everything is on the surface, and seems to have no other root hidden in the soul. Voltaire can give to feeling a strong expression, but this is always *ab extra*, not *ab intra*: it is the poet speaking, not the person. Orsmane talks a great deal about his grandeur and generosity; these qualities do not shine through his speech and acts. Zaire talks eloquently of her love and her religion; the spectator doubts whether she has either love or religion. This is not the manner of Racine. It may be clothed in powerful verse, and that verse will give delight; but to those who can analyze their impressions, to those who relish art, the delight will be obviously of another sort than that afforded by dramatic evolution of character. Frenchmen prefer Racine to Voltaire, because the more exquisite poet; but they usually speak of them as equals in the portrayal of character and passion; they might as well compare Victor Hugo and Racine. The difference really is immense: Racine creates character, Voltaire anatomizes it.

Nothing can more fully display Voltaire's dramatic incapacity than the nature of his admiration for Shakspeare, and imitation of those qualities he admired; since he therein doubly manifested his want of appreciation of all that made Shakspeare great. From th 'Lettres sur les Anglais,' and from the 'Discours sur la Tragédie,' addressed to Lord Bolingbroke, and prefixed to 'Brutus,' it is very evident that Voltaire was much struck with the greater license and superior theatrical capabilities of the English drama; but the profound psychological truth, the irony, impartiality, and astonishing subtlety of Shakspeare never struck him. He wished to introduce upon the French stage the theatrical effects of ghosts, multitudes, and murders; not the dramatic effects of character and passion. The scepticism of Hamlet of course delighted the sceptical poet; the philosophy in this play charmed the metaphysician, but we have no evidence that the unequalled dramatic delicacy and truth with which it is written, roused him to rapture. The mobs in 'Julius Cæsar' and 'Coriolanus,' struck him as very effective; but this was in a theatrical, not in a dramatic sense. He has read Shakspeare with purblind eyes who sees in his mobs nothing but crowds 'to swell the scene;' the bitter irony of the poet is often in its bitterest moods when tracing, with a seemingly careless hand, the levity, inconsequence, folly, and

brutality of the people, whose opinions are loud not deep, whose acts are resolved on with levity and executed with ferocity. Voltaire, in this respect, in 'Brutus,' 'Semiramis,' and 'Zaire,' has imitated 'the drunken savage' with painful ill-success.

In his old age Voltaire regretted having been instrumental in introducing Shakspeare into France; and he had ample cause. Shakspeare, as Göthe admirably said must be studied, not imitated; studied as nature must be studied, and as a key to her mysteries. Imitation, even of perfection, produces only imitation, and that never can have life and strength. Shakspeare and Schiller have corrupted the French drama by destroying its nationality.

Beaumont and Fletcher, though 'good names and true,' were also guilty of the sin of misplaced beauty. It is often supposed that they stand in the shadow of the greatest name in poetry, and that this prevents the lustre of their genius from being fairly seen, as the stars themselves are invisible when the sun is high in heaven. We are disposed to think that some portion of their lustre is reflected from the splendour of their superior; much of the interest they excite in modern times is owing to their connection with the age which he illumined. Their plays are no longer acted; only a very few are actable, and not one is capable of retaining possession of the stage. Neither poetry, however beautiful, nor plots however complicated, can sustain a play that has not dramatic truth; this truth the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher want. Rapid and amusing intrigues, passages of exquisite delicacy and pathos, scenes of energetic passion, of rich humour, are not unfrequent; hence the high character these poets bear in 'Lamb's Specimens,' and in Reviews. But no one studies their works as *chefs-d'œuvre* are studied; few, even among literary men have read half of their plays. Editions are scanty and do not sell quickly. With all the poetical powers these poets unquestionably possessed, they have not been able to take a firm hold of the national mind. They are not read. And why? Because the greatest charm of dramatic literature, the exhibition of character, is wanting. They often vigorously sketch their characters, but they cannot complete with truth what they felicitously began. The severest task for the dramatist is to preserve the spiritual integrity of each character in spite of surrounding circumstances. A story is the result of character acting upon circumstance, and of circumstance acting upon character; but circumstance never alters character, only develops it. Othello, after his conviction of Desdemona's infidelity,

is integrally the same as he was before; that conviction has not altered but developed another phasis of his character; the expression is changed, not the man. In Beaumont and Fletcher the character changes with the circumstances. It is sacrificed to the exigencies of the story, or to produce an effective scene. The consequence is, you have little or no interest in the persons, and care only for the story or the poetry: on such foundations a dramatic reputation may indeed be founded, but not an enduring fame. They had brilliant qualities, and by these rivalled, we may say surpassed, Shakspeare himself in popularity in their own day; posterity quickly revoked this judgment of contemporaries.

We are now to look at Spain. Here the drama presents no such distinct types of the three epochs of formation, perfection, and decline, as in Greece, England, and France. It reached its climax in Lope de Vega and Calderon; it expired imitating the French. This exception is conclusive, we believe, of the truth of our former parallels. The Spaniards do not range under the same classification the other poets, because the Spanish drama is in one essential point radically different from every other. From its commencement to the present day the story, with its complex situations, has been the paramount object of the poet; character and passion have been subordinate to plot and situation, for which alone they were introduced. The character was chosen to exhibit the story, not the story to exhibit the character, as with us. So striking a contradiction in the spirit, precludes any great resemblance in the history of the Spanish and other dramas. Lope de Vega's best plays are not a whit inferior to those of Calderon, being precisely of the same kind; and those of Moreto, Antonio de Solas, Iviso de Molina, and Fragoso, are all the same stamp as those of Lope de Vega and Calderon, though of inferior execution. But the very finest play of Voltaire or of Fletcher, is not to be compared with one of Racine or Shakspeare, because the difference is of *quality* more than of degree. The ingenious stories, effective situations, and brilliant sparkling fancies, which are the excellences of the Spanish writers, are imitable, even surpassable; but the profound truth of character and passion wrought into wise and weighty verse, which distinguishes Shakspeare, is inimitable, unsurpassable.

The Spanish drama declined because it became imitative; grew ashamed of its national vigour, and aspired after foreign elegances; blushed when it thought of Aristotle and Bossu: for the scholars declared it was

not classical, and the French, or Frenchified Spanish, deplored its *grossièreté*. To be correct; to preserve the sanctity of the unities; to banish everything unworthy of 'le style noble'; to be classical, were then the tasks for poetic ingenuity. The careless, coquettish, dark-eyed, animated Spanish Muse with a soul of fire, flowing hair, and unconstrained limbs, became a mincing coquette, awkward in her French stays, and ludicrously powdered and *frisée*. Curious it is to notice how French taste overran Europe, England included, destroying the drama of each nation by foisting miserable imitations of 'le style noble' in the place of the national style; while in return Germany, Spain, and England, have helped to destroy that of France. It would seem that imitation was the last and inevitable resource of the art in its decay; incapable of originality, and forced to comply with the demand for novelty, it endeavours by the introduction of foreign beauties to sustain itself for awhile. In our own country there is but one name from Dryden down to the present century which can be quoted with applause: and that is Otway. Dryden, Lee, Southern, Addison, Thomson, Johnson, Murphy, Ambrose Phillips, Young, and the rest, need only be named to be condemned. In France, we need only name La Motte, Diderot, La Harpe, Ducis, Lemercier; in Spain, Montiano, and La Huer-ta. These were men of talent, of celebrity; but they were not dramatists. The public applauded their imitations. There was a fashion in admiring foreign taste, as in patches and powders. 'Cato' was pronounced a *chef d'œuvre*. The pit admired; coffee-houses rang with eulogiums; grave-wigged citizens took their families to wonder at it. But they got tired at last. The French, 'our natural foes,' became supplanted by a return to Shakspeare, and the introduction of German sentimentality.

The theatres continued to fill as before, and therefore people supposed the drama was alive; forgetting that the theatre had become a mere amusement. Was it then come to this? That drama which in its high and palmy days had been a secular pulpit from whence the poet instructed his nation, instructing them through their emotions, was it reduced to rivalry with rope-dancers and jugglers? An amusement and no more? To this complexion it had, indeed, come! In the days of Shakspeare the great public had no source of instruction comparable to that of the stage. Those were not reading days; books were few and dear; the habit of reading was confined to the learned; the mass learnt only from the

pulpit and the stage, spending in the bear-garden and skittle-ground the time now bestowed upon cheap literature. The public has become a reading public, so that the instructive office of the drama has gradually become less and less, and the instruction now being sought in other and more effectual channels, has become separated from the amusement; the result of which is, that the drama has ceased to occupy its literary position. It is purely an amusement; and as such must cater for the lower appetites of a miscellaneous public. Hence the increased demand for scenery and spectacle. This separation, though inevitable, is perhaps the most potent cause of the present decline. The poet feels that he can no longer exercise that power over the national mind which the stage once possessed. A new play, if very successful, will cause people to run after it; but not until it has been played so many nights that 'all the world' has seen it. Formerly, the first night of a new play was an event attended with impatience and literary excitement. The house was always full on such an occasion; the pit was grave with critics. Bad or good, the play was sure almost to cover the managerial outlay by the first night receipts. So many persons were interested, that the risk, which is now so enormous, amounted to almost nothing. Of course the increased splendour of decoration has to do with this; but why the necessity for decoration, if not because the public can not be otherwise attracted? When people now 'run after' a new piece, it is because 'a sensation' has been made: they will crowd to see an elephant or a criminal for the same reason. You cannot call this a dramatic taste.

The usual answer to all complaints is that 'the present age is undramatic.' It is so, but not for the reason alleged; not because modern passions are less energetic, modern manners less picturesque, modern actions less heroic; but because the drama has lost its hold upon our wants and sympathies. The ages of Pericles and Elizabeth are now discovered to have been rich in dramatic materials; we are told to regard the stirring adventures, novel opinions, social excitements, and energetic passions which characterized those epochs. Facile theorizing! Are not these things as abundant in our own day? does the pulse beat more feebly? is life a weaker struggle? are our hopes realized—our ambitions less? are our affections less deep and delicate—our imaginations less audacious? is there not a wide-spread social anarchy which, with the gaunt misery of millions, might furnish subjects and passions as terrible as the tale of 'Labdacus'? No

one will dare gainsay this; but these hopes, these passions, these wants, and these opinions, find other channels than the drama: they are represented in books, newspapers, and meetings. We leave the drama for a wider sphere. If, as in Athens, we could assemble all our citizens in one giant theatre, and there represent before them a drama typical of their hopes and struggles, then would the stage be more mighty than the press; as it is, the stage is insignificant. The ages of Pericles and Elizabeth were dramatic, because great dramatists rendered them illustrious.

It is useless despairing. Hogarth in his 'Old Burlington Gate,' represents opera, masque, and pantomime flourishing in all their glory, while our tragic poets are being trundled on a wheelbarrow to oblivion. This is thought to be cutting satire, and would rejoice the hearts of modern speculators on this subject. But let us ask: what is the vital force of a drama which can be set aside by masques and pantomimes? Shakspeare had to contend against children, foreign dancers, and 'real' animals. We do not find that these were sufficient 'to ruin the drama' in his day; why should they now? Carlotta Grisi or Van Amburgh would have delighted our forefathers quite as much as ourselves; would they have 'ruined the drama?' No. Men will at all times be pleased with anything uncommon, whether acting-children or foreign dancers; they will always be gratified with splendid scenes and decorations. It is in their nature to be so. But there is a higher faculty in man which must also be delighted: he is not all sense, all wonderment; he has a soul: he has thoughts and emotions which demand their food. To this higher faculty Shakspeare appealed; and, in spite of the reality of animals and the curiosity to see children, the public flocked to Shakspeare's theatre, there to enjoy those higher pleasures which they could enjoy nowhere else. In our day things have altered their position. The lower appetites remain the same, and the theatre caters for them; the higher appetites remain, but the theatre no longer successfully and exclusively offers them food. At the library these pleasures must be sought. For a few pence a man may revel in the finest poetry; be stirred with the most exciting tale; be exalted by the most adventurous discoverer; be aroused to meditation by the profoundest philosophy; or see his cause defended by the press. Why should he go to the theatre for these?

The library cannot furnish him with music, with dancing, with spectacle, with wondrous feats of human distortion, and

brute sagacity; for these he goes to the theatre.

Let us look at France. The conditions usually considered as inseparable from success are met with there. The public is passionately fond of amusement. The government is extremely liberal towards the large theatres. The authors are extravagantly remunerated, and are paid with renown as well as money. A successful piece is a fortune to a young writer. The merits of plays are not subject to the ignorance and caprice of a manager, as is so justly complained of in England; the play is read to a *comité* whose decision carries the day. These are points on which England presents a complete contrast; yet the results, as far as the drama is concerned, are very similar in both countries. In France there is a greater quantity of talent devoted to the stage, and better pieces are produced; this is because the remuneration is so much greater. It is easily conceivable that when one or two thousand pounds is the reward of a successful five-act play, to say nothing of the popularity and contingent advantages, every man with the requisite ability will make a trial. The 'Lady of Lyons' and the 'Hunchback' would have produced fortunes to their authors, had the remuneration been equivalent to that in France. Casimir Delavigne received no less than 60,000 francs for his 'Ecole des Vieillards'; and 40,000 for 'Les Enfants d'Edouard'; and 30,000 each for 'Don Juan de l'Autriche' and 'Louis XI.' M. Scribe is said sometimes to make 150,000 francs a year. The average annual amount of money received by the French dramatists, sale of copyright and tickets included, is no less than 1,500,000 francs, or, sixty thousand pounds.

This will make our dramatists stare. Sixty thousand pounds a year to be divided amongst the successful writers of plays! Is not the temptation powerful? If there is genius in the country, must not such a glittering prospect draw it forth? Assuredly. Hence the obstinacy with which De Balzac persists in seeking dramatic success, though of a kind radically opposed to his genius: he would be happy to succeed even at the smallest theatre. He has been as low as the *Gaité*, and failed. George Sand also tried the theatre, and failed. Eugène Sue, though, according to a recent trial, offered the enormous sum of 100,000 francs for a novel, he too has tried the theatre. Jules Janin has tried the theatre; so has Théophile Gautier; so has every *feuilletoniste*.

Such are the facts. The temptation to authors is enormous; access to the stage, though difficult, is easy compared to that in England; every encouragement is given;

every man of talent tries his fortune. But the result? No one will say that France has a drama comparable in the least degree with that of the age of Louis XIV. Clever plays; amusing plays; not dramas; not works that are studied, or that will live. The theatre is an amusement, and those who furnish it with materials are well paid. The drama is in as deplorable a condition as with us. A high price is given for an amusing play, as it is for a good opera dancer. But leaving money aside, and looking to the influence exercised by the poet, what comparison will the noisy melodramas of Victor Hugo bear with the success of his 'Notre Dame,' or 'Odes et Ballades?' By his plays he managed to create a 'sensation'; this was owing to his audacity. By his novel and poems he created a reputation; by them he exercises an influence on his nation.

Another fact connected with the French theatre is important. In spite of the large sums paid for five act plays, very few are written. Authors prefer realizing the same money by various small pieces. Vaudevilles, operas, and dramas, pay equally well, and are easier to write. The French critics deplore this; very idly, in our opinion. If authors do not furnish five act plays, it is because the plays are less in demand than vaudevilles. Men do not live by bread alone, authors least of all men; and France is a country in which literary talent leads to too many important distinctions not to make authors aspire to literary honours. If, therefore, the drama is deserted for the vaudeville, it is because the drama itself has no hold upon the public mind. The public seeks amusement; the author seeks to afford it; when he wishes to influence his nation, he does not use the stage. That which formerly constituted the greatness of the drama, that which gave it life, is gone elsewhere; that which constituted the mere husk (the amusement) remains.

The interest excited by Shakspeare, Racine, Alfieri, and Schiller, in their respective nations, must not be misunderstood. Their plays are frequently performed, and to delighted audiences. These poets are the national idols, and their names arouse such echoes through the world, that there is an universal interest excited in them. This is no evidence of a dramatic taste. We go to see Shakspeare as we would to gaze upon a Raphael; our admiration for the prince of painters may be very genuine, yet imply no curiosity for the productions of modern art; we may spend days in the Louvre, and never enter an exhibition. The interest excited by Raphael, is felt by almost all men; he is a celebrated person, therefore the object of

curiosity, even to those who care nothing for pictures. Some from fastidiousness, some from pedantry, and others from indifference, would walk away from a modern exhibition; all of them would gladly see the ancient masters. In this way, Shakspeare, being identified with our national history and literature, is an object of incessant curiosity; not so the modern dramatists.

Such has been the course of the drama; such its origin, progress, and decline. The uniformity of the phenomena indicates something more than accidental resemblances, and demands more than a cursory glance. If we now repeat the question: Can the drama be revived—is the present depression temporary, or is it irremediable decay? our answer may assume somewhat the character of a philosophical conclusion drawn from historical facts. History says: As an art, such as we behold it in the works of great writers, the drama has for ever passed away; it is now lingering in the last period of its decay; it cannot be revived. This is the reply made by history; but as it would be presumptuous in us to pronounce upon the future, even from such evidence in the past, we would word our answer somewhat thus:

The drama in its present form has no life, because it no longer springs from the national wants and sympathies, no longer exercises an important and lasting influence on the public mind, no longer occupies the place of anything higher than a mere amusement. It is possible, however, that at no very distant period, some man will arise with an eye keen enough to perceive the wants of his age in this matter, and with genius enough to fulfil them. Then may the drama, assuming altogether a new form, claiming a new office, and exercising a new and powerful influence, become what it was of old, and be, indeed, 'revived.'

ART. III.—*Histoire des Pasteurs du Desert.*
Par NAP. PEYRAT. Paris. 1842. 2 vols., 8vo.

Power that can recognize its own limits—governors who can see where government is needed and will be received, and where it is not required and will not be endured—these are rare blessings, and rarest of all in matters of religion; since it is there that men most readily mistake tyranny for firmness, and the gratification of their own pride for obedience to the Divine will. Never was this more strikingly shown, than in the

transactions between Louis XIV. and the Protestants of France. Never did the honest will and natural dignity of man, fortified by a stern sense of religious duty, uphold so humble an antagonist against so terrible a foe, and never was the whole artillery of despotism so skilfully, so perseveringly, or so fruitlessly wielded. Protestants were driven into exile by hundreds of thousands; Protestants by thousands were killed in battle, or butchered by soldiers; were racked, were broken on the wheel, were burnt alive; but Protestantism remained unhurt, and survived not only the persecution, but the persecuting government itself.

Seldom has any sovereign ascended the throne with prospects more cheering and glorious than those which opened upon Louis XIV. at the death of Mazarin, and his own accession to the effective government of his dominions. The king's address and external qualities were eminently fitted to captivate his people; he displayed an early strength of character such as had been observed in few of his predecessors, and he found himself in possession of powers far more extensive than had ever belonged to any of them. All that the crown and its ablest ministers had struggled for, came into his hands without an effort. The contest had been long and fierce, but prerogative had gained the day; the sound of arms had died away throughout the land; and it was almost forgotten that the French, now so loyal and submissive, had been among the most mutinous and ungovernable of all the nations of Europe. Had Louis been endowed with a truly kind and liberal spirit, had he been disposed to cultivate the arts of peace, or even to lay a true foundation for military success, he might have become the greatest king that France had ever seen, and might have preserved the continuity of her national existence, by averting the Revolution. But while affairs yet wore this bright and promising aspect, his evil genius prompted him to attack his Protestant subjects; an unprincipled aggression, from which he was destined to reap a bitter harvest of humiliation and disgrace.

It is well known that the convention concluded between Henry IV. and his Calvinist companions in arms, and styled the Edict of Nantes, gave to the latter an organization extremely dangerous to the crown; and that soon after Henry's death the two powers were again in collision. It was reserved for the genius of Richelieu to retrieve the monarchy. Under his rule the Protestants lost their great civil and military establishments, and their places of strength; even Montauban, which had once proudly en-

graved upon its medals 'Respublica Montalbanensis!' and to which Louis XIII. laid siege in vain, while its holy men harangued the defenders at the very breach, one prophet 'dying in his speech,' as he denounced the advancing enemy, 'Wo unto thee, Babylon!'—and La Rochelle, that yielded not until four-fifths of its people had perished by famine, and then yielded only to the prodigious efforts of Richelieu. But although the Calvinists were thus reduced, they enjoyed the free exercise of their religion, and were admitted, though not without difficulties and discouragements, to several honourable employments; particularly that of arms, in which they boasted the great names of Rantzau, Guebriant, Châtillon, La Force, and Turenne; besides Duquesne, the founder of the marine. They also cultivated manufactures and commerce with remarkable ingenuity and success.

It was against this class, the most valuable of all who owned his sway, that Louis was unhappily induced to employ his authority. A monarch who identified the state so entirely with himself, did not choose that any part of it should differ from him in matters of faith: he believed that his power was sufficient to compel obedience in spiritual as in temporal affairs, and that firmness on his part would in time produce uniformity in religion. The scheme was recommended by important sanctions: since the extirpation of heresy was expressly stipulated for in his marriage contract, negotiated by Mazarin with the Spanish court, in 1660; and Anne of Austria earnestly desired to atone for her ill-spent life by engaging her son in so good a work: a desire which he might have been less eager to gratify, had it not seemed to point to the extension and completion of the grand system of absolute monarchy. The French, too, were generally of opinion, that the existence of a religious dissent was a great evil; and every blow that could be directly or indirectly struck against the Huguenots was regarded as a triumph.

It is not uncommonly imagined, at least in this country, that the revocation of the edict preceded the attack upon the Calvinists; but the truth is, that a system of cruel and treacherous aggression existed for twenty years, while the edict was still the law of the land. Under the pretext of *maintaining* the edict, a commission was issued in 1662 to inquire into the legal titles to the 'Temples' of the Protestants, their cemeteries, and their schools; and to reduce the number to that specified in the edict; without any allowance for the increase which had been silently permitted during sixty

years. A dull, deadening, *negative* persecution was resorted to, and the Protestants found that they had nothing to hope from the Crown, the sole fountain of honours and preferment. Converts who should relapse into heresy, were next made subject to banishment, and the consistory which received them, to the demolition of its church. The age at which a person was competent to avow conversion was fixed at fourteen in males, and twelve in females, and Protestant children were carried off from their mothers to be converted. The sick were compelled to receive the visit of a priest, and to listen to his tormenting exhortations; psalm-singing out of church was forbidden; and so early as 1665 the oppression was so grievous, that the Great Elector, Frederic William of Brandenburg, was induced to write to the king in behalf of the sufferers. Louis replied that he was not bound to render to any man an account of his conduct towards his subjects of the reformed religion; but that the elector might rest assured that he was pledged to the maintenance of the edicts which secured their liberties, not less by his royal word, than by the remembrance of their fidelity during the civil wars of the Fronde. Nevertheless, decree followed decree, each inflicting some fresh vexation, and clogging every office of religion with some additional burden. Complaint was forbidden, and, to prevent unseemly comparisons, it was made penal to allude to the sorrows of the Hebrews under Herod or Nebuchadnezzar! Every artifice was used to bring the penalties into operation, and many temples were destroyed, and many cemeteries closed.

In 1663, the Chamber of the Edict—a chamber created in the Parliament of Paris for the express purpose of construing and enforcing the Edict of Nantes—was threatened with abolition. Deputies from the churches hurried to St. Germain and remonstrated with the king in person: but their intercession proved fruitless, and having lost their only remaining safeguard, the Protestants began to abandon a country in which their lives were daily embittered. A severe law was fulminated against the fugitives, but the dread of death did not check their outward current.

France was now one vast field of theological controversy, when Bossuet, the leader of the Gallican Church, published his 'Exposition of Catholic Doctrine.' Among the Protestants there existed, unhappily, a great variety of doctrines. The elder men adhered to the Calvinistic opinions in a mitigated form; the majority were professed Arminians; and others had embraced a kind of

Socinianism, which derived its name from Pajon, minister of Orleans. The work of Bossuet found, of course, many eager antagonists. The first was Brueys of Montpellier; a light, mercurial writer, whom Bossuet did not condescend to answer, but sent for and forthwith converted. He was pensioned by the court, and undertook to refute his own book, but never succeeded in the attempt. The Calvinists were now deserted by the few courtiers who still remained to them. Turenne himself avowed his conversion. One or two of the younger members of the high nobility, and a considerable number of the gentry, abandoned their country, to preserve their faith. During the war with Holland the persecution was relaxed, and corruption was resorted to. Upon the principle, it may be supposed, of robbing Peter to pay Paul, a fund upon which the pope had a claim, was set apart for the conversion of Protestants. The poor were tempted with money, and the upper classes with honours and preferment, and with the offer of education for their children at the public expense. But these expedients appeared too slow to Louis, who was continually urged by his Jesuit confessor, Père La Chaise, to realize without delay the great scheme of uniformity, and to atone for his sins by bringing his whole realm within the pale of the Church. Accordingly, as soon as his hands were set free by the peace of Nimeguen, a new ordinance excluded the Protestants from employment in the farms of the crown, ruining thousands who lived by the collection and management of the revenue. The age of conversion was reduced to seven, and if a child could be taught by its nurse to lisp such phrases as 'Ave Maria,' 'Sainte Vierge,' 'Vive la Croix,' 'La messe est belle,' some priest was sure to hail this token of conversion, and the child was torn from its parents. Large sums were expended in circulating Romanist treatises in the Protestant districts. The movements of every Calvinist in Paris were closely watched and reported by the police, and those who appeared to be most active were ordered to repair to some distant province, and to reside there till further orders. The multitude was excited by the priests and magistrates; fierce riots took place in the churches, the bodies of the Protestants were torn from their graves, and subjected, even under the eye of the court, to outrages not surpassed by those which horrified all Europe, when the royal tombs of St. Denis were violated at the Revolution.

Next came (1681) a series of very remarkable operations, directed by Louvois,

the leading minister of the greatest monarch of his time. The civil and ecclesiastical authorities of each town called a public meeting, announced the approach of a military force, and the king's command that all Protestants should be converted without delay. Upon the arrival of the soldiers, those who refused obedience were handed over to them, to be pillaged, tortured, and abused at pleasure, murder and violation being alone forbidden. The troops exercised their licence in such a manner as to outrun the warmest wishes of the minister, zealously adapting to each sex and age the kind of torment most likely to subdue it. This process was called a *Dragonnade*, from the dragoons, who distinguished themselves above the other corps by superior ingenuity in outrage. Persons whose faith was proof against the arguments of these savage missionaries, were closely confined in citadels, if they were people of condition; but the humbler classes were thrown into loathsome dungeons, and subjected to daily tortures, which were yet less injurious than the pestilential atmosphere of the cells. Several persons, after a few weeks' confinement, issued from the prisons of Grenoble, deprived both of hair and teeth. Many, to make room in the prisons, were shipped off in old and crazy vessels for the plantations in the West Indies. The king was assured that a rapid and general conversion was in progress.

And now the aged Chancellor Le Tellier requested of the king, as a last favour, permission to crown the great and holy work, by affixing the seal to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The king, strange to say, though he had violated the edict a thousand times, hesitated to avow the principles upon which he had so long been acting, but he gave way under the advice of theologians, and the chancellor had the gratification, before he died, of sealing the revocation* and piously repeating the 'nunc dimittis.' His funeral oration was pronounced by Bossuet, who extolled to the skies this new and surpassing glory of the great monarch, the blessed extermination of the heretics. Medals were struck on the auspicious occasion, and the Gallican Church was in an ecstasy of delight. The counsellors of the Vatican, perhaps, saw a little further, for Rome made no sign of approbation.

The Protestant clergy, to the number of 1500, were forthwith expelled from France; but the revocation had at last been decided upon so hastily, that the government found itself unable to supply their

* It was promulgated in October, 1685.

place. All the religious orders sent missions to the new churches; but their envoys were for the most part mere itinerant monks, and were regarded by the people with mingled fear and contempt. Even Bourdaloue and Fénelon, who were despatched to the south-west provinces, were unable to remove these feelings. Many Protestants, indeed, yielded to temptation; but their acquiescence was not of a satisfactory kind, and in general, when the Dragonnade had swept by, the people deeply repented of their base submission. Even where they maintained an outward appearance of conversion, the attacks of illness, and the approach of death, seldom failed to awaken a strong feeling of remorse. M. Peyrat relates,* that

"They cursed the monks who stood by their pillows, and they declared that they would die in the religion of their fathers. After such a declaration, the patient, if he recovered, was sent to the galleys, or if he died was cast out into the public sewer or dunghill (*voirie*)! At Aiguemortes, whenever a corpse was to be thus thrown out, one of the Protestant prisoners was obliged to drag the hurdle, or to lead the horse which dragged it. On one occasion an unhappy prisoner fainted while thus employed. The soldier who was charged with this horrible service immediately killed him with his sabre, and threw him on the hurdle beside the other. A girl died on the eve of her marriage, and her body was dragged and exposed in this manner. Her lover carried it off during the night, and piously gave it burial in some unknown spot. From that time guards were stationed to drive away the friends of the dead, while dogs and vultures were freely allowed to approach."—Vol. i., p. 88.

The emigration now increased to an alarming extent. Dressed as muleteers, as hawkers, as beggars, or as pilgrims on their way to some holy shrine, the Protestants moved towards the frontier; delicate females cheerfully encountering every fatigue, men of high birth submitting to the meanest disguises. Some of them, on reaching the border, arrayed themselves in their gayest attire, and passed into exile like true Frenchmen, with songs and rejoicing. The fishermen of the coast were frequently bribed to perform the dangerous service of carrying them out to Dutch vessels which lay in the offing to receive them. Of those who escaped from France, many never reached a place of refuge: some were driven by stress of weather to Spain, where the dungeons of the Inquisition awaited them; others were captured by Moorish corsairs. After a time, all who chose were permitted to depart, in expectation that the movement

would cease when unopposed; but this impression proved erroneous, and Louis, in disgust, again closed the gates of his kingdom. During this emigration, which lasted altogether for a quarter of a century, it is supposed that 300,000 or 400,000 Protestants quitted France. They carried to foreign countries a number of elegant and useful manufactures;* and their soldiers fought gallantly, and are believed by the French to have seated William of Orange on the English throne! An equal number is supposed to have perished in civil war, in attempting to emigrate, in the prisons, in the galleys, and on the scaffold. A million remained in France, under the name of the 'newly converted,' but retaining their religious opinions.

But there is, though Louis knew it not, a limit to human endurance. After the departure of the clergy, and of the richest and best educated of the laity, when all moral and intellectual elements of resistance to this intolerable tyranny seemed to be exhausted, the course of the oppressor was unexpectedly stayed. The provinces in which the Arians had withstood Clovis, and the Albigenes had struggled with Montfort, still nourished a stern and unyielding race of men, whose obstinacy the king was now to experience.

The strange story of their resistance is recorded in the interesting work of M. Peyrat, who has diligently availed himself of every source of information regarding his Protestant ancestors. In all the leading facts of his narrative, he is completely borne out by the modern histories, most opposite to each other in principle, of Sismondi, and the royalist Capefigue. But a minute knowledge of the country, an industrious investigation of local records, and an intimate acquaintance with the many histories and memoirs which have been devoted to the subject, have enabled him to describe the whole struggle with truth and liveliness, and to give reality and distinctness to a series of very memorable occurrences, for which the general histories of France have found no room.

The scene of his remarkable story lies chiefly in the country which extends from Mount Lozère southwards to the sea, having the Rhone to the east, and the little river Herault on its western border. It comprehends six dioceses; Viviers, Uzès, Nîmes, Mende, Alais, and Montpellier; belonging for the most part, to the ancient province of

* N. B. We have taken considerable liberties with the passages we quote from M. Peyrat, as his style is too copious for our purpose.

* M. Capefigue denies (*Hist. de Louis XIV.*) that any great number of merchants or manufacturers quitted France, but he stands quite alone in this opinion.

Languedoc, and forming, under the modern division, the four departments of the Lozère, the Ardèche, the Gard, and the Hérault.

In the northern part of this region stand the Cevennes, a lofty mountain chain, running from east to west. The lozenge-shaped district called the Higher Cevennes is nearly defined by four streams; the two branches of the river Tarn, and the two Gardons. It is a country most difficult of access, full of lofty peaks and ridges, of ravines and mountain torrents, of innumerable passes and defiles. Of its three stages, or plateaux, the highest is covered with forests, the next is pasture, while on the lowest corn is grown. The climate is severe in winter, stormy and uncertain in summer. Scattered among the gorges, overhanging the streams, and perched upon the rocks of this wilderness, are five or six hundred villages or hamlets, accessible only by narrow and difficult mountain paths. The population, almost entirely Protestant to this day, amounts to about 30,000. Their habits are very simple; they live on rye and the chestnuts of their woods, which they eat boiled in milk. In summer, they feed their flocks; in winter, when the snow confines them for six months to their cottages, they prepare the wool. The children spin, the women card, and the men weave, and every house is a little manufactory of serges and coarse cloths. The Lower Cevennes are bare, grey, and arid; and still further southward are the parched plains of Languedoc, producing the olive, the vine, and the fig-tree, and in many places silk, and adorned with traces of ancient Roman grandeur. The coast is low, marshy, and insalubrious. Connected with the Cevennes was another Protestant district, the Hundred Churches of Dauphiné, lying chiefly in the valley of the Drôme, which extends towards the Alps from the left bank of the Rhone.

Some of the Protestants of Languedoc and Dauphiné had already, in 1683, been goaded into insurrection, and had been defeated by the royal forces under St. Ruth at the village of Bourdeaux in Dauphiné, and afterwards by the Duke de Noailles, who routed them at the hill of L'Herbasse, near Charmes, and killed 600 in the field. These victories were followed up by St. Ruth with a fearful local butchery; and a general Dragonnade, executed by the same officer, had nominally converted Nîmes and Montpellier before the revocation.

In the midst of these severities, Nicholas Lamoignon de Bâville was appointed by Louvois to the post of Intendant of justice, police, and finances in Languedoc; an office embracing the chief civil administration of

the province. The new Intendant was the son of a distinguished judge, and sprung from one of those ancient legal families, who, though tenacious of the privileges of the robe, yet commonly adhered to the crown, as against the nobility and clergy. He was a man of stern nature, hostile to the Protestants as rebels, though indifferent to their religious opinions; firm and indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, but full of jealousy and ambition. He could not endure any participation of power, and as the office of vice-governor and military commandant (the governor was the infant Duke of Maine, a natural son of the king), gave its possessor great authority in the province, he procured the recall of Noailles, and the appointment of his own brother-in-law, the Count de Broglie—a dull man, who dreaded and obeyed him.

Bâville had yet another competitor for power, the Cardinal de Bonzi, Archbishop of Narbonne, and President of the States of Languedoc—or rather his sister, who was married to the Marquis de Castries, Governor of Montpellier, and disposing at pleasure of all military and ecclesiastical preferment, was the real sovereign of Languedoc. The intractable Bâville resolved to overturn this petticoat government, cardinal, and all. The aged prelate had allowed himself—for, says M. Peyrat (to explain the apparent anomaly in the character of a French ecclesiastic), 'he was of Florentine descent, and his manners were suited to his Italian extraction'—to fall under the influence of the young and ambitious Countess de Ganges. Bâville communicated this scandal to the king, and Louis, though attached to Bonzi, did not hesitate to remove the countess from him by *lettre de cachet*, that favourite instrument of the old government; the old man fell into a deep melancholy, which undermined his health and reason, and the Intendant remained the undisputed master of the province. But his troubles were yet to come.

The Protestants, under the Edict of Revocation, retained permission to remain in the kingdom and enjoy their goods, without being subjected to any trouble or hindrance, provided they did not assemble for religious purposes. After the first alarm, which drove them for a time to the Roman Catholic churches, many of them lived without any apparent religious observances, but in reality met at night for family worship. These meetings gradually became more numerous, and grew into considerable assemblies—in the woods, in caves, and among the mountains, or, as it was now said, 'in

the desert.' The place of the exiled ministers was supplied by such members of the congregation as felt themselves impelled to address their brethren. In vain did Bâville's dragoons sabre the assemblies. In vain did he entrap the preachers, and abandon them among the Spanish mountains or on the hostile shores of Italy, or transport them to the colonies: new pastors arose in continual succession, and the people still met in the desert. He then raised eight regiments of regular infantry, and organized a body of 40,000 unpaid militia, so disposed as to be available for service at many different points at the same time. He likewise improved the mountain paths of the Cevennes and the Vivarais; he established military posts among the mountains, and he built forts at Nîmes, Alais, and St. Hippolyte.

In the meantime the eyes of the Protestant exiles were directed to the rising power of the Prince of Orange, and Jurieu, one of their most eminent ministers, published (1686) a book, entitled, 'The Accomplishment of the Prophecies; or, the Approaching Deliverance of the Church.' In this work he professed to have fathomed the deepest mysteries of the Apocalypse, and he confidently predicted the triumph of the Protestant cause, and the resurrection of the Church in April, 1689.

The work of Jurieu was introduced into the mountains of Dauphiné by an old man named Du Serre, whose engagements called him to Geneva in the summer. He belonged to that class of manufacturers of glass, who combined, according to Châteaubriand, the characters of the gentleman and the savage, because they were ennobled in the fourteenth century,* and lived continually in the woods, in the exercise of their profession and of the chase. They formed a peculiar caste, whose virtues and education gave them an ascendancy among the peasantry; and after the expulsion of the pastors, they became readers, catechists, and even preachers, and their remote and unnoticed manufactories, where many children were employed, became so many seats of religious instruction. The imagination of Du Serre, inflamed by Jurieu's effusions, threw him into an ecstatic condition, which was speedily communicated to the young people who resorted to his furnace, and was spread by them through Dauphiné and Provence.

A similar spirit displayed itself near Castres in Languedoc, where a little girl declar-

ed that an angel, in the form of a child of her own stature, arrayed in white, had warned her not to go again to mass. The people in consequence deserted the churches; the girl was shut up in a convent; but a belief in miraculous apparitions became quite common in the district, and the Roman Catholic officials thought it expedient to give out that the angel had really appeared to the young shepherdess, but instead of forbidding, had expressly commanded her to go to mass.

Dauphiné, however, was the chief seat of the prophetic frenzy. The excitement spread from hamlet to hamlet;—everywhere were to be found the convulsions, the glittering eye, the unnatural slumber, which distinguished the inspired, who were all young persons, many of them mere children, and some actually infants at the breast. The phenomena of nature, it was said, confirmed the hopes suggested by the appearance of these prophetic gifts. When the faithful ones were repairing to their nocturnal assemblies, stars detached themselves from the firmament, and glided before them like lamps carried by invisible guides; and sounds, as of the harp blended with celestial voices, were heard in calm nights to proceed with ineffable melody from the solitary mountain tops.

The juvenile prophets presided in the assemblies, summoned apostates before them, preached, baptized, married, directed the people, and exercised all the functions of governors of the church. One of them, 'La belle Isabeau,' was long remembered for her eloquence and devout spirit. But the most considerable was Gabriel Astier, who, inculcating the necessity of obeying God rather than the king, and confidently promising miraculous aid, excited in the Vivarais an insurrection which was not easily crushed. Gabriel was executed in 1690, but there still lurked among the huts and caverns of the Cevennes, two preachers of great influence, Brousson and Vivens. The latter, Bâville was so determined to hunt down, that he put several persons to death on the mere suspicion of having harboured him. The proscribed minister did not scruple to retaliate, and several priests and officers of militia were murdered. Vivens even projected a general rising, but the plot was discovered, and the fanatic was slain in his cave, after a desperate resistance.

The death of Louvois gave power to a more tolerant party, who yet shrunk from a contest with Bossuet and with the Jesuits; and the severe system of Bâville was continued. In 1695, the bishops were consulted, but the majority declared against toleration.

* "The art of glass-making is here (Venice) very highly valued, for whoever be of that profession, are gentlemen, *ipso facto*, and it is not without reason, it being a rare kind of knowledge and chemistry," &c.—'Howell's Letters,' p. 40.

Languedoc, already exhausted, was tormented with a new poll-tax—the land was desolated by storms—the fields were left uncultivated, and pestilence succeeded to famine. A treaty was at length negotiated between the kings of France and England, but the Protestants of the South were only tantalized and led into danger by the establishment of religious freedom at Orange; the troops withdrawn from foreign service, were let loose upon their wretched province, to pillage and destroy; and at the commencement of the year 1700, the heretical worship was thought to be finally crushed.

But war was again approaching, for Louis claimed for his grandson the mighty empire of Spain; and William, at the head of a vast confederacy, prepared to dispute his pretensions.

The hopes of the Protestants revived when they saw that the government was likely to be fully occupied in this contest. The prophetic spirit re-appeared as vivid as ever. Again the people fancied that they were receiving the oracles of God from infants at the breast, from the young, the poor, and the ignorant; and the ecstasy introduced into the Cevennes in the autumn of 1700, by a woman from the Vivarais, became common in all the country that lies between the Lozère and the sea. Of the persons thus affected, some fell as if dead; others stood panting for breath; nearly all experienced violent transports, accompanied with sighs, sobs, groans, and sometimes floods of tears. The inspiration seemed forcibly to master the unwilling organs of the speaker, constructing each phrase upon his lips, syllable by syllable; while he uttered, without perception of sense or sound, the words dictated from within. These were always addressed to the inspired person himself, commencing: 'Je te dis, mon enfant;' or, 'Je t'assure, mon enfant;' and this introductory formula, like the whole of the revelation, was expressed in common French, although, when the trance was over, the speaker resumed his ordinary tongue, the Romance dialect of the mountains. These emotions were rapidly propagated amongst a population so excitable. Upon one occasion, a prophet exclaimed: 'Behold the Dove descending upon Cabrit!' The person thus indicated, instantly sank to the ground, as if stricken by a thunderbolt, and fell into a violent ecstasy. From that day the Spirit was upon him; and it soon passed to his son. Those upon whom it came, are said to have abandoned all frivolous habits and pursuits, and to have occupied themselves in works of peace and charity. Their hearers also reformed. Within a year, not

a village or hamlet, scarcely even a house, was without its inspired preacher. The people came by night in crowds to hear them, chanting psalms as they went on their hallowed errand; and again the meteors appeared on high for their guidance. Severity had no effect upon the children possessed by the Spirit; and when it extended to the children of Roman Catholics, the priests, who hoped at first to profit by it, were scandalized to hear nothing but denunciations of the mass, and of the Church of Rome under its usual style of 'Babylon.' The physicians of Montpellier wisely pronounced the phenomenon to be beyond their sphere; and while the younger patients were, in despair, restored to freedom, hundreds of the older and stronger were condemned to military service or to the galleys.

The Protestants were guilty, in the spring of 1701, of an outrage in the diocese of Uzès, where they burst into a church, broke the tabernacle, and trampled under foot the consecrated wafer. The succeeding autumn and winter were marked by a bloody persecution: the militia hunted night and day for the assemblies, fell upon them, sword in hand, and sent to Bâville, for punishment, those who survived the onset; and people hurried out of a country, where it was an every-day occurrence to see the soldiers, with a Capuchin friar at their head, driving before them to prison a party of women and children seized in the desert; to hear the drums beating as a hill-preacher was going to execution; to see the bodies of men and women hanging from the trees, or dragged on hurdles and cast out to the dogs!

The feelings of nature revolted against this barbarity, and fear gave way to indignation. Some of the mountain prophets received, in visions, the divine command to drive out the priests, and to make war upon the king. The people listened, but dared not as yet to obey. Suddenly a young prophet, Etienne Gout, re-appeared among them, delivered from prison, as he said, like St. Peter, by the angel of the Lord. At his instance they purchased arms, and collected stores of gunpowder and ball.

The priests now represented that their parishioners disregarded all the ordinances of the Church, and they loudly called for assistance. Early in 1702, Du Chayla, the archpriest (*archiprêtre*) of the Cevennes, proclaimed a new mission, and sent forth his monks through the district. He accompanied them to their stations, he preached, inspected, examined, and played the inquisitor, treating the people with the utmost insolence. But, on the present occasion, he found them impatient and irritated; they re-

plied to his counsels with hooting, and answered his threats with menaces of death. Their alienation became less and less equivocal. On Easter day all the churches were empty: the people had gone in a body to receive the Eucharist in the desert. One Sunday, the prior of La Melouze, repairing to the church, found a dead dog suspended, instead of the figure of Christ, on the cross of the cemetery. The archpriest put himself in motion to discover the authors of this abomination, and advanced to Pont de Montvert, a village which had recently been the scene of several executions. Baffled in his search for a preacher by the steadiness of the young children of a widow, Du Chayla inflicted on the eldest a cruel and outrageous punishment, which caused his death. He converted his cellars into dungeons, where the unhappy peasantry were subjected to horrible tortures; 'remitted, sometimes, says M. Peyrat (who cites three authorities), to man, for gold; to woman, at the cost of honour.' The people were at length weary of suffering. A woman daringly descended into the prisons of the tyrant, and contrived to effect the deliverance of her youngest child; her sons rescued their sister from the soldiers, who were conducting her to the prisons of Mende, and the people uttered deep threats against their oppressor; yet he went on in his course. At length, in July, 1702, a party was arrested in the act of leaving the province for Geneva; they were carried to the archpriest, who forwarded the women to Mende, and detained the men. Their relatives vainly entreated for mercy; he declared that all should undergo the punishment prescribed by law; that is, death to the guide, the galleys for the emigrants.

The last grain was now added to the heap, and the people of the neighbourhood determined to rescue the prisoners, and to exterminate 'the Archpriest of Moloch.' Fifty of them, accordingly, assembled on the 24th of July, at nightfall, with such arms as they could muster, under three gigantic beech-trees, on the mountain of Bougès. Several of the band had relatives enduring the living death of the galleys, and one of them was the affianced lover of a girl who had been arrested among the emigrants. Seguier, the preacher who had suggested the enterprise, blessed them in the name of the Lord of Hosts, and they descended the hill, chanting the 74th Psalm as they passed through the forest and the wastes towards Pont de Montvert.

Their further proceedings are related by M. Peyrat nearly as follows:—

"The little town of Pont de Montvert is situated just where two small rivers pour their waters

into the Tarn. The archpriest inhabited the forfeited dwelling of a bourgeois who had been killed in the great Dragoonade of 1685. It presents almost a dead wall to the street, but opens behind upon a narrow terrace, which overhangs the Tarn. About ten o'clock in the evening, the archpriest, being in his house with twelve or fifteen persons, ecclesiastics, servants, or soldiers in attendance upon him, heard the wild psalmody, as Seguier and his comrades entered the southern suburb, and bent their steps towards the house. Supposing that the tones proceeded from a religious assembly in the town, the archpriest ordered out his soldiers; but they found it impossible to quit the mansion, already invested by the mountaineers, who demanded the surrender of the prisoners. 'Begone!' replied Du Chayla from a window—'Begone, you Huguenot rabble!' and upon their refusal the soldiers fired and killed one of their number. Upon this they became furious; seizing the trunk of a tree, which was lying along the wall, they swung it like a battering ram, and broke a hole in the door, which they then cut away with their axes. They rushed into the vestibule, forced the wicket of the dungeon, and delivered the captives. At the sight of these ill-used persons, whom they found in a state of great suffering, their rage increased, they rushed to the stair-case and demanded the archpriest himself. A priest whom they mistook for him, fell mortally wounded with a halbert; Du Chayla, seeing himself in extremity, gave absolution to his people, who still defended the staircase. One of the assailants had his face grazed by a ball, when the prophet shouted aloud to 'burn the priest and satellites of Baal!' In a few minutes the house was in a blaze; its inmates retreated to an upper room, whence they tried to escape by means of a rope formed of sheets twisted together. The archpriest first attempted to slip down into the garden, but fell and broke his thigh, and was only able to crawl under a hedge, where he was soon after discovered and slaughtered. The others let themselves down after him and fled across the Tarn. Such of the soldiers and domestics as were caught were instantly put to death, with the exception of two for whom the prisoners interceded."—Vol. i., p. 294.

The fanatic Seguier, relentless as Du Chayla himself, had resolved upon a general massacre of the priests, and he hurried from one point to another, surprising and slaying them wherever he could, and destroying on his way the churches, the crosses, and all the insignia of Romanism. Having learnt that all the clergy of the neighbourhood were gathering at Saint Germain de Calberte to celebrate the obsequies of the archpriest, who had there his library and his principal residence, Seguier hastened in that direction, and would have given a bloody funeral to his enemy; but, on approaching the place, he heard that it was guarded by the militia, and he did not venture to attack it. In the meantime, the assembled priests were listening to Louvreleuil, the curé of St. Germain, who, in an eloquent sermon, extolled the virtues of his superior, and exhorted his

brethren to die, if necessary, at their posts, like the illustrious deceased. At that moment a cry was raised that the insurgents were upon them; that fire and sword were at Frugères—at St. Maurice—at St. André! The body of the archpriest was hastily consigned to its tomb, and the assembly, in great consternation, dispersed and sought shelter where they could.

Seguier still proceeded in the execution of what he called 'the judgment of God.' Going to the Château of Ladevèze, he demanded the arms which had been deposited there. The lord of the mansion replied by sounding the alarm-bell and firing upon the party, one of whom was killed, and several wounded. Upon this the prophet forced the gates, and ordered a general massacre.

The whole of the family perished—the lord, with his aged mother, his sister, his brother, his steward, and his servants! The assailants then retired, after having set fire to the house.

But the end of their daring leader was at hand. The powerful relatives of Du Chayla, and the whole noblesse of the Haut Gévaudan, with their followers, took the field to avenge his death. Broglie speedily arrived at Pont de Montvert, and despatched against the insurgents a certain Captain Poul, a military adventurer of extraordinary prowess, lately tested in a partisan warfare against the Vaudois. With his warlike mien, his austere habits, his long and heavy Armenian blade, and his Spanish horse, Poul was the admiration and the terror of the mountaineers. He attacked and routed them at a place called Fontmorte, and captured the prophet with his own hand, while endeavouring to rally the fugitives. 'How do you expect to be treated?' said the unfeeling Poul, escorting his prisoner in chains to Florac. 'As I would have treated you if I had taken you,' replied Seguier. He was sentenced to lose his right hand, and to be burnt alive; and this punishment he underwent, firm and triumphant to the last, at Pont de Montvert, within less than three weeks from the day of his success on that very spot. Broglie now supposed the insurrection to be at an end, and after punishing the relatives of those who had taken part in it, he returned to Alais, leaving Poul with some companies of fusiliers to occupy the villages of the Higher Cevennes.

The insurgents wandered among the hills, dejected and irresolute, and considering how they might escape out of France, when they were joined by one Laporte, once a soldier, but now a dealer in iron; a man of resolute character, endowed in the highest degree with those prophetic gifts which were all

in all with the fanatical peasantry. He persuaded them to give up all thoughts of leaving the country of their ancestors, but declared that it must no longer be a land of slavery and death, that all the priests of Baal must be exterminated, and the temples of the Almighty must be reared again. 'The Lord of Hosts,' said he, 'is our strength. We will sing the psalm of battles, and from the Lozère to the sea, all Israel will arise. As for arms, have we not our axes? they will get us muskets:' and he instantly led them to disarm some Roman Catholic villages. The band was speedily increased by recruits from the Vébron, and from Nismes. Among the latter were some young men by whom the Baron de St. Cômes, a noted renegade and oppressor, had been assassinated upon the highway, the very day after Seguier's execution. In a few days Laporte was at the head of 150 men, with the prospect of a great addition when vintage and the olive harvest should be over. He styled himself 'Colonel of the Children of God,' and his camp 'the Camp of the Almighty,' and with these lofty pretensions he bade defiance to King Louis and his armies.

Laporte first set upon a party of the royal troops at the bridge of the Tarnon, routed them, and rescued a considerable number of prisoners and cattle, with which they were returning from a foray against the hamlets of the Vébron. Proceeding to Collet, whence he had drawn off the garrison by a stratagem, he solemnly re-opened the 'Temple' of which his own brother had once been pastor, the only place of Protestant worship in the Cevennes, which had not been destroyed; he passed the night in prayer for a blessing upon the holy war, and retired before daybreak, after burning the Roman Catholic church, and the houses of the magistrate, and the commandant, and the priest. The indefatigable Poul was soon upon the spot, and hurried in quest of Laporte. He found him encamped upon an eminence rising abruptly over a wood of chestnut trees, below which extends a vast barren heath called the Champ-Domergue. Hither the Protestants had come to pray, for the place had ever been held sacred, and had probably witnessed the worship of the ancient Gaulish divinities. Laporte boldly came down to fight with Poul, and his men commenced the attack, chaunting the psalm of battles, the sixty-eighth. The shot rattled like hail among the leaves, the hook was brandished against the bayonet; but after a hot skirmish Laporte retreated to his heights, whither Poul did not venture to pursue him; and Bâville heard with astonishment that these half-armed rustics had

faced three times their own number of regular troops, headed by the redoubtable Poul.

After the fight the insurgents adroitly spread themselves through the country in three detachments, eluding the pursuit of the royal troops, and always appearing where there was no force to resist them; seizing arms, destroying the symbols of Romanism, and murdering the obnoxious officials, and all whom they deemed traitors to the Protestant cause. Broglie, on the other hand, took the severest vengeance upon the families and property of the insurgents. After a considerable time Poul surprised them at prayer one Sunday (Oct. 22, 1702), on a height near Témelac. They formed in line to resist him, but their muskets had been wetted by a shower, and could not be discharged. He had, therefore, little difficulty in cutting up the party, and Laporte himself was among the slain. Their heads were exhibited by Bâville over the gates of the citadel of Montpellier.

"According to another tradition, Laporte was carried off the field severely wounded, and was deposited in a cave. A month after, finding himself convalescent, he joined in prayer with his band and the people of the neighbourhood; and while they returned thanks to God for his miraculous recovery, he himself, in a transport of gratitude, uttered praise and thanksgivings with such vehemence that his wounds opened afresh, his fever returned, and he died, agitated in his delirium by dreams of battle, and was buried by his followers in some unknown solitude.

"However this may be, Laporte did not appear again at the head of the 'Children of God.' During his brief campaign he had inspired them with his own stern courage, and in his hands, from a party of fugitive peasants, they had grown into a band of some numbers and discipline, inured to war, and invested with that romantic and unearthly character which attaches to the idea of men living in the desert, passing their time in prayer and in combat. He exercised such a dominion over his followers, that the Roman Catholics, astonished at their blind and unlimited devotion, did not hesitate to ascribe it to magical arts. They said, for instance, that he carried in his bosom pigeons trained to fly up into the clouds and to descend again to him, as he marched at the head of his men, who took them for heavenly messengers bringing to their prophet the commands of God. Under the guise of these popular fables it is easy to recognize the apparition of the Holy Ghost, which the chief of the Enfants de Dieu alleged that he saw in his ecstasy descend from heaven under the form of a luminous dove."—Vol. i., p. 325.

Bâville hoped that he had now got rid of the insurrection, but he was again disappointed. Roland Laporte, a nephew of the first commander, was elected to succeed him, and the fruits of the earth having been

gathered in, the peasantry flocked to his standard, so that he had a thousand fighting men under his orders.

The country which furnished these warriors comprised five districts or cantons; the people of each canton formed a band, and as the bands lay within five or six leagues of each other, their communications were easy and convenient. The movements of all were concerted and regulated by a council of the chiefs. They kept up the designation which they had already assumed—the 'Children of God:' but the Roman Catholics, viewing their pretensions very differently, spoke of them under a variety of designations, all of which finally gave place to that of 'Camisards,' a word for which, like 'Chouans,' and, we think, various other French party nicknames, no satisfactory origin can be assigned.*

After organizing themselves in silence among the woods, the Protestants took to the field, and spread themselves, like a storm, over the open country:

"Temple and tower
Went to the ground;"

crosses were broken, abbeys were burnt, priests were murdered. Bâville acted in a spirit worthy of the King of Dahomey or the Zooloos. At Aiguevives the whole population had listened to the preaching of the Camisard chief, Cavalier. To expiate this offence, four of the principal inhabitants were condemned to death, and for want of a gibbet were hanged on the branches of an almond-tree that stood before the church. Twelve were sentenced to the galleys, others to be scourged, and a fine was imposed upon the town. A young prophet, whose harangues had contributed to the insurrection, was broken upon the wheel. 'But,' says the Romanist chronicler, Louvreur, already mentioned, 'the punishment which broke his bones, broke not his hardened heart; he died obstinate in his heresy.'

Cavalier, whose preaching led to this catastrophe, and the most prominent character, after Roland, in the whole war, was a peasant youth, whom the persecution of the *curé* of his native village had driven to Geneva, where he passed a year as apprentice to a baker, but returned home under a religious impulse, saying emphatically as he took leave of his master: 'You will soon hear tidings of me.' So remarkable were

* The derivation from 'Camas'—'ard,' words which, in the mountain dialect, mean 'house'—'burn,' seems the most probable.

his gifts, that the legion of Lower Languedoc, the most numerous and intelligent of all, elected him, at the age of seventeen, or little more, to be their chief. They could not have chosen more wisely, for he had a true eye for war, and was not wholly unacquainted with military movements, having assiduously watched, in his boyhood, on the banks of the Gardon, the manœuvres executed by the soldiery for the purpose of overawing the Protestants.

The united forces of Roland and Cavalier, marching in open day, with drums beating, disarmed the Roman Catholic townships along the Vidourle; Broglie hurried to the spot, but they had already disappeared. A captain, however, of the regiment of Marsilly, found them in a wood above Alais, and, venturing to attack them, was slain, and his company dispersed. A more considerable force, soon after (December 5th, 1702) marching through a defile in the hope of surprising Cavalier, was, on the contrary, surprised by him, and entirely cut up. The conquerors first of all gave thanks to God for their victory. They then despoiled their enemies, whose clothes, arms, and ammunition were carefully stored up for the public use.

These successes encouraged Cavalier to a yet bolder enterprise.

"The castle of Servas, standing on a height to the eastward of the woods of Bouquet, was particularly obnoxious to him, because its garrison watched all his movements, and had massacred several assemblies in the desert. While he was meditating how to take vengeance upon this detested fortress, without cannon to make a breach, or ladders for a nocturnal escalade, he fell in, one day, with a party of the king's troops on their march to Italy, to join the army of Vendôme. Cavalier forthwith put the whole detachment to the sword, and arraying himself in the dress of the commanding officer, disguised a party of his men in the uniform of their victims—gave to them as prisoners six Camisards of the most savage aspect, bound with cords, and one of them wounded and covered with blood; then arming himself with the route of the royal troops, he marched to a hamlet near the castle, and caused it to be announced to the Commandant that he had beaten the Camisards, and having made six prisoners, desired, in obedience to the orders of Broglie and Bâville, to lodge them in the castle. The commandant came down to meet Cavalier, who saluted him, described himself as the nephew of the Count de Broglie, and presented his prize. The officer, precise in his habits, asked for the route, read it in silence, examined the prisoners attentively, and assured Cavalier that he would take good care of them; and as it was too late to continue the march, requested that he would do him the honour to pass the night in the castle. Cavalier at first refused, but suffered himself to be persuaded, and entered the castle, followed only by

two of his officers. While supper was in preparation, the commandant led him upon the platform, and called his attention to the height and solidity of the walls. 'The Duke of Rohan,' he said, 'had failed to take the fortress, and the Camisards had no chance of escaping from it:' he then offered his best cheer to his young and noble guest, thinking any civility well bestowed upon the nephew of the commander-in-chief; his officers told stories of their campaigns, and the evening passed very pleasantly. Meanwhile, under the pretext of obtaining provisions, the supposed soldiers, who had remained without, slipped into the fort, one after another, with their guns slung behind them. When Cavalier saw that they were in force, he rose and gave the signal."—Vol. i., p. 343.

The scene which ensued can only be compared to the punishment of the suitors in the *Odyssey*. One moment all was mirth and joviality; the next, the commandant and garrison were disarmed, and put to the sword. 'Thus,' says Cavalier, who himself tells the story, 'their cruelties were punished.' He possessed himself of their arms, ammunition, and provisions, and on his departure set fire to the castle. When he had gained the distance of half a league, he heard a terrific explosion. It proceeded from the powder magazine, which he had been unable to find, but which now took fire, and blew the fort into the air.

The insurrection gained head every day, and the Camisards were billeted upon the inhabitants of the villages, exactly like the regular troops. Roland considered himself entitled to all the king's taxes, all the tithes, all monastic and clerical rents, and had no hesitation in shooting such of the collectors who failed to repair to his camp with these his rightful revenues. He forbade the Roman Catholics to mount guard, to enter into the militia, or to fortify their towns. The Protestant men he summoned to arm; their wives and children he invited to worship with him in the desert, and they came eagerly to attend his ministrations. Of these a curious picture is presented to us by M. Peyrat, who closely follows the contemporary memoirs.

On Christmas-day (1702), the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered with peculiar solemnity.

"Roland, after preaching, came down, and, followed by his principal officers, slowly approached the rock which served as an altar. He took the bread and wine, and the chiefs first partook of it, while the soldiers prayed. The latter then approached, two by two, bare-headed, with their muskets slung; two prophets stood by the side of Roland, to pass to him the bread and wine, which he offered to the communicants, repeating low a verse of Scripture. A third prophet,

in ecstatic mood, near the holy table, fixed upon each couple, as they presented themselves, his glittering eye, which penetrated the darkness of their hearts; and, according to the warnings of the Spirit, he repulsed the unworthy, saying to each, 'Go and pray, my brother!' The persons thus rejected withdrew to a separate place, and prostrated themselves on the earth with sighs and groans. When the celebration was over, Roland congratulated the warriors whom God had found worthy to partake of His feast; he then severely rebuked the rejected ones; and, finally, announcing that God was moved by their penitence, admitted them also to the rite. After the soldiers, the multitude approached, and underwent the same test."

On this very day Cavalier was engaged in a similar celebration, when he was informed that the commandant of Alais was at hand with his garrison, aided by 600 of the militia of the town, and fifty of the noblesse on horseback. Cavalier sent his congregation to their homes, and took post on a rising ground, so shaped as to disguise his weakness, and offer some protection against musketry and a charge of horse. The enemy came up; but instead of allowing the infantry to advance, the mounted gentry dashed forward to chastise their rebellious vassals. It was the worse for them; several of them were dismounted, wounded, or killed by the fire of the rebels, and the others turned their backs in disorder, and broke the ranks of their own militia, which the commandant and the regular troops vainly endeavoured to rally. The whole force was borne along in utter confusion, and the Camisards, who hung upon their retreat with psalms of triumph and incessant firing, had nearly entered the gates of Alais along with the fugitives. They took abundant spoils, and among them a mule loaded with cords, for binding the expected prisoners!

Cavalier was now summoned to join Roland in an attempt upon Sauve, a little town of 2000 inhabitants, lying in a romantic situation on the right bank of the Vidourle, under the volcanic mountain of Couta. Sauve at this time belonged to two co-seigneurs, or joint feudal lords; it was protected by ancient ramparts, and a burgess guard. Roland, in order to amuse the enemy, sent a party during the night to burn the church of Monoblet, and to bear a cartel to the commandant of Saint Hippolyte, defying him to a combat of 200 men against 200, at five o'clock in the afternoon. Early in the morning he despatched towards Sauve a demi-brigade of Cavalier's legion, under an officer who went by the name of Catinat, because he had served under the famous *maréchal* of that name, and was continually boasting of the exploits of his leader. Catinat was a daring fellow, who had slain the Baron de

Saint Cômes with his own hand. His party, we learn,

"Were disguised as militia, and he marched at their head, attired in the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel. About noon he arrived before Sauve, and representing that he had been the whole morning in pursuit of the fanatics who had burnt the church of Monoblet, he was allowed to enter the town, and having drawn up his men in the market-place, he repaired to the mansion of M. de Vibrac, one of the co-seigneurs, and like his colleague, a recent convert to Romanism. The seigneur was just sitting down to dinner, and he requested the company of the colonel and the two officers of his escort, whom he supposed to be the bearers of an expected message from Broglie. Catinat accepted the invitation, and placed himself by the side of the fair Madame de Vibrac. During the repast, he declaimed against the fanatics, lauded Broglie and Bâville to the skies, and ventured even upon some gallant compliments to his hostess. But the poor Camisard, whose education had been that of a common horse-breaker in the Camargue (or delta of the Rhone), made terrible mistakes; the lady soon observed that the colonel's manners were very rustic, and his mien uncommonly savage, and she and her husband inwardly shuddered to think that they had three Camisard chiefs sitting at table with them. They tried, however, to put the best face on the matter, not knowing how to deliver themselves from their dreaded guests. With dessert came the announcement that a large body of men was in sight. The wily lady desired her husband to go to the gate, as these might be the Camisards coming to surprise the town. 'Fear nothing, madam,' Catinat proudly replied, 'I will see to it.' So saying, he rose, and went out with his two companions. They had scarcely passed the gateway, when the seigneur dropped the portcullis, and glad to get rid of them for a moment, barricaded himself in his mansion. In the meantime, Catinat declared to the agitated citizens that the approaching force must be Camisards:—'but let them come,' said he; 'you will see how I shall receive them!' and the people pressed round him as their defender. But when Roland was within a musket-shot of the gate, and his men began to sing the hymn of battle, Catinat dropped his disguise, and appeared as an avenger. 'Ground those arms!' he fiercely cried to the townspeople, and amidst their confusion, he opened the gates to Roland."—Vol. i., p. 353.

Roland, on entering, disarmed the inhabitants, arrested some military men, a monk, and several priests. He destroyed, as usual, the symbols of Romanism, and carried off the arms, all table utensils of metal, and some provisions. He conducted his prisoners outside the walls, where he released the soldiers, but caused the monk and the priests to be shot; and after remaining four hours in possession of the town, he retreated in safety with his booty.

The priests now fled from their parishes in great alarm, and could scarcely believe themselves safe, even in walled towns. The Count-Bishop of Mende repaired the fortifi-

cations of his city, raised troops for its defence, and made it a general place of refuge. The gentry deserted their seats, and the more wealthy inhabitants abandoned the open towns. The States of Languedoc (for the province yet possessed that phantom of a free constitution) had already (November, 1702) voted considerable levies, and Bâville had reluctantly applied to the minister of war for assistance. Meanwhile, he inflicted punishment by wholesale upon those who were within his reach.

The armies acting in Spain and Italy were now going into winter-quarters, and, until the spring campaign should commence, it was intended to employ them in extinguishing the insurrection. Roland could only count upon 300 men at the utmost; and seeing that he would have a very formidable enemy to contend with, he resolved, if possible, to excite to insurrection the Vivarais, on the one hand, and on the other the Rouergue; having received from both quarters strong assurances of sympathy. The agitator of the Rouergue was a Roman Catholic, and an ex-abbé, Labourlie, of the noble family of Guiscard, and afterwards notorious for his attempt to assassinate the English Prime Minister Harley. Others hoped to effect a civil reformation when the Duke of Burgundy should come to the throne; but Labourlie was impatient to revolutionize and destroy; he possessed great influence with all classes of men, and but for the premature outbreak in the Cevennes, a general insurrection of Protestants and Roman Catholics, from the Alps to the ocean, might not improbably have been effected.

Roland readily allied himself with Labourlie; and the latter, under the pretext of fortifying himself against the Camisards, collected supplies in his feudal keep of Vaireille, lying between Rhodéz and Millau, and well placed for connecting the Cevennes with the Limousin and Auvergne. Here, too, a printing-press was established; for the ex-abbé was less a warrior than a rhetorician, and delighted in harangues and proclamations.

In the depth of winter, and while the Protestants daily expected a rising in the Rouergue, operations were still carried on actively on both sides. In January, 1703, Broglie was beaten at Val de Bane, in the low country, by the division of Cavalier, commanded (in the absence of that chief) by Catinat, in conjunction with Ravanel, a veteran who lived upon brandy, snuff, fighting and psalm-singing. The dreaded Poul was brought to the ground by a stone discharged from a sling; and Catinat, rushing upon him, cut off his head, leapt upon his

Spanish horse, and pursued the terrified soldiers over the plain, crying, it is said, to the general: 'We have plucked your cock (Poul), you have only to eat him!' Broglie had not time to listen to this witticism; he was making the best of his way to the Château of Bernis, where he shut himself up, while his dragoons galloped to Nîmes with the news of their own defeat. From that day Catinat wore the celebrated Armenian blade.

Julien, an officer of high reputation, once a Protestant, and page to William III., now joined the army as *maréchal de camp*, bringing with him thirty-two companies of fusiliers, and a regiment of dragoons; he had been despatched by the Minister Chamillard, with the double view of conducting the military operations, and reporting confidentially on the state of affairs, as the provincial bulletins (being framed very much upon the same principles with the Algerian bulletins of the present day) were greatly distrusted at Versailles. At the council of war which was held upon his arrival, Julien is said to have strongly enforced his own opinion, which was at least bold and simple. 'It is useless,' said he, 'to kill only those who carry arms; the mass of the population is infected; all the Protestants of the rural districts must be put to the sword, and all the villages burnt, and then the insurrection will fall to the ground of itself.' But even the harsh Bâville shrunk from this atrocious proposal, and protested against the extermination of an industrious people who might yet be reclaimed.

Now came on with dazzling rapidity, a series of 'alarums, excursions,' marches, surprises, adventures, and conflicts. The results were very unfavorable to the royal cause, and the reports of Julien to the minister were so alarming, that it became impossible to conceal the truth any longer from the king, who, it seems, had hitherto been very imperfectly made aware of it. Preparations were made for a vigorous effort, and Broglie was superseded by the *Maréchal de Montrevel*, who descended the Rhone with 10,000 men, twenty heavy guns, and large supplies of arms and ammunition. There arrived also in the province a force of a new kind, consisting of 600 miquelets, irregular soldiers, or rather, perhaps, banditti of the Pyrenees, inured to mountain fighting. The royal army of the Cevennes, now formed, together with the militia of the province, an effective force of 60,000 men. The marshal was disposed to adopt very sweeping measures, and began by issuing a menacing proclamation.

But neither Montrevel, nor his proclama-

tions, nor his numerous army, nor his thundering artillery, could strike terror into the *Enfants de Dieu*. 'They remained unmoved,' said a Romanist chronicler, 'as rocks which the winds buffet in vain.' They were, in truth, but 3000 herdsmen against 60,000 troops; but the country people were with them, they knew the roads better, their feet were lighter, their muskets took better aim, their bullets went straighter to the mark. They had great hopes of foreign aid; but, above all, a sense of injuries endured, a strong feeling that they were in the right, and an enthusiastic belief that they were under the immediate protection of the Almighty. Crushed they might be, but not intimidated.

Roland, finding himself in the presence of so large a force, distributed his men into numerous small parties, who spread themselves over the country, glided unperceived between the posts of the royal army, gave them infinite annoyance, and could very seldom be found. Such was their activity, that churches, châteaux, villages, and portions of villages, were swept away as if by a whirlwind, and Montrevel believed that he had 20,000 men in arms against him.

The war was carried on in a truly savage spirit on both sides. In pitched battles the royal troops were generally victorious, but in skirmishes and irregular warfare the Camisards were more successful.

A party of the latter arrived, one day, before the small town of Fraissinet, and summoned it to give up its arms. The militia immediately fired from their fortified quarters, and killed twenty men. The Camisards, infuriated, took possession of the town, and the militia, who dared not to leave their quarters, saw thirty-three of their relatives butchered, and among others the wife of the commanding officer, who, with her unborn child, perished by a fate too dreadful to be described, and scarcely equalled by that which an ancient writer has suggested as barely possible amidst the last and utmost cruelties of pagan war.*

Upon learning the catastrophe of Fraissinet, Montrevel pillaged and burned two towns favourable to Cavalier—who, in turn, destroyed the ensigns of popery throughout twelve townships, putting to death a priest who was caught. Soon after this an unfortunate company of infantry, escorting a priest, were destroyed by the Camisards, and their bodies rolling down the stream of the Rieutort, discovered to Montrevel the position of Roland, and enabled him to

strike a severe blow against that chief at Pompignan. He found him engaged in burning the town, and drove him—after a brief conflict in the open field—into a wood where the main strength of the royal army was posted in ambuscade. Notwithstanding a vigorous resistance, the Camisards were utterly routed—Roland escaped, severely wounded, leaving 200 dead on the plain, and a long train of dying men who were found, next day, lying among the under-wood. The rich booty which had been captured by the insurgents, was scattered along the paths, and aided the escape of Roland, by attracting the cupidity of the miquelets.

Montrevel seems next to have held out to the rebels, through the gentry of the Cevennes, some offer of amnesty. The gentry unfortunately did not take either side with spirit, and were suspected by both: but they employed all their authority and influence to induce their vassals to submit. Their efforts were unavailing. Among a band of 300, commanded by Salomon (who enjoyed a high reputation for prophetic gifts), only two declared for embracing the amnesty, and those two were immediately shot, in obedience to an oracular declaration of the prophet.

The chiefs of these wild men were elected not with any regard to birth, fortune, or intelligence, but simply according to the measure in which they were supposed to possess the Holy Spirit. Of this grace there were four degrees, 'the Gift,' or a full and perfect development of the Spirit:—'Prophecy,' a second stage of holiness;—'the Breathing' (*souffle*); and the 'Warning' (*avertissement*).

Roland was foremost in the first rank of Divine favour, 'and, therefore, alone,' says M. Peyrat, 'he was chosen by men who would not have put themselves under the command, either of Cæsar, or of Charlemagne, though Cromwell would have suited them well.' Yet it seems very clear that the men of the highest courage, intelligence, and capacity for rule, were precisely those who entered into the religious exercises with most confidence and success, and we strongly suspect that Cæsar and Charlemagne, had they been peasants of the Cevennes, would have displayed 'the Gift' in as high perfection as Roland himself.

The other chiefs were ranged below him according to their degrees of inspiration. They formed a hierarchy elected by the 'profane,' or the army at large, and classified under the usual military titles. In the higher officers were vested the power of life and death, of receiving taxes and tithes,

* Sed palam captis gravis, heu nefas, heu! Ne-
scios fari pueros Achivis Ureret flammis, etiam
latentes Matris in alvo!

the conduct of public worship, the administration of the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, the celebration of marriage and burial; and, in short, the supreme power, religious, civil, and military. Their personal intercourse, however, with their followers was marked by a spirit of republican equality.

Roland, who organized this strange confederacy, was about thirty years of age. He had been a dragoon in the royal army, and had served a campaign among the Alps. His appearance was pleasing, his mien and address far above his rank, and with an impassive exterior he possessed a high spirit and immovable constancy. His military experience taught him the necessity of establishing, in the first instance, a regular system of supply, and this was the real secret of his strength. The country abounds in caves and grottoes; and the most spacious and the most solitary of these he transformed into hospitals, granaries, cellars, stables, arsenals, and powder magazines, in which his followers deposited the booty of every excursion and every combat. They had among them artificers of all kinds, so that they could supply the wants of the army without the aid of the people of the towns. To each magazine, accordingly, there were attached a body of work-people, and a special guard. Besides handmills, which they had in the caves, to grind their corn, wind and water mills were erected on solitary heights or in hidden ravines. The situation of the caverns was known only to the guards and the workmen employed in them; each legion had its magazines in its own cantons, and the superintendence of the whole was intrusted to an officer of rank.

Their supplies were drawn from various sources. Their corn was carried off from the Roman Catholic villages and abbeys, or contributed by the faithful. Their stores contained the oil of the Rhone, the vegetables of the Vaunage, and the chestnuts of the Gevaudan. The cattle which they took from the enemy were pastured on the crests of the mountains, or were killed and salted for use.

Roland took his meals in solitude, or in company with only one lieutenant, who was honoured with admission to his table. So it is reported of Cavalier that, when he wished to sup, servants covered his table with fair linen and plate of fine pewter, and only one officer sat down to eat with him. The privates in the force fared as well as the officers. M. Peyrat assures us, and we may well give credit to the statement, that they were very sober, and for the most part drank nothing but the water of the moun-

tain torrents. But they sometimes intercepted convoys of Lunel and Frontignan, and the priest of St. Germain asserts, that Roland granted a muleteer his life, in return for a present of some bottles of Muscat.

"One day Cavalier stopped in the neighbourhood of Lédignan, six mules laden with wines of Calvisson, intended for the table of Montrevel. He retained the animals, and sent on the muleteers with a note, in which he informed the marshal that the Camisards were going to drink his wine to his health and that of his mistress; a ceremony which they duly performed. Upon another occasion, Cavalier, quartered at the deserted mansion of Fan, carried off four mules laden with sucking-pigs, hares, turkeys, fowls, and bottles of excellent wine. At the same time, one of his parties brought in a capture of a very different kind, but not less precious; a Jesuit, one of the missionaries who were preaching a crusade against the 'Children of God.' After having destroyed his escort, they carried him in, to be presented before Cavalier and the council of the prophets, in order that the desolation of Languedoc might be avenged upon him. But, like hungry men, they shut him up in the vaults of the castle, and busied themselves, in the first place, in preparing their repast, keeping their victim for the dessert. In the middle of the feast, the men, in a transport of cruel joviality, sent for the prisoner, in order to amuse themselves with his alarms. The Jesuit, who was in momentary expectation of death, was astonished when they invited him to place himself at table, and presented to him a roast pig, stuffed, and as yet untouched. His joy, however, was of short duration, for the executioner, or as he was officially styled, the 'exterminator,' placed himself near him, and, raising his large cutlass, said to him, 'Eat, father; take the best piece; but be assured that whatever member you cut, the corresponding member of your own person shall be carved likewise.' 'I am not hungry,' mournfully replied the Jesuit. 'No matter,' said the Camisards; 'eat you must, and that instantly.' The unhappy priest turned his pig over and over, looked at his hosts, raised his eyes to heaven and sighed. 'Make haste!' cried the exterminator in a terrible voice, brandishing his weapon. The good father was compelled to resign himself to his fate: and making a desperate effort, he contrived to suck out the stuffing without cutting the pig. The Camisards, surprised and enchanted by this ingenious turn, uttered shouts of laughter and applause. The story was repeated to Cavalier, who was then at table in an adjoining chamber. He sent for the prisoner and gave him his liberty, saying, he was really worthy to be a Camisard, since they also lived only by stratagem."—Vol. ii., p. 489.

It has been said, that in the worst of times there is marrying and giving in marriage; and this is strikingly exemplified by the fact that, in May, 1703, in the very heat of the insurrection, Castanet thought fit to unite himself, with vast solemnity, to a young Cenevole named Mariette. There were great rejoicings throughout the Vébron, and all manner of rural presents were brought

in. Before the festivities were concluded, some of Castanet's men captured a party of twenty-five inhabitants of Fraissinet, returning from a fair. They were taken to the forest, and presented to the chief. His bride, whose brother had fallen before Fraissinet, demanded their execution; but Castanet's gallantry was not such as to induce him, even at such a time, to afford her this gratification. He probably thought, as he well might, that enough had been done to punish Fraissinet. So he dismissed them, upon condition that they should respect Massavaque, his native place. Cavalier is also said to have been upon the point of marriage in the midst of his campaigns; but the cold prudence of his intended father-in-law deferred the nuptials.

Instead of the sombre gravity of costume which distinguished the Calvinists in general, the gay peasantry of the South displayed a fondness for the gaudiest apparel. Roland was magnificently arrayed in crimson velvet, laced with gold, and the chiefs in general wore scarlet cloaks, and hats adorned with plumes. Castanet and Joani wore the additional decoration of a voluminous peruke; the others had their own long hair falling over their shoulders. A successful skirmish seldom failed to increase the richness and variety of their attire, by making them masters of the property of the king's officers, their scarfs, crosses, watches, and rings, their rich snuff-boxes, and swords with magnificent hilts. Thus the wild mountaineers were enabled to glitter in all the finery of the court. The ordinary Camisards had no uniform, and were clad in the usual costume of the mountains. Shoes alone were furnished to them out of the common purse, and all the shoemakers in the district were kept busy in providing them with an article of which the consumption was so rapid. These and all other expenses were defrayed by the contributions of the Protestants, many of whom, not venturing to defend their faith openly, were yet glad to subscribe in secret for the support of the insurrection. The Protestant exiles also subscribed, but it is said, that no portion of their money ever reached their brethren.

"Armourers and smiths worked like Cyclop, in the hidden arsenals among the mountains. They could not, indeed, manufacture muskets, which were, therefore, purchased at Baucuire or Nismes, or in the Pope's own city of Avignon; but they could repair them, and could make sabres and bayonets. They had no cannon, but were bent upon supplying this deficiency, and in one of Cavalier's caverns there were found a couple of field-pieces, composed of two trunks of oak, hooped with iron, and also a quantity of ball of four pounds weight.

Their bullets were made of lead, which they bought in bars, or tore from the windows of churches or of priests' houses, and, where lead was not to be had, they melted down all the pewter they could lay hold of. Along with the ball they put into the gun a grain of corn, as a token of recognition, and as symbolic of resurrection. Powder they bought at first in the towns, but Roland established three powder works. Saltpetre abounded in the caverns; charcoal was furnished by the willows that grew near the brooks. These substances they pounded in a mortar along with sulphur, dried the mixture in the sun, and packing it in barrels, sent it round by night on mules to the various magazines."—Vol. ii., p. 495.

"The most salubrious grottoes were transformed into hospitals, each with its little store of medicine, purchased at Montpellier. The insurgents had among them two surgeons, so skilful, that, according to Cavalier, no one died in their hands. It seems that these hospitals were walled up at the conclusion of the war, and as the ancient masonry gives way, skeletons are often discovered by the peasants. A fact suggesting the horrible inference, that the patients must have been immured alive."—Vol. ii., p. 491.

Roland was viewed with a certain mysterious awe, greatly increased by the uncertainty which prevailed everywhere beyond the circle of his own mountains, as to his real name and rank. According to some, he was a foreigner of high station, representing the Protestant powers of Europe. Others believed him to be a French nobleman who had drawn his sword to avenge the oppressions inflicted upon his countrymen. It is related that he visited Montpellier during the meeting of the States of Languedoc; that his good appearance procured him a ready reception, and that he even had the audacity to present himself under the name of a foreign nobleman, at the meeting of the barons, and to take his seat close to Baviile himself, thus ascertaining from the best source, the determination of the States touching the insurrection.

After every battle the lost combatants were replaced by their respective districts, and the recruits, continually on the move and under arms, soon became (as is natural to French peasants) excellent light infantry, and went through their evolutions with courage and dexterity. They usually ranged themselves for battle in several lines—the first, with one knee on the ground, received the hostile squadrons, or, after discharging their muskets, they threw themselves forward impetuously, and fought hand to hand, seizing their enemies by the hair. When conquered they disdained to solicit quarter, but, on the contrary, took a pride in irritating their enemies and courting death. The insurrection was most active and vigorous among the fierce inhabitants of the plain,

who displayed all the warmth of their southern nature. They were admirably seconded by the good-will of the whole population. If the enemy came in sight the shepherds instantly whistled and shouted to *call in their dogs from a distance*—the neighbouring herds-men took up the cry and passed the signal from hill to hill. In the plain, the people at their work brandished their implements in the air, the signal was transmitted, and thus a telegraphic communication was kept up. At night stragglers were called in by lights shown for a moment and immediately extinguished.

The worship of God was the great end and object of the insurrection, and although it does not appear that there was a single educated clergyman among the Camisards, yet their meetings for prayer and sermons were frequent throughout the week, and on Sundays were attended by multitudes of people. On these occasions the prophetic ecstasy usually displayed itself in some striking form. Perhaps the subject of the trance represented in dramatic style a man knocking at the portals of Heaven—repulsed again and again—yet still suing earnestly for admittance, and after many prayers allowed to enter, and to mingle his tones of praise with those of the angels singing around the throne. Perhaps one of the faithful demanded the fiery ordeal, and stood amidst flames unhurt. Perhaps some prophet unexpectedly denounced the secret offences of the brethren. Notwithstanding the unbounded licence which they conceived to belong to them collectively, and the cruelties which they practised, especially upon priests and lawyers, individual cases of wanton murder and robbery were often punished with flogging, and even with death, and discipline was sternly maintained. They felt assured of the immediate presence and favour of God. His Spirit warned them of a coming engagement, dictated the most adroit manœuvres, encouraged the soldier in battle, deadened the force of the hostile bullets, and lent meteors to guide his people, and angels to fight on their side. The Spirit miraculously revealed the lurking treason of false brethren, and frequently commanded their execution; it announced to the prophets the approach of death, gave them confidence on the scaffold, and comfort amidst their torments. In a word, this strong conviction animated and supported the whole population in their terrible struggle. They were full of thoughts and analogies, borrowed from the Old Testament, and their heated imaginations were perpetually reproducing, with numberless perversions, the most striking of the events there recorded.

It will easily be understood that in such scenes women played an important part: the prophetesses enjoyed unbounded reverence and power, their zeal led them to accompany the Camisards into action, and their bodies were often found among the dead. Cavalier, it is said, was attended by a prophetess called La Grande Marie, whose revelations were always in exact accordance with his wishes; and Roland had in his company on the last day of his life a certain Mademoiselle de Cornelli, whom M. Peyrat represents as having associated herself with his fortunes, from a sentiment partly religious and partly personal, yet without forfeiting respect.

A rebellion thus organized and maintained, was not to be crushed by a single disaster, and the defeat at Pompignan made no lasting impression. Roland, indeed, was suffering from severe wounds, but Cavalier was in full activity, and several considerable detachments were cut off by enemies whom Julien could never find when he went in quest of them. The country people could no longer pay taxes—their cattle and goods were seized, but frequently rescued; and the lives of the soldiers were wasted in a series of petty encounters, to the great rage and mortification of Montrevel. His temper at length betrayed him into a most atrocious act.

"In the beginning of April, on Palm Sunday, while the bishop and people of Nismes were at vespers in the cathedral, two or three hundred women, and children, and old men, ventured to assemble in prayer at the house of one Mercier, who kept a mill in the Canal de la Gau, near the Carmelites' Gate. Their singing soon discovered them to the police, who gave information to Montrevel, then sitting at table, and probably heated with wine. He immediately rose in a fury, and taking a battalion with him, invested the mill. The soldiers forced the doors and fell sword in hand upon the congregation; but irritated by the slowness of this process, he set fire to the building. Dreadful cries issued from the blazing mill—many of the unhappy inmates escaped into the open air, wounded, bloody, blackened, and scorched, and shrieking with pain—but the soldiers thrust them back at the point of the bayonet, and they all perished in the flames, with the exception of one young girl who was rescued by a servant, but instantly hanged by the express orders of the marshal."—Vol. i., p. 426.

It might have been expected that the government of any Christian prince, on hearing of this inhuman massacre, would have ordered the wretched Montrevel for immediate trial, and would have endeavoured to atone by a milder policy for the heinous crime of its unworthy officer; and that the Roman Catholics in general would have

been eager to express the horror naturally excited by such an action. Strange to say, all their chroniclers have apologized for this savage proceeding, which they consider to have been provoked by the extreme temerity of the Protestants; and the ministers, with Madame de Maintenon, are said to have concealed the fact from Louis, who probably was not anxious to know more than they told him. His government became more obstinate and cruel than before, and sanctioned fresh barbarities which were recommended by Julien and Montrevel, though their advice was founded upon facts from which any impartial mind would have drawn a very different conclusion. Julien and the priests agreed in representing, that, of the whole population, old and young, an incalculable majority were Huguenots at heart, notwithstanding the forced 'conversion' which many of them had undergone; and that all the Cevenols entered into the revolt of the Camisards either by acquiescence or by positive co-operation. The task, then, which the crown had imposed upon itself, was neither more nor less than to remove the Protestant religion from an extensive province, peculiarly defensible and difficult of access. The best way, if practicable, was to remove the obnoxious faith from the minds of the people. But as men, women, and children were all equally resolved to hold fast to it, and as the government could not dream, at any hazard, of receding from its determination, the question now was, what was the next best way of extirpating Protestantism? This question is discussed by the Vicar-General of Uzès, Monsire Poncet de la Rivière.

"Various expedients are proposed. To put them to the sword? it is contrary to religion and policy. To hang the hostages? the innocent would suffer for the guilty—it would only exasperate the evil. Carrying off (*l'enlèvement*) is the mildest remedy, for three reasons: First, because it avoids bloodshed and tedious legal procedure. Second, because it anticipates the intention of the Protestants to rise. Third, because it makes the priests secure in their parishes. The persons to be carried off are: first, the relatives of the rebels; second, the principal persons of each place; third, the *spoilt* young people."—Vol. i., p. 434.

This was the scheme which Montrevel undertook to carry into effect, while the season still left the regular troops at his disposal.

In the first place, in order to starve the Camisards, he ordered the country people to bring in their corn to the towns of Alais, Anduze, or Florac. On the 10th of April he shut the gates of Nîmes, called out the troops, ordered all the newly-converted to

keep their houses, and made a general search for Bibles and fire-arms (both classes of weapons being equally obnoxious), and he proceeded to strike a blow against the rich canton called La Vaunage, the garden and the granary of Cavalier. The marines and the miquelets carried off 1500 persons from the twenty-four parishes of the plain, among whom were the inhabitants of three entire villages. From Mialet, the very head-quarters of the insurrection, where Roland had all his magazines, Julien carried off 590 persons, and was allowed to pillage the whole parish. In other instances the convoys were not brought off without fighting, or not brought off at all. The unhappy prisoners were sent to Montpellier, whence they were transferred to Roussillon: the old men and women were detained there in prison, and the able-bodied were sent to the galleys or transported to America. The parishes not affected by the 'deportation' were obliged to make themselves responsible for large sums, in case of the slightest disorder being committed. These severities failed to reduce the Camisards, whose magazines had long before been abundantly supplied; and when the peasants had yielded their houses and fields, they shouldered the axe or reaping hook, their only remaining property, and set off for the camp of the 'Children of God,' who were neither slow nor scrupulous in taking vengeance for their wrongs.

They had a new and disagreeable enemy to contend with in the Roman Catholic population of the villages near the sources of the Cèze, who had taken arms under an innkeeper named Chabert, a man ruined by the Camisards. Those of St. Florent were distinguished for their ferocity, and the name of Florentins was given in consequence to the whole of what M. Peyrat styles 'the vagabond gangs which, rather rapacious than warlike, lived on murder and pillage,' and who, infesting the territories which Cavalier and Joani were wont to command, formed to those chiefs an object of continual pursuit and attack. One day, at the village of Pradel, the Florentins came out to greet an officer of splendid appearance, who arrived at the head of his soldiers, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet, and arrayed in a vast peruke, and a large hat shaded with plumes. This was Joani, who replied to their congratulations with a volley of shot, which killed a score of them, after which he cut the rest to pieces. Cavalier killed thirty or forty of them by a similar stratagem, but had himself soon after a narrow escape from the regular troops, who surprised him near midnight, encamped

in a meadow near the little town of Collet de Dèze, which lies almost surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, whose sides are built up in terraces for the growth of the very poor grapes of the country. The Camisards instantly took to the hill, and maintained so hot a fire from the lower terraces, that the soldiers were glad to abandon the pursuit.

On Sunday, the 29th of April, after spending the day in religious exercises, Cavalier with 1500 men took up his quarters for the night at a farm house called the Tour de Bellot, near Alais, built on the ruins of an ancient castle, of which the keep was yet standing, though uninhabited. The insurgents, after partaking of a meal which had been prepared for them by their purveyor, dispersed themselves throughout the buildings (which were enclosed by a dry stone wall), and went to sleep. At this moment the purveyor, a miller of the country, who bore a great reputation for piety, and had two sons in the force, was tempted to go to Alais, where he sold to Montrevel, for fifty louis d'or, the blood of his own sons and his Protestant brethren. Brigadier Planque set out about ten o'clock with 3000 or 4000 men, and his troops, in two divisions, invested the farm-yard. They surprised and slew the first videttes, but the sentinels then fired and gave the alarm. The Camisards instantly took arms, and Cavalier with 400 men rushed out of the building; and by hard fighting—the combat being so desperate that (as he afterwards declared) ‘heaven and earth seemed on fire’—he kept the way clear till 400 or 500 more had made their way out; but the enemy pouring in on all sides, he retired behind a ravine, probably an ancient fosse of the castle. After rallying his men, he repassed the ravine to make a last effort in favour of his companions who were left behind. To the ‘qui vive’ of the enemy he replied ‘Montrevel,’ delivering a murderous fire, and the two divisions of the royal troops mistook each other for enemies, and entered into a murderous conflict in the dark. He rushed upon them thus confused, and a scene ensued of inconceivable bloodshed and uproar. At last a gleam of moonlight, or the dawn, enabled the combatants to recognize each other, and Cavalier finding it impossible to succour his men in the tower, retreated with his main body while it was yet dark, passed the Gardon (defeating the dragoons who guarded it), and gained the woods. The unfortunate men who were left behind made a gallant resistance, and showering down stones and tiles when their bullets were exhausted, held out till

eight o'clock in the morning, when the buildings were set on fire, and they perished in the flames ‘singing psalms (says M. Peyrat) to the last.’ The traitorous purveyor was seized and put to death by the Camisards; his two sons spurned him from them, and looked on without emotion.

Montrevel now called upon the ‘newly converted’ to take arms against the fanatics; and, as they remained passive, he applied his cruel system of deportation to the suspected persons of twenty-two parishes in the diocese of Nismes. He also took into the king’s service, at the expense of the Protestants, the predatory bands of Florentins, now extremely numerous. Some bold fellows were placed at their head, and, in particular, one Lefevre. This man, defending a house against the Camisards, was informed that, unless he yielded, his mother and brothers would instantly be put to death before his eyes. ‘I know neither mother nor brothers,’ said he, ‘when the king’s service is concerned:’ and the Camisards, in admiration, released his kinsfolk and withdrew. Lefevre was a light-hearted, jovial fellow, who put his victims to death with all the pleasantry imaginable, and his hundred men marched to the sound of the violin, instead of the trumpet. Over all the bands was placed a leader of a higher order—La Fayolle, a man of birth and military rank, who, having made a vow of solitude, lived in the desert, until the Camisards burnt his lonely hermitage, and called forth the old soldier to combat. The warlike hermit proclaimed a regular crusade against the enemies of God. Armed only with horse-pistols and a mace, he rode upon a pony at the head of five-and-twenty horsemen. The Catholic bands whom he commanded wore a white cross upon their hats, and were commonly known as the chevaliers or Cadets of the Cross, or the ‘White Camisards,’ in contradistinction to the Protestants, who were henceforth called the ‘Black Camisards.’

In order to open the crusade with *éclat*, and to animate the Roman Catholic population with religious zeal, a bull was obtained from the Vatican, proclaiming a holy war. Hear the mild language of the common father of Christendom:—

“Clement XI., the servant of servants—health and apostolic benediction. We cannot express the grief with which we have been penetrated on learning from the ambassador of the Most Christian King that the heretics of the Cévennes, sprung from the execrable race of the ancient Albigeois, have taken arms against the Church and their sovereign. For this reason, with the design of averting, as far as in us lies, the advances of

heresy, so dangerous and ever re-appearing, to which it seemed that the piety of Louis the Great had given the death-blow in his states, we have thought it our duty to conform to the conduct of our predecessors in similar cases. To this end, and in order to induce and engage the faithful to exterminate the cursed race of these heretics and wicked persons, the enemies in all ages of God and of Cæsar;—by virtue of the power to bind and to unloose, granted by the Saviour of mankind to the Prince of the Apostles and to his successors, we declare and grant of our full power and authority, the absolute and general remission of their sins, to all those who, having engaged in the holy militia which is to be formed, and destined to the extirpation of these heretics and rebels against God and the king, may have the misfortune to be killed in battle.”

This manifesto had but little effect, as all the able-bodied men of the province were already engaged in the struggle. The hermit confined himself chiefly to the plain, and the neighbourhood of the large towns, whence he made forays upon the Protestant villages, massacring the women and children, and carrying off the flocks and herds, but carefully abstaining from any encounter with the insurgents. The latter, in their turn, raised a corps of irregular cavalry, commanded by Catinat, who bought or stole 200 active horses from the famous breeding-grounds in the islands of the Rhone, and with his wild horsemen cut up the Florentins, and spread alarm along the banks of the Rhone.

The royal troops went through the townships, assessing the damage done by the destruction of churches (for the churches, though spared at first, were now always destroyed, because Montrevel turned them into fortresses), and carrying off the disaffected population. A detachment proceeding upon this service, learnt one day that Cavalier was in the neighbourhood. His sentinel was surprised, but refused to discover the situation of the camp. A woman who was carrying provisions thither, imitated his generous silence, and they both died for their fidelity. The dragoons, however, on entering a defile, discovered Cavalier's men gaily taking their mid-day repast on the grass, their hats crowned with sprigs of boxwood; while fifteen women, who had probably brought them food, were washing their linen in a rivulet close by. They started to their feet on seeing the royal troops, and received the charge of the cavalry; but the force opposed to them was overwhelming, and Cavalier was glad to escape with the loss of seventy-two men. The women were slaughtered in the stream.

Montrevel had fixed his head-quarters at Alais, under the pretext of placing himself

in the seat of war; but the frivolous old courtier, in reality, made this move for the purpose of devoting his whole time to a lady of that town, for whom he embellished hotels and gardens, while her husband was absent at Paris.

Hostilities consequently languished on the side of the king's troops; and as the peasantry were engaged in getting in their crops, there was a tacit suspension of arms during the summer heats, after which Montrevel tried to starve the insurgents, by destroying the mills, and by renewing his order to bring the corn into the towns; but Roland forbade the country people to obey him, and filled his own magazines, labouring at the same time to cut off the supplies of Alais; and with such success, that the people were for six months without a grain of salt, and Montrevel was obliged to call in his outposts to restrain them.

The marshal went by the name of ‘*Marshal Short-life*’ among the insurgents, who were excessively anxious to justify the appellation. They had also an ardent desire to rid themselves of their old enemy, Bâville, and a party of them, duly posted in ambush, one morning, in a vineyard between Nîmes and Montpellier, saw his carriage within a few paces of them, and were just preparing to attack him, when a peasant who had escaped out of their hands, started into the road and gave the alarm, and they had the mortification to see the Intendant, escort and all, wheel round, and disappear again in a whirlwind of dust, in the direction of Nîmes.

In August, operations of more importance succeeded, and there was great loss of life on both sides.

“On Sunday, the 26th of that month, Roland had summoned the neighbourhood to meet for public worship in a hollow near Anduze. He knew that the garrison of that town were aware of the intended meeting, but the Spirit had said to him, ‘*Fear not, my son,*’ and upon this assurance he proceeded. At three o'clock in the afternoon, before prayers were over, the alarm was given by the sentinels upon the heights; there was some agitation in the assembly, and a few of the women stole away in the direction of their homes. Roland silenced the people, telling them that the approach of the soldiers ought not to cause interruption in the service of the Almighty—but after pronouncing the blessing, he sent out some parties to reconnoitre. They were just in time to rescue the fugitive women from the enemy, who occupied the only issue from the hollow. To extricate his defenceless congregation he ranged the women and children in order, set the men in flank, armed only with the branches of trees, which they carried like guns; distributed his Camisards in the van and in the rear, and marched boldly on with drums beating, and singing the psalm of battles. The

royal troops, seeing the approach of this large and imposing column, retreated on either hand out of gunshot; they afterwards attacked the rear-guard, but Roland faced about and made head against them till night saved his whole party, who gave thanks to God for their deliverance."—Vol. i., p. 499.

After a time, Montrevel, piqued by a taunt of his mistress at a convivial meeting, fairly roused himself and held a council, which was attended by the generals and governors of towns, the bishops, and Bâville himself. It might have been supposed, that the failure of the carrying-off system would have taught them the inefficacy of mere violence. Yet the council was told to choose between two proposals still more brutal: the extermination of the Protestants in the districts devoted to the Camisards, or the destruction of their villages. The military men were keen for a massacre, and M. Peyrat states that the bishops entirely agreed with them; and Bâville, to prevent it, was obliged to urge upon them the second scheme, which he had hitherto combated. The plan he now proposed was to enclose the inhabitants in the most central towns, and to destroy all the rest—township, castle, hamlet and homestead. The insurgents, he said, deprived of the population which fed, and the villages which received them, would be driven into the plain, where they would meet with the king's soldiers and with death.

He was reminded of the difficulty of laying waste so large an extent of country, and razing to the ground so many scattered villages, under the rains of autumn, the early snow, and the fire of the rebels: it was also remarked, that much discontent would be caused by the destruction of the castles and monasteries. Bâville replied, that the king would provide for the inmates of the castles and religious houses, and that, at all events, the extermination of the population was a greater evil. Julien ardently desired to combine the two plans; to execute a general massacre of the whole people, the men, the women, and above all, the little children; 'the whole mass,' he said, 'is corrupted; we must cut off two or three members, in order to save the rest from the gangrene.' Bâville observed, that 'though the disease ought undoubtedly to be eradicated, yet it would not do absolutely to kill the patient;' and his scheme, the least atrocious of these hellish counsels, was adopted by the cabinet of Versailles, and forthwith carried into effect.

Enormous stores of provisions were collected at Florac; all the blacksmiths were employed in the fabrication of hatchets, pick-axes, levers, and other instruments of

demolition, and a proclamation was issued by Montrevel, ordering the inhabitants of the various parishes to repair, within three days, with their cattle and goods to the towns indicated by him. The gentry were permitted to reside in any Roman Catholic town, and the Roman Catholics of the country were ordered to repair to the towns, where they were to be billeted upon the inhabitants, and to receive, like soldiers, five sous a day. This proclamation caused utter consternation, and obedience was yielded to a certain extent; but while the women and children, and the old men, repaired in great misery to the towns of refuge, the able-bodied betook themselves to the camp of the insurgents.

The devoted country was now parcelled out among the various bodies of troops. The 29th of September was fixed for beginning the work of desolation, which Montrevel proposed to superintend in person; but on the morning of that day, just as he was mounting his horse to repair to the scene of action, he was recalled in haste to the plain. Cavalier and his force had burst upon the low country, and were destroying every accessible place with fire and sword. An express, sent by the commandant of Calvisson, was thrown alive, horse and all, into the flames which were devouring Aiguevives, and an English squadron appeared off the coast, with money and ammunition intended for the Camisards. These supplies had been obtained by the Protestant exiles; but their agents had been arrested within sight of the Cevennes before they could communicate with Roland; and the insurgents, though in possession of the coast, could not understand, and did not reply to the signals of the ships, which consequently stood out to sea again, and disappeared. At the same time Labourlie's long meditated insurrection broke out prematurely in the Rouergue, from a want of concert, and the hasty temper of some of the chiefs; owing to these faults it was crushed at the very outset, and Labourlie fled from France.

Cavalier continued his foray upon the plain, and Montrevel was obliged to recall Julien to resist him. As soon as Julien left the mountains, Roland and the other chiefs attacked the towns of refuge, and the strongholds of the Florentins, and Julien was forced to return to protect the work of demolition. This process was, indeed, for the moment, scarcely less harassing to the destroyers, than to those who suffered by their cruelty. It has been imagined that the destruction of the city of Lyons in modern times—that most foolishly mad of all the revolutionary extravagances—was wholly

new and unparalleled in its nature ; but we find, that for this, as for most of the crimes of the same period, the older French history affords a precedent. It was autumn, and the cold rains fell in torrents among the mountains ; and after labouring all day with the pickaxe, the wearied soldiers were happy if they could find straw to sleep on, in some deserted barn. They were miserably fed ; many fell sick under their privations and fatigues, many deserted, and, on the representation of Julien, fire was employed to expedite the process of devastation. Cavalier became more adventurous and successful than ever ; but notwithstanding his gallant exploits, Julien carried on the work, and by the 14th of December, 400 villages were reduced to ashes, and an extensive territory had become a wilderness, in which, at intervals, might be seen a few towns of refuge, crowded with the people and their cattle.

“ ‘At length,’ said Julien, in announcing his triumph to the minister, ‘at length, thank God, I have the honour and the pleasure to inform you that I have entirely finished the long and laborious task which had been intrusted to me ; but’ (since human felicity is never complete—

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat)

‘I do not foresee any speedy termination of all these disorders and troubles. I really fear that this great chastisement which I have just applied to a vast extent of country will make more noise in the world than it will bring advantage to the king’s service. However, I wish with all my heart I may be mistaken. My health is very much deranged, and has need of some repose, for no one can suffer more than we have suffered.’ ”

It is fair to add, that the king received high credit for singular magnanimity, in adopting a measure so *lenient* as the devastation.

With the completion of this grievous crime ended the year 1703, leaving the Camisards victorious, and full of hope. Every form of coercion had been exhausted upon them ; slaughter, in hot blood and in cold blood ; pillage, the galleys, the scaffold, carryings off, the burning of villages, and, finally, the great devastation, had all been thrown away. There was but one form of severity remaining—an universal massacre.

Of the troops which had arrived with Montrevel, one-third had perished in battle, another had gone on foreign service, the remainder were in Languedoc, discouraged by a war without results and without glory. In the winter they received considerable reinforcements, one of the new battalions

having for its colonel the famous Bonneval, who afterwards became a convert to Islamism, and, under the name of Achmet, died at Constantinople, a pacha of three tails, and commandant of the Turkish artillery. The colours received a solemn benediction from Bishop Flécher, and Montrevel declared that he would now very soon destroy the rebels, and restore the country to its former tranquillity.

As soon as the devastation was completed, Montrevel had extended his lines from the Rhone to the Herault, in the form of a crescent, embracing the southern side of the Cevennes. It was expected that the half-starved insurgents would be driven into this net, like wild beasts, by the snows of winter ; but as they were, on the contrary, safe in their caverns, and supported by their magazines, Planque was sent to force them down into the plain ; in the hills, however, he saw no vestige of them. The country people, pent up in the towns, were insufficiently fed, either from accident or design ; and those who went out to seek for food among the ruined villages were hunted over the snow like wild beasts, and shot in great numbers, or were barbarously massacred in the towns upon their return. The States of Languedoc, servile as they were, could not refrain from complaining of this frightful state of things, and especially from denouncing the outrages of the Hermit and his men, who murdered and pillaged both parties alike. But the Bishops stood up for ‘brother Gabriel ;’ he was fighting, they said, for the Church, his murders were but reprisals ; the Catholics were not to let their throats be cut like lambs. Each party vied with the other in cruelty. Lefevre was one day so furiously attacked by a Camisard chief, that his men were glad to abandon their booty, and to take refuge in the little town of Vic. The Camisard, after taunting Lefevre with the rapidity of his pace, which he said was too fast for his fiddle, endeavoured to storm the walls, but failed, and lost some men in the attempt. To avenge his comrades, he cut off with his hatchet the arms and legs of five Cadets of the Cross, and hung the men, thus mutilated, to the branches of a tree. He threatened their leader with the same treatment. The latter did not venture to go out to save his unfortunate companions ; but after the departure of the enemy, he consoled himself by killing some of the inhabitants of Vic, who were suspected of having called them in.

In the townships where the people of the two religions dwelt together, the Hermit and his four lieutenants usually formed themselves into a tribunal which strongly

reminds us of the horrid scenes at the Abbaye of St. Germain, at the Revolution. The inhabitants were brought one by one before the fierce solitary, who demanded of them, as a proof of their orthodoxy, the *Pater*, the *Ave*, the *Confiteor*—this was his shibboleth. If they did not recite these Latin prayers, or if they made any slip, the grisly judge consigned them, as Protestants, to his assassins, who massacred them before his eyes. A worthy predecessor of the revolutionary murderers.

M. Peyrat admits that the Camisards employed a similar test. If, after the Lord's prayer, the person under examination had the misfortune to pass at once, according to custom, to the Angelic salutation, he was poniarded immediately.

As the mutual hatred and massacres increased, the king's troops seemed almost to disappear from the scene, leaving the White Camisards under the Hermit, and the Black Camisards under Cavalier, to cut each other's throats; and Montrevel, Bâville, and the bishops, after all their experience, stood perfectly aghast at the frenzy of hatred with which the people flew upon each other.

In the midst of this tempest, the zealous Bishop Fléchier laments the condition to which the country was reduced, but apparently without seeing the real cause of all this misery.

" 'We are in a town,' he writes, 'where we have no rest, no pleasure—not even any consolation. When the Catholics are the stronger, the others are in terror of having their throats cut; when the fanatics are in great numbers near us, the Catholics fear in their turn. I have to encourage sometimes the one party, sometimes the other. We are almost in a state of blockade, and one cannot go fifty paces out of the town without the risk of being killed. From my windows I have seen our country-houses burnt with impunity. Scarcely a day passes but I learn, on awaking, some misfortune that has happened during the night. My room is often full of people who have been ruined, of poor women whose husbands have just been killed, of fugitive curés who come to represent the miseries of their parishes. The exercise of our religion is almost abolished in three or four dioceses. More than 4000 Catholics have been murdered in the country, eighty priests massacred, upwards of 200 churches burnt.' "

And all because the king and the priests would force their religion upon the province.

Notwithstanding all this misery, the admirable arrangements of Roland kept his men together and in good condition in their caverns, and the spring found them full of life and strength, and keener than ever for revenge, and they were assured that they might expect an auxiliary corps in spring. The Marquis de Miremont, a leader of the

exiled Protestants, was, in fact, forming an emigrant corps at the Hague, with which he intended to pass through Germany, and to enter France from the Alps of Savoy, but unhappily the marplot Labourlie appeared upon the scene to thwart him, representing that an expedition comprehending members of both faiths, and led by himself, Labourlie, would rally all creeds and all classes, and produce an insurrection at once national and universal. His representations had considerable weight, for we find Lord Godolphin writing to Mr. Hill, the English minister at Tunis,* that all the provinces of France were as much disposed to rebel as the Cevennes, if they had mountains equally strong. The quarrels and the intrigues of the exiles perplexed the designs of the allies, yet it was intended that while Marlborough opened the campaign in May, the auxiliary force should make its way to the Alps, where a division of Vaudois awaited it, ready to enter France. Roland, with a view to favour this diversion, excited an insurrection in the Vivarais, but the people had no knowledge of the officer whom he sent to them, and their rising was in consequence but partial, and was easily put down by Julien.

About this time Cavalier and Roland gained their last and most brilliant triumphs. The first, placing himself in ambush at Martignargues, cut up a force under Lajonquiere, who left 450 men dead upon the spot. The Marquis de Lalande was decoyed by Roland into the défile of Salindres, between the Gardon and a precipitous mountain, where he suddenly found himself charged in front and in rear, and crushed by a storm of enormous stones, which rolled down upon him from the mountain. The whole army would have perished, like the Bavarians in the Tyrol in modern times, had they not found one path which Roland had not been able to occupy. By this way a remnant escaped.

These disasters ruined the tottering credit of Montrevel; he was recalled, to the great joy of the Camisards, and Marshal Villars was appointed to succeed him. But before quitting the province he turned the scale completely in his own favour, by disposing his forces through the country in such a way, that the insurgents must encounter each division in succession, and under great disadvantages of ground. Accordingly, on the 16th of April, 1704, Cavalier was beaten with enormous loss, in a series of actions (of which the most important took place at Nages), though the military skill which he displayed in meeting each successive attack by some rapid and ingenious movement, ex-

* See Mr. Hill's Correspondence lately published.

torted the admiration of Villars himself, when he surveyed the ground soon after. In one of these conflicts Cavalier was saved by the courage of his little brother, a boy only ten years of age, who placed his pony across a narrow bridge, over which the Camisards were flying, and levelling his pistol at the fugitives, compelled them to stand their ground. Roland's turn came next, and in the space of two days the Camisards were defeated in four battles, and lost half their men, half their horses, many of their caverns, and a large portion of their ammunition and provisions; and, worst of all, lost their energy and confidence.

Roland, indeed, was undaunted as ever, and speedily set about repairing his losses. He called for recruits, gave orders for the seizure of horses, sought for other caverns, and prepared new magazines. But the spell was broken, the flame of enthusiasm burnt less intensely, the peasantry were discouraged by the absence of the expected aid from foreign powers, and by the lukewarmness of their brethren in the towns; and in their dejection they listened more readily to the gentry who never sympathized in the rebellion, and now urged them to lay down their arms.

Villars was determined, at any cost, to enforce submission to the royal authority, yet felt a natural and generous pity for the brave and honest men who had sacrificed so much for conscience, and had been so unworthily treated; the country people, on the other hand, perceived that they had now for the first time to deal with a man of a human heart and who regarded them as reasonable beings; kindness penetrated where fire and sword could make no impression, and by his gallant bearing and eloquent yet politic addresses he rapidly acquired their confidence. The Protestants, one and all, had hitherto been identified with the insurrection, and had been treated with the utmost harshness. Villars, through the Baron d'Aigalliers (a benevolent Protestant who was anxious to prevent the further effusion of blood), showed some trust in the Protestants of the towns, and detached them from the Camisards. He then opened negotiations with Cavalier, the chief who lay nearest to him. Roland on this occasion finessed too much, for instead of entering into communication with Cavalier, and putting him upon his guard, he affected to be ignorant of the negotiation, intending to take advantage of it if it should turn out well, but otherwise to disavow Cavalier. The latter, after his victory at Martignargues, had ordered a gentleman to be shot for advising him to submit, but circumstances were now altered, and he lent an ear to the overtures of Villars. Cavalier

was, it is true, a military genius, and full of enthusiasm and natural eloquence, but he was, after all, an uneducated lad, a simple peasant. Is it wonderful that he yielded to the seductions of so skilful a diplomatist as Villars? The release of his father and his brother, who were prisoners, a good deal of flattery—a public entry into Nismes to treat on terms of equality with Villars in person (who wondered at the slight frame and boyish appearance of so formidable a chief), and the youthful commander was gained. Cavalier himself, as colonel in the royal army, was to maintain in foreign service the honour of the crown—a regiment of his faithful Camisards was to bear him company; the Protestants, it is said (for there is some difference on the point) were to be allowed to assemble for divine worship though not to rebuild their temples; those who were undergoing punishment were to be set free, and the exiles allowed to return. But the insurgents were instantly to submit, while for the observance of all these terms the royal faith was to be the only security. The sagacious and steady Roland could estimate better than Cavalier the value of this pledge. He was determined to obtain the guarantee of England and Holland for any terms that might be agreed on, and though he had consented to a suspension of hostilities, he absolutely refused to ratify the convention, or to lay down his arms without some security for the free exercise of his religion. Cavalier was spurned as a traitor, and when he presented himself to Villars in pursuance of his agreement, he could bring with him no more than forty of his own band.

The Protestant chiefs in general owed a part of their firmness on this occasion to their great hopes from an expedition which was in preparation at Nice, and in which Labourlie was the prime mover; but the squadron, after putting to sea, was scattered by a storm, and failed, like all the projects of the unhappy Labourlie. Roland, nevertheless, acted with his wonted spirit and skill; he re-organized his men, and made an attack upon the miquelets at Pont de Montvert (July, 1804), where, however, he experienced a slight check. The insurrection may be said to have ended on the spot where it began two years before, for this was the last action of Roland. Dispirited by the submission of Cavalier, and the estrangement of the Protestants of the towns, the insurgents began by slow degrees to listen to the persuasions of Villars and to fall away from their chiefs. Through the treason of an agent of Roland, a party of cavalry was conducted by night to the Château of Castelnaud, where he was sleeping, and though

he was alarmed in time to make his escape from the house, he was speedily overtaken (Aug. 14, 1704). Setting his back against an old olive-tree, he shot three of the dragoons with his blunderbuss, and was drawing a pistol from his belt, when he himself was shot dead. His body was burnt in Nîmes, and the ashes scattered to the winds, while five of his lieutenants were broken alive upon the wheel. With him died all the intellect of the insurrection: the clemency of Villars, and the activity and vigour of his military operations with light moveable columns, finished the work in a few months; and before the end of the year the chiefs, with a few exceptions, were at Geneva, and the peasantry settled again in their ruined hamlets, with immunity from imposts, as Villars foresaw that people exempt from charges and settled quietly in their homes, would be in no haste to renew the miseries which they had so lately suffered. It is but justice to Bâville to state that Villars was mainly guided by his advice.

Cavalier was no longer entitled to claim from the court the realization of his lofty hopes; he had an interview, it is said, with the king, who treated him with contempt, and in the end he and his men were glad to make their escape into Switzerland. He passed soon after into the service of Savoy, and many an expedition was planned by the restless Labourlie, in which Cavalier was to command the Protestant exiles; but it was otherwise ordained. At the battle of Almanza he commanded a regiment of French refugees, who finding themselves opposed to another French regiment, charged them, and were received with such vindictive fury that both were nearly destroyed. Cavalier eventually became a general in the British army and Governor of Jersey. He was known as an excellent soldier, of very quiet manners, and exhibiting no traits of the fiery enthusiasm which had marked his early career.

The other chiefs soon tired of their exile at Geneva, where their devotional raptures and prophetic paroxysms were viewed with little interest; and, unable to live without excitement, and prompted by the ill-timed intrigues of foreign states, and by an irresistible yearning for home, they blindly returned one after another to their native mountains, to excite petty insurrections, and at length to fall into the hands of their ancient enemy, Bâville, and to writhe in agony upon the wheel, or in the flames, to which his steady cruelty consigned them. It was not until Louis XIV. ceased to reign (1715), that the prophetic spirit was fairly expended, and Bâville at peace.

Under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, the Protestants hoped at length to enjoy tranquillity, and, in fact, many prisoners were set at liberty by that prince; yet, though disposed to toleration, he did not think it worth while to set himself in opposition to the clergy; and, in 1724, when the Duke of Bourbon was in power, Bâville, living in retirement at Paris, had the malignant pleasure of consolidating the edicts of persecution, to be re-enacted and enforced with fresh vigour. Notwithstanding all this, the Protestant cause continued to prosper. The fanatical transports of the ignorant peasantry had happily given place to the more sober ministrations of pastors regularly educated at Geneva; but these good men exercised their holy office at the greatest personal danger. Throughout the reign of Louis XV. many of them died on the gibbet, or were condemned to the loathsome degradation of the galleys. Under this king, the feelings of all Europe were harrowed by the judicial murder of Calas (1761), the last act of this series of frightful persecutions; and it was not before the reign of his successor, that full toleration was conceded, under the auspices of Bâville's near relative, the excellent Malesherbes.

We have been thus particular in tracing the succession of these singular events, not because anything remained unknown as to their effects upon the general destinies of France, or the policy of Europe, but because they appear to us to mark the progress of a moral struggle, of deeply tragic interest, and not destitute, amidst all its horrors, of something that tends to cheer and to support us. From the first pettifogging encroachments upon religious liberty, to the open and flagrant wickedness of the Dragonnade; from the hesitating, reluctant Revocation, to the avowed and deliberate Devastation, we see the best organized government in the world, conducted by the ablest ministers, under the greatest sovereign, commanding enormous military resources, and supported by the prejudices of a vast majority of the nation, inflamed by ecclesiastical eloquence and zeal of no mean order, labour year after year for this one object—that the Protestants of the South should become Roman Catholic—and we see it labour in vain. So far as physical privation goes, and exile, torture, life-long slavery, death in every shape, the rupture of all domestic ties, the torment and disgrace of friends, and all imaginable forms of mental and bodily anguish—thus far the government had its will. But the Protestants also had their will; they held fast by what they believed, and

were Protestants still, as they are to this day. In the attainment of the object for which it fought (the only test of victory), the government wholly and ignominiously failed; and that, too, after resorting to such measures as no success could have excused; such as scarcely any government has ever thought itself justified in employing; and such as could, least of all, have been expected in an age of magnificence and refinement, distinguished for its literary taste, and its cultivation of all the liberal arts.

It is painful to observe how, in such a conflict, the more wicked party has the power of reducing its antagonists to its own moral level. The people, driven mad by persecution, forgot the cause for which they had taken arms, and yielding to the fierce excitement of the struggle, imitated the worst crimes of their adversaries. Deprived of their regular pastors (who had themselves, as we have seen, lapsed into opinions gravely different from those of the French reformation), their religion was a religion of impulse—of psalm-singing—of devotional and prophetic paroxysms—with only such guidance as their own wild associates could afford them. That they steadfastly refused to change their faith at man's bidding, and stoutly resisted every enticement that is calculated to allure the human heart—must be their chief praise, and must ever give them a strong claim upon our sympathies. Oppressed and wronged as they were, it is not surprising that the contest was characterized by that terrible ferocity to which the French nation has shown itself at times so prone, and that we can here see, too distinctly foreshadowed, many of those actions of the latter days of France which have been deemed new and unparalleled in the history of man. This cruelty is not confined to any form of faith, or to any political creed, to Popery or to Protestantism—to monarchy or to democracy. Its source lies deeper; we are reluctant to explore it.

As a political blunder, it is impossible to over-rate the folly of that persecution which banished from France its arts and manufactures, and established a hostile camp in its very bosom. Louis, indeed, seems to have felt himself humiliated by the issue, for it is said that only a short time before he was carried to his last home, amidst the execrations of his people, he expressly disavowed on his own behalf all responsibility for the course that had been pursued, in reference to the Church. 'All,' he said, 'had been done under advice.' In short, he *washed his hands of it*. But (allowing for the cruel and malignant zeal of the priests) can we readily believe that the proud and jealous king,

who was his own prime minister, who ruled temporal princes at his will, and defied the pope without a moment's hesitation, had suffered his own wishes to be over-ruled in this most important branch of his policy? or if we so believe, shall we therefore acquit him? This we know, and for thus much he must for ever be held responsible, that although he did not, like Charles IX., fire upon his people with his own hand, yet he did, at a time when he (to use a modern French expression) both reigned and governed, give his full authority and sanction to a system of implacable barbarity, far more destructive of life, far more productive of woe and wretchedness, more soul-killing, and body-killing, more deliberate, and, therefore, more wicked, than the massacre of St. Bartholomew itself.

ART. IV.—*India: Legislative Department, 7th May, 1845.—Despatch of the Honourable the Court of Directors to the Governor-General of India in Council.*

MANY reasons may, no doubt, be given why Anglo-Saxon civilisation has made so slow a progress as it has in India. It required some time to enable us to feel that we were the masters there; it required a much longer time to convince both ourselves and the world that we might continue such; and it will, probably, require a still more protracted period to teach us all the advantages which we may derive from that mastery. Hitherto, we seem to be bewildered by the vastness of our own achievements. We are by far the greatest political power in the East, possessing the richest and most fertile provinces which it contains, occupying the centre of commercial activity in Asia, and commanding nearly all the important avenues to the interior of that mighty continent.

Yet, we should, probably, be guilty of no exaggeration were we to affirm, that we have not up to this moment derived from our unrivalled position one-thousandth part of the benefits which it is capable of yielding us. India teems in all its parts with undeveloped sources of wealth. No bounds can be set to the fertility of its soil, which wastes its superabundant productiveness in a vegetation luxuriant even to rankness. The malaria engendered by its forests and jungles, now prolific of disease and death, is only an indication that the soil has been neglected. The island of Bombay was once enveloped by so pestilential an atmo-

sphere, that it was called the grave of Europeans. Now, there is not a healthier spot in India. What cultivation has performed in that small area it may accomplish throughout the country, which, when drained and properly subjected to the dominion of the plough, will be converted into as healthy a residence for man as any to be found on the surface of the globe.

Towards such a state of things very few steps have yet been taken. There is scarcely a good road in all India, though in Bengal, and in the Northern Provinces, and even in Deccan, a beginning has been made.* It is sometimes said that the most valuable highways of a country are its great rivers, and certainly the Ganges has conferred inestimable blessings on Hindústân, as well by facilitating traffic, as by irrigating and fertilizing the districts on its banks. But river communication, however valuable, becomes, at certain stages of society, much too slow to meet the wants of the people. It takes, for example, the common boats of the country three months to proceed from Calcutta to Allahabad, a distance of 544 miles; and, even with the aid of steam, vessels do not consume less than twenty days in this passage. Nevertheless, population, and industry, and commerce, have clustered about the valley of the Ganges, because of the facility which it affords of exchanging the commodities of one province for those of another; while the Deccan has been comparatively but thinly peopled, and very imperfectly civilized, from its possessing no great navigable river, and none of those artificial channels of communication which might have supplied the place of one.

Yet many portions of this division of India scarcely yield in fertility or in the variety of their natural productions to Bengal. The most extensive cotton-grounds are here situated; the mulberry-tree, affected by the silk-worm, flourishes luxuriantly; wheat grows in the greatest perfection, and might be cultivated so extensively as to afford an inexhaustible supply; several of the mountains abound in iron ore, from which steel equal to that of Damascus is manufactured; the forests supply teak and the most fine-grained and beautifully-clouded woods for furniture; while here and there are found extensive beds of coal, more invaluable, perhaps, than all, and more indispensable to civilisation.†

* For instance, from Jubbulpûr to Mirzapûr a good road has been constructed and bridged throughout.

† Near Hoshungabad, in the valley of the Nerbudda, is one of the finest coal-fields in India, or perhaps in the world, situated, moreover, in the vicinity of inexhaustible iron mines.

But the Deccan, as we have already remarked, has no Ganges, and none of the governments which have flourished there, not even our own, has hitherto supplied any adequate artificial substitute for a great river. When there exists a considerable population, some means of carrying on traffic and intercourse there must of necessity be; but if any one accustomed to the modes of travelling in Europe were to be transported suddenly into the territories of Hyderabad or Nagpore, or even into many districts of the Bombay Presidency, he would imagine himself carried back to the primitive ages of mankind, when all the arts of government were in their infancy, when there was little or no science, and when people were perfectly content if they could satisfy the primary wants of nature. The interior provinces of that great table-land which stretches from the Nerbudda to Cape Comorin, are all of them destitute of one of the principal necessities of life—we mean salt, which has, therefore, to be conveyed to them perpetually from the coast. Its price, consequently, is in many places so high that the poorer classes are unable to purchase it; so that they are driven by a rude kind of process to extract from the saline earths, found in various districts, a coarse and unwholesome substance, which they use as a substitute for salt.

To facilitate the transport of this latter article, therefore, it might have been expected that a high-road would, from time immemorial, have been constructed by the united efforts of all the governments of the peninsula. But what is the actual state of the case? Thousands of Prinjarrî bullocks, laden with salt, may constantly be seen traversing the Concan at the rate of only six or seven miles a-day, threading the narrow passes of the Ghauts, over paths which their own feet have worn, and, arrived at the summit, breaking into separate lines, and taking their way towards every point of the country, along the crests of mountains, or beside the beds of rivers, where Nature's hand may have prepared for them a level track. Something we have ourselves done towards facilitating this and other branches of internal trade. In the Bombay provinces, for example, between five and six hundred miles of road, have, we believe, been constructed. But how imperfectly! In some places it has been thought sufficient to clear a space of about forty feet broad, and run a shallow trench for drainage on either side. Elsewhere, the simplest rudiments of a road have been created; thin strata of broken

stone or of moorum* have been laid upon the face of the soil, sufficient to support the feet of men and cattle, but seldom adapted to the passage of wheel carriages, which would speedily plough up deep ruts and render the road impassable.

Yet government has received every possible encouragement to proceed with the work of improvement. Each amelioration in the public ways has been immediately succeeded by an increase of traffic, so that the tolls and duties levied, though in themselves extremely moderate, very soon repay to government the sums expended on the roads, after which they become a permanent source of profit. One example may be worth mentioning. A considerable trade in cotton has long been carried on between Bellary and Kamptee, in Canara. To facilitate the traffic, government, in 1839—40, constructed 140 miles of cart-road from the former town to Sirsee on the top of the Ghauts. Thence down the slope, and across the low country to the sea, the road is hitherto only passable to laden cattle, so that a stoppage takes place at the summit of the Ghauts, where the cotton is transferred from carts to the backs of beasts of burden. Nevertheless, this trifling advance towards civilisation has had a remarkable effect upon the cotton trade of Bellary. During the first four years after the formation of the road 101 carts plied upon it, while in the ensuing year the number increased to 443, and has probably gone on augmenting to the present hour. The change, however, has not been confined to the substitution of one mode of carriage for another, but a much greater amount of cotton has been sent down to the coast. The value of the entire exports at Kamptee multiplied rapidly, rising in three years from 160,000*l.* to 400,000*l.*, whilst the customs increased from 4,622*l.* to 18,015*l.* 10*s.* This holds out, we think, an extremely encouraging prospect to government, which should at once render the remaining forty miles of road from Sirsee to Kamptee practicable for carts. One year's increase of the customs would defray the whole expense.

If we now consider the effect of this improvement upon the price of the cotton, we shall find it to be very great. Formerly, when bullocks only were employed in conveying it, the cost of carriage amounted to 4*l.* 10*s.* per ton, or 7½*d.* per ton per mile. It is now reduced to 2*l.* per ton, or 3½*d.* per mile, which is still double the price of carriage in England. This cotton, ill-cleaned, and subject to much damage from thorns

and bushes on the road-side, and dust during its passage on the backs of oxen below the Ghauts, sells at Kamptee for little more than twopence a pound. Thence it is shipped for Bombay, where it is screwed into bales for the English market. It has been found upon calculation, that the cost of bringing this cotton from Bellary to Kamptee, a distance of 184 miles, considerably exceeds that of conveying it to England, a distance of 17,000 miles! Taking the price of carriage in India at two and a half annas per ton per mile, and reckoning the value of money according to the price of bread corn at six times what it is in England, it is equal to twenty-two pence and a half there; whereas in England the expense is tenpence per ton on common roads, and about threepence per ton on canals in general, or even as low as one penny. If threepence be the average, it is less than one-seventh of the cost in India. The expense of the transport of goods from Madras to Trichinopoly, 230 miles, is thirty-five rupees, or 3*l.* 10*s.* per ton, which is nearly as much as the freight from Madras to London. The most important fact, however, still remains to be considered: when brought into the market at Liverpool, this cotton often sells with difficulty at threepence per pound, so that the merchant importing it profits very little by the transaction.

Now it must be evident that this, and all similar evils, are traceable to the want of roads. To what this deficiency itself is owing it is not so easy to say. The most obvious explanation is to lay the blame at once upon government. But, when well considered, the inactivity of government will itself be found to require explanation. In order to avoid being unjust towards any party, we ought, perhaps, to seek for the solution of the enigma in a combination of circumstances, not altogether the result of human forethought, but springing partly from an imperfect policy, partly from peculiarities in the very structure of civil society in India. But whatever theory we adopt to account for the sluggishness of the principle of improvement there, it must be admitted that we have done less than might have been expected towards developing the resources of the country. We have been like the possessors of some rich mine, who, instead of applying themselves diligently to the proper working of it, have contented themselves with picking up, from time to time, a few specimens scattered accidentally on the surface of the soil. At present there is every probability that a great change is about to take place. The distance between us and India seems to be daily diminishing, so

* The debris of trap rock.

that from long having been regarded as a sort of dreamy El Dorado, where people fought and plundered, and made large fortunes, it is likely soon to pass into the category of ordinary dependencies, where wealth, natural and individual, is to be acquired in strict obedience to the laws of political economy.

Formerly, speculative writers imagined, with Montesquieu, that the precious metals were constantly flowing towards India, there to accumulate to the detriment of the rest of the world. But this was a mistake; for though there be in India much capital, if considered in itself, irrespective of the population among which it is divided, the amount is very small, if we take into account the vast multitudes who share it. Some idea of the real state of the case may be formed from the following comparison. In England, each individual contributes upwards of 2*l.* sterling per annum to the revenues of the state, without paralyzing industry, without impeding the march of commerce, without impoverishing the working classes (whose depression is traceable to other causes); while in India each individual is called upon to pay to government little more than 3*s.*, which, nevertheless, proves by far too heavy a burden. Again, the wages of the labouring classes, calculated in money, are in many parts not one-twelfth of those of a labouring man in England; though the necessities of life, being still cheaper in comparison, labour may be said to be better paid. In other words, a penny in those provinces of India, is better than a shilling here.

The question, however, just now to be considered, is the means of transport which India at present possesses. In many districts there is next to none. A curious circumstance, which took place in 1818-19, shortly after the Mahratta war, will strikingly illustrate this. General Briggs, then principal collector in Khandeish, received directions from the Bombay government to make advances of capital, without interest, to numerous cultivators who possessed none of their own. The object was to bring into cultivation a much larger breadth of land than had hitherto been submitted to the plough, and thus to augment the revenues, which in India are chiefly derivable from cultivated lands, such as lie fallow, paying nothing; 20,000*l.* sterling were in this way distributed. At first the experiment appeared to succeed; for the revenues of the province, which in 1818 did not exceed nine lakhs of rupees, or 90,000*l.* sterling, rose in four years to twenty lakhs of rupees, or 200,000*l.*

But this was the limit of artificial prosperity. Jowari, the staple commodity of the

country, which, before our interference, was selling at thirty-two shillings the quarter, sank, in consequence of the abundance which had been created, to five shillings the quarter, and even then could find no adequate market. Not that throughout India the necessities of life existed in equal plenty; very far from it. At Aurungabad, jowari was selling at sixteen shillings the quarter; and at Poonah, not more than 160 miles distant, it fetched sixty-four shillings and sixpence the quarter, in consequence of the failure of the crops in the surrounding districts. These were famine prices; and there in reality existed a famine at Poonah, where the people perished through lack of food in the streets. A good common road, and still more a railway, would have effectually prevented these horrors. For, supposing the price of the grain, in consequence of finding a large outlet, had been immediately doubled, it might have been sold at Poonah, allowing for profit, and more than the ordinary price of carriage by railway, at twenty shillings the quarter.

As it was, notwithstanding the enormous difference of prices at Poonah and in Khandeish, not a peck from the great over-stocked grain district reached the famishing city. On the one hand, therefore, farmers were becoming bankrupt, and falling into hopeless poverty, because they could not dispose of their superabundant harvests; and on the other, within less than twelve hours' distance by railway, men were dying for want of bread! And was not this a double plague—we might almost say of man's creating, for that which he could guard against, and does not, he causes? The unhappy people of Poonah had just reason to complain of their rulers, for not providing in time, a channel by which, in seasons of scarcity, food may reach them; and the inhabitants of Khandeish had almost equal reason to complain, since they had been urged by an artificial stimulus to produce articles, for the exportation of which, when produced, no provision had been made.

Upon this remarkable fact we request the reader to reflect. It illustrates, more or less correctly, the condition of all India, if we except the valley of the Ganges and its great tributaries. Famine and the most luxuriant plenty are beheld, as it were, side by side, each occasioning distress or ruin, though they affect different classes of the community. Famine first destroys the poor, who cannot purchase, and superfluity ruins and renders poor the agricultural classes. In 1832, a repetition of the same dreadful scenes was witnessed in Coimbatore, Tanjore, and Malabar, only that here the distance between

the surplus and the suffering was still less than in the north of the Deccan.

Obviously, therefore, what is wanting is the means of inter-communication. A proper system of railways ramifying through the Deccan would render the occurrence of a famine almost impossible. At least, *scarcity has never been known to occur on both sides of the peninsula at once.* All that seems to be wanting is to enable the different districts of the country reciprocally to relieve and enrich each other. These remarks, however, must not be supposed to apply exclusively to the Deccan. In Central and Northern India, also, precisely the same causes are found to deepen the horrors of famine. People are beheld famishing and dying in the streets, or selling their very children into slavery—despite the prohibitions of the law—in order to procure themselves a morsel of bread. The cemeteries, the streets, the market-places are crowded with the dead and dying, until the very air becomes corrupted and pestilential. And yet in the neighbouring provinces, juwari and bajera, and rice, and wheat, and the other grains of India are bursting the very granaries, and can find no purchasers!

It may, moreover, with truth be maintained, that numerous castes and tribes of men scattered hither and thither over the face of India, have from the remotest ages been condemned to ignorance and barbarism by the same causes. There are in some provinces tribes so numerous that they may almost be said to form nations, who have not yet made the first step towards civilized life. If they have any religion, it consists entirely of those primitive superstitions which cling closest, as it were, to the earth, and exhibit that dire character which belongs to the earliest aberrations of the intellect. There, human victims are still offered up, and youths and children systematically fattened for the sacrificial knife, sometimes effect their escape and reach the British province of Orissa where they are safe from their pursuers.

But this is not all. Independently of the debasing nature of their creed, those wandering tribes are indescribably wretched. Of civil government they have never heard. The simplest arts lie beyond the reach of their invention. Like the fowls of the air they neither sow nor reap, nor gather into garners. Weaving and spinning, and the manufacture of garments are mysteries wholly beyond their comprehension. They subsist by collecting in the primeval forests they inhabit, the spoils of the wild bee with which they timidly make their appearance on the outskirts of the more civilized dis-

tricts, where they barter them for such articles as human nature, even in its lowest stage, seems to require. To them the very luxuries of a hut are unknown. An oblong basket, under which they creep at night, constitutes the nearest approach they have made to the erection of a house. And these are our fellow-subjects, living under the protection of the same laws with ourselves! These, if not Englishmen, still exist within the pale of English civilization, though none of its advantages have been hitherto extended to them!

We should like to see one of these step-children of India placed beside the governor-general in his durbār. We should like to see him stand up, reeking from the sanguinary rites of Kali, or, with a comb of wild honey in his hand, or leaning upon the basket which forms his palace, and demand of the vice-regal potentate, wherefore he and his race have not yet been included within the circle of his paternal solicitude. Truly Sir Henry Hardinge, or any one else who might be there at the time, would be sorely puzzled to find an answer. The best thing he could say would be: 'Good friend, we never heard of you till now. Your native country has never been properly explored! It lies equally out of the track of war and commerce. No navigable rivets flow through it—it has neither highways nor railways, and we have not been long enough in India to construct any! Be patient, however, for your turn will come as soon as British capital, finding the boundaries of Europe too narrow for its activity, extends its humanizing influence in this direction.'

We fancy, however, we overhear our readers exclaim: 'Where then are the luxurious palanquins and superb takh travans, and golden howdahs of Hindustan?' They are there still, but neither commerce nor any thing else that is worth much to the people often travels in them. Utility requires other conveyances. When men are intent upon business they would, if possible; eschew those dreamy varieties of locomotion to which we have alluded above. To them, if to no one else, time is valuable. If not obstructed, they can coin hours into rupees, and extract whole lakhs of treasure from weeks and months.

But let no man in haste traverse the Deccan. The snail is and must be the prototype of all wayfarers there. Your head has almost time to grow gray whilst on a journey! Locomotion is usually performed on foot, on horseback, or in palanquins. There are, as will readily be supposed, no inns or places of resort where strangers may find shelter

or accommodation. Individuals belonging to the industrious classes, who journey on foot, proceed when they enter a town to that quarter of it where persons of similar occupations reside. There they obtain permission to pass the night in some shed or out-house, near which they prepare their own food, and wait as well as they can upon themselves, renewing and closing their journey under the same circumstances upon the morrow. The landlord, who in this manner receives a guest, is required, as on the continent of Europe, to report his arrival and departure to the police, and should he have been lodged within the house, he becomes responsible for his appearance.

Another class, such as those who have little prejudice of caste, proceed to the Katwal's office, an open building near the market-place, where the magistrates sit during the market-days to receive town duties, keep the peace, register bargains, for which money is not paid down, and settle disputes summarily. Travellers who resort to this spot, either come on horseback or on foot. Their persons and baggage are protected by the police, who also assist in procuring forage for their cattle, and act the part of guides, if necessary, to the nearest village on the traveller's road. For these services the police are permitted to receive, but not to demand fees, their regular stipend being provided by the town itself.

Travellers who move in numbers, or who have equipages of tents with them, encamp in the neighbourhood of the town, and their attendants procure from the shops what they require, and prepare their food in vessels they bring along with them. Nothing can be more tedious, expensive, or inconvenient than this mode of travelling. Troops moving from station to station to the distance of several hundred miles, are required to march thirty-six miles in four days, or rather to advance twelve miles three days successively, and rest on the fourth. Travellers proceed at about the same rate, and the trade of the country conveyed on hired cattle, does not proceed nearly so fast for a continuance. Consequently, according to the Indian rate of travelling, and of commercial intercourse, it would require three weeks for a passenger to reach Liverpool, York, or Exeter, from London, a distance which is now daily accomplished in ten or eleven hours. In England, a first class passenger on a railway, pays at the rate of about five-pence per mile, and travels from twenty to thirty miles per hour; in India he pays, by the most expeditious conveyance, one shilling per mile, and travels at the rate of three miles per hour.

Such, at present, is the state of internal communication in India. But the people of this country, who certainly cannot be accused in general of going too fast, or engaging rashly in any enterprise, appear to be at length taking into consideration the benefits they may confer on their subjects and themselves, by extending the advantage of railroads to that noblest of all our dependencies. The reasons which would justify the adoption of such a policy as this are far too numerous to be all stated here. Possibly, even the most practised and sagacious statesman would not, from the point of time on which we stand, be able to foresee or point out the whole of them. But many are at once so obvious and so cogent, that the most ordinary reflection must suggest them to every man's mind.

It has been very justly observed, that no nation can be expected to undertake great and expensive public works from mere motives of philanthropy. It is the spirit of gain that imparts an irresistible impulse to enterprise; but, fortunately, it has been so ordered by Providence, that the gains of industry and commerce bless, like mercy, both those who give and those who take. The principle that constitutes the very base of commerce, always pre-supposes reciprocal advantages to those who engage in it; and this is true, not only of commerce in its simple rudimental state, but applies equally to its most elaborate and recondite forms, over which the highest science and political wisdom preside.

In projecting railways for India, therefore, the capitalists of this country need not be called upon to put forward any other views than those of profit, which are intelligible to all the world. The process was begun many centuries ago. We have projected moveable roads from the shores of England to those of India, by means of which we greatly enriched ourselves as a nation. It is now found that we have not gone far enough; that the riches of India cannot find their way down to the coast; that they are pent up by certain restraints in the interior, where they rot and perish, without conferring any benefit on the natives or on us. We must, therefore, extend the lines of communication from the decks of our ships and steamers athwart the peninsula, up to the very roots of the Himalaya, and thus facilitate the outpouring of those vast sources of national prosperity, which we know to exist in every province.

When the Roman republic extended its conquests, its first care was to link the newly-conquered territory to Rome by a great road, over which the legion could move rapidly to and fro, and thus bring to bear the irre-

sistible strength of the parent state upon any point that might be threatened, either by internal commotions, or invasion from without. In this matter we should imitate Rome: not, however, for the purposes of war only; but for the higher and more beneficent purposes of peace and civilization. In whatever direction we may carry a railway through India, it must enrich the districts over which it passes, not merely by supplying, in the first instance, labour to those who need it, and exchanging the actual commodities of different provinces, but by imparting a new and extremely powerful impulse to population and industry, and calling forth the hidden capabilities of the soil. By degrees a town would spring up round every station, while the land, beginning from the very banks of the line, would be cultivated like a garden, and afford an inexhaustible supply of many of the articles most coveted in Europe.

Among these, if we commence operations with the Deccan, the most important, by far, will be cotton, of which a sufficient quantity may speedily be raised in India to render us completely independent of the slave states of America. And here we may briefly allude to a fact which will not be regarded with indifference by the friends of humanity: a company has just been established in London, expressly for the purpose of promoting the cultivation of cotton in India, primarily with a view of combating slavery, by depriving it of the aliment on which it feeds. But, in whatever motive such an association may have originated, its results cannot fail to prove beneficial to commerce. Recently, great efforts have been made to improve the quality of cotton in the collectorate of Poonah. In one district an extremely fine sort, equal to the best Baroche, has been introduced, and fetches a very high price at Bombay. In other parts arrangements are making for cultivating the New Orleans cotton, which the most experienced agriculturists in Western India expect will thrive admirably.

It will be comparatively of little avail, however, to expend money on the great cotton grounds of India, unless, at the same time, we provide the means of conveying the produce of those grounds to the coast. This consideration chiefly, perhaps, has suggested to Mr. J. Chapman, a man of remarkable abilities and extensively acquainted with the country, the propriety of running the first line of railway across the Deccan, from Bombay on one side to Coringa on the other. The line would commence at Bombay, run along a causeway to the Island of Salsette, reach the main land by means of a bridge, thrown over what is called the Tannah River and then, traversing the Concan, as-

cend the slope of the Ghauts, pass by Poonah, a city of 120,000 inhabitants, and diverging towards the north, cross the district of Ahmednuggur, sending out branches to Shûlapore on the one hand, and Patoda on the other. From Ahmednuggur, following the great valley of the Godavery, it would project itself eastwards, till, through the Bheer Circar, it entered the Nizam's dominions. Proceeding across Nundeer, and sending forth an important branch northward to Oomrawutty and Nagpore, which might ultimately be carried over the Nerbudda to Allahabad, it would intersect the Circar of Eilgundel, whence it is proposed that a branch should be carried southwards to Hyderabad, the Nizam's capital, a city larger than Paris, and containing 800,000 inhabitants. It is intended that this branch line should afterwards be carried across the Kistna to Madras, from which port it is calculated that 134,000 tons of merchandize are now annually shipped. From Eilungel the trunk line would stretch through Mullangoar, Warangal, Kummumet, and Rajahmundry to Coringa, probably crossing the Godavery, where its channel is intersected by numerous islands. Thence the railroad would be carried through the Northern Circars, and the province of Orissa, to Calcutta.

Among the advantages of this line, there are some few which appear to be deserving of especial notice. Upon the first and greatest we have already touched; we mean that it would intersect the cotton districts; but there are several others which ought not to be overlooked. Already, with the imperfect means of communication which we have described above, a very considerable trade traverses the peninsula in this direction, because, both north and south of the track, large populations are concentrated in cities and fertile districts. In the mountains which flank the valleys of the Godavery are mines of iron ore, from which a steel not inferior to that of Damascus has from time immemorial been manufactured. Further eastward, in the northern slope of the same valley, an extensive bed of coal has recently been discovered, which for ages, perhaps, would suffice to supply the engines on this road.

A second and shorter line has been proposed to be carried from Madras to Wallajanuggur, to facilitate the transport of salt into the interior, and of cotton from the interior to the coast. Wallajanuggur is at present a sort of a central depôt, where the cotton from the surrounding districts is collected ready to be sent down to Madras, whence it is shipped for Europe. According to the testimony of those officers who

have been consulted on the subject, there is every reason to expect considerable returns from passengers, as the inhabitants entertain no prejudice against this variety of locomotion, but appear rather to take a strong interest in its introduction. This may partly, perhaps, be owing to the pains which have for some time been taken to familiarize their minds with railways and railway travelling. The best written and most interesting articles from English periodicals and newspapers, have been translated into the native languages, and inserted in the *Ukbars*. These articles the natives read with great avidity; and consequently, in those parts of India where journalism has made any progress, they may be said to be prepared to avail themselves of the advantages afforded by the railway system. Some idea may be formed of the trade likely to spring up in this direction, from the fact, that at present 30,000 tons of goods, and 150,000 passengers circulate annually between the proposed termini. From calculations based on these facts, it is believed that the profit arising from the existing traffic, without reckoning on any increase, would pay every expense. It is supposed that a railway in the Madras presidency might convey the lower classes at the charge of one rupee per 100 miles.

A third line has been projected from Calcutta to Mirzapore, and a fourth from Bombay up the valley of the Nerbudda, which, together with many others, may hereafter be called for by the improved condition of India. We should certainly, however, prefer beginning with what has been termed the Peninsular railway; principally because it traverses a country where a very large and rapidly increasing traffic already exists, which would tend at once to render the speculation profitable. If a line were selected that would be slow to pay, it might operate as a discouragement to capitalists, and for many years to come deprive India of the benefits to be derived from an extensive system of railways.

If we now inquire briefly into the expenses of constructing railways in India, we shall find, that taking all the elements of calculation properly into account, they will bear no comparison with the expenses to be incurred in constructing similar works in Great Britain. Here every inch of ground is valuable, and its value is invariably enhanced by the fact, that it is required by a great railway company. The very approach of the line multiplies the difficulties it has to encounter. Everybody knows that a field in the vicinity of a railway is worth double or treble a field anywhere else, and insists upon being compensated for allowing

it to be invaded accordingly. Parliament, therefore, is to be applied to; whole hosts of lawyers are to be fed; a private act is to be obtained; disputes are to be settled; by which means, before a spadeful of earth is thrown up, or a brick laid, an enormous cost has already been incurred.

Again, in every part of England provisions are dear, and the wages of excavators, artisans, &c., proportionately high. In India the price of land is extremely low, and the wages of labour and the price of food are still lower. Parliament would not there have to be consulted, nor would there, in many cases, be lawyers to feed. Rough materials might generally be obtained for the mere trouble of taking them, such as granite or other stone, and in many districts even the ordinary timber.

For these and other reasons which might be enumerated, they who have entered into the most careful and elaborate calculations, have estimated the expense of constructing a railway in India at from 3000*l.* to 8000*l.* per mile, according to the greater or less engineering difficulties to be overcome. Perhaps, making due allowances for casual and unforeseen expenditure, and not counting upon any greater advantages than would be almost certain to present themselves, it might be tolerably safe to presume that between 5000*l.* and 6000*l.* per mile would be about the real cost. If this view of the matter be correct, there seems to be no reason to doubt that the actual movements of trade in the country, taken in conjunction with the advantages promised to the railways by the Indian government, would render the speculation remunerative at once.

Of those advantages, the principal are the transmission of mails and the conveyance of troops. Some little difference of opinion at present exists among the several parties, respecting the principle upon which the arrangements between the railway companies and the Indian government should be based; the latter proposing to make a fixed annual grant, whatever might be the amount of letters or troops conveyed along the line, while the former desire to regard soldiers as passengers, and take them at half-price. Now, if it would be practicable to reduce the fare of a single individual belonging to the humbler classes to one rupee for a hundred miles, the soldier would be taken that distance for one shilling, which the Court of Directors must surely be convinced would be infinitely cheaper than they could march him that distance, not to insist just now on the other advantages of great velocity of movement.

However this may be, it is quite obvious

that Indian railways would not be idle from the commencement. They would have infantry, and cavalry, and artillery, and the expensive establishment of European officers, frequently, to fill their trains. The mails would be running perpetually, and we have already enumerated many of the important articles of merchandize which could not fail to be entrusted to them for conveyance. Altogether, therefore, their dividends, we fancy, would be as respectable, upon an average, as those of any other railways, and perhaps, when the exhaustless resources of India come to be properly developed, they may leave in the rear even the London and Birmingham Railway, which now pays eleven per cent.

This view of the subject, however, will be interesting chiefly to capitalists, but many others present themselves that deserve to engage the consideration of the statesman and of the country. For many years past the invasion of India by Russia has been talked of as a probable contingency. This may not, however, be the case; but considering the character of the Russian government, and remembering the fact, that from the reign of Peter I. to the present day, it has always maintained a host of emissaries, both in India and Central Asia, the contingency must at least be admitted to be a possible one. But whether this be so or not, a thousand circumstances may arise to render it necessary to concentrate large bodies of troops on our frontier, when the command of a system of railways would prove of incalculable value to us. Infantry, cavalry, artillery might be transported from one end of India to the other with a velocity which has never yet formed an element of Asiatic calculation. In this way a small force would be equal in efficiency to one thrice as great, surrounded by pathless deserts and mountainous and broken countries, destitute of roads.

Motives of economy, therefore, should induce the East India Company to favour the development of the railway system in its territories. We should then no longer hear of a mutinous regiment retaining the command of its arms during a four months' march, or of a governor of Madras compelled to temporize with that regiment, and make use of jesuitical arts to keep within certain bounds the spirit of insubordination, till the arm of government could reach the malcontents. The advantage of a railway would have spared our Indian rulers the humiliation of such forbearance, as well as the discredit of punishing, after a long distance of time, in cold blood, rebels who, to produce the proper effect on the army,

should have been instantly called to account upon the spot.

Perhaps, however, the most valuable effect of railways in India would be the influence they must necessarily exercise upon the minds of the people. They would behold us combining, as it were, with the elements to keep down our enemies. An indistinct sense of terror would pervade every breast. We should appear to them, more than we do already, creatures of a superior intelligence, endowed with something like supernatural powers for the production of good or harm. In most cases good only could flow from this source. They would find themselves enriched under our rule, and, learning to connect their wealth with our ascendancy, would necessarily experience some solicitude for the prolongation of our power. It is not consistent with the known laws which govern human nature, to suppose that the Hindûs would remain permanently insensible to the benefits they would derive from us.

At present, one of their chief complaints is, that we are negligent of public works. They cannot so well estimate our silent encouragement of agriculture, the efforts we have made to improve the breeds of useful animals among them, or to introduce new grains, or grasses, or fruit-trees, or spices, or other articles of luxury or commerce. Besides, these gifts are rendered in a great measure sterile by the want of lines of communication. It is useless to produce a superabundance, if what exceeds the wants of the producers cannot be profitably exported.

Now in India the obstacles to exportation, as we have already shown, are in many cases insurmountable. A railroad, consequently, would act as a more powerful stimulus to industry than any direct artificial encouragements. It would likewise make a deep and lasting impression on the imaginations of the people. The irresistible velocity and force of a steam train would seem to them the symbol of their English rulers, as in fact it is. Nothing can more exactly represent our character. In itself it is the most sublime of man's creations. It presents to our view a portion of the elements imprisoned, tortured, and put in motion, and flying with the speed of thought over the earth, uttering piercing shrieks, and giving perpetual tokens of prodigious effort.

Yet it would soon be discovered that this strange creature of mechanical invention was made for use, not show. It would bring along with it bread, and the means of purchasing it. Troops and artillery would seldom be the most prominent objects on

the train. The timid native, engaged in trade, would learn by degrees to confide his person and his goods to the flying train, and would be beheld by the side of the stately Brahmin and the wandering Gosaen proceeding to some distant market with the produce of his neighbourhood, or returning homewards with the manufacture of other lands.

In this way Manchester would be brought in contact with the wilds of Gundwana, whose inhabitants would venture by degrees on a suit of brilliant printed cottons, which they would earn by cultivating the earth, and thus making the first move towards emerging from the savage state. This idea may suggest to our manufacturers the propriety of encouraging railways in India, by which they would be throwing open to themselves one of the most extensive and profitable markets in the world. Nay, a very large portion of this market they would actually call into existence by inducing the naked natives of India to put forth their mental and physical energies in order to possess themselves of the tempting luxuries of shirts and trousers.

But in what way should our manufacturers encourage Indian railways? By helping to construct them, by investing a part of their superfluous capital in shares, and if they were to make a sacrifice of what they thus invest, it would be very far from being a loss to them. Perhaps no money they ever laid out would bring them a better return, for it is impossible to calculate the amount of trade to which the prudent application of a little capital in India might give birth. In many provinces a large portion of the population now stand in want of the simplest articles of clothing, not that, as has sometimes been supposed, because their atmosphere constitutes, as it were, one huge garment which wraps and shelters a whole nation at once—for that is not the case—but that they are too rude and ignorant to extract from the teeming soil beneath their feet the means of purchasing the vestments of which they stand in need.

If any one doubt, this let him look at the princes, nawabs and amirs of India. Those persons have no relish for going unclad, but move about under a greater pile of superb manufactures than the most ostentatious exquisite in Europe. Even the middle classes go richly and warmly clothed, and it is only when you approach the lowest, and precisely when the means of purchasing fail, that you behold men practically adopting Rousseau's theory, and acting as though they believed nakedness to be a virtue.

Run a railway through the country, re-

quire of the people in the first instance, food for your excavators, artisans, and engineers, and they will apply themselves more extensively to the cultivation of the earth that they may be enabled to imitate the more civilized men whom your enterprise will have brought among them.

And this reminds us of an objection which has sometimes been made against railways in India. You will not, it has been said, be able to feed your workmen; since though the villagers may have plenty of grain laid up in store for their own consumption, nothing will induce them to part with it, because they will apprehend that if they sell their provision they may not be able to replace it. From the prevalence of such notions, some inconvenience may no doubt be anticipated. But, on the other hand, does not this fact itself tend to illustrate the necessity for a railway? Would the inhabitants of any village in England refuse to dispose at a good profit of their corn or any other article of food? Would they not, on the contrary, be most eager to engage in such a traffic, as they would feel perfectly sure that with the money obtained for their goods, they could not only purchase a fresh supply, but add materially to their comforts, if not to their wealth? In such provinces of India as are possessed by inhabitants who would be reluctant to trade in provisions, we may be sure that civilization is at a very low ebb. Even agriculture must there be pursued in the most primitive and slovenly manner; otherwise, after the wants of the people have been satisfied, there would remain a considerable surplus to be thrown into the channels of commerce.

This may suggest important considerations to the East India Company, that derives its revenue principally from the land-tax, which being only levied on lands under cultivation, must necessarily contract or expand with a greater or less degree of enterprise displayed by the agricultural classes. Taking, therefore, the most dispassionate view of the whole subject, it must be manifest that by intersecting India with railroads, and calling into existence all the concomitants of such works, the East India Company may double and treble its revenues. Indeed, were the vast population of India, which does not probably fall short of 170,000,000 of souls, actively and profitably employed, the extent to which taxation might safely be carried would at present seem altogether extravagant and paradoxical.

It is unnecessary to push our speculations so far. We may content ourselves just now with affirming in general terms that both the

East India Company, and the people of this country, would derive very great advantages from bestowing on India an extensive and well-devised system of internal communication. By persons ignorant of the arts of government, and the first elements of civilization, the poverty prevailing in many parts of India has been attributed to the misrule of the Company, and it may be said we are now confirming the truth of that accusation; for if roads and railways only were necessary to call forth the resources of the country, why were they not long ago constructed? To which we reply by another question, why was not the steam-engine invented in the time of the Romans? Every thing in this world comes and comes best in its season.

At all events governments, like society itself, must pass through different stages, and perform their various duties in succession. The first duty we had, as a civilized people, to perform in India, was to fight and conquer, and consolidate, our dominions. While contending for the throne of the Moguls and supremacy in Asia, and while as yet uncertain whether the glorious prize would fall to our share or not, it was no time to be thinking of the slow improvements of peace. It was necessary that the thunders of battle and the shock of arms should be over; before the voice of industry could make itself heard.

This mode of viewing the subject will, in a great measure, exonerate the East India Company from blame, on account of the apparent slowness with which it has proceeded in the construction of public roads. The time, however, seems to have at length arrived for adopting a new course of policy in this matter, and the Court of Directors appears to be fully sensible of it. In its letter to the governor-general it recognizes the great desirableness of bestowing the advantages of railway communication upon India, though, while doing so, it is careful to bring clearly into view the obstacles which lie in the way of accomplishing this design. All these obstacles it is quite necessary we should take into consideration, since in affairs of such a nature, it is not by a benevolent enthusiasm or blind passion for speculation we should be guided, but by large and severe maxims of political prudence.

So far, therefore, from censuring the Court of Directors for conscientiously enumerating all the difficulties which beset the path of railway enterprise in India, we must consider it as thus performing a grave duty. It is unquestionably most fair and just that the public should be made acquainted with the real state of the case, in order that capi-

talists may not be betrayed into hopeless undertakings, and that India herself may not have the cup of prosperity raised to the lips, to excite warm and flattering hopes, and then see it rudely dashed down again. We say that this was the solemn duty of the Court of Directors. It is far better to look obstructions in the face now, before embarking in the speculation, than when we shall have been deeply engaged, when large sums of money shall have been expended, when an intense excitement and boundless expectation shall have been generated both here and in India, to discover that we have entered upon labours which defy our powers of performance, and that, baffled and impoverished, we must relinquish the grand scheme of regenerating India, by supplying her with channels through which to pour forth her multitudinous productions upon the world.

The Court of Directors thus succinctly enumerates the circumstances which will be likely to impede the progress of railways in India, if they should not discourage us from commencing them:—1st. Periodical rains and inundations. 2nd. The continued action of violent winds, and influence of a vertical sun. 3d. The ravages of insects and worms upon timber and earth-work. 4th. The destructive effects of spontaneous vegetation upon earth and brick-work. 5th. The unenclosed and unprotected tracts of country through which railroads would pass. 6th. The difficulty and expense of securing the services of competent and trustworthy engineers.

To many of the objections suggested by this list of difficulties one satisfactory answer may be given:—The bunds constructed to shut up in narrow valleys the waters of small, but often impetuous streams, in order to form tanks for the irrigation of the country, are always of earth-work, though lined frequently with stone. These bunds are exposed to all the action of the elements which would affect the embankments of railways, and have, besides, the additional disadvantage of being pressed upon incessantly on one side by an immense weight of water, sometimes augmented suddenly by floods, and disturbed by violent winds. Now if it be found that, notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, many of the bunds or tanks in the Deccan, which are so large as to deserve the name of lakes, endure through a long series of ages, some having certainly been thrown up more than 800 years ago, we may reasonably conclude that neither rains, nor inundations, nor the ravages of insects, nor the effects of spontaneous vegetation, will materially interfere

with the development of the railway system in India.

With regard to the periodical rains, their most violent action is confined to the countries below the Ghauts. The immense and heavily-laden masses of cloud, raised from the Indian Ocean, and borne along with incredible force and violence by the winds, are depressed by their own weight below the level of the summit of the Ghauts, and, breaking against that towering barrier, descend in impetuous torrents upon the Concan, Canara, and Malabar. The monsoon showers which overpass the Ghauts, are comparatively gentle, and would produce no very injurious effect upon judiciously constructed embankments or causeways. One very curious phenomenon connected with the subject of rain in the Deccan, though it may exercise no particular influence on the progress of railways, may deserve to be mentioned in passing. It is this: in the city of Hyderabad it has been shown by a series of meteorological observations, that rain nearly always falls during the night, while the days, though not absolutely cloudless, are dry. The same remark may, with some qualification, be applied to Alexandria, in Egypt, where, as well as in the Deccan, the falling of showers may depend upon the same laws that regulate the formation and descent of dew.

The growth of spontaneous vegetation may be checked by a vigilant railway police, which may be entrusted with the protection of the works, as well against the hostility of nature as of man. No doubt, when the line passes over long tracts of unprotected country, the watchfulness of the police will be much needed. But perhaps, if the nature of society in India be considered, it is not too much to hope that the chances of voluntary injury may not prove more numerous than here in England.

At first, and for some time, the want of an adequate supply of engineers may possibly be felt. But it would be wilfully to lose sight of the constitution of human nature, and of the motives by which mankind are regulated all the world over, to suppose that where a steady demand for any kind of talent or ingenuity exists, the thing wanted will not be found. The natives of India by no means possess too many outlets for their activity, mental or physical. On the contrary, their abilities, like their lands, are much too frequently suffered to lie fallow. If they could be made to perceive that, by cultivating the practice of engineering, they might enrich and raise themselves in the scale of society, they would unquestionably apply their minds to it, and be soon able to

meet the demands of the most extensive railway system. Of this it is impossible to doubt. They possess an ample share of intellectual energy, are quick and competent to imitate, and are urged to exertion by a remarkable love of property.

It might be necessary, indeed, to run a line of schoolmasters beside the track of the steam-engine, and to impart to the natives of India something of those sciences which have made us what we are. But this would only be an additional argument in favour of the undertaking. We should not be called upon to develop an indefinite and aimless system of education, beneficial, perhaps, upon the whole, but whose benefits it would be difficult to designate. Knowledge would here be inculcated for a specific purpose, and would no sooner exist than it might be turned to profitable account. But if you taught the Hindû or Mohammedan the principle of mathematics and mechanics, he would not stop there. His mind would have received an impulse which no effort of his will could check. In spite of himself he would be hurried forward; the desire to know would beget knowledge; from one branch of science he would proceed to another, would descend through the strata of the earth, would soar to the contemplation of the heavens, and, by degrees, would pass from physics to the consideration of those far more hidden and intricate laws, which govern the progress of thought and the emotions of the heart, and ultimately give form and consistency to civil society itself.

In this way, out of iron rails, and embankments, and bridges, a philosophy might spring up, that would exert a powerful influence on the future destinies of India. However modified by accident and circumstance, it would be an English philosophy. The image and superscription of Anglo-Saxon intellect would be impressed on all the faculties of the Hindû, who would rise nearer to our level, by adopting our ideas and imbibing a large portion of our mental activity. This may appear to be pushing anticipation somewhat far a-head; but it is what must indisputably take place, if we faithfully fulfil our duties in India, among the very first of which is to supply it with the means of disembarassing itself of its surplus produce, and thus calling into play all the resources of its matchless soil.

There is one notion put forth by the Court of Directors, in its letter to the governor-general, which appears to us extremely unsound. An experiment is recommended to be made on a short line, and according as this shall succeed or fail, would be the disposition of the East India Company to

encourage or discourage railways in India. The defectiveness of this policy it is not difficult to point out. While appearing to be anxious for acquiring the fruits of experience, it will, in reality, be no experiment at all. If by constructing this short line, we hope to discover whether such works in earth, or brick, or stone, as a railway would require, can withstand the hostility of an Indian climate, its vertical sun, its heavy rains, its tempestuous winds, its floods, and irrepressible vegetation, we need enter into no new undertakings to decide that point. The bunds already mentioned, in the Deccan, in the valley of Oodipûr, and almost everywhere else throughout India, have long ago determined the question. No room is left for scepticism. Similar works have been constructed, and having resisted all the influences enumerated by the Court of Directors, are still standing entire, and prepared to battle with the inclemency of future centuries.

Again, as a commercial speculation, a short line would enable us to arrive at no satisfactory practical results. If constructed between two populous cities carrying on already a considerable traffic, and inhabited for the most part by persons engaged in trade, some little advance might no doubt be made towards a correct opinion. But, after all, how imperfect would be the trial! It is in countries thickly peopled where the movements of trade are rapid, where curiosity, and the love of pleasure, and the longing for a brief interval of rest, which occasionally overtakes the inhabitants of thronged and populous cities, that crowd men into steam trains for short distances. In a country like India, it will require a combination of many causes to create the appetite for rapid travelling. First, people must be able to pay for it, and convinced—which they can only be by time—that it is safe; and secondly, there must be attractions of gain or pleasure at the further terminus, to tempt them from their homes. While it lasts, the passion for pilgrimage will supply the railway with many passengers, and those not mere beggars and unsubstantial devotees, as many persons seem to fancy, but people of good property, whom the precepts of their religion, such as it is, perpetually set in motion, and send wandering over the whole face of India. Now none of these classes of passengers would avail themselves, to any great extent, of a railroad running for a short distance only. If it lay directly in their way, they might use it; but if a line of 1200 or 1300 miles, stretching across the whole peninsula, from the capital of the western presidency to that of the east, were con-

structed, the case would be very different. Men would, under such circumstances, think little of going 200 or 300 miles out of their way, to be whirled in a few hours to the end of what they had always regarded as a journey of many months. And then, in a commercial point of view, there would be a compensating power in the mere length of the line, since what it might fail to find in one district, it would find in another; while, by degrees, the whole trade of the surrounding provinces would flow towards it, as water towards the channel of some great river.

These and many other considerations must tend, we think, to show that a short experimental line ought to be regarded as a mere absurdity. Whether it succeeds or fails it will prove nothing. If it succeed it may owe its success to local circumstances, which would, however, have no effect upon a longer line; and if it fail it may owe its failure to the fact that it falls short of some given point, passing which it might, perhaps, find ample encouragement. After all, should this plan be persisted in, we trust that the field of operations will be selected with judgment and after much deliberation. We should ourselves prefer the track leading from the great cotton districts down the Ghauts to Bombay; not that there would be much to be gained by passengers, but that by essentially promoting the prosperity of India something would be done for the security of our manufacturing system at home. Nothing can be well more imperfect than the means by which cotton is conveyed down this road at present. Where bridges have been erected to facilitate the passage of the numerous streams which intersect this route, they are so ridiculously narrow that the lumbering cotton-carts, with their bales projecting on either side, find it impossible to traverse them, and therefore make a *detour* to avoid what was meant for their especial convenience! Besides, those bridges, constructed hastily of unseasoned jungle timber, become in a short time so rickety, that it would be unsafe for a heavily laden vehicle to trust itself upon them. Here, then, a beginning might be made profitably both for India and for England. Different considerations may induce the Court of Directors and the governor-general to construct their experimental line elsewhere. They will, no doubt, desire to escape the engineering difficulties presented by the ascent of the Ghauts, and be anxious to pitch upon some track where the chance of passengers is greater.

This may be inferred from several expressions in the despatch to the governor-general. The difference is very carefully pointed

out between this country, with its dense and wealthy population, and most parts of India, where the population is both poor and thinly scattered; and it is observed that whereas, in Great Britain, the greatest amount of profit is derived from passengers, in India it must be, for some time to come, derived from the transport of goods. The remark will not strictly apply to Bengal, where the population is nearly as dense as in England, though certainly much poorer, and consequently less inclined to locomotion, and less able to indulge in it. Generally, however, it is the transport of merchandize to which we must at first look for profit in railway speculation in India. To this, on all lines, must be added the conveyance of the mails, and on several, the transport of troops. Under all circumstances, if the Indian government refuse to encourage railways, it will display an extraordinary degree of self-denial; for, if the prospect of even small and slow returns do not discourage capitalists, who can propose to themselves no object but gain, still less ought it to induce government to throw cold water on the flame of enterprise, since, let who will lose, the finances of the Company must inevitably profit by the introduction of railways.

There is no probability, however, that the East India Company will be disposed to exercise a discouraging influence. From the despatch of the Court of Directors to the governor-general, directly the contrary may be inferred. The minds of the writers of that document appear to have been made up on the subject; though to avoid the charge of haste and warmth they considered it necessary to state the objections that may be urged by persons unfavourable to the views which they themselves evidently take of the matter. This is prudent and statesman-like. Still it is quite manifest that they very earnestly desire the opening of railway communication in India, because it cannot be concealed from them that, only by such means can the national riches of the country be rendered accessible. The directors, as prudent men, are inclined to examine with scrupulous caution all the relations in which they must stand to the railway companies. That to a certain extent they are ready to co-operate with them is quite clear. But were they now at the outset to exhibit tokens of a too great confidence and highly flattering expectations, the speculators might take advantage of their indiscretion to demand unreasonable concessions from them.

In spite, however, of their most politic caution, they are unable to conceal how thoroughly they approve of the project. The narrow policy of exclusion which form-

erly prevailed at the India House has now probably not one advocate left. It is no longer believed by any politician, however antiquated, that our dominion in the East is to be rendered durable by keeping the population as much as possible beyond the sphere of the influence of European civilization. On the contrary, it is felt that the more intimately the Hindûs and the English are blended, the more effectually will the energy of the one be imparted to the other. Time has exploded altogether the notion that the influence of the conquering caste must derive force and efficacy from keeping the vanquished at a distance, or, in other words, from prejudice and misconception. We know better now. It is by coming perpetually in contact with the Hindûs, by exciting their ambition, by opening before them fresh prospects of gain and pleasure, in one word, by raising them out of their habitual apathy, that we can ever hope to turn them and the country to good account.

The despatch of the Court of Directors speaks of the inhabitants of many parts of India as poor and thinly scattered. But why are they poor? and why should their numbers in those provinces be few? Is it that the soil is sterile, or that the inhabitants are incapable of profiting by its fertility? Nothing of all this. In the Deccan, at least, and throughout the greater portion of Central and Northern India, nature has most prodigally lavished her gifts. Nor are the natives generally wanting either in skill or in inclination to profit by the beneficence of nature. Where they have failed to do this, where they continue poor, where the impulse of population is checked, where there is stagnation for the present, and, unless it dawns from without, no hope for the future, it is only where unfavourable circumstances interfere with the development of industry.

Most persons will remember the history of the events which rendered us masters of Haryana, a territory lying a little to the west of Delhi. Unwilling to take upon ourselves the charge of governing it, we invited one chief after another to become its ruler, but, having made the attempt, they all in turns relinquished it, so that we were ultimately compelled to take its management into our own hands, and in consequence of the sums we have expended in calling forth its resources, it is now one of the most valuable districts in the Company's dominions. Elsewhere, as well as in Northern India, and in the Deccan, large tracts of most excellent land, produce nothing, because the means of sinking wells and constructing tanks are wanting, and they are so, merely because the produce of the land finds no outlet.

Carry railroads into the poorest of those provinces and there poverty will gradually disappear, while population will expand to meet the largest demands of industry. What happened in Haryana will happen everywhere else. The country which is too poor to defray the charge of bad government, however small it may be, will prove rich enough to defray the charge of good government, however great; and it is one of the principal offices of government to develop to the utmost the resources of a country and its inhabitants.

Connected with this subject there is a subordinate question, which may deserve some consideration. It has been contended, that the management of such undertakings as those of which we are here speaking ought not to be left in the hands of the English residing in India. The precise signification of this remark it is difficult to seize. It may mean that they should not be abandoned entirely to Indian capitalists, a question which concerns chiefly, perhaps, our rich men here at home, who have spare capital which they would be glad to invest profitably; or it may mean that, if the companies that may be formed shall be of a mixed character, consisting partly of residents in that country, partly of residents in this, then the management also ought to be of a mixed nature, which no one, of course, will be prepared to deny. But the observation appears to point at something else, and may possibly indicate some difference of views between certain speculators in this country and capitalists in India. It would be premature to attempt to decide between them, till we understand precisely what the dispute is, which, at present, we do not.

We discover, however, a sort of preliminary difficulty, to which it may not be useless to make some allusion now. The capitalists of India are, of course, distributed through the three presidencies in certain proportions; and in contemplating the development of the railway system, will be very much influenced by the accidental distribution we have spoken of. The capitalists of Bengal will contemplate all India from the meridian of Calcutta; those on the Coromandel coast from that of Madras; while the Cæses of Western India will take up their stand at Bombay. Precisely the same thing is likely to happen among the wealthy speculators who have returned from the East. Their presidential prejudices cling to them still, and, to a certain extent, warp their judgment, by calling into activity their instinctive preferences.

This fact the public here in England should bear in mind, and when they hear a

civil or military servant of the Company decide in favour of this or that line of railway, should ask themselves, from what presidency does he come? Many causes combine to account for the fact we have been speaking of; but the principal is, that the man who has spent his life in one division of India, is much better acquainted with that division than any other. He will argue, therefore, that though railways be much wanted in his presidency, he is of opinion that there would scarcely be encouragement enough for them in the other two. Now the truth is, that railways are wanted everywhere in India; but in some parts more than in others.

It might be injurious, therefore, to concede to the Anglo-Indians a predominant influence at the outset. Our inquiry ought to be, which of all the proposed lines will pay best. With any other consideration capitalists can have nothing to do. It is not for them to inquire what will please best at Calcutta or Bombay, but what will produce the greatest dividends. At the same time, it may be a source of considerable satisfaction to know, that whatever will best promote the views of capitalists, will, at the same time, be best for India and for England in a political as well as in a pecuniary sense. For, if what may be called the great experimental line* be selected wisely, it will be carried through the districts which have the greatest abundance of valuable commodities to bring into market, and are likely to be traversed by most passengers. This must be ascertained by an examination of statistical details, which have not yet been subjected to accurate scrutiny. As far as we can judge from the information before us, we should be disposed to decide in favour of the line from Bombay to Coringa.

There is one point more to which, before dismissing the subject, we must allude. The Court of Directors, in its despatch to the governor-general, declares it to be its opinion that the Indian government ought to exercise the same superintendence over railways in India, as the home government does over railways in Great Britain. It is further of opinion, that it should always be within the competence of government to acquire from the several companies, by purchase, the great trunk roads, whatever

* This we say, because a short railroad has already been constructed in the Madras presidency, which has not, upon the whole, been profitable. But the reasons are obvious:—the Red-hill railway, to which, it will be perceived we allude, was made dependent on a canal, and as that occasionally dried up, the railroad could not possibly answer; for when there was no water to float the barges, the trains which brought down granite to fill them could not, of course, be needed.

might be determined respecting the branches.

This, however, is a subject for very serious consideration. For if on the one hand it be argued that the rulers of a country ought not to be dependent on a company of private speculators for the transmission of troops and mails; it may be replied, that when government is desirous of conveying armies to any given point by sea, it hires and does not purchase transports, and that the same principle may, also, be found most economical on land. But further, the persons who contribute their capital for the construction of railways in India may desire their shares in them to be a permanent property, transmissible like any other property to their children. All these questions, however, will be maturely considered before the acts of incorporation of the several companies are drawn up, though we have thought it right to make them the subject of a passing allusion.

ART. V.—*Gesta Romanorum*, herausgegeben von ADELBERT KELLER. Erster Band. Text. 8vo. 1842.

THE history of popular fictions offers many subjects for deep reflection. It is in these rude records of an early state of society, but more durable than even the written documents of later history, that we may trace the primeval affinity of nations now widely separated by space and diversity of language and manners; and the traveller hears with surprise and joy, the inhabitants of the distant wilds of India tell the same stories which have been the delight of his childhood in his own native land in the West. The national fictions of a people may be arranged in different classes, which have been transmitted and preserved in several different ways. Some of them—such as the mythic romances—are often as ancient as the tribe to which they belong, and have been in part carried away as a birthright when it branched off from the primitive stock; and these prove community of origin with other tribes in which the same mythic legends are found to exist. They are features common to the different children of one family. Another class of fictions has been mutually borrowed at some early period, when the different races who now preserve them have been in a position of more intimate intercourse than at any subsequent time. A remarkable example of this latter

class is furnished by the popular tales which were the favourite entertainment of our forefathers in the thirteenth and following centuries, and most of which were derived from the East. They are convincing monuments of a state of friendly intercourse between the Christians and Saracens, which is but faintly indicated in the more prejudiced writings of the monkish annalists.

Every one who is at all acquainted with the literary history of the middle ages, is aware that an important part of the business of the jongleur, or minstrel, was to tell stories, often of a ludicrous, and not unfrequently of a very coarse description. Our literary historians have fallen into the error of supposing the jongleur to be merely the descendant of the older bard: he was, on the contrary, peculiar to the age which followed the crusades, and was without doubt an importation from the East. His attributes were far more varied than those of the Saxon or German minstrel. He was alternately a story-teller, a musician, a mountebank, and a conjuror; and we find in his suite even the dancing-girls who are still cherished in oriental countries. These could have been transmitted from one people to another only in times of intimate and friendly intercourse, differing much from what we generally picture to ourselves as the relations between Christian and Saracen in the ages of the crusaders. These periods of peaceful intercommunication were those which are so indignantly denounced by the ecclesiastical historians for the laxity of manners, which allowed the champions of the Church to intermix with the infidels, and when the performances of the jongleur and the dancing-girls were more attractive than the din of arms.*

We meet with incidents, not only in the medieval romances, but in the drier pages of the chronicler, which show that it was not uncommon for Saracenic minstrels and jongleurs to follow their vocation in Christian countries. In the half historical, half legendary history of 'Fulke Fitz Warine,' one of the outlaws, 'who knew enough of labour, harp, viol, sitole, and jonglerie' (*savoit assez de tabour, harpe, viole, sitole, e jogelerie*), blackens his face and skin, and repairs to the court of King John in the disguise of a Moorish minstrel, and he

* Ex omni gente Christiana facinorosi, luxuriosi, ebriosi, *mimi, histriones*, hoc genus omne in terram sanctam tanquam in sentinam quandam confluxerat, eamque obscenâ moribus et actibus inquinabat. Guillelm. Neubrigens. de rebus Anglicis, lib. iii., c. 15. Compare the account given by Jac. de Vitriaco, Hist. Orient., capp. 73, 74, 83, who also particularizes the jongleurs and minstrels,

is there welcomed, makes 'much minstrelsy of labour, and other instruments,' and shows by his slight-of-hand that he was a *bon jogelere*. The early romances furnish other instances of Moorish minstrels, or persons in that disguise, entertained at the courts of Christian barons and princes, and conversely of Christian jongleurs who visited the Saracens. The Emperor Frederick II., celebrated for his love of letters, and for his enmity to pope, was accused of having, while in Syria in 1229, received into his palace Saracen guests, and of having caused Christian dancing-girls to play before them.* And, in 1241, when Richard, Earl of Cornwall, visited the emperor, there were Saracenic dancing-girls and jongleurs attached to the imperial court, who astonished him with their performances.† His papal enemies accused Frederick of keeping these infidel women for the indulgence of his passions (which they imagined to be a greater sin than incontinence with females who held the Christian faith); but he defended himself against this charge, on the ground that they were dancing-girls employed to afford entertainment to his court.

In the thirteenth century, the stories of the jongleur of Western Europe, put into easy French verse, became numerous under the title of 'Fabliaux,' and a considerable number are still preserved in manuscripts. A very large portion of these *fabliaux* as might be expected, are at once traced to oriental prototypes, some of them being nearly identical with the Eastern originals, whilst others have been more or less modified in the course of transmission, to suit the difference in manners and religious creed of the people who adopted them. A good example of the kind of modification which they thus underwent, is furnished by the Arabian story of the 'Hunchback,' which is the subject of two different *fabliaux* of the thirteenth century, and appears subsequently

under other forms, both in French and English. It is necessary to give only a brief outline of the story in the 'Thousand and One Nights.' The hunchback is regaled at supper by a tailor and his wife, and is choked by a fish-bone. Fearing to be accused of murder, they carry him to a physician, and depart. The physician running against him in his haste, knocks the patient down, and, finding him without animation, supposes that he has been accidentally the cause of his death. He consults with his wife, and they determine to bear the body to the court of the house of a neighbour, who was the steward of the sultan's kitchen; the steward comes home in the night, and supposes the intruder to be a thief, strikes the hunchback with a mallet, and, as he imagines, kills him. In his distress, he carries the dead man into the street, and places him upright against a wall near the market. A Christian broker, in a state of intoxication, shortly afterwards passes by, and supposing the hunchback to be a person concealed there for the purpose of insulting him, strikes him down, and being caught in the act of beating the dead body, is of once accused of the murder.

In both the early French versions of the story, a monk occupies the place of the hunchback, and the catastrophe arises out of an affair of gallantry. The first is entitled, 'Du Segretain Moine.' The sacristan attempts to seduce the wife of a burgher, to whose house he is allured, and he is there immediately slain by the husband. The latter, to avoid discovery, carries the body through the postern of the abbey by which the monk had issued, and places him on a seat in one of the out-houses. Soon afterwards, the prior of the abbey comes to the place with a candle, and, supposing the sacristan to be asleep, attempts to rouse him with a blow, and the body falls to the ground. The prior now finds that he is dead, and it being known that he had quarrelled with the sacristan the day before, he fears that he may be accused of murder. In this dilemma, he recollects that the sacristan had been observed to pay especial attention to the burgher's wife, and he carries him back to the door of the house in which he had been murdered. The burgher, hearing a noise at the door, opens it, and is thrown down by the weight of the body, which falls upon him. His wife, alarmed by her husband's cries, hastens to the spot with a light, and they are terrified to find the corpse returned. By the advice of the lady, the burgher carries it to the dunghill of a farmer who lived at some distance from his house, in order to bury it there. It happened that

* Item in palatio suo Achonensi fecit convivari Saracenos, et fecit eis habere mulieres Christianas saltatrices, ad ludendum coram eis. Matth. Paris, vol. ii., page 361.

† Dux enim puellæ Saracenæ, corporibus elegantibus, super pavimenti planiciem quatuor globos sphericos pedibus ascendebant, plantis suis subponentes, una videlicet duos, et alia reliquos duos, et super eosdem globos huc et illuc plaudentes transmeabant; et quo eas spiritus ferebat, volventibus sphericis ferebantur, brachia ludendo et canendo diversimode contorquentes, et corpora secundum modulos replicantes, cymbala tinnientia vel tabellas in manibus collidentes, et jocose se gerentes et prodigialiter exagitant. Et sic mirabile spectaculum intuentibus tam ipse quam alii joculatores præbuerunt. M. Paris, ib., p. 569. This is a curious picture of the performances of the jongleurs.

the farmer had cured a flitch of bacon, which he had left hanging in his pantry, and a thief had succeeded in carrying it out of the house, and had buried it in a sack under the surface of the dunghill, intending to fetch it away in the night. The burgher, finding the sack, took out the bacon and carried it home, leaving the body of the corpulent sacristan in its place.

Meanwhile, the thief was gambling with his companions in a tavern, and they proposed to sup on a portion of the bacon in question. The thief hastened to the dunghill, found the sack, and bore it in triumph to the tavern;* but when the maid proceeded to empty it of its contents, the first object which presented itself was a pair of boots, and they then found that their booty had undergone a singular transformation. Unable to account for the change, they determined to make the farmer bear the consequences, and the clever thief who stole it carried the monk back, introduced himself into the house by stealth, and hung the body up on the same hook which had held the bacon. In the morning the farmer awoke before daylight, hungry, and ill at ease; and while his wife was making a fire, he went into the dark to cut a slice of the bacon for their breakfast; but, handling it roughly, the beam, being rotten, gave way, and the weighty mass fell upon him. A light was now obtained, and they discovered a monk instead of a flitch, and recognized him for the sacristan of the neighbouring abbey. It would appear that his reputation was none of the best; and in order to get rid of him, they mounted the body on one of the farmer's horses, in an upright position, and fixed an old rusty spear in his hand. The horse being let loose, terrified at the shouts of the farmer and his wife, rushes through the court of the abbey, overthrowing the subprior and others in his way; and, finally, rolls exhausted into a neighbouring ditch, from which it is raised by the monks, who, finding their sacristan dead, suppose that he had become mad, that he had stolen the farmer's horse, and that he had been killed by the fall. The incidents in this story vary much from that of the 'Hunchback,' although the outline is identical; but it is not improbable that other versions of the same story were once current in the East, and the *fabliau* may owe less to the imagination of the Western jongleur, than at first glance we are led to suppose.

The second *fabliau* on this subject is entitled, 'Du Prestre c'on porte;' and, like the one just described, it is printed in the collection of Barbazan. A priest, surprised by the injured husband, is killed, and the guilty wife, with the assistance of her maid-servant, carries the body out during the night, and places it against the door of a house which the priest was in the habit of visiting. The good man of the house opens the door, and is thrown down by the fall of the body, which is discovered to be that of the priest. By the advice of his wife, he carries the body towards the fields to bury it; but finding a peasant asleep, with his mare feeding beside him, he places the dead priest on its back, and returns home. The peasant wakes, and supposing that some one was stealing his mare, strikes him down with his staff, and then finds that it is a priest from the neighbouring monastery. The rustic then places the corpse upon his mare, with the intention of carrying it to a distance; but in his way he falls in with three robbers, who save themselves by flight, leaving behind them a sack containing a stolen 'bacon.' This he carries off, after having placed the body in the sack. The robbers return, find the sack, which appears not to have been touched, and carry it to a tavern, and the same incidents occur as in the former story, until the priest is suspended in the larder of the person from whom the bacon had been stolen. In the middle of the night, the chamberlain of a bishop who had come to visit the abbey (where he was anything but welcome), comes to the house to seek a supper, and the host discovers the body of the priest. After the departure of his guest, he carries the body to the abbey, finds the door of the prior's chamber open, and places it there against the wall. The prior coming to his room, and fearing to be accused of the priest's death, carries him to the chamber of the bishop, and places him on his bed. The latter, waking in the night, and feeling a heavy body on his bed, supposes it to be a dog, and, seizing a club, beats it until a light is brought; and finding the priest slain, he buries him with due ceremonies the following day.

In some cases the incidents of the original story have been so strictly preserved in its transmission from the East, that it loses much of its point from its want of accordance with Western feelings. One of the most popular stories of the middle ages, which appears in a great variety of forms, is that of an old procuress, who undertook to persuade a beautiful and chaste wife to consent to the desires of a young man. The

* *Chascun li erie wilcomme.* The use of this latter word (*welcome*) proves the *fabliau* to have been written in England.

old woman has a little dog, to which she administers mustard with its food, and its eyes are filled with tears. She then pays a visit to the matron, who, naturally enough, asks why the dog weeps. The wicked woman tells her that the dog was her daughter, who had refused to listen to the prayers of a lover, and that, as a punishment, she had been changed by sorcery into the animal before her. The lady, believing this story, rather than incur the same fate, agrees to an appointment with her *amoureux*. This tale was derived through the Arabians from India, where it is found in the large collection of stories entitled 'Vrikat-Kathā.' But it is much more intelligible in the Indian story, which depends on the Brahminic doctrine of the transmigration of souls; it was the soul of the woman pretended to have been cruel to her suitor, which had migrated into the body of the dog, an unclean animal, which was therefore looked upon as a grievous punishment.

A similar coincidence is found in another popular medieval story. A simple countryman carried a lamb to market, and six rogues agreed together to cheat him of his merchandise. They took their stations in the six streets of the town through which he had to pass, and each accosted him in turn with the question, 'For how much will you sell your dog?' At first the rustic asserts resolutely that it is a lamb; but, finding so many persons in succession taking it for a dog, he becomes terrified, begins to believe that the animal is bewitched, and gives it up to the last of the six inquirers, in order to be relieved from his apprehensions. This story, in its original form, is found in the Indian collection entitled 'Pantchatantra,' and we there understand better why the man abandoned the animal when he was persuaded that it was a dog, because this in the Brahminic creed is an unclean animal. Three rogues meet a Brahmin carrying a goat which he has just bought for a sacrifice: one after another they tell him that it is a dog which he is carrying; and, at last, believing that his eyes are fascinated, and fearing to be polluted by the touch of an unclean animal, he abandons it to the thieves, who carry it away. The same story is found in several Arabian collections, and from them, no doubt, it came to the West.

The period at which the transmission of these stories from the East appears to have been going on most actively, was the twelfth century. Besides the mode of transmission indicated above, which was the one that acted most largely, two or three of the more popular Eastern collections passed through a direct translation. The famous collection,

which in the East went under the title of 'Sendabad,' was translated into Latin at least early in the thirteenth century, and became very popular in almost every language of Western Europe, under the name of the 'Romance of the Seven Sages.' The no less celebrated collection, entitled in the East 'Calila and Dimna,' was also translated into Latin in the thirteenth century. Another collection, under the title of 'Disciplina Clericalis,' was derived from the Spanish Arabs in the twelfth century, through a converted Jew named Peter Alfonsi. All these translations tended to extend the popularity of the Eastern stories in Western Europe.

This popularity was increased by another circumstance, which has tended, more than anything else, to preserve a class of the medieval stories, which were less popular as *fabliaux*, down to the present time. In the twelfth century there arose in the Church a school of theologians, who discovered in everything a meaning symbolical of the moral duties of man, or of the deeper mysteries of religion. They moralized or symbolized in this manner the habits of the animal creation, the properties of plants, the laws of the planetary movements, the parts of a building, and the different members of the human body, romances and popular stories, and even the narratives of historical events. The stories of which we have been speaking were peculiarly adapted for this purpose, having been, in their Eastern originals, frequently employed to illustrate moral themes; and the medieval divines, in thus adapting them, were only making a wider application of a mode of teaching, which had long been rendered familiar by the European fables.* In fact, this symbolical application began with fables, like those composed by Odo de Cirington in the twelfth century; and the distinction between these and many of the stories or *fabliaux* being not very strongly defined, it soon extended itself to the rest. In the thirteenth century these stories with moralizations were already used extensively by the monks in their sermons, and each preacher made collections in writing for his own private use. An immense number of manuscripts of this kind, chiefly of the fourteenth century, are still preserved.

* Sir Frederick Madden, in the introduction to his edition of the English 'Gesta Romanorum' (printed for the Roxburghe Club), points out a curious coincidence of a story found in an Arabian writer, with a morality nearly identical with the morality of the same story in a Latin collection of stories; but this by no means proves that the monkish system of moralizing the stories was derived directly from the East, which, indeed, is not probable.

Many of the stories are evidently borrowed from one another; others appear to have been taken down from the recitation of the jongleur or common story-teller, and fitted at once by the writer with a moralization to serve as occasion might require. The mass of these stories are of the kind we have described above, and are evidently of Eastern origin; but there are also some which are mere medieval applications of classic stories and abridged romances, while others are anecdotes taken from history, and stories founded on the superstitions and manners of the people of Western Europe. Not only were these private collections of tales with moralizations, as we have just observed, very common in the fourteenth century, but several industrious writers undertook to compile and publish larger and more carefully arranged works for the use of preachers, who might not be so capable of making selections for themselves. Among these the most remarkable are the *Promptuarium Exemplorum*, the *Summa Prædicantium* of John Bromyard, the *Repertorium Morale* of Peter Berchorius, and some others. It was at some period of the fourteenth century that a writer, whose name is unknown, made a collection of these stories, which he put under the names of different supposed emperors of Rome, who are made generally the chief actors in the various plots. This is the work which has been so famous under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*.

The idea of giving this peculiar form to their stories seems to have originated in the caprice of the compiler; and classic ears are somewhat shocked by such names as those of the emperors Dorotheus, Asmodeus, and Polinius, mixed indiscriminately with those of Diocletian, and Claudius, and Vespasian. The date of the compilation of the *Gesta Romanorum* appears to be a matter of the greatest doubt; the arguments adduced by the editor of the Roxburghe Club edition of the early English text, to prove their antiquity, only prove that the stories themselves were popular before the compilation of this work, which is an incontrovertible fact. We are inclined to agree with Douce in thinking that there is no reason whatever for supposing Peter Berchorius to be the author. But this is a question of very little importance; for the *Gesta Romanorum*, like so many of the popular productions of the middle ages, represents the spirit and genius of the time much more than those of the individual writer.

We think that Douce acted somewhat inconsiderately in calling the common printed

text the *original* 'Gesta,' to distinguish it from the edition of the Latin text found in English manuscripts. It must, we think, strike every reader, that the printed Latin 'Gesta' is not an original work, but a mere selection of stories from the 'Gesta,' intermixed with much extraneous matter taken from the classical writers and the medieval historians; and as no manuscript has yet been discovered which agrees with it, it is natural enough to suppose that it was printed from the selection of an individual, which was, perhaps, made for the press. It appears to us far from improbable that the English Latin text is the original one, and, therefore, that the *Gesta Romanorum* was compiled in England. It is quite certain that this is the only one now known which is consistent and complete. While it is found in numerous manuscripts in this country, and is in all identical, the continental manuscripts of the 'Gesta' are of the greatest rarity, and we have not met with two which agree with each other, each having the same appearance of being the capricious compilation of an individual from some common source. The English Latin text is supposed to have been compiled about the time of Richard II.; the few manuscripts of the continental 'Gesta' which we have seen are all of the fifteenth century. It is worthy of notice, as supporting our view of this question, that some of the manuscripts preserved in the German libraries contain stories which are in the English Latin text, but which are not found in the text of the printed editions. Professor Keller's edition is a mere reproduction of the old printed text; and we believe as yet nothing beyond the text has been published, so that we have still to look forward with impatience for the opinions and information upon this curious subject of a man so learned in the history of medieval fiction.

The *Gesta Romanorum* is evidently the work of a man possessed of a considerable degree of creative imagination: it is possible that a few of the stories are of his own invention, but it is certain that many of them have undergone ingenious modifications in passing through his hands. Some of these stories are taken directly from the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Peter Alfonsi; as those of the 'Procureess and her Dog,' mentioned above (cap. 28), the story of the 'Three Fellow-travellers' (cap. 106), and several others. There are several legends of saints, taken generally from the work of Jacobus de Voragine; such as the stories of 'Alexius,' (cap. 15), 'Julian' (cap. 18), 'Pope Gregory' (cap. 81), &c. We have also a few stories taken from romances and popular

fabliaux; and some from Grecian fables. The manner in which the latter are adapted to the ideas of the middle ages is singularly curious. As an instance we may quote the story of 'Argus' (cap. 111), in which Mercury is transformed into a medieval jongleur.

"A certain nobleman had a certain white cow, which he loved much for two things: first, because it was white; and secondly, because it gave abundance of milk. This nobleman ordained, in his great love for it, that the cow should have two horns of gold; and he considered within himself in whom he could put trust to guard the cow.— Now there was at that time a certain man named Argus, who was true in all things and had a hundred eyes. This nobleman sent a messenger to Argus, that he should come to him without delay. And when he had come, the nobleman said to him, 'I entrust my cow with golden horns to thy keeping, and if thou keepest her well, I will promote thee to great riches; but should her horns be stolen, thou shalt die the death.' And Argus took the cow with the horns, and led her with him; and every day he went with her to the pasture, and kept her diligently, and conducted her home at night. There was a covetous man named Mercury, very skilful in the art of music, who desired wonderfully to have the cow; and he was always coming to Argus, to try and get the horns from him, for love or money. Argus fixed in the earth the shepherd's staff he held in his hands, and addressing it as though it had been his lord, said:— 'Thou art my lord, this night I will come to thy castle.' Thou sayest to me, 'Where is the cow with the horns?' I answer, 'Behold the cow without horns: for a certain thief came while I was asleep and stole the horns away.' Thou sayest, 'O wretch, hast thou not a hundred eyes? how came it that they all slept, and that the thief stole the horns? this is a falsehood.' And so I shall be the child of death. If I say I have sold it, the danger is the same.' Then he said to Mercury, 'Go thy way, for thou wilt gain nothing.' Mercury went away, and the next day he came with his music and his instrument; and he began after the manner of a jongleur to tell tales, and ever and anon to sing before Argus, until two of Argus' eyes began to sleep; and then at his singing, two other eyes slept, and so on, until they were all overcome with slumber. And when Mercury saw this, he cut off the head of Argus, and stole the cow with the golden horns."

This story is evidently abridged and modified from a much longer story, entitled 'De Mauro Bubulco,' printed from a manuscript of the thirteenth century in the selection of Latin stories, published by the Percy Society, which perhaps was taken from an older medieval romance, founded upon the Grecian story. Another curious instance of the transformations which the classic legends underwent, is furnished by the following version of the story of Atalanta (cap. 60).

"There was a certain king who had an only daughter, very beautiful and graceful, named Ro-

simunda. This damsel, when she arrived at the tenth year of her age, was so skilful in running, that she could always reach the goal before any one could touch her. The king caused to be proclaimed through his whole kingdom, that whoever would run with his daughter and should arrive at the goal before her, should have her for his wife and be his heir to the whole kingdom; but that he also who should make the attempt and fail, should lose his head. When the proclamation was made known, an almost infinite number of people offered themselves to run with her, but they all failed and lost their heads. There was at that time a certain poor man in the city named Abibas, who thought within himself, 'I am poor and born of base blood; if I could by any way overcome this damsel, I should not only be promoted myself, but also all my kindred.' He provided himself with three devices: first with a garland of roses, because it is a thing which damsels wish for; secondly with a girdle of silk, which damsels eagerly desire; and, in the third place, with a silken bag, and within the bag a gilt ball, on which was this inscription: 'Who plays with me will never be tired of playing.'— These three things he placed in his bosom; and went to the palace and knocked. The porter came, and asked the cause of his knocking. 'I am prepared,' he said, 'to run with the damsel.' When she heard this, she opened a window, and when she had seen him, she despised him in her heart, and said, 'Lo! what a wretch he is with whom thou must run!' But she could not contradict him, so she made herself ready for the race. They both started together, but the damsel soon ran a great distance before him. When Abibas saw this, he threw the garland of roses before her; and the maiden stooped down, and picked it up, and placed it on her head. She was so much delighted with the garland, and waited so long, that Abibas ran before her. When the damsel saw this, she said in her heart, 'The daughter of my father must never be coupled with such a ribald as this.' Immediately she threw the garland into a deep ditch, and ran after him and overtook him; and when she overtook him, she struck him a blow, saying, 'Stop, wretch: it is not fit that the son of thy father should have me for his wife.' And immediately she ran before him. When Abibas saw this, he threw the girdle of silk before her: and when she saw it, she stooped and picked it up, and put it round her waist, and was so much pleased with it, that she loitered there, and Abibas again ran a long distance before her. When the damsel saw this, she wept bitterly, and tore the girdle in three, and ran after him and overtook him. And when she overtook him, she raised her hand and gave him a blow, saying, 'O wretch, thou shalt not have me for thy wife!' And immediately she ran a long way before him. When Abibas saw this, he waited till she was near, and then threw the silken bag before her. And when she saw it, she stooped and picked it up, and took out the gilt ball, and found the superscription, and read, 'Who plays with me shall never be tired of playing.' And she began to play so much and so long with the ball, that Abibas arrived first at the goal, and so obtained her for his wife."

Many of these stories, which otherwise we might be induced to consider as the in-

ventions of the compiler of the 'Gesta,' are found in earlier collections. The following (cap. 109) may be quoted as an instance: it inculcates the doctrine of fatality, which is still prevalent in the East, and which lingered long over the minds of our forefathers.

"There was a rich smith, who lived in a certain city near the sea; he was very miserly and wicked, and he collected much money, and filled the trunk of a tree with it, and placed it beside his fire in everybody's sight so that none suspected that money was contained in it. It happened once when all the inhabitants were hard asleep, that the sea entered the house so high that the trunk floated, and when the sea retired it carried it away; and so the trunk floated many miles on the sea, until it came to a city in which was a certain man who kept a common inn. This man rose in the morning, and seeing the trunk afloat, drew it to land, thinking it was nothing more than a piece of wood thrown away or abandoned by somebody. This man was very generous and liberal towards poor people and strangers. It happened one day that strangers were entertained in his house, and it was very cold weather. The host began to cut the wood with an axe, and after three or four blows he heard a sound; and when he discovered the money, he rejoiced, and placed it under safe keeping, to restore it to the rightful owner, if he should apply for it. And the smith went from city to city in search of his money, and at last he came to the city and house of the innkeeper who had found the trunk. When the stranger spoke of his lost trunk, his host understood that the money was his, and he thought within himself, 'Now I will try if it be God's will that I should restore him his money.' The host caused to be made three pasties of dough; the first he filled with earth, the second with dead men's bones, and the third with the money which he found in the trunk. Having done this, he said to the smith, 'We will eat three good pasties of excellent flesh which I have; you shall have which you choose.' And the smith lifted them one after another, and he found that the one filled with earth was the heaviest, and he chose it, and said to the host, 'If I want more, I will choose that next,' placing his hand on the pasty full of dead men's bones, 'you may keep the third pasty yourself.' The host seeing this, said in his heart, 'Now I see clearly that it is not the will of God that this wretch should have the money.' He immediately called together the poor and the weak, the blind and the lame, and in the presence of the smith opened the pasty and said, 'Behold, wretch, thy money, which I gave thee into thy hands, yet thou hast chosen in preference the pasties of earth and of dead men's bones, and thou hast done well, for it has not pleased God that thou shouldst have thy money again!' And immediately the host divided the money before his eyes among the poor: and so the smith departed in confusion."

This story is found, in different shapes, in manuscripts written long before the period of the compilation of the 'Gesta Romanorum.' In one, in the British Museum,

written apparently at the end of the thirteenth century, it is told as follows:—

"A man who dwelt in the neighbourhood of Winchelsea collected money in a chest, with which he neither benefited himself nor others. Going one day to look at it, he saw a little black demon seated upon it, who said to him, 'Begone, this money is not thine, but it belongs to Godwin the smith.' When he heard this, unwilling that it should turn to any man's benefit, he hollowed out a great trunk of a tree, and placed the money in it, and closed it up, and threw it into the sea. The waves carried the trunk to the door of the aforesaid Godwin, a righteous and innocent man, who dwelt in the next town, and threw it on the dry shore the day before Christmas Day. Godwin happening to go out that morning, found the trunk and rejoiced much to have such a log for the festival, and he carried it to his house and put it in the fireplace. On Christmas Eve they lighted the fire, and the metal within the trunk began to melt and run out. When the wife of Godwin saw this, she took the log from the fire, and hid it. So it happened that the owner of the money was obliged to beg from door to door, while the smith from a poor man became suddenly rich. It was, however, soon known how the miser had thrown his money into the sea, and the wife of Godwin, seeing how the case stood, thought that she would give the wretch some help, and she made one day a loaf, and concealed forty shillings in it, and gave it him. The beggar soon after met some fishermen on the shore, and sold the loaf for a penny, and went his way. And the fishermen coming as usual to the house of Godwin, drew out the loaf and gave it to their horses. But Godwin's wife recognizing it, she gave them oats in exchange for it, and recovered the money. And thus the wretched man remained in poverty to the end of his life."

Another version of this story, differing but little from the one last given, is printed in the selection of Latin stories, published by the Percy Society, from a manuscript of the earlier part of the fourteenth century. It is also found in several other shapes, and in one in the Anglo-Latin text of the 'Gesta Romanorum,' three caskets, each bearing an inscription, take the place of the three pasties. This is the original type of the incident of the caskets in the 'Merchant of Venice.' We will give one instance of the manner in which stories from ancient history are perverted and moralized (cap. 43).

"In a certain place in the middle of Rome, the earth once opened and left a gaping gulf. When the gods were consulted upon this, they gave for answer: 'This gulf will not be closed until some one will throw himself voluntarily into it.' But when they could persuade nobody to do this, Marcus Aurelius said, 'If you will allow me to live at my will in Rome for a year, at the end of the year I will joyfully and voluntarily throw myself in.' When the Romans heard this they were joyful, and agreed to it, and denied him nothing. So he used their goods and wives at his pleasure for a

year, and then mounting a noble horse, leaped headlong into the gulf, and immediately the earth closed."

The moralization runs thus:—

"Rome signifies this world, in the middle of which is hell in the centre, which was open before the nativity of Christ, and an infinite number of men fell into it, whereupon we received an answer from the gods, that is the prophets, that it would never be closed until a virgin should give birth to a son, who should fight for mankind against the devil, and his soul with divinity should descend to hell, from which time you are to know that it will never afterwards be opened, unless some one open it by mortal sin."

The moralization here does not appear very applicable. But the symbolical interpretations are the most singular feature of the work. In the story of the 'Procuress and the little Dog,' we are told that the chaste and beautiful matron is the soul cleansed by baptism, the young man who attempts to seduce her is the vanity of the world, the old woman who effects her ruin is the devil, and, which is the oddest of all, the little dog 'is the hope of long life and too much presumption in God's mercy.' In the story of 'Argus,' the white cow is the soul, the lord who possesses it is Jesus Christ, Argus represents the clergy to whose care the soul is intrusted, and Mercury is the devil. In the story of 'Rosimunda,' the lady is the soul, 'which runs swiftly in good works as long as it remains in purity of life;' Abibas is the devil, who overtakes the soul by three stratagems: the garland, representing pride; the girdle, luxury; and the ball, avarice. And so with the rest. This style of moralization is characteristic of, and fitted for, a singular state of society, when the mass of the people were wholly uneducated and little accustomed to think for themselves, and it required broad material images to convey even spiritual ideas. Taking the collection as a whole, it gives us an extraordinary picture of the intellectual condition of an age which we can hardly understand so well in any other historical form, and we might, perhaps, be allowed to hazard one general moralization as a conclusion:—may we not look upon the whole collection as representing the construction of medieval civilisation? The classic stories show the civilisation of antiquity on which medieval society was founded, while the Gothic garb in which they are clothed is the spirit of the Germanic race which overran it; the monkish legends represent that baneful weight of papal church influence which checked civilisation in its progress; and the beautiful apologues of the East, what are they but

that Saracenic element, that spirit of intellectual movement which contributed so much towards the higher mental cultivation of modern Europe?

Professor Keller's edition of the 'Gesta Romanorum,' is, as we have observed, merely a careful reproduction of the early printed text; but we look forward with some degree of interest to his essay and commentary, which is to form the second part. We know no scholar of the present day better fitted for this task. We could wish, however, to see a good edition of the English text of the 'Latin Gesta,' which in our opinion is the most ancient one, and which is certainly the best. The 'Gesta Romanorum' deserves a new edition less from any great interest possessed by the stories themselves, which are inferior to the common tales of the age, than as a monument of importance in the history of fiction; for it was once an extremely popular book, and it not only exercised a great influence on our literature down to so late a period as the seventeenth century, but it forms one of the most important links in the chain of transmission of popular stories from one age to another.

Before leaving this latter subject, and as a conclusion to our article, we will point out what appears to us a most remarkable instance of this transmission, and one which we believe has not been hitherto noticed. It is an example in which there is a singularly close resemblance in the incidents, and yet no apparent mode of accounting for it. Grimm and Schmeller, in a collection of medieval Latin poetry published at Göttingen, in 1838, have printed a metrical story of an adventurer named Unibos; taken as we are informed from a manuscript of the eleventh century, though from its general character we should have been more inclined to look upon it as a production of the twelfth. Unibos, who was so named because he constantly lost all his cattle but one, had enemies in the provost, mayor, and priest of his town. At length, his last bullock dying, he took the hide to a neighbouring fair and sold it, and on his way home he accidentally discovered a treasure. He thereupon sent to the provost to borrow a pint measure. The provost, curious to know the use to which this is to be applied, watches through the door, sees the gold, and accuses Unibos of robbery. The latter, aware of the provost's malice, determines to play a trick upon him, which leads him into further scrapes than he expected, though they all turn out in the end to his advantage. He tells the provost that at the fair which he had visited, bullocks' hides were in great request, and that he had

sold his own for gold which he saw there. The provost consults with the mayor and priest, and they kill all their cattle and carry the hides to the fair, where they ask an enormous price for them. At first they are only laughed at, but in the end they become involved in a quarrel with the shoemakers, are carried before the magistrates, and are obliged to abandon their hides to pay the fine for a breach of the peace. The three enemies of Unibos return in great wrath, to escape the effects of which he is obliged to have recourse to another trick. He smears his wife with bullocks' blood, and makes her lie down to all appearance dead. The provost and his companions arrive, and are horror-struck at the spectacle offered to their eyes; but Unibos takes the matter coolly, and tells them that if they will forgive him the trick he has played upon them, he will undertake to restore his wife to life and make her younger and handsomer than she had been before.

To this they immediately agree, and Unibos, taking a small trumpet out of a wooden box, blows on it three times over the body of his wife, with strange ceremonies, and when the trumpet sounds the third time, she jumps upon her legs. She then washes and dresses herself, and appears so much more handsome than usual, that the three officials, who all possess wives that are getting old and are rather ill-favoured, give a great sum of money to possess the instrument, and each of them goes immediately and kills his wife, but they find that the virtues of the trumpet have entirely disappeared. They again repair to the hut of Unibos, who averts their vengeance by another trick, and extorts again a large sum of money as the price of his mare. In this they find themselves equally cheated, and they seize upon Unibos, whose tricks appear to be exhausted, and give him only the choice of his death. He requests to be confined in a barrel and thrown into the sea. On their way to the coast, his three enemies enter a public house to drink, and leave the barrel at the door. A herdsman passes at this moment with a drove of pigs, and, hearing a person in the barrel, asks him how he came there. Unibos answers that he is subjected to this punishment because he had refused to be made provost of a large town. The herdsman, ambitious of the honour, agrees to change places with him, and Unibos proceeds home with the pigs. The three officials continue their journey, and in spite of the exclamations of the prisoner in the barrel that he is willing to be provost, they throw him into the sea; but what is their astonishment on their return at meeting their old enemy, whom they

supposed drowned, driving before him a fine drove of pigs. He tells them that at the bottom of the sea he had found a pleasant country, where there were innumerable pigs, of which he had only brought with him a few.

"Respondet, 'sub prodigio
Maris præcipitatio;
Ad regnum felicissimum
Fui per præcipitum.
Inde nunquam recederem,
Si non amassem conjugem,
Quam vidistis resurgere
Veracis tubæ murmure.
Non fuit culpa bucinae
Sed bucinantis pessime,
Omnes si vestræ feminae
Modo stertunt sub pulvere.'"

The greedy officials are seduced by his tale, and throw themselves from a rock into the sea, and Unibos is thus delivered of his enemies.

The 'Contes Tartares,' of Gueulette, which are believed to be only imitations of oriental tales, though they are, probably, mixed with stories of an Eastern origin, were published in 1715. The adventures of the 'Young Calender,' in this collection, are the exact counterpart of the story of 'Unibos,' which it is quite certain that Gueulette never saw. The young calender having been cheated by three sharpers, in a manner similar to the story of the 'Rustic and his Lamb,' mentioned in the earlier part of the present article, is eager to be revenged, and having two white goats resembling each other, he goes with one of them to the market where he had been cheated. The three men, who are there seeking opportunities of depredation, immediately enter into conversation with him, and in their presence he buys various articles of provision, and placing them in a basket on the goat's back, orders the animal to inform his servant that he had invited some friends to dinner, and to give her directions how each of the different articles are to be cooked, and then turns it loose. The sharpers laugh at him; but in order to convince them he was in earnest, he asks them to accompany him home. There, to their astonishment, they find the dinner prepared exactly according to the calender's directions; and in their hearing, the calender's mother, who was in the secret, and who acted the servant, tells her son that his friends have sent to excuse themselves, and that the goat had delivered his orders, and was now feeding in the garden, where, in fact, the other white goat was browsing on the plants. The calender invites the sharpers to join in his dinner, and ends by cheating them of a large sum of money in exchange

for the supposed miraculous goat. Finding the animal endowed with none of the properties they expected, they return to take revenge on the calender. He receives their reproaches with surprise, calls in his pretended servant, and asks why she neglected to give them a particular direction relating to the goat, which he had forgotten, and she makes an excuse. In a feigned passion he stabs her in the belly, and she falls down covered with blood and apparently dead. The three men are horror-struck at this catastrophe; but the calender tells them not to be alarmed. He takes a horn out of a little casket, blows it over the body, and his mother, who only pretended to be killed, arises, and leaves the room unhurt. The three sharpers, in the sequel, buy the horn for a great sum of money, return home and sup with their wives; and, after supper, anxious to try the virtues of the horn, they pick a quarrel with the ladies, and cut their throats. The horn proves as great a failure as the goat; and the police, who have been attracted by the noise, force their way in, and seize two of the sharpers, who are hanged for the murder; the third escapes. The latter, some time afterwards, meets with the calender, puts him in a sack, and carries him off with the intention of throwing him into a deep river. But on his way he hears the approach of horsemen, and, fearing to be discovered, he throws the sack into a hole beside the road, and rides off to a distance. A butcher now arrives with a flock of sheep, and, discovering the calender in the sack, proceeds to question him. The calender says that he is confined there because he will not marry the cadi's daughter, a beautiful damsel, but who has been guilty of an indiscretion. The butcher, allured by this prospect of advancement, agrees to take his place in the sack, and the calender marches off with the sheep. The sharper then returns, and, in spite of the promises of the butcher to marry the cadi's daughter, throws him into the river. But on his way back, he is astonished to meet the calender with his sheep. The latter tells him, that when he reached the bottom of the river, he found a good genius, who gave him those sheep, and told him, that if he had been thrown further into the river, he would have obtained a much larger flock. The sharper, allured by the love of gain, allows himself to be confined in a sack, and thrown into the river.

The third form of this story we owe to our best of story-tellers, Samuel Lover. Most of our readers will remember the legend of 'Little Fairly,' first published in the 'Dublin University Magazine,' and after-

wards inserted in the 'Legends and Stories of Ireland' (1837). Little Fairly and Great Fairly were the sons of one man, by two wives; the latter inherited the estates, and lived with his mother in prosperity, while Little Fairly inherited only one cow, and dwelt with his mother in a rude hut. The elder brother, who tyrannizes over the younger, kills his cow. Little Fairly takes the hide to a fair, and by a trick sells it for a hundred guineas. On his return, he sends to ask for his brother's scales to weigh his money; and the latter, in his curiosity to know why his brother wanted the scales, comes to the hut, discovers his brother's riches, and charges him with robbery. Little Fairly tells him that the money was the proceeds of his hide, an article which then fetched a great price at the fair. Great Fairly was a greedy man, and, resolved not to lose the occasion, killed all the cattle on his estate for the sake of their hides; but when he came to the fair, instead of selling his merchandize, he was dreadfully beaten, in revenge for the trick played by his brother. As soon as he has recovered from the effects of his beating, he goes to his brother's hut, and by accident kills Little Fairly's mother. Little Fairly turns this also to advantage, and obtains fifty guineas, which he represents as having been the price given for his mother's body by the doctor in the neighbouring town. His avaricious brother immediately goes and kills his own mother, and carries her body to the doctor, but narrowly escapes being delivered to public justice for the murder. Great Fairly, in revenge, seizes his brother, puts him in a sack, and carries him off, with the intention of throwing him into a bog. He stops at an inn on the way to drink, and leaves his brother in the sack, outside the door. A farmer passes by with a herd of cattle, which he is persuaded to give Little Fairly, to be allowed to take his place in the sack, and he is thrown into the bog. Great Fairly, on his return, meets his brother with his cattle, and is informed that he had found a country at the bottom of the bog, abounding in herds, and that when he had carried these home, he proposed to return for more. Great Fairly, eager to be before his brother, jumps into the bog, and is drowned.

We here find the same story, at three widely different periods, and in different countries—in Germany, in the eleventh or twelfth century, in France (if Gueulette's story be not taken from an Eastern collection) in the eighteenth century, and in Ireland at the present day. The resemblance is too close to be accidental; it is certain that neither of the two other writers

could have been acquainted with the story of 'Unibos,' and we do not think it probable that our friend Lover borrowed anything from Gueulette. In fact, the Irish story contains several incidents of resemblance to 'Unibos,' which are not found in the French. The story is not found in writing, in any document which could have formed a medium of transmission. It must, therefore, have been preserved in all these countries traditionally. It is in this manner that the influence of the early popular literature has been continued down to the present time. The fables and legends now current among the peasantry, are the popular fictions of the middle ages.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Geschichte der Politik, Cultur, und Aufklärung der Achtzehnten Jahrhunderts.* (History of Politics, Civilisation, and the Progress of Enlightenment in the Eighteenth Century.) Von BRUNO BAUER. 2 Bände. Charlottenburg: 1845.
2. *Deutsches Bürgerbuch für 1845, herausgegeben von H. PUTTMAN.* (German Citizen's Book for 1845.) Darmstadt: 1845.
3. *Politische Gedichte aus Deutschland's Neuzeit, herausgegeben und eingeleitet von HERMANN MARGGRAFF.* (Political Poems of Modern Germany, edited by H. MARGGRAFF, with an Introduction.) Leipzig: 1843.
4. *Deutschland, ein Wintermärchen.* (Germany, a Winter's Tale.) Von H. HEINE. Hamburg: 1844.
5. *Deutsche Gassenlieder.* (German Street Ballads.) Von HOFFMAN VON FALLERLEBEN. Zürich und Winterthur: 1845.
6. *Die Politische Wochenstube—Eine Komödie.* (The Political Accouchement: a Comedy.) Von R. E. PRUTZ.

It would have been easy to extend the list of books which we have prefixed to this article, but it is already heterogeneous enough—in its range from the angry democracy of Bauer to the light and Epicurean sedition of Heine. The opposition literature of the present day in Germany is not without intrinsic merit; but its principal interest arises from the wide-spread feeling of dissatisfaction which it indicates. When we see the numerous squibs and satires, many of them personally directed against the king, which are current in Berlin, and hear that this volume of bad poetry has been suppressed, and that ambitious author confined in a for-

treas, it is difficult, notwithstanding the comparative wisdom and vigour of Prussian administration, not to think of the state of Parisian literature before the Revolution, with the zest which it derived from occasional glimpses of the Bastille. As in the case of France too, the commencement of a new reign has given rise both to wider hopes and to acuter feelings of disappointment in the friends of innovation. The enlightened and educated sovereign, who was brought up at the feet of Humboldt, Savigny, and Niebuhr, instructed in all the wisdom of the Germans, might naturally be expected to be free from the narrow traditions of German despotism, and to share in the feelings of the extensive class of his subjects which stands on the same intellectual level with himself. The wisest meaning has been given to his occasional expressions of liberalism, the bitterest reproaches directed against his alleged non-fulfilment of his promises. What his future intentions may be, as no person even in Prussia appears to know, we in England do not think it necessary to state with confidence. Without professing any abstract admiration for representative governments in all times and places, we entertain no doubt that a constitution resembling that of England, or perhaps that of France, is the only possible method of reconciling the continuance of monarchy in Germany with the feelings and opinions of the people. The desire of a change is so strong, that if not gratified it must be repressed by force, with the necessary result of falling back into obsolete despotism, or submitting to a total defeat. The question whether a sound and lasting parliamentary system can be established, appears to us likely to depend in a great measure on the character of the king, and the result will decide hereafter whether he is a great sovereign, or merely an accomplished scholar and gentleman. Even a loyal and complimentary poet only defends the delay of concession against over-hasty agitators:

"In the North a star arises—it beams forth warm and clearly:
Oh grief, the heavy sleepers said, how comes the day so early!
Oh grief, how slow the sunshine dawns! the sleepless cried aloud.
—Who thanks the light for being light, that might have been a thunder-cloud?"*

Who indeed?—If such gratitude is felt in these days, we fear it must be to a star further north still. It is only at Petersburg

* Anastasius Grün (Count Alexander of Auersperg) *Nidelungen im Frack—Modern Nidelungen*

that Europe would feel surprise at seeing anything but a thundercloud.

In the meantime, the stationary position of the king, and of many other German princes, who are probably waiting for his decision, is involving him in serious difficulties, by the democratic direction which it gives to the tendencies of opposition writers. His supposed inclination to the historical or English system of reform, founded on established privileges and customs, and recognizing the very state of things which requires change, as having once been legitimate, is rapidly becoming identified in public opinion with the spirit of mere resistance; while progress and improvement are looked for more and more in the abstract theories of right, in which French Jacobinism is founded. There is also a wide-spread repugnance to the religious dilettantism of the king, whether exhibited in his visit to the Catholic cathedral of Cologne, his support of the Anglican bishopric of Jerusalem, or his whimsical flirtation with a benevolent Quaker lady in London. The feelings of the educated class in Germany on these subjects, are very different from those to which we are accustomed in England. They dislike falsehood; happily we dislike impiety more; and if we sometimes feel our bile stirred by the saintly whisper of Oxford, or shudder at the long-drawn howl of Exeter Hall, it is rather because we object to extremes, or because our own opinions are in danger, than from the proselytizing indignation against untruth, which seems to be common in Germany. A dislike to hypocrisy easily extends itself to the forms of which hypocrites make use, and we believe that in a large class of the German community there is an antipathy to the established creed, as determined as that which prevailed sixty years ago in France, and far more deeply seated, as it depends less upon ignorance. The destructive party have the advantage of intelligibility and clearness of purpose over rationalizing and sentimentalizing explainers-away of orthodoxy, and they despise in the pietists the same foibles of shallowness and effeminacy which are, to some extent, sources of influence to the pietist party in this country. Over the Catholic populace neither pietism nor impiety is likely to spread; but the feelings of malcontents towards the ancient Church can scarcely have been softened by the late marvellous exhibition of genuine Romish paganism, in the pilgrimage of hundreds of thousands to worship the holy coat at Treves. Indeed, the Father of lies himself must have envied his old acquaintance, the Mother of pious frauds, who sits on the Seven Hills,

her success in promoting the idolatry of that celebrated rag. 'Herr Jesus Christus,' prayed one of the votaries, 'der du gebenediet wardst diesen heiligen Rock zu tragen'—a much bolder flight than the sanctification of the altar by virtue of the gold upon it.

Formidable, however, as the growing resistance to religion and government is becoming, the princes of Germany may yet find safety in its results, if they are willing to concede in time. The modern anti-religionists are no more successful than their predecessors in explaining away the basis of religion, or supplying its place. The religious sects, with all their follies and contradictions, belong to the cause which will finally be victorious; and in the political struggle, whoever succeeds, the anarchists must be defeated. The King of Prussia can scarcely wish for better arguments in favour of a firm and enlightened government, than the declarations of some of his opponents, that no reform can be useful which does not extend to the abolition of religion, of marriage, and of private property. Yet it does not follow that, unless he breaks up opposition by timely concession, and extends the basis of government, the wildest doctrines will be harmless. The body of the nation would no doubt dislike atheism and universal confiscation, if in operation, even more than despotism and bureaucratic administration; but anarchy is at present an abstraction, while bureaucracy meets them at every turn. It is written, that we fly from evils that we feel, to those we know not of; and the longer the ultra-revolutionists are united in a common struggle with the constitutional reformers, the better will be their chance of diffusing their principles through the mass of the united party. At present, the bulk of the nation offers a weapon which may be grasped by the stronger and wiser of the combatants.

One of the minor tests of opinion is the disposition professed towards France. The feeling of nationality, which was roused to some extent in 1840, is the constant object of ridicule to the revolutionists, who look across the Rhine for sympathy and aid in propagating Jacobinism. In this case, therefore, as well as in the other, all the sound instincts of the nation may be secured on the side of the governments. The danger is, that princes will lean too much upon them, and make them ludicrous or odious, by associating the thought of external independence with that of internal servility. Religion, and morality, and national pride, are infallible resources to those who rely upon them honestly and without ulterior

objects; as excuses for bad government, or for the selfishness of rulers, they last only till the real purpose of their professed advocates is tainted with suspicion. There is no topic more cherished by satirists and parodists, than Bekker's defiance to the French, to seize what he calls the *free German Rhine*.

The 'History of the Political and Intellectual Condition of the Eighteenth Century,' by the well known Bruno Bauer, may seem hardly to belong to the class of writings which refer to the politics of the present day: but it is in fact, notwithstanding its title, substantially an argument in favour of a democratic revolution, illustrated by accounts of evils which have existed in Germany, and of the process by which some of them have been removed. The historical matter is to be found in many books, and in almost the same form in Schlosser's 'History of the Eighteenth Century,' which we formerly noticed at length in this Review.* The peculiarity of Bauer's work consists in his confining himself almost entirely to the history of abuses and absurdities, and in the favourable colour which he is consequently enabled to give to every destructive movement. It is so wholly impossible to deny that the state of things which preceded the French Revolution was replete with evil and folly, that to dwell upon it in its worst points is to offer the best apology for Jacobinism, and to lead imperceptibly to the fallacy that a destructive revolution is in itself a positive good. With a view to this purpose, Bauer has selected and arranged his materials with skill and effect, commencing with the gross and ignorant age of Frederick II., of Saxony, and touching in succession on the feeble and ill-directed attempts at reform of the Catholic and Protestant mystics and pietists; on the more popular exertions of the (so called) Illuminists; and on the war against feudal privileges, which many of the European monarchs carried on during the latter half of the century, in behalf of the extension of their own prerogative. The victory of Jacobinism over all the minor sects of Liberalism, naturally illustrates the main argument of the writer, that the Conservative reaction at present dominant in Germany is but a reproduction of past abuses, to be defeated by a political and religious movement more determined and uncompromising than the farthest reach of the French Revolution.

Not at all agreeing in Bauer's principles

or conclusions, thinking that the actual existence of a state of society for centuries, is a proof that it has something in it more vital than the follies and absurdities with which it is incrustated, and fully believing that the most dislocating revolutionary wrench would leave Europe, after some painful spasms and convulsions, in a state essentially resembling its present position, we nevertheless feel by no means called upon to defend either old German Toryism, or pietism, or sentimental philanthropism, against the attacks of revolutionary writers: on the contrary, we are indebted to the latter for the vividly offensive form in which their animosity leads them to represent the fungous excrescences with which morality and political institutions have at different times been encumbered. In some of the specimens of folly or dishonesty which Bauer has selected for notice, we view the exposure with peculiar complacency, from the singular coincidence which they present with some of our contemporary proceedings at home. For instance, in the reign of Frederick William I. of Prussia, it was considered by some a wholesome reform, by others a dangerous innovation, to remove the accustomed candles from the altar, and to speak the concluding blessing instead of chanting it. We have little doubt that some earnest-minded divine suggested the middle course of putting the candles on the table without lighting them; but the king, with a feeling for scriptural truth worthy of the Protestant people of England of the present day, wholly suppressed the ancient and too popish practice. The predominance of orthodoxy over learning, in the estimation of the universities, was a more serious evil, in the eighteenth century as now; and then, as now, most of the popular efforts to improve academical education were made in a thoroughly wrong direction, with the object of having more and more empty theology, at the cost of learning, science, and philosophy. Pietism, with its capricious rules of morality, its morbid appetite for special providences, and its scrupulous criticism of the future prospects of the critic's friends and neighbours, is amusingly like itself in all countries and in different ages. We are rejoiced to find that tobacco-smoking came under its ban in Germany a hundred years ago, as snuff-taking we believe does in America in our own time. How many worthy women have grieved, like the Lutheran queen of the Reformed or Calvinistic Frederick I., over the hopeless prospects of an heretical husband. 'How,' said the king on one occasion in answer to her remonstrances, 'do you think I am to

* No. lxi. A translation of this important work has recently been published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

be damned? How will you speak of me after my death? You cannot at any rate say "*der selige König*" (the blessed king—the common form of speaking of a deceased person).' After some hesitation the queen replied, 'I shall say "the dear—dead king."' The Catholic form of pietism introduced by the Jesuits was probably more demoralizing and pernicious, combining as it did the wholly non-religious object of ecclesiastical power with the perverted theology which dictated the slavish obedience and sickly asceticism of its votaries. We might quote from Bauer some amusing or repulsive instances of the extent to which, in this way also, the tendency of human nature to shoot out in distorted forms, when its natural growth is checked, was displayed in a stiff, pedantic, and dissatisfied age. But have we not, too, our Lives of the Saints?

To some of the political grievances which Bauer reports we can happily offer no parallel. The French Revolution was received with no small repugnance in England, but it would have excited some surprise if an order had been issued by the government, as occurred in Hesse-Darmstadt in 1794, to the effect that no one should presume to talk of the war. We might quote many more instances of petty and vexatious interference, partly the result of obsolete traditions of government, partly the natural consequence of the minute subdivision of territory, which often made a prince little more than the master of a household and inspector of his surrounding dependents. But after all, the collection of such anecdotes, as those of which we have given specimens, is worth little in a political argument, and nothing as a history. That such absurdities happened in a professedly Christian and monarchical country proves against Christianity and monarchy absolutely nothing. An infinitely more revolting accumulation of vice and folly might be selected at random from the records of the French Revolution, and that also would prove nothing, except the badness of folly and vice. It would not prove that republics are bad, or that democracy is incompatible with freedom, or that the Revolution itself was on the whole injurious to France. It is true that the experiment of tendering such proofs has often been tried, and has often succeeded; and no doubt Bauer's similar experiment in a contrary direction will succeed with those who are inclined to be convinced by him. A one-sided political argument will always prevail with the multitude; and even reasonable people may admit it for the portion of truth which it contains. But when it professes to exhaust the question,

and especially when it consists of a narrative of the evils of an age detached from all the circumstances which might have explained or rendered them tolerable, we can only consider the work, as we now regard Bauer's, which, with all its ingenuity and frequent interest, is, as a history, a mere nonentity.

The '*Deutsches Bürgerbuch für 1845*,' is a volume of political essays of considerable interest, interspersed with a few trashy melodramatic stories written in the spirit of our own cockney philanthropists, to exaggerate the sufferings of the poor and the vices of the rich, and concluded by a few pages of political poems, less savage and spirited than the well-known versified tirades of the Irish '*Nation*,' and equally or more than equally unpoetical. The serious political portion of the miscellany alone deserves notice. With some minor differences of opinion among the writers who contribute to it, the general spirit of it is professedly hostile to all existing law, religion, and government; but instead of contenting themselves with mere destruction, the revolutionists of this sect propose to reorganize society on the basis of Socialism or Communism—a scheme which it is difficult to reprobate, as we believe it deserves, without seeming to encourage prejudices which we would willingly discountenance.

The volume, however, is not exclusively devoted to impracticable schemes of revolution. Two chapters of it, which treat of present and practical evils, more particularly deserve attention, one as an example of abuses which demand and admit of legislative reform, the other as a proof that no government has yet discovered a means of averting the social dangers and sufferings which arise from manufacturing competition. The account of the results of secret proceedings in many of the German courts of justice, goes far to justify our English predilection for publicity; and the oppressions and absurdities which arise from the desire to extort confessions from the accused, contrast singularly with the uniform discouragement, with which even a voluntary admission of guilt is received by our tribunals. It has always, we believe, been the principle of the Roman law as understood in continental practice, to consider the confession of an accused person the best evidence of guilt, and, therefore, as the great object to be attained by criminal process. On this ground torture has been often justified, and the practice established under every law we believe, but that of England, of interrogating the prisoner before or during his trial; a process which it seems is often continued in Germa-

ny till the object is attained, with little consideration of the sufferings inflicted meanwhile upon the prisoner, or of the probability of a false confession.

In one case in Oldenburg, two servants, suspected of murder, were kept in solitary confinement for eight years, and examined each of them more than eighty times—the judicial documents filled 6000 pages, and contained 178 circumstantial proofs (*Judicien-beweise*) of their guilt—and after all this they were discharged for want of evidence; but condemned to pay one-half the costs. In the same small State a process was commenced in 1832, against certain rioters, who were kept in prison four years and a half, furnishing materials for 7000 pages of record (*Acten*), and at last some of them were only condemned to six weeks' imprisonment. In one case, in Hesse-Cassel, a poor schoolmaster was condemned to death for a robbery and murder of which he knew nothing, on his own confession extorted from him by the creditable method of dressing up a ghost of the murdered man to frighten him, when his nerves were weakened by the effects of long confinement. A similar judicial mode of interrogatory was applied in Holstein, in 1837, to a man named Ramcke, who was accused of murder. His wife, who was imprisoned separately, having been delivered of a dead child, the court, after informing the prisoner falsely that it had now full proof of his guilt, suddenly caused the corpse of the infant to be produced, and pointed out a mark on its forehead as a proof that the father had cloven the forehead of the murdered man with an axe. When to these instances it is added that so-called falsehood is punished by chains, bread and water, or even blows, and that no efficient control of the discretion of the examining tribunals is provided, it may be admitted that no indignation against such a system can be too strong; but even the cases which we have mentioned are not the worst, if we remember the frequency of political prosecutions in Germany, and know that men who represent the opinions of a large class of the community, men of respectability, character, and education, are subjected to years of preliminary imprisonment, to repeated interrogatories involving every kind of leading questions, and even to prison punishments, on the pretext of obstinacy or alleged falsehood in their answers.

The second contribution of a practical character, to which we have referred, contains a narrative of the riots which occurred last year among the weavers of Silesia, with whose cause the writer warmly sympathizes. It seems that the insurgents are hand-loom weavers in Silesia, whose physical condi-

tion has been deteriorated by their emancipation from serfdom forty years ago, while their wages constantly diminish, no doubt from the competition of power-looms and of foreign factories. With the usual reasoning of distressed workmen, they attributed their poverty to the greediness of their employers, a view in which their advocate much less excusably concurs, and attacked and demolished some of the principal factories. After some loss of life from collision with the soldiery, the weavers dispersed, and the disturbances ended, as they have often done in England, without advantage to the unhappy malcontents. The most remarkable feature in the proceedings seems to us to be the weakness of the local government, and the length of time during which the riots were allowed to continue. By the writer in the '*Bürgerbuch*' it is used as a proof of the necessity of establishing a socialistic distribution of property—an inference which is so far sound as it admits that the distress of the labouring classes is generally produced rather by economical than by political causes.

We are by no means disposed to treat as contemptible or unimportant the theory of Socialism. The scheme of regenerating the world by the establishment of a perpetual and universal community of goods has, at least, the merit which belongs to a comprehensive and thorough-going change. The evils which it might bring with it, if great, would be new; the objects which it proposes are large enough to be worth a struggle; the plan has many popular and plausible elements, and may hereafter become the creed of a powerful and formidable party. But we would go further than a mere negative and hostile recognition of its strength. It is an extravagant and impossible scheme; but it is a protest against extravagance on the other side. The institution of private property, like every other institution in its turn, has been mistaken for something sacred and inviolable, for a law of nature which it was necessary to obey by an approximation ever closer and closer to its strictest form. By degrees the inviolability of property has been restricted by public opinion to individual possessions, and to those which are the subjects of hereditary and testamentary succession. The reserved or partially divided portion of the general wealth, assigned either to the furtherance of definite objects, or to the common enjoyment of corporate bodies, or appropriated to individuals whose succession was determined by merit or good fortune, all ecclesiastical, corporate, and collegiate property, has lost in modern Europe the sacredness which still attaches to family possessions. At the same time political

economy, which is in reality but the developed theory of private property, has encouraged the dissolution of limited social confederacies, and established in the principle of free competition, the right of every individual to make the greatest possible gains, without regard to the loss of others. As Heas, a Socialist writer in the 'Bürgerbuch' observes, 'free competition is the full development of egoism, or of the policy founded on individual right.'

Nevertheless, the economists are right; and perhaps the bigots of hereditary ownership will also be found to be tending in a right direction. In recognizing the strict vested right of the individual producer, against the indirect counter-interest of his rival producers, the advocate of free competition also consults the unappropriated and undefined interests of consumers at large—a body not considered by earlier legislation. Above all, competition increases the general wealth; and, perhaps, better means of distributing its gains may hereafter be discovered. The devotees of private property may, perhaps, find, by the time they have completed their demonstration that all corporate possessions are held in trust for the good of the community, that they have laid a foundation for the application of a similar theory to themselves. Land, as being necessarily a monopoly, and as involving a kind of political power, may probably become the first subject of the fiduciary theory, and of a consequent control on behalf of the community; but the system, if once set on foot, will soon extend to every species of wealth, and substitute legal claims and powers for commonplaces about the duty of the rich. Some estates and some money-capitals are so vast, as already to make it almost necessary for their owners to administer them with some regard to the interests of their dependents as well as to their own. Hereafter, what is given as a favour may be claimed as a right; nor is the gradual change of private into fiduciary property altogether unprecedented. There was a time when every European potentate held his dominions, or a great portion of them, as his private estate. The Frankish kings of the Merovingian race in the sixth century, divided their territories among themselves with no view to frontiers or political convenience, according to the revenues of the different districts, just as a number of co-heirs might arrange the partition of a number of farms. In the same way the descendants of Charlemagne divided their empire, by long lines drawn north and south, for the mere purpose of uniformity and apparent fairness as amongst themselves. Long after-

wards, the German princes subdivided their States among their children, without any more regard to their subjects than a modern testator feels for his tenants. But in all these cases, the estates were too large to continue private property. When a landlord, by the greatness of his estate, expands into a prince, he must take the burdens and expenses of sovereignty, and govern his dependents, as well as receive their payments. With power comes, in time, responsibility, with responsibility a right of control, and, afterwards, of direct interference, till at last the proprietor, perhaps, remains the mere chief of a community who administer the estate for themselves. What has been done on a great scale, may, perhaps, in an age of more consistent logic, be applied to every minor case. But we have no wish to pursue this subject further at present.

Sweeping changes give much less trouble in theory, and Socialism is presented by the Germans in a more sweeping form than any in which we have elsewhere met with it. It has been often, and as it seems to us, unanswerably objected to the mere Socialists, that to carry out their own objects and enforce their rules, they required a hierarchical government, while the St. Simonists and others who had provided a hierarchy had only come round to the oldest and crudest form of patriarchal despotism. All this is admitted in the volume now before us; but it seems that Feuerbach's philosophy, by declaring that there is no reality but in sense, and that all which man has hitherto sought without, religion, property, and philosophy, must be looked for henceforth within himself, has shown the possibility of realizing a community of goods, by making the acquisition and not the possession of them the source of enjoyment. We cannot laugh at this solution, because we only partially understand it, and cannot in a compressed summary of it convey this partial intelligibility to our readers. We do not, however, think that even if mankind could find all their enjoyment in the production and acquisition of wealth, it would be an advance in their moral or intellectual condition. It is demanded that they shall do nothing with a view to any other thing, but make action and fruition one—an ideal state already attained by cattle, who eat for the sake of eating, and take no thought for the morrow. But perhaps we are, from misunderstanding, fighting with shadows.

Another writer in the same volume defends the practicability of Socialism at present, by an account of the prosperity of the communities of Shakers and other societies of the same kind in America, and of Mr.

Owen's establishment in England. Taking all the statements for granted, they prove nothing. The economical advantages of combination for purposes of living, are very useful and important facts, illustrated quite as well by the luxuries of the London Clubs as by the comforts of New Harmony. The collective material wealth produced by the Socialist establishments is only the test of their success as joint-stock companies, that is, as private proprietors in competition with other private proprietors. Lastly, the circumstance that the members consent to abide by the rules of the system, proves nothing in favour of its universal applicability. A set of fanatics, insane enough to practise the religious exercises of the Shakers, may well be obstinate enough to abide by a mode of life unlike their neighbours: and even more rational Socialists may naturally adhere to a system as long as it is a course of novelty or eccentricity. Clubs have flourished on the principle of eating of one dish, or wearing one kind of coat, 'or any other reason why,' and the members obey the rules; yet the world would not obey them as laws. In a Socialist world there must be no property vested in a particular parallelogram, or community, or nation; all must live on the work of all. Disloyal members who dislike Socialism must be provided for among the rest. There can be no expulsion unless the philanthropists resort to hanging. Stop one step short of this consummation, and nothing is done but the vesting of property in different hands, by creating a vast set of joint-stock societies. That even these joint-stock societies would produce less, and be governed with greater difficulty than the world of individuals, might be probably shown; but for the present, enough of Socialism. Theoretical reform in Germany has not yet got beyond this point, though we cannot answer for the future. Socialism is the extreme rearguard of opposition.

One of the most efficient weapons of attack on things as they are, if we are to judge from the constant use of it, must be political poetry, or at least verse, sometimes of the satirical and sometimes of the high patriotic kind. As we have on former occasions noticed Herwegh and Freiligrath, who are the leaders of the serious poetical opposition, we may now confine ourselves principally to the representatives of the humorous view of German politics. In criticizing poetry or works of art in general, as compared with compositions which appeal to the reason, it is a great advantage to be able to regard the execution only with little reference to the moral or political purpose which it may be intended to enforce. A good satire or epi-

gram is a good thing, even if it is unjust. Bavius and Codrus may have been great poets, Zimri a model of consistent wisdom, and Chartres an injured saint; but it is not less true that they have been the subjects of good satires, the victims of great poets, with whom they may settle their quarrels as they can—we, the world at large, are gainers. Even Cleon, if it should turn out that posterity has been wrong in its judgment of his character, could hardly, if of a benevolent disposition, grudge it the great enjoyment which it has derived at his expense from Aristophanes. With every disposition, however, to encourage the union of wit and poetry, and to make ample allowance for the occasional injustice of its application, we cannot speak highly in general of the epigrams with which the despotism of Prussia is at present tempered. They are too often deficient both in poetry and point, and most of all in variety. Almost every composition of the kind attacks the censorship, the police, and the promise-breaking, constitution-withholding king—all excellent topics, but requiring to be mixed with others, or put in new lights, or associated with ingenious and unexpected images. When the poet travels out of this routine, he generally falls foul of Russia, the knout, and Nicholas, whom it seems at present the fashion to consider as the patron of German absolutism, though we remember the time when Heine claimed him as the champion of democracy. But even so the litigants in the fable thought, each that the arbiter inclined to the other. Meanwhile, by alternate bites, the monkey ate the cheese.

To Russia, liberalism abroad, and absolutism abroad, are equally indifferent; the struggle between them is her object, both as a cause of weakness and as a possible excuse for interference. Almost the only remaining topic of satire which we can recollect, in common use, is pietism, and especially so much of it as is patronized by the king. 'There was a William,' sings one patriotic humorist, 'who sailed to England to conquer it; there is a William (dropping the 'Frederick' to make the parallel and contrast still more striking) who sails to England, not to conquer it, but to fraternize with the English Church, and kneel at a Quaker prayer-meeting.' As we never heard of any popular feeling, even in Prussia, in favour of an invasion of England, or of placing the House of Brandenburg on our throne, we confess it does seem rather hard to censure every namesake of William the Conqueror, who may land on our shores from any quarter of the world in peace; but, as we have said, allowances must be made for satirists, espe-

cially when, as in this case, they display that kind of wit, which consists in bringing together things wholly remote by nature. The religious exhibitions which his Prussian majesty made in London, however conformable to English habits and tastes, may, we can easily believe, have appeared somewhat eccentric at Berlin.

We have not been much shocked by the severity, or astonished by the ingenuity of Hoffman von Fallersleben. There might possibly be something very laughable in the death of the King of Prussia, if it had happened; but, as he is still alive, we are somewhat at a loss for the point of 'The premature Funeral Feast in Nebuchadnezzar's country,' which states that two strangers went into a tavern and called for Rhenish wine; but the landlord said, that his guests had desired him to serve out only champagne. 'What is that to us?'

"'To day,' he replies, 'I serve Champagne out,—For so the guests have said;—And none may disobey it.—The king, the king is dead.'—Then found they quite in reason,—The words the guest had said.—They drank Champagne and chorus'd,—'The king, the king is dead.'—But on the following morning,—A caterwauling came,—'His Majesty's recovered,—And we've wasted the wine; what a shame!'"

Our ancestors compared wit to a sword or razor, cutting deeper for its polish. If modern wit is to be a bludgeon, let it at least have a hard surface, and not swell its bulk by straw-padding. 'The First of April' is, perhaps, rather better, turning, of course, on broken promises. The second stanza runs thus:—

"Cinders unburnt and fat of fly,
And stranger things than these to buy;
We gravely sought the dealer's store—
The dealer turn'd us out of door.
Be still—be still.
Or else they yet may cry 'April, April,
You send an April-fool where'er you will.'

"Such was of old our childish game—
A grown-up king can play the same—
He sends his people forth to roam
In search of freedom—they come home
Quite still—quite still.
The neighbours cry aloud, 'April, April,
You send an April-fool where'er you will.'"

After all, the monotony of a set of jokes sometimes indicates the ready susceptibility of an audience. In every private society, not too wise to laugh, there are, as we all know, from time to time certain staple subjects of merriment, which are conventionally admitted to be so intrinsically amusing, that all that is necessary for the

wits of the circle is to vary their allusions to them as much as possible. Strangers who hear the jests and observe their success, are frequently irritated or moved to contempt, unless they are considerate enough to assume that the laughter and applause applies not only to the ingenuity of the jester, but to a mass of latent humour diffused through the general body, and called into action by a seemingly trifling cause. The incessant jokes of Shakspeare and his followers on the single subject of 'horns,' are almost as amusing now as when they first appeared, though in a different point of view. His contemporaries enjoyed the joke itself. We must content ourselves with thinking of the inexhaustible wealth of absurd allusions connected with that one word, which must have been diffused through the whole of society, to enable the poets to appeal with so perfect a confidence to it as a chosen vehicle for humour. The loss of an old standing joke, however bad, 'eclipses the gaiety of nations.'

We are accordingly disposed to infer, from the constant harping of writers on the same subjects, that a considerable portion of German society has adopted the censorship, the bureaucracy, and the refusal of the constitution, as its permanent matter of ridicule; that it has learned to think them intrinsically laughable, and determined that they severally contain within themselves the requisite component parts of a joke, whether those consist in remote ideas brought together, or are otherwise scientifically definable. If this is the case, the re-establishment in public estimation of the organs of a paternal government, will be as difficult as it would have been to impress upon our ancestors the oriental reverence for horns as a symbol of majesty and power.

The satire, however, of the German opposition, is not exclusively in the hands of the writers of epigrammatic commonplaces. Prutz's Aristophanic play is in itself a remarkable production, as a thoroughly scholar-like imitation of the manner, spirit, and metres of the great and unequalled master of comedy. It is curious that a body of readers can be found who can appreciate the resemblance of the copy to the original, which gives the chief zest and point, even to the satire, which is the writer's principal object. Learned pleasantry can only be enjoyed by those who are familiar with the allusions on which it turns; but we are not sure, that as turning on subjects of the day, the 'Politische Wochenstube' would not convey to a reader unacquainted with Greek, a more approximate notion of the manner of the old comedy, than a professed translation

of one of the original plays. In wilful extravagances of fiction, in violence of dramatic invective, and in personality, it is closely modelled after its pattern; and even in the more difficult and peculiar method, of founding irony on irony, and making the same character represent different objects of satire, while, at the same time, the same individual sees himself ridiculed in several persons of the drama, the principle of confusion is judiciously and happily used, as by the Greek poet, to increase the general burlesque effect. The general purpose of the satire is to represent the frauds and oppressions of the German or Prussian government, with its spy-system of police, and its appeals to nationality and to a golden future, which, according to the liberal, and especially the satirico-liberal theory, are mere stratagems to maintain its own power over the people. There is a doctor or man-midwife, and a spy-adventurer, and a German, who turns out not to be Germany, and a vagrant who is the real Germany, and a knavish servant; and almost all these, in turn, represent the Prussian government, though Kilian, the doctor's servant, is sometimes rather the Prussian people; and all, in turn, except the true Germany, lie, and threaten to denounce the others; and in the midst of the action are always scattering contumelious allusions against the government, and the censors, and Herwegh and Freiligrath, and the Socialists and the Hegelians, and every one else who is worth attacking, just as Xanthias or Diceopolis, or the immortal Sausage-seller, might have done at Athens in the good old times. We confess, however, that something is wanting. The unequalled command of melody which would have made Aristophanes a great poet, even if he had not been the first of humorous writers, cannot fairly be expected in an imitator; and German, though a language of great capability, is still very far from being Greek. But we are more inclined to note the total absence of the wild and genial merriment, the reckless indulgence of fun and animal spirits, apparently uncontrollable, and yet kept in the strictest subordination to art, which makes the 'Birds' or the 'Frogs,' with all their obsolete modes of feeling and thought, almost as enjoyable to us as their contemporaries. A scholar, as we have said, may read Prutz with pleasure; but the unlearned, though they must dispense with the manner of Aristophanes, and even with the form of poetry, will find a larger portion of his spirit in such heterogeneous compositions as the history of the revels of Christopher North.

The Chinese workman who made a cracked

set of tea-things to match the cracked saucer which was his pattern, has contributed his share to the instruction of mankind, by affording a proverbial similitude for those who mimic glaring defects. Prutz has most servilely cracked his workmanship, in the very serious and ill-judged error of copying the grossness of his model. Even the imitation is in no way rendered more perfect by thus offending the tastes of modern readers; for every one will instinctively apply different standards of moral susceptibility to Athens and to Berlin. It is as certain that Prutz violates the rules of modern decorum, as that Aristophanes stood at the summit of taste and refinement, in an age which had not yet learned the proper reserve of language, probably because women had no influence on public opinion. We must be understood to complain, not of the heavier offence of licentious and immoral composition, but of naked and physical coarseness; the less culpable kind of grossness which is found in Swift, and, for the most part, in Aristophanes himself. The fault is more irritating, from its evidently arising from deliberate and intentional pedantry. In one of the *parabases*, or addresses aside to the audience, which the dramatist has adopted from his Greek model, he anticipates the objection of coarseness, for the purpose of meeting it with the silly and untrue answer, that his supposed critics are more culpable than himself; that their thoughts are worse than his words; that hypocrites are afraid of saying what they do not shrink from enacting; that he calls on those who are pure to throw the first stone. An untrue repartee, because it must be false as to many objectors, and may be as to all; a silly defence, because the faults of others cannot justify him in imitating them; and, above all, an irrelevant evasion of the question, as the very gist of the charge is, that he says publicly what others, as he assumes, think in private. His grossness, too, as we have said, consists in bringing forward revolting and offensive images, unsavoury objects which must exist, but which it is becoming to think and speak of as little as possible; least of all, to obtrude them on others. We notice this point the more particularly, because it is not an uncommon affectation in German liberal writers to aim at classic nakedness, in default of classic beauty. In the case before us, the disagreeable details prevent us from giving as full an account as we might wish of the comedy, which, to commence, bears the very ill-favoured title of the 'Political Accouchement.'

The scene opens at the dwelling of a

doctor, who, in the decay of practice, is endeavouring to persuade Kilian, his servant and assistant, to allow him to extirpate his organs of eating by some strange surgical operation, a suggestion much in the manner, if not in the spirit, of Aristophanes. At this point the doctor, as may be supposed, represents a paternal government, with its supposed disposition to cajole its subjects into patience and self-abnegation. At the same time, not only the master, but the man, who belongs to the conventional class of Xanthias or Sancho, takes the opportunity of the discussion to ridicule as many persons and things as can conveniently be introduced; here, too, following the old comedy, which, however, had its personalities pointed or seasoned by the probable presence among the audience of the victim of satire, or at least of his friends and familiar enemies. At one time the doctor entreats him to sacrifice himself to Humanity and Fatherland. 'Certainly not,' is the reply; 'if you talk of Fatherland. There is always some trick at the bottom where Fatherland comes in.' Patriotism failing, an appeal is made to his love of virtue. 'Surely this desire of eating is at the bottom of all our weaknesses. Was it not for this that Freiligrath disgraced himself by taking the pension of the king. For this Dingelstedt submitted to the brand of servitude. For this—but we need not proceed, as Kilian is impregnable, and even determines to satisfy his hunger by taking whatever may be edible in the collection of drugs. Unluckily, they are all poisons, or as bad. First he seizes some dried eels. 'Oh, fool, and three-times-through-and-through be-Menzelised' (i. e. as great a fool as Menzel), says the doctor, coining long words after the Greek fashion; 'these are old Prussian queues. Touch them reverently, for they are bringing them into use again at Berlin, and they will be worth their weight in gold.' Kilian takes up another case. 'Are these young pig-tails, or caterpillars?' 'These are maggots—old Hegelish—which once made a disturbance in Göschel's brain, and now are preserved in spirits.'—'In Göschel's brain! What, is the noble Göschel dead? Of all the goats of Hegel's flock the only sheep; whom oft I envied for his warm and fleecy coat.' 'Oh, no; he lives as man and privy councillor.' The next experiment is on more dangerous food. 'You had better,' says the doctor, 'eat all Bauer's "Heathendom," or the whole "Musen-Almanach," of Echtenmeyer and Ruge, than touch a drop of this. It is no other than Communist-powder'—the poison of our above-mentioned friends the Socialists—'whoever tastes a grain of this powder goes raving mad. But

only think of Herwegh and his yellow boots.' An allusion to something which seems worth thinking of, but which we have not the means of explaining. The discussion ends with the refusal of Kilian to submit; but his master need not fear him. 'Am I not a German, then? Can I not starve, and yet be patient while I starve?' The doctor promises to reward him, if he dies of hunger, by a monument of three hundred pill-boxes, and, on his departure, sits down to eat some concealed provisions, with some disturbance from a suspicion that his follower is beginning to open his eyes. 'He begins to see where one leads him by the nose, and that is the first step to universal demoralization.' He seasons his dinner, however, by an edifying reflection. 'The best of cooks is hunger, so the people say; and I agree that hunger is; but not one's own. I eat with most enjoyment when I know of one—in hunger near me, and have something good myself.'

And to complete his enjoyment by contrast, a beggar approaches; not with the ordinary formulas of distress however, but with a carol in the ancient Nibelungen metre and language, which sounds oddly enough:

"To us the olden stories full manie marvelles rede,
Of heroes and their glories of doughty hardihede,
Of Herman, the Cheruscan, that wight of high renowne,
Whose deeds y-sung, and eke y-told ye moten hear
in every tounce."

The doctor, puzzled with this new mode of beggary, suspects some plot; and not without reason, for the beggar is in fact his old friend Schlaupkopf (Slyhead), now head body-spy to the king, and general representative of all the spies and official functionaries, and, by a somewhat wider construction, of the governments of Germany. Even his beggary is an appeal to loyalty, as he proceeds,

"Of Herman, the Cheruscan, the champion strong
of honde,
Who harrowed in anger his foes from out the londe,
To him ye shall bring freely your silver and your gold,
So shall your kynges you regard with grace and
favour manifold."

(Speaks.) "'I am collecting for Herman.—'"

In fact, the object of Schlaupkopf is to test the doctor's loyalty to established principles, before discovering to him a great scheme which is the purpose of this visit. His petition on behalf of Herman, or Arminius, refers to a subscription-statue of the hero at Detmold and is profanely rejected by the doctor, who calls it a scarecrow, set up to deprive the French of all taste for Germany,

by showing that there is no taste in Germany. He will not give a Hanoverian louis-d'or, or a six-kreutzer piece, in which the Duke of Saxe-Coburg has put one-third of alloy. The unity of Germany has no charms for him; and he has already immortalized his name by giving the nails for a door-panel in the Cathedral of Cologne. Patriotism and loyalty have so little hold upon him that he even jests on the sacred subjects of the helmets of the Prussian army, and at last provokes Schlaukopf to throw off his disguise, and overwhelm him with invective—traitor, lunatic, communist, suicide, parricide, every epithet which the official vocabulary can supply, is heaped upon the doctor, who, in his surprise, asks if his friend was not once a professed republican, agitator, and regicide? 'Certainly,' is the reply; 'and accordingly here I am, actual-secret-royal-body-spy.' 'Actual secret!—oh! thou trebly blest!' exclaims the doctor, falling into his arms in ecstasy at the prospect of obtaining official employment.

Schlaukopf now develops his great plan, which is no other than that which is attributed to the King of Prussia by his enemies, as a scheme for meeting innovation by vague promises of future improvement. To the doctor he announces that Germany is pregnant, that his services are required for her accouchement, and that she is actually now at his door: to which, after some humorous dialogue, they proceed to receive her. 'What are those lean horses?' the doctor inquires. 'They are the provincial

Estates of the kingdom.' 'How short you curb them up, particularly that Polish near horse. Do they never get the bit between their teeth?' 'Oh! no,' is the reply, 'they are accustomed to it; and if they moved out of the old track they would be struck dead at once.' 'Why, what do I see? they are harnessed behind the carriage.' 'Of course,' says Schlaukopf; 'that is the old fashion in Germany.' He further explains that the slaves who attend the carriage are the people, who are to pull it out of the mud when it sticks fast, and so the second act closes.

Without following the plot further in detail, it is enough to state that the pregnancy turns out to be doubtful, and that various suspicious events occur, giving room for the introduction of satirical interludes not bearing on the plot. Antigone and Medea appear with complaints of their sufferings from the representation of Greek plays at Potsdam. Tieck and Schelling come in to be subjected to fierce and contemptuous attacks; and at last the comedy ends by the appearance of the true Germany, and the vanishing of her fraudulent rival, who had been procured by Schlaukopf to personate her. In the course of the comedy two parabases or addresses to the audience are introduced, which display considerable vigour and command of language. We conclude our notice of the 'Wochenstube' with a spirited and manly passage from the end of the second parabasis, in defence of the freedom of language which we have censured.

"But thou, my own, my German race, oh thou elect of Heaven,
That old Greek life through thee once more may to the world be given.
Put off false shame; put halfliness off; be, what thou wouldst be, wholly:
Leave grey to asses—leave the monk his dull, dun melancholy.
Trust me, in this close air, by nice æsthetic scents corrected,
By fear of age and censorships prepared and disinfected—
In this thick air, where connoisseurs and critics smother nature—
No poet wilt thou rear in this, no man, no manly stature.
Had Shakespeare's self been forced to go from box to box appealing,
To learn if this and that might suit their Worships' moral feeling;
Had Aristophanes, the Clouds, the Frogs, the Knights inditing,
Trembled to think what girls and priests might strain at in his writing;
Then had they never seen the light, those glorious Lords of Merit,
Kings by their own sufficing grace in the free realm of Spirit.
Yet as for artist, and for bard—for verse, and picture-monger—
Why, for our sweetmeats, were that all, we'd wait a little longer;
But on thine own, thy civic life, the same harsh chain is griding.
And holds thee ever to the half—half-souled and undecided.
Yea—reverence unto ancient time, and unto princes honour;
But reverence to the Future too—Men thirst to look upon her.
To settle strife with compliments—'tis pretty litigation.
But base to compliment away the Free Right of a nation.
Who needs the great—and this is thou—must will the great, or nothing—
One may not sip of Freedom's wine, but quaff it full and frothing.
Take courage then, and grasp the cup with firm and fearless holding;
And don't be quite scared out of sense, because the kings are scolding.
And in the aftertime, when thou to thee thy right hast taken,
Then too for thee shall Comedy with all good things awaken;
A genuine Aristophanes then sing thee German snatches,
And for my p'fav—who will may take, and twist it into matches."

The last writer on our list is the best known of all, the celebrated or notorious author of the 'Reisebilder,' the seditious, profane, immoral, witty, genial, and graceful Heine. A true poet of the Epicurean school, he laughs at everything which has a serious outside, and yet retains a tenderness of feeling which gives relief to his humour. The allowances which, as we have said, are to be made for satirical writers are doubly due to those who combine poetry with wit, and, in exposing the trivial, suggest the beautiful. If Heine's opinions are wrong, let him look to them; it is of great importance to him that they should be right. To us who are not his disciples it is of no importance at all. And as far as they are conveyed in his humorous writings they are probably in a great part true, though often wrongly applied. What is laughed at and censured is generally laughable and censurable, though it may not be a characteristic of the person in whom it is laughed at, or of the system which is attacked. The old antinomy is not irreconcilable. Ridicule is not the test of truth in the concrete, because it has nothing to do with the connection of predicate with subject. Ridicule cannot show whether Cleon was a charlatan—whether Wood's halfpence were good or bad. But, on the other hand, ridicule is the test of truth, inasmuch as it is wholly impotent except against that which is in the abstract ridiculous. Quack statesmen, and governments which issue bad halfpence, as Prutz insinuates of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, are to be laughed at or something more. Probably Heine has not got much further in arranging his opinions than the conviction that falsehood is false and meanness mean. In the meantime, he scandalizes many persons, including ourselves, by assuming the falsehood and meanness of various kings, national sentiments, and other highly respectable objects of his satire.

His humour is of a light and playful kind, intermixed with description and sentiment, not wasting itself in unremitting invective, but striking seldom and then striking home. The satire almost always appears a secondary or incidental purpose, suggested by some casual turn in an independent train of thought. It belongs to the school of Beranger, and its closest parallel is in Moore. Those who thirty years ago delighted in the 'Twopenny Post-bag,' may find a similar readiness of allusion, and equal command of easy and natural versification, in Heine's 'Deutschland.' The poem consists of scenes in a supposed tour from the Prussian frontier, near Aix-la-Chapelle; to the au-

thor's native city, Hamburg. Wherever he comes, something reminds him of German politics or patriotism. The Custom-house naturally suggests the Zollverein, and at Cologne Father Rhine himself appears to him, and complains of the bad verses of Becker on the 'free—the German Rhine.' Further on, the battle-field of Arminius naturally suggests complacent feelings.

"This is what Tacitus described,
The Teutoburgian forest;
And this the classical morass,
Where Varus' need was sorest.

"Here smote him the Cheruscan chief,
The noble warrior Herman:
In this same mud was won the right
To call our nation German.

"And had his blond-complexioned hordes
Not won the fight for Herman,
We had been Romans all—had lost
The Freedom that makes us German.

"Our fatherland had talk'd like Rome,
Had worn the Roman tunic—
Quirites had the Swabians been—
Yea—vestals lived at Munich.

"Neander had an augur been,
For flights of vultures looking,
And Hengstenberg a haruspex,
At oxen's entrails poking.

"No German bore had Ræumer been—
He had been a Roman Boratius;
And Freiligrath's verses had been unrhymed,
Like those of Flaccus Horatius.

"The grubbing blockhead, Father Jaha,
Had been called Grobianus—
Massemann talked Latin—*Me hercule!*
As Marcus Tullius Massemannus.

"The friends of truth had been beset
With lions, jackals, hyenas
(Instead of the curs of each little gazette),
Roaring round them in Roman arena.

"Instead of three dozen 'Land-fathers'
We should have had one Nero:
And spite of police have opened our veins,
Each like a classic hero.

"Thank God! the Romans lost the day,
The fight was won by Herman—
Slain with his legions Varus lay,
And we continued German.

"Right German we are, and right German we
As 'twas talked by his old Batavians, [talk,
An ass is an ass, not *asinus*,
—And the Swabians still are Swabians

"Still Ræumer in our German north
A grievous German bore is,
And Freiligrath pours couplets forth
—Not in the least like Horace.

"Oh, Herman! this we owe to thee—
And so to hand thy fame down,
A statue at Detmold is getting up—
Myself—I put my name down."

We are not acquainted with the original speech to some meeting of provincial Estates, which Heine appears to have taken for his model in the following oration; but it seems from the copy to have been not uncharacteristic of royalty. An accident happens to the carriage at midnight in a wood, and the traveller is left alone to listen to the wolves howling round him.

"'Tis the wild howl of the wolves—I know
Their savage, hungry screaming—
Like torches through the darksome night
Their fiery eyes are gleaming.

"The brutes no doubt had heard of me,
Detained thus in the forest;
And to mark respect they lighted it up,
And round me sung and chorus'd.

"A Provincial State—and they give me a fête
To mark their entire devotion—
I quickly assumed an attitude,
And address'd them with deep emotion.

"Brethren and Wolves!—with no common joy
I stand in this loyal meeting,
Hail'd by so many noble hearts
With howls of love and greeting.

"The feelings which this moment brings
Are wholly inexpressible,—
This proudest hour of my life will leave
An impress ineffaceable.

"I thank you for the confidence
Bestowed, I trust, with reason,
Of which you grace me with the proofs
At every trying season.

"Brethren and Wolves!—you doubted me not,
Nor gave ear to the base detraction
Of scoundrels who told you that I, forsooth,
Had joined the Doggish faction.

"Had rattled in fact, and should soon in the fold
Be a Hofrath—the price of desertion.
—'Tis beneath one like me, whom you know from
of old,
To notice so vile an aspersion.

"The sheepskin I wore—'twas for warmth, no-
thing more—
I assure you in all sincerity
It never gave me any crotchety schemes
For promoting the sheep's prosperity.

"I am no sheep—no dog am I,
No Hofrath, and no shell-fish—
Wolf, wolf am I still, wolf I have been and will—
Heart, stomach, and teeth, all are wolfish.

"I am a wolf, and take my stand
With the wolves, a howler and yelper;

So count on me, and help yourselves,
And God will be your helper."

"This speech I made, quite unprepared
By previous thought or writing—
—An incomplete report appear'd
In the *Allgemeine Zeitung*."

In the Kiffhäuserberg, as all the world knows, the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa sits at a stone-table, surrounded by his warriors, waiting till his appointed time shall come, to reign again over Germany. The modern democrat naturally has an interview with the mysterious potentate. The introduction of scraps of ballads into the poem, and the transition to Barbarossa, seem to us very happily contrived. The murderer—the judges of the Vehm—the exiled princess keeping geese—all injustice and suffering which gives matter for legends, equally typifies the kings and nobles who have slain the Princess Germania, and the people who wait for the avenger.

"The wind is moist, the land is bleak,
The chaise jolts on through the mire,
Yet rings it and sings it within my heart—
'Sun, thou accusing fire!'

"'Tis the burden of the ballad old,
Which my nurse was often singing—
'Sun, thou accusing fire,'—it comes
Like the sound of a bugle ringing.

"The ballad told of a murderer grim—
Long lived he in pleasure and glory;
At last they found him hang'd in a wood
To the bough of a willow hoary.

"Nailed over his head, on the trunk was read
The murderer's death-doom dire—
This deed have the Vehm-Avengers done—
'Sun, thou accusing fire!'

"The Sun was accuser—he called them forth
The price of blood to require:
Otilia had cried with her dying voice,
'Sun, thou accusing fire!'

"When I think of the ballad, I think, too, of her,
Of my nurse, the dear old creature;
Her face comes before me, with each strange fold,
Each brown and wrinkled feature.

"She was born in the Münsterland,
And many a true ghost story,
And many a grisly tale she knew,
And ballad and legend hoary.

"How beat my heart when the aged crone
Told the tale so sad and tender,
Of the princess who sat on the heath alone
'Mid her locks of golden splendour.

"She kept the geese in that land of dole,
And ever at eve, poor maiden,
As she drove the geese beneath the gate,
She stopped, with sorrow laden.

"For she saw nail'd up above the gate
A horse's head before her—
It was the head of the well-known horse
From her father's hall that bore her.

" 'Oh, Falada!' the princess sighed,
'Woe for thy hanging yonder.'
The horse's head to the princess said,
'Woe for thy will to wander.'

"The princess sigh'd from underneath,
'If but my mother knew it.'
The horse's head to the princess said,
'Her heart would break to view it!'

The next of his nurse's stories which occurs to him is the legend of Barbarossa sitting in his subterranean hall, with men and horses all harnessed, but all motionless—and old weapons and armour hanging round—

"His beard has grown till it touches the ground,
As red as flames of fire;
Sometimes he twinkles with his eye,
And knits his brows in ire.

"And whether he sleep or whether he muse,
Not rightly thou discernest;
But when the destined hour shall come,
Then will he wake in earnest.

"He grasps the banner and waves it round,
'To horse! to horse!' for the battle.
His men all stir and spring to their feet
From the ground with an iron rattle.

"Each springs on his horse as it neighs and stamps,
Fresh roused from the sleep of glamour;
Then forth they ride, and the world rings wide
With their trumpets' piercing clamour.

"They ride aright; right well they fight,
Nor sleep nor rest they further:
The Kaiser holds a hall of doom
On those who have done murder—

"On those who have murder'd the wond'rous May,
The May whom all desire;
The gold-hair'd maid Germanis—
'SUN, THOU ACCUSING FIRE!'

"And many who bold in their robber hold,
Laughed at the thought of danger,
Shall not escape the avenging rope,
And Barbarossa's anger.

"My nurse's stories—they sound so sweet,—
And I, while my heart beats higher,
In superstitious faith repeat,
'SUN, THOU ACCUSING FIRE!'

The traveller sees the emperor in a dream,
and after looking over his arsenal, urges him
to come at once; but Frederick replies

"If it comes not to-day, yet to-morrow it may—
The oak grows strong and slowly—
And '*chi va piano va sano*,' they say,
In the Roman Empire bely."

In another interview Barbarossa asks in turn for news. His last information came down no later than the Seven Years' War, and he inquires for Moses Mendelssohn and others, and with particular interest for Madame Dubarry. Heine informs him that Felix, the grandson of Moses, has advanced so far in Christianity as to be a Maestro di Capella; and after answering his other questions, satisfies him in detail as to Madame Dubarry. But his tale leads him to a disagreement with the representative of the German empire, with his colours of black, and red, and gold.

"Madame Dubarry lived merry and free
While Louis lived to befriend her—
The Fifteenth I mean—she was getting old
At the time they guillotined her.

"That Louis in his quiet bed
Ended his reign and life, too;
But Louis Sixteenth did they guillotine,
And Antoinette his wife, too.

"The Queen of France with lofty soul
Right worthily demean'd her;
But Dubarry sigh'd, and scream'd, and cried,
At the time when they guillotined her.

"Still stood the emperor; and with eyes
Of haughty puzzled meaning,
Said slowly, 'What, in the name of God,
Is that word "guillotining"?' "

" 'Guillotining,' I began to explain,
Is a new invented fashion,
Which out of life and into death,
Helps folks of every station.

" 'With the new times, as things required,
They brought a new machine in—
'Twas made by Doctor Guillotin,
So they called it Guillotining.

" 'They strap you down upon a plank—
It sinks—and on they shove you
Between two posts—a sharpen'd axe
Hangs neatly, just above you.

" 'They pull a string—down comes the knife,
Cuts merrily asunder;
And so your head conveniently
Drops in a sack right under.'

" 'Silence!' the emperor broke in,
'Silence! I would not serve me
Nor hear a word more of your horrid machine—
The Lord in Heaven preserve me!'

" 'The King of France! The Queen of France!
Strapp'd to a plank before 'em!
What a heavy blow to etiquette,
What ruin to court decorum.

" 'And who are you that venture with me
To talk thus indiscreetly?
Fellow, take care, or I soon may pare
Your sassy pinions neatly.

"My inmost gall, it rises up
To hear you prate and reason—
Your very breath is lese-majesty,
And High-imperial treason."

"While thus the old one storm'd and raved,
And worked himself into a passion,
My thoughts, too, were stirred by the threats
which I heard,
And I spoke them with small reservation.

"Sir Redbeard,' I said, 'recollect that you're
dead—
A fable, an old wife's story.
Go lie down and snore, we ourselves evermore
Will work out our freedom and glory.

"One always can hear the Republicans jeer,
When they see, crown'd and sceptred before us,
A crazy old ghost at the head of our host:
Their jokes become quite indecorous.

"And away with your flag. In my college days,
With grimaces and pomp out of season,
Those "Old-German" fools put a stop to my taste
For the black-red golden blazon.

"The best you can do is to stay at home
Here in the old Kid häuser—
When I give good heed to the time and its need,
We want no more any Kaiser."

On reflection, however, the patriot sings
a palinode, and implores the emperor to pardon him. He will not press the guillotine on him, but be contented with the old methods, the axe for the nobles, the rope for the commons, though he would ask for a change sometimes, for the hanging a few nobles. The Roman Empire and the middle ages shall be welcome back—anything but the hybrid offspring of old and new manners—

"That mongrel chivalry,
That mixture so deterring,
Of Gothic dreams and modern lies,
Not fish, flesh, or red-herring."

A definition of 'Young-Englandism' in Germany, which, as coming from a pure Semitic Caucasian of the Hebrew race, we recommend to Mr. D'Israeli's notice. Not being an Englishman, Heine does *not* continue as follows:

"That pinchbeck 'Fancied History,'
Untrue—yet how prosaic—
Not silver, gold, or precious stone,
But *Arabian Mosaic*."

We have not room to follow the poet to Hamburg.

If the judicious reader remarks that it is a strong measure to guillotine kings, and that all the different attacks on governments which we have quoted, are so far unjust that they would apply almost as well to any

government, we have nothing to say to the contrary—except that, under the circumstances, neither the blood-thirstiness nor the injustice shock us very deeply, and that we hope that others may find them, as we have found them, amusing in their wickedness, pleasant though wrong.

ART. VII.—*Sailing Directions for the East Sea.* By R. MORESBY and T. ELWES. Esqrs., Commanders, Indian Navy.—Printed by order of the Court of Directors of the East India Company. London: Allen and Co. 1841.

We have more than once spoken of the character and achievements of the Indian Army. It is our design in the present article to commemorate many of the distinguished services which the Navy of the East India Company has performed for geography and navigation. These enterprises, though less brilliant, are no less useful to mankind, since they at the same time facilitate greatly the operations of commerce, and render safer and more agreeable the lives of mariners. It will at once be seen that we allude to the surveys which have been executed by officers of the Indian Navy, many of whom have given proofs of abilities of no common order, united with a degree of industry, of patience, and of a conscientious sense of duty, which would do honour to any service in the world.

We cannot, of course, hope, within the limits of a single article, to do full justice to all who have in this way deserved well of the public. They are far too numerous, and the field of their exertions lies too widely spread over the surface of the globe. Some selection must be made, some bounds prescribed to our account, though it will be matter of regret to us if we appear to neglect any whose merits entitle them to notice.

For the means of executing the plan we have proposed to ourselves, we are chiefly indebted to the liberal courtesy of Sir Charles Malcolm, who has placed at our disposal a mass of information so rich and varied, that there is reason to fear we may not be able to avail ourselves sufficiently of it. This able and gallant officer was for many years superintendent of the Indian Navy, during which period he applied himself with indefatigable zeal and industry to the acquisition of whatever knowledge might be useful to the service under his charge, or throw light upon its history, or

tend to promote its efficiency in time to come.* All the great surveys, of which we shall have occasion to speak, were undertaken and completed during his administration, and of many, if not of most of them, the idea originated with him. Occasionally, he encountered some difficulty in overcoming the economical scruples of the local government; but in no one instance, we believe, did he ever meet with anything but the most liberal encouragement from the Court of Directors. They seem generally to have understood what course would best promote the interests of commerce and navigation, and to have been anxious that it should be adopted, altogether regardless of the cost. They had, no doubt, the fullest confidence in the superintendent, and were satisfied that he would do nothing but upon principles of the most enlightened economy, which never sacrifices great ends to petty savings, but is careful first to effect the purpose intended, and next to effect it at the least possible expense.

In what manner Sir Charles Malcolm discharged the duties of his office, we shall find it difficult to explain without entering into details, for which we have here no room. Having projected any particular survey, he seems to have entered into the

most careful calculations, not only respecting the force to be employed, but respecting every incidental advantage that might be derived from it, both to the government he served and to science and humanity in general. His instructions, therefore, modestly denominated ‘sailing directions,’ constitute a model of that form of composition. Nothing is overlooked. Chiefly, of course, the interests of the government are considered; but these having been provided for, we find proofs of the most paternal solicitude for the welfare and comfort of all engaged, seamen as well as officers. Next the suggestions of a liberal curiosity present themselves, and the most minute and precise directions are given concerning the manner of conducting inquiries connected more or less intimately with geography, or with the character and manners of the tribes and nations inhabiting the coasts or islands contiguous to the surveying grounds.

But the circumstance most honourable to the superintendent’s character remains still to be mentioned: we mean his earnest and persevering solicitude that all possible credit should be given to the officers under his command, and that their errors, when they happened to commit any, should be judged of with leniency, and as soon as possible

* The comparative strength of the East India Company’s Navy at several periods, from 1829 to the present day, will be seen from the Table here subjoined.

1829.		1831.		1832.		1839.	
Elphinstone.....	18 guns	Elphinstone.....	18 guns	Hastings, 30 guns, frigate.		Hastings,* Revolving ship.	
Amherst.....	18 "	Amherst.....	18 "	Elphinstone.....	18 guns	Coote*.....	18 guns
Clive.....	18 "	Clive.....	18 "	Amherst.....	18 "	Clive*.....	18 "
Coote.....	18 "	Coote.....	18 "	Clive.....	18 "	Elphinstone*.....	18 "
Benares, 14 guns, surv. ship.		Benares, 14 guns, surv. ship.		Coote.....	18 "	Tigris*.....	10 "
Ternate.....	12 guns	Ternate.....	12 guns	Benares, 14 guns, surv. ship.		Euphrates*.....	10 "
Thetis.....	12 "	Thetis.....	12 "	Coote.....	18 "	Tapee*.....	6 "
Nautilus.....	12 "	Nautilus.....	12 "	Ternate.....	12 guns	Constance*.....	3 "
Euphrates.....	10 "	Euphrates.....	10 "	Thetis.....	12 "	Shannon.....	4 "
Tigris.....	10 "	Tigris.....	10 "	Nautilus.....	12 "	Royal Tiger.....	4 "
Palinurus, 8 guns, surveying.		Palinurus.....	8 "	Euphrates.....	10 "	Mahi*.....	3 "
		Royal Tiger, 4 guns, schooner.		Palinurus.....	8 "	Nerbudda*.....	2 "
		Hastings, 30 guns, frigate.		Shannon, 4 guns, schooner.		Margaret*.....	2 "
		STEAM VESSELS.		Royal Tiger, 4 guns, ditto.		Palinurus*.....	8 "
		Hugh Lindsay.		STEAM VESSEL.			
				Hugh Lindsay.		STEAM VESSELS.	
						Atalanta.	
						Berenice.	
						Zenobia.	
						Victoria.	
						Hugh Lindsay.	
						Semiramis.	
						Euphrates.....	Iron Vessels.
						Indus.....	
						Comet.....	
						Meteor.....	

The Sailing Vessels marked thus * were attached to the Indian navy at the close of 1844.

List of Steam Vessels attached to the Indian Navy at the close of the Year 1844.

Name.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.	No. of Guns.	Name.	Tonnage.	Horse Power.	No. of Guns.
Acbar.....	1143	350	6	Indus.....	304	60	2
Auckland.....	946	290	4	Medusa.....	439	70	3
Sesostris.....	876	220	4	Assyria.....	153	40	5
Semiramis.....	960	300	4	Comet.....	204	40	2
Atalanta.....	617	210	3	Conqueror.....	—	—	—
Berenice.....	664	230	3	Meteor.....	149	24	—
Cleopatra.....	770	290	6	Meanece.....	—	—	—
Hugh Lindsay	411	160	2	Nimrod.....	153	40	5
Victoria.....	705	230	3	Napier.....	—	—	—
Zenobia.....	684	280	2	Planet.....	335	60	2
				Satellite.....	335	60	2
				Nitocris.....	153	40	2

† It is understood that this vessel has been condemned, and the ‘Queen,’ from Bengal, put on as a packet in her room.

forgotten. For his sake, and for the sake of all those employed under him, we wish the voluminous records we have perused could be printed entire, because the effect, most unquestionably, would be to impress the public with very high respect for almost every individual concerned. We must not omit to mention our obligations to Mr. Walker, hydrographer to the East India Company, who has kindly laid open to our inspection one of the richest collections of charts in the world, and furnished us besides with information of which few possess more than he, or are more willing to impart it. To several distinguished officers of the Indian Navy we are also much indebted, though we have not their permission to give them the credit which is their due. Hereafter, perhaps, this obstacle may be removed, when it will afford us much gratification to enumerate all those who have in any way been of service to us.

Of the older surveys no record has been preserved. It is merely known, that, in 1788, Captain M'Cluer examined the coast of India, from Bombay to Surat, and from thence round the Gulf of Cambay to Diu Head. Captain Maxfield continued these operations along the peninsula of Guzerat, and Lieutenant Middleton made a cursory survey of the Gulf of Cutch. Up to the year 1828, the whole shore from Mandavi to Karachi Bunder might be considered as almost unknown to navigators. From this point to Cape Guadal, the coast of Mekran had been slightly laid down by Lieutenant Maskal, but from thence to the extreme of the Persian Gulf nothing exact had been done.

East of Cape Comorin, however, an extensive system of operations had for many years been carrying on, though we have been able to obtain no detailed information respecting it. The survey of the China Sea was commenced in 1807, by Captains Ross and Maughan, but proceeded in no regular manner. The parts commenced were the coasts east and west of Macao from Tienpak westward, to the Lema Islands eastward, the various islands and channels being minutely examined. These portions, with separate surveys of the Paracels Islands and shoals, and the coast of Palawan, were sent home and published by the court. A considerable delay then occurred, Captain Ross having been taken with the vessel he commanded, and carried prisoner to Batavia by the French. Being released, he, on his return to India, received charge of another survey of the China seas, which was commenced in 1812, and Captains Maughan and Crawford subsequently joined him. About

this period Captain Haughton was first employed as draughtsman on this service. From that time forward, the survey, for various causes, was carried on in periods much detached, and without any order; the south-eastern part of the China Sea occupying one season; the Natuna, Anamban, Tumbelan Islands, with their channels, parts of the coast of Borneo, the Straits of Gaspar and Carimata, and rocks near the other two seasons. Then was executed a portion of the coast of China, &c. to the great Lema to Namoa Islands, &c. parts of the Pescadores and Formosa, &c. cursory examination of the Bashee Islands and channels. A slight survey of the eastern and eastern coasts of Hainan was made, and several of the harbours were carefully finished. The same was done with the coast of Cochin China, for the purpose of testing the accuracy of the charts made by M. Dayot, an intelligent French officer in the service of the king of that country.

In 1818 and 1819, Captain Ross and his coadjutors were employed on the survey of the entrance of the Straits of Malacca, and the north and south sands within. The party on this duty co-operated in various ways in forming the new settlement of Singapore, under Sir Stamford Raffles, among others, that of constructing minute charts of the harbour, and coasts, and islands adjacent. Connected with the general survey, the officers were engaged in various detached duties on different occasions; some of them of some consequence, the two surveying vessels being ordered to accompany the ships of the embassy to the Gulf of Persia under Lord Amherst, when they proceeded to the mouth of the Peiho river. Subsequently, the officers, on their return, and when detached from the other ships of the embassy, visited and made separate surveys of parts of the coast, and two or three harbours of the province of Shantung. During the progress of the works, many discoveries were made of the highest importance to the navigation of those seas, and points and positions of objects fixed with accuracy, which had long been desiderata from the extreme want of correctness in the former charts.

In 1820, the surveys of the China seas were closed, and the vessels returned to Bombay; various circumstances, we believe combining at the time to render this measure necessary. Much more would have been done on the coast of China, and the parts immediately adjacent, had circumstances permitted; but the greatest caution was then supposed to be requisite, for fear of

giving offence to the Chinese government. There was no doubt that the operations, when anywhere near the shores, were closely watched, as, on approaching any of the harbours, particularly at Amoy, war-boats cruised about, or anchored near the ships. This was the case, also, off Formosa and Corea. The surveyors' exertions, therefore, were necessarily cramped by the strict injunctions laid upon them to avoid giving offence, and much less was effected than the time expended would have seemed to warrant. There is still in those regions a vast field opened to the inquirer. The Gulf of Tonquin and its extensive shores, though so comparatively close to our principal settlement in the farther east, are entirely unknown. Much has, no doubt, been done of late on the shores of the Yellow Sea, but a vast deal yet remains unexplored.

Towards the close of 1815, the Court of Directors ordered the Bombay government to take the necessary steps towards obtaining a correct chart of the western coast of the Gulf of Persia; but this order produced no effect till 1820, when Captain Maughan and Lieutenant Guy, in the 'Discovery' and 'Psyche,' were sent into the Gulf. On the labours of the first of these officers it is unnecessary to dwell, because he quitted the undertaking abruptly, and no exact idea of what he accomplished can now be formed. Upon his withdrawal, Lieutenant Guy in the 'Discovery,' and Lieutenant Cogan in the 'Psyche,' obstructed by fever, and the necessity of sailing hither and thither in search of water and supplies, proceeded slowly with their task. In the beginning, however, of 1822, Lieutenant Guy forwarded a report to government, containing an interesting sketch of the pirate coast, which in 1809 had been the scene of successful operations against the Joasmi.

These men, trusting as much to the difficult nature of their country as to their personal courage, in which, however, they were by no means deficient, had from time immemorial carried on the profession of piracy, at first sparing British vessels, but ultimately capturing them and murdering their crews, in common with those of all other nations. To pursue them was a work of much hazard and difficulty, owing chiefly to our ignorance of the peculiar character of their haunts. Lieutenant Guy, taking up the survey where it had been left by Captain Maughan, found the coasts to consist of bays, coves, and inlets, until then wholly unexplored by Europeans, and considered dangerous from the supposed great depth of water, strong currents, and sunken rocks.

This part of the coast of Arabia being

mostly a low sand and in many places just visible from the ship's anchorage, with an almost constant surf on the beach, without an object for many miles, as stations, the task of surveying it was one of great difficulty. Proceeding northward along the shore, the native name of which is 'Roosah Jebel,' or the mountainous capes, and correcting numerous errors as they went along, they arrived at the Island Aboneid, which lies nearly in the same meridian of longitude as Aboothabee. This island affords good shelter from the prevailing winds in the gulf. The Arabs resort to it in the season for the purpose of catching fish, which are found in great quantities, and are immediately salted down, with salt found on the spot. Their principal market is Bahrain, where they barter their fish for grain and dates.

In some places Captain Guy found the coast much further to the southward than was supposed, with many islands and deep inlets, to the extent of twenty or thirty miles, not only totally unknown to Europeans, but also to the Arabs about Rassulkhyma and Shoorga. He discovered twenty-seven islands and islets, mostly low, with some narrow ship channels between; and, although there were considerable dangers, upon the whole the way proved much clearer than was expected. The part of the coast where a landing was made, turned out very low and swampy, without any vegetable production. There were no inhabitants; but the tracks of many camels were to be seen, which shows that caravans are in the habit of passing to and fro.

The last group of islands explored by Captain Guy consisted of nine, on which were found 300 or 400 inhabitants, who had quitted the town of El-Biddah when their houses were burned by the Hon. Company's brig 'Vestal.' The coast from El-Biddah to Aboothabee is inhabited by tribes of wandering Arabs, and it is only when you are the stronger party, that you can expect to be safe from being plundered. The waters found there are so brackish as to be unfit for use. A high compliment has been paid to the characters of the officers employed under Captain Guy:—Lieutenant Brucks, Lieutenant Cogan, and Lieutenant Houghton, afterwards Indian navy draughtsman. The last mentioned officer adds to great knowledge in his particular profession a fine taste for drawing. Indeed he is, in every respect, a highly accomplished man. Mr. Horsburgh, the late hydrographer to the East India Company, entertained the most favourable opinion of his talents, and very much admired the beautiful manner in which

he worked up and finished the charts which were sent home. Lieutenant Haines, who has since so remarkably distinguished himself for the survey of the Gulf of Aden, with the south coast of Arabia and Socotra, as well as a politician, was among the most useful of Captain Guy's assistants. Lieutenants Rogers and Whitelock likewise gave proofs of great talents.

On the 11th of February, 1823, Lieutenant Brucks succeeded to Captain Guy, who returned to the presidency, and shortly after died. By the month of April, 1825, the whole western coast of the Gulf of Persia had been completely surveyed, after which the ships employed in the service returned to the presidency. Early in the following year Lieutenant Brucks resumed operations, with orders to examine the head of the gulf, to visit the dangerous shoals called the Scorpion and Serpent, and then to proceed down the coast of Persia. In order to form some idea of the difficulties encountered in these operations, as well as of the energy and perseverance of the gentlemen employed, it may be observed that, in the course of a fortnight, in spite of all the obstacles they met with from the extensive sand-flats, running sometimes nearly three miles off shore, through which the officers and men had to wade middle deep, they were enabled to complete a distance of seventy-nine miles.

In the prosecution of this part of their enterprise, they observed an extraordinary phenomenon not previously noticed by any navigators. It was in the month of May, the weather being extremely sultry, when the winds blowing seawards brought along with them prodigious clouds of dust, so fine, and of so little specific gravity, that they were held in suspension in the air, and created the appearance of a thick haze, which prevented persons from seeing objects, and continued sometimes for two days together. The vast quantity of soil thus carried away from the surface of the desert can with difficulty be conceived; but it must be obvious that, if bound and fixed by moisture, the whole of the tracts from which it is brought might be rendered fertile.

There can scarcely be a doubt that, at the head of the Persian Gulf, the process which has taken place in the valley of the Nile is rapidly going on, and that it will gradually become dry. While surveying opposite the mouths of the rivers, more especially the Shat-el-Arab, the vessels could not approach within less than sixteen miles of the shore, while at the same time it is so low as not to be visible more than five. They were reduced accordingly to

depend on floating objects for preserving their trigonometrical chain.

At the embouchure of the Hindian river, which the Baron de Bode has shown to be the Abi-Shiren of Timur's historians, there exists a large mud-bank covered with bulrushes, which was at one time supposed completely to obstruct the entrance. This river abounds with fish, among which is one which sticks to the bottom of boats, and unless great care be taken to remove it, produces leaks. From this point Captain Brucks continued his operations with indefatigable industry, and having subjected the whole of the Persian coast within the gulf, together with the several islands, banks, and shoals, to a careful examination, completed the survey in the summer of 1828.

On the 3d of June of the same year, Sir Charles Malcolm succeeded Captain Buchanan as superintendent of the Indian navy. In the February of 1829 Captain Brucks, who up to that point had been employed in surveying the coasts of Arabia and Persia outside the straits, made over the charge of the 'Benares' to Lieutenant Haines, who proceeded with the examination of the shore of Mekran. In April of the same year, this latter officer visited and laid down the bay and harbour of Karachi, though the native authorities showed the greatest possible reluctance to permit him. They appeared to have a presentiment of what was to take place.

As it had now been determined by the Indian government that a rapid communication should be kept up between Great Britain and India by steam, it was resolved to undertake the survey of the Red Sea, which was to constitute a part of the great highway to the East. The officers appointed to carry on this work were Captain Elwon, in the 'Benares,' whose surveying ground extended from Jiddah to the Straits of Babel-mandeb, and Captain Moresby in the 'Palinurus,' who was to take all that part of the sea which stretches from Jiddah northward to Suez.

The reasons which determined the government of India to enter upon this laborious undertaking were chiefly two: first, the dangers to navigation arising from an almost entire ignorance of the configuration and soundings of both coasts of the Red Sea; and, second, the necessity of ascertaining the disposition and political predilections of the inhabitants, more especially on the Arabian shore. A very anomalous state of things was in general known to exist; but it could not with certainty be foreseen how it might affect us, or whether steam navigation would in fact be practicable during the

prevalence of that political excitement which then prevailed, more or less, throughout Arabia.

It does not belong to our present subject to state all the causes which at that time disturbed the minds of the Arabs. It may be sufficient, perhaps, to observe that Mohammed Ali was aiming at the subjugation of the whole peninsula, and that his designs being perfectly known at Constantinople, the sultan, unable to oppose him openly, was believed to have engaged clandestinely many of Mohammed Ali's officers and men in his service, and that, through the agency of these, several insurrections and revolts took place. At any rate there were two strong parties in Arabia, that of the pasha, and that of the sultan, while some of the Albanian chiefs were at the bottom attached to neither, but eager to set up some little petty sovereignty for themselves.

In the hands of individuals engaged in such intrigues, all the ports on the Arabian coast, and even some on that of Abyssinia, then were, and it seemed doubtful to the government of Bombay, whether it would be safe or practicable to establish coal depôts in places so anarchical, or where supreme authority appeared every moment in danger of passing into new hands. It entered, therefore, into the plan of the survey of the Red Sea to make a sort of moral and political survey of the tempers of the ruling powers, as well as of the inclinations of the people under their sway.

The character of Mohammed Ali was then, as it still is, an enigma to most persons. Generally he would seem to have obtained credit for good feeling towards Great Britain, though they who knew him best have always been persuaded that he views our influence in the East with intense jealousy, and that while for the profit it brings him, and through fear of the consequences of giving offence, he is unwilling absolutely to prohibit our passage through his country, he lives in perpetual dread of us, not being able to comprehend an honest, straightforward policy, or to believe that we entertain any other design than that of ultimately seizing upon Egypt.

This view of his character is supported by numerous circumstances which transpired during the period of the survey: the detention of the Surat fleet at Mocha, and the hostility manifested by the Company's agent at Jiddah so soon as the government of the place had been bestowed upon him by the pasha. Ostensibly no doubt his highness showed every disposition to forward our enterprise; but it was known that from the Gulf of Acaba to Hadramaut, he exerted himself to sow dissensions between the Be-

douins and the English. One of his reasons for this conduct arose from his having assumed in Egypt not the character of a sovereign only, but those of a merchant and manufacturer also, and his interest in these latter capacities was often at variance with his interest as a prince. It might, for example, have greatly improved his revenues to encourage the commercial intercourse of the English with his Arabian possessions, but, actuated by the petty jealousy of a trader, he sought to substitute throughout his miserable Egyptian fabrics for ours. These facts it is necessary to bear in mind, when considering the obstacles with which our officers had to struggle during the five years in which they were engaged in the survey of the Red Sea.

It would be altogether impossible for us to give anything like a history of the scientific operations carried on by Captains Elwon and Moresby. Nor, from the very nature of the thing, could it be interesting to the general reader if we could. Our object is rather to direct attention to the subject, and thus, in a popular manner, to do justice to the officers engaged, than to enter into scientific details which would here be wholly out of place. In order to illustrate the nature of the obstacles which were sometimes to be surmounted, we may allude briefly to the skilful policy which the superintendent found it necessary to pursue in order to procure a survey of the Gulf of Acaba. As the principal object of course was to facilitate steam communication with India, it was thought by the Bombay government, at the head of which Lord Clare then was, that as there was no absolute necessity for deviating from the route proposed to be pursued by the steamers, the examination of the Gulf of Acaba would be superfluous, though it might throw some light on the science of geography.

This, however, was not considered an adequate motive for incurring any additional expense, and Sir Charles Malcolm was accordingly informed that it would not be undertaken. Perceiving how matters stood he omitted to press the subject further at the time, but afterwards, as if incidentally, suggested that since steamers might by bad weather or otherwise be compelled to enter the mouth of the gulf, it might, perhaps, be as well to survey it cursorily a little way up. To this no decided objection was made, and the cursory examination took place. It was next hinted, that as the direct route through Egypt might probably be obstructed by political events which would compel us to communicate with India through Syria, a knowledge of the Gulf of Acaba would then be of

great service, and, that as it was intended the 'Palinurus' should survey a part of it, it might, perhaps, be as well, if government saw no decided objection, to glance rapidly over the whole. The governor-in-council at length, with much reluctance, consented to this arrangement, upon which the superintendent directed Captain Moresby to make a thorough examination of that part of the Red Sea, and to this piece of manœuvring we accordingly owe it, that that most important undertaking was not left incomplete.

While the scientific operations were in progress several of the younger and more enterprising officers were permitted, and even encouraged, to make land excursions on all sides, for the purpose of improving our knowledge of the regions conterminous to the Red Sea. Thus the peninsula of Sinai was visited by Lieutenant Wellsted, who afterwards, in company with Lieutenant Carless, traversed the desert between Kosseir and the Saïd, and passed some time with the author of the present article at Thebes. There, at night, in the tombs, or sitting in the Hall of Columns at Karnak, or wandering up and down through avenues of sphinxes, or among the shapeless and tottering huts of the Arabs, they would relate their adventures in Arabia, or describe the tedious process by which the future navigation of the Red Sea was to be rendered safe and easy. As the results of most of their journeys have been already given to the public, it is unnecessary to dwell further on them here. It may be worth while, however, to introduce the substance of Captain Elwon's manuscript account of his visit to Gebel Tier, or the Mountain of Birds, a volcano in partial activity in the midst of the Red Sea.

"In February the weather being unexpectedly fine, I proceeded," he says, "from Ockban Island to Gebel Tier, thirty miles westward. We had soundings on the bank for the first sixteen miles, gradually deepening to thirty-eight fathoms mud, and, afterwards, no ground at 150 fathoms. I expected to make the island the following morning, and indeed saw it at two o'clock, but the wind being light, did not reach it until next evening, when we hove to. In the morning we still found ourselves about four miles to the east, and at daylight observed issuing from the base of its peaks a white smoke which rolled along the top of the island, and, borne away by the light breeze, formed a long streak in the air. We ran along the south and western sides, but, finding no anchorage, hove to, and, during the day, surveyed the shores and neighbouring waters. Gebel Tier, when viewed from the sea, presents the most barren and dreary

aspect, the cinders by which it is covered imparting to it a bluish colour approaching to black.

"As all the officers were anxious to ascend the summit, I allowed as many as I could spare to go in the morning, and in the afternoon made one of the second party, together with my Parsee attendant, who wished to see what he called the 'sacred fire.' I landed on the western side of the island on a small sandy patch, and proceeded towards the peak over masses of rock burnt to cinders. This continued all the way, but after reaching the top of the hills which surround the island, and while going over them to the base of the peaks, we found the surface covered with a crust so thoroughly calcined that it frequently gave way under our feet. I accordingly began to think this track by no means a safe one, as I might unexpectedly fall into some of the deep chasms underneath.

"As there was very little wind the efforts we made to get forward caused us to feel more sensibly the intense heat of the sun. The few stunted bushes scattered here and there in the crevices being too thinly leaved to afford any shade, I attempted to obtain shelter under the rocks, but finding them very much like the sides of an oven, I had no alternative but to proceed. In half an hour from the time of our landing I reached the base of the peaks, and had hardly commenced ascending the largest when I observed the smoke issuing from it in many places, which, on examination, I found to be cups or craters covered with a crust, and a softish earth with tufts of coarse grass, which was damp and yielded to the feet: in the side of each of these hollows was a small opening where the smoke had vent. I threw stones down one of them and believe the depth was considerable. Near the summit of this peak is a bed of smoking sulphur, covered with a white crust, which obliged us to keep to windward in order to avoid the offensive smell. Some of it was dug out to bring away, but proved by far too hot to be kept in the hand.

"On the apex is a hollow cup, like an inverted cone, with smoke issuing from the bottom. Its circumference may be about 150 feet, and the depth fifty feet. There is also on the northern peak the remains of a crater whose circuit must have been upwards of 200 feet, and its depth nearly seventy. Smaller basins, from four to ten feet across, are scattered on every side at the foot of the larger peak. From apertures at the bottom of several of these, steam and hot air were issuing. The edges were slightly raised and coated with lava hanging in the

form of stalactites. This substance, from its generally dark bright colours, would seem to have been recently thrown out, as, had it been exposed to the sun and air for any considerable time, it would have lost its brightness, and become as dull as other parts of the same matter in its neighbourhood. But it is to be observed it was only in the holes this shining appearance was seen, because the exposure to the sun, though considerable, was not so great as outside, where the lava was uniformly of a dull colour. The largest of these holes is about thirty feet in circumference, and perhaps nearly as much in depth. We saw no smoke issuing from any of them; but in consequence of the bright appearance already mentioned, some of the party not inaptly denominated them the 'Devil's Pitch Pots.' We also saw some pieces of the lava in the holes as red as brick. Wherever we pierced the crust of the cones smoke issued forth, but I saw no flame from any part. Above half way down the peak we discovered an oblong cave, with no aperture but the small one by which we entered. It was nearly forty-five feet in diameter, and thirty high. The sides, like those of the hollows above described, were entirely composed of lava. The course of the eruptions had been south-east, as appears from a broad winding stream of red and black lava, which flows down the sloping sides of the hills into the sea. I commenced tracing it, but the lateness of the evening obliged me return on board.

"There are three names for this island. The Indians call it 'Gebel Tier,' or the 'Hill of Birds,' from the number of sea-fowls that resort to it; the inhabitants of the eastern shores of Sahar, near Muskat, name it 'Gebel Dokhan,' or the 'Hill of Smoke;' while the Arabian Abyssinians denominate it 'Gebel Sabain,' or the 'Hill without Anchorage.' It is very nearly round, being from north to south one mile and three quarters, and from east to west one mile and a half. The perpendicular height of the peak is 906 feet above the level of the sea. From the base it has a gradual ascent for half a mile, when you come to a range of hills about 300 feet high, which terminates in a steep rocky bluff on the south end of the island. On the top of this range you again gradually ascend to the peaks, which, from their base, may be about 100 feet high.

"The island consists of rocks until you arrive at the peak, which is formed of cinders, ashes, and what has been thrown out by the different eruptions. The largest peak is of a brown sandy colour; the other

forms a beautiful cone when seen from the south and west, and is covered with black ashes. From its appearance we may infer there must originally have been tremendous explosions, which have rent the island, and left many large caverns, and covered the surface with the solid rock scattered in fragments and burnt to cinders.

"Boats used formerly to visit it for sulphur, until an accident happened that occasioned the practice to be discontinued. Two men, about fifteen years ago, approached too near the brink of the crater on the southern peak, and were precipitated into it, in consequence of the earth and stone giving way beneath them. One was killed, but the other, although severely injured, is reported to be still living at Koomsedah. Since then, the Arabs believe it to be the resort of evil spirits, and their boats never stop there at night, both on this account, and also because there is no proper anchorage for them."

We have already alluded to the disturbed state of political affairs in the Red Sea at the time when the survey was commenced. The officers employed in this service by no means mixed themselves up with the events in progress, though it was impossible for them to avoid observing and reporting to their government the occurrences that took place. This, however, they generally did briefly and simply, without indulging in comment or speculation. The circumstances of those times have been grossly misrepresented by the agents of France, who, without the slightest proof or probability, have boldly attributed every insurrectionary movement to the instigation of Great Britain. We shall here give the concise possible narrative of the principal events which arose out of the struggles of Mohammed Ali and the sultan to obtain ascendancy on the shores of the Red Sea.

The Osmanlistook possession of the southern ports in the Red Sea in the name of the Sultan of Constantinople and Turki Bilmas. This man, a Georgian by birth, in conjunction with Zeman Aga, threw off the authority of the Pasha at Jiddah. The occasion was as follows;—twenty months' arrears of pay were due to their troops. This they demanded of Kourshid Bey, the Governor of Mecca, who unable, without permission, to satisfy them, referred the matter to the decision of the pasha. He, in pursuance of his usual system of policy, wrote back, desiring Kourshid to temperize with the troops until he could send their chiefs to Cairo, where the fate that awaited them may easily be conjectured. This despatch was intercepted by Turki Bilmas, who thereupon at

once declared for the sultan. He had along with him 500 or 600 Albanians, the remains of two regiments that had served against the Wahabis. He seized on the public treasure and stores both at Mecca and Jiddah, but abstained from plundering the inhabitants, though their wealth offered a strong temptation to his Albanians. He then took possession of the pasha's ships in the harbour of the latter city, and sailed for Mokha, which he fortified and held for some years, in spite of all the pasha's efforts to recover it. During this period, moreover, he seized on all the other ports in Southern Arabia.

Turki Bilmas likewise occupied Massuah, on the Abyssinian side, towards the latter end of March, 1833. A ship called the 'Kundeel,' with a few troops, was sent on this duty. Immediately on arrival, the acting kaimakan went on board, and after the usual salutation, returned to the shore, accompanied by Abderahman, who superseded him as kaimakan, the commander of the Turkish troops, and about forty wretched and sickly-looking followers, composed of Turks and blacks. Not a gun was fired in defence of the place. An attempt was also made to take possession of Aden, but the Bedouins assembled on the night of the Turks' landing, and after killing ten of them, with Hussein, captain of the ship 'Foolk,' beat them off, upon which they returned to Mokha.

In June, when the 'Palinurus' lay at Jiddah, Turki Bilmas was on his way to attack that place and Mecca, in conjunction with the Bedouin tribes. This caused considerable alarm; the forts were repaired, and troops placed on board several Arab ships in the harbour. But on the report of Mohammed Ali's successes the Bedouins only amused Turki Bilmas with promises of co-operation, and he at last gave up the design, and returned towards the south. Everything, meanwhile, wore a warlike aspect at Jiddah. Guns, stores, and troops, were poured in from Egypt; 20,000 dollars were sent for the purchase of ships, and three were bought during the stay of the 'Palinurus.' There were also several gun-boats building, and a frigate's crew, officers and men, was sent to man them. Turki Bilmas and his fleet reached Mokha, on the 22nd of July.

During the period that this city was in the hands of the rebel Albanians, there was not the slightest safety for person or property. Even British subjects, though we have been said to have occasioned and encouraged the rebellion, met with as little favour as the most helpless strangers, from which it may possibly be inferred that in reality we had

nothing to do with the matter. To show what the position we occupied was, we shall relate a few of the circumstances connected with the detention of the Surat fleet, and the attempts which were made by an officer of one of the Company's ships of war to liberate it.

Captain Lowe arrived at Mokha in the Honourable Company's brig of war 'Nautilus,' on May 29, and finding the fleet detained, despatched a boat with an officer to request that the commander of the vessels might be suffered to come on board, which, however, the governor would not allow. In the evening a party sent to land the agent was attacked by several men with drawn swords, with the intention of detaining them. In this, however, they failed, and the boat returned without any accident to the ship. About nine at night the agent was sent off by the governor to apologize for this insult, which he said was offered without his orders, adding, that he had confined the men in consequence. On the following morning the Nakodhas came on board, and gave in a written complaint against the governor. The season, however, being late, and the north-west wind setting in, they, in consequence of the detention of the fleet, determined not to proceed to Jiddah that year, but to forward their cargoes in bugallas. But though they and their crews were allowed to have free communication with the ship, their cargoes and baggage were for a time detained on shore. The state of things, meanwhile, was such, that not one of the Surat merchants thought his life in safety for twenty-four hours, and it was apprehended that the slightest attempt on the part of the 'Nautilus,' to bring the governor to reason by force, would be the immediate signal for a general massacre of all British subjects, plunder of the town, and retreat inland, so that the most that could be done was to protect the vessels in the harbor.

The real cause of the detention of the fleet and all the vessels appears to have been the fear entertained that they might assist the people of Jiddah, by bringing troops against them. On Captain Lowe's arrival, Turki Bilmas was reported to be at a place called Berk, about half-way between Mokha and Jiddah, with two ships, and three brigs, and about 1200 men. As we have seen, he altered his intention of proceeding to attack Jiddah, and returned to Mokha. His efforts at rendering himself independent of Mohammed Ali, which was what he meant by asserting the authority of the sultan, were unfortunate. He was driven in succession from all the other places upon which he had seized, and shut up in Mokha with greatly

reduced forces, having not more than 500 followers. He was, nevertheless, determined to hold out as long as possible, and actually maintained his position for nearly two years.

But at length the Bedouin army, belonging to the Assair tribe, under their chief, Ali Mujjeittel, amounting to 20,000 men, advanced to Mokha, and on the 10th of December quietly surrounded it on the land side. The commander then sent a flag of truce to Turki Bilmas, but without coming to terms. From the 10th to the 13th, desultory firing took place, and in the morning of the latter day the town was stormed and soon carried by the Arabs. Several of the rebel Turks attempted to make their escape by launching some small open boats from the beach, on the sea face of the town. In these, leaky as they were, they endeavoured without sails or oars to reach the 'Benares' and the Honourable Company's brig of war 'Tigris,' which had just arrived. The wind and weather being strong against them, they found it impossible, and were fast drifting out to sea, where they must have inevitably perished, had not our boats been sent to their assistance, by which means we saved 120 of our fellow-creatures from being drowned. As these men lay half-naked and bleeding on the deck, they appeared to one of our officers, who has traversed a large portion of Asia, to be the finest men he had ever seen. Among them was Turki Bilmas, without a particle of property except the clothes he stood in. He was conveyed on board the 'Tigris,' Lieutenant Wells commanding. Forty of Turki Bilmas' followers, Arnauts, immediately left in a buggala for Muskat, and others of them soon followed. The Arab chief, Ali Mujjeittel, gave his troops three whole days' plunder of Mokha. They broke open every door and plundered every dwelling. According to the practice universal in the East, the inhabitants, previous to making their escape, dug pits in the floors of the houses, where they deposited their treasures, in the hope of being afterwards allowed to return and recover them. They, of course, stamped and beat the earth hard, in order to conceal the aperture to the excavation, but the Bedouins, well acquainted with the practices of their countrymen, easily discovered the means of detecting where their treasures lay. They poured a quantity of water on the floor of the houses, which running over that part which had remained undisturbed, sank where the earth had been recently moved. The assailants lost 350 killed, and 300 wounded; Turki Bilmas only fifty.

The survey of the Red Sea, which had

occupied Captain Moresby during four years and seven months, and Captain Elwon during a considerable portion of that time, was at length completed in the month of April, 1834, the 'Palinurus' having first sailed on September the 11th, 1829, and the 'Benares' on October the 6th of the same year. This work was received by the Court of Directors with great satisfaction, and a most splendid chart for general use was printed, under the personal inspection of the late Mr. Horsburgh. During the progress of this survey, as we have already observed, several very interesting tours were made on shore, on both sides of the sea, by the officers belonging to the 'Benares' and 'Palinurus.' Lieutenants Wellsted and Carless, but particularly the former, principally distinguished themselves for their memoirs, some of which have been published by the Royal Geographical Society in England, and others by the Bombay Geographical Society. A very complete journal was kept by Captain Elwon during the progress of the survey, which contained a great deal of nautical, meteorological, statistical, and topographical information. This journal was deposited in the hands of the Secretary to the Bombay Geographical Society, and has supplied its transactions with very valuable materials.

This great undertaking having been brought to a conclusion, Sir Charles Malcolm next directed his attention to Socotra and the southern coast of Arabia, which until then had been extremely little known. It was at that time the intention of the Indian government to purchase the island of Socotra, with the design of making it the principal coal depôt between Egypt and India. The course of the negotiations we shall presently describe. With respect to the shore of Hadramaut, upon which also it was intended to establish coal depôts, the necessity of an exact survey had long been felt. Scarcely were its leading features, its great bays, promontories, and inlets, known to navigators. There was an error of eighty-five miles in the longitude of Makallah, and the topography of the Kuria Muria group was so imperfectly understood, that a place on one of the islands was fixed upon for a coal depôt, which storms and currents rendered unapproachable during several months in the year. On the other hand, imaginary dangers had been stationed at several points of the coast, which all vanished like shadows when the light of experience had been brought to bear upon them. It was even found that the face of the marine belt of Hadramaut, and the character of its inhabitants, were grievously misunderstood, rivulets, and groves, and green sward, existing where

there had been supposed to be nothing but sand, and people tolerably advanced in civilisation where the traveller had been taught to look for half-naked, houseless savages. The chief command was given to Captain Haines, now Governor of Aden, who displayed throughout the greatest professional skill, together with that distinguished ability and aptitude for diplomacy, which have since conferred upon him so deserved a reputation. He left Bombay in September 26, 1833, and, after running up the gulf with despatches, reached his ground off Cape Isolette towards the middle of November, and in about a month from that time had finished a hundred miles of the coast. He was then called away to survey Socotra, which he did to the entire satisfaction of government. During the time he was employed on this service he sent Lieutenant Wellsted, his assistant-surveyor, with Mr. Midshipman Cruttenden, a very clever young officer who had picked up, with wonderful quickness, the Arab language, in which Lieutenant Wellsted was deficient, to travel into the interior, and there gain such information on the nature and character of the country and its inhabitants as would enable him to put government in full possession of everything connected with that island. Lieutenant Ormsby and Dr. Hulton, and Mr. Smith, clerk of the 'Palinurus,' afterwards traversed a great part of its mountainous region, and added something to the stock of information gained by Lieutenant Wellsted.

In pursuance of orders, Captain Haines then proceeded to Kisseen, to obtain from the principal chiefs of the Moharah tribe who there reside, and to whom the island for ages back has owed allegiance, permission to survey Socotra. He anchored at this place on the 28th of December, 1833, and, on the 31st, had a conference with the two young sultans, Ahmed Ibn Saïd and Abdullah Ibn Affick, who gave him full powers to do whatever he thought proper on the island, and a firman directed to the chiefs to show him every civility. This detained him until the 4th of January, when he left Kisseen, and on the 9th, arrived at Tamarede, the capital of Socotra. On the 10th he commenced a trigonometrical survey, and continued it without intermission until the 14th of March. On his return to Tamarede, after having made the circuit of the island, he says, it was with the utmost satisfaction he found, that on the whole measurement of the island, 197½ miles in circumference, he was only out 186 yards.

It was a laborious survey on account of the wind and sea they had at times to encounter, and the short period occupied in its

execution, Captain Haines being anxious to fulfil the wishes of his superiors, who desired the plan of the island to be sent, by the first steamer. They worked, therefore, incessantly, Sundays not excepted, and every officer on board, the captain observes in his report, zealously rendered him every possible assistance.

When half the island had been completed, Captain Haines received a letter from Omar Ibn Tuaree, the eldest of the three sultans, directing him to suspend his examination of the island, and join him at Kisseen to hold another conference. Knowing their customs and intrigues, however, and that all the chief wanted was some trifling present, Captain Haines paid no attention to his request. Omar Ibn Tuaree was a blind old man who had been dethroned, if the term may be so applied, by his subjects. He still, however, when he went over to the island, exacted a slight tribute—merely a few dollars in coin or ghee—and exercised, therefore, some power.

Having continued operations during several months, with the usual interruptions from bad weather, Captain Haines returned in June to Tamarede, where he learned that during his absence very extraordinary reports had been circulated to the disadvantage of the English. The inquiries he instituted into this matter, brought out into strong relief one of the most striking characteristics of the inhabitants.

The first day he visited the shore after his arrival, the agent told him of these reports. One was to the effect that they had not only robbed the inhabitants of their cattle, but had entered their houses by force, fired through the doors and windows to intimidate the inmates, and plundered both men and women of their clothing, of which they had very little at any time, and committed other acts of violence. On hearing this, Captain Haines sent for the principal man, and questioned him regarding these rumours. He evasively said, it was all false, that the English were very kind to the poor round the island; but that it was an act of policy, and, indeed, necessary to tell lies now and then, particularly if you were to gain thereby. Such is their character. Still for the safety of the agent and the coal after the departure of the ship, Captain Haines thought it necessary to do all he could, which was to point out to the people of the island the advantages they would derive from good behaviour. He also left for the sultan, should he come over the next season, a letter written in English, and translated literally into Arabic and Socotran.

In pointing out the inconveniences of the

coal depôt in Socotra, Captain Haines enters into some details which may serve to throw light on the manners of the islanders. It appears that June and July are the months in which the dates require the utmost care and vigilance of the inhabitants. The towns and villages are then almost totally deserted for the palm groves, where they remain to guard the fruit, as well as to preserve them from being blown off by the violence of the winds, which they do by tying the branches together. Frequently they are covered with mats, which retard the process of ripening, and cause great quantities of the dates to decay. This may, in part, account for the produce not being sufficient for the consumption of the island. The boats of the Socotrans, during this period, are hauled up under the trees, and considerable distance inland, and money, unless to an enormous amount, would not induce them to leave their dates to chance, and labour for strangers.

In the month of October, 1834, Captain Haines, who had returned to Bombay, was despatched to the coast of Arabia with the following instructions:—

“Winds and weather permitting, you will proceed to sea without delay, in the H. C. surveying brig, ‘*Palinurus*,’ under your command, and sail direct to Kisseen, on the coast of Arabia, in order to negotiate with the chiefs who hold the sovereignty of Socotra, for the purchase of that island.

“You will receive for the above purpose 10,000 German crowns, but the Governor-General of India in council trusts that you will be enabled to buy this land for a much smaller sum, and the less money you pay, the more credit you will derive. Your personal knowledge of these chiefs and their character will enable you to negotiate to advantage with them.

“A draft of the treaty to be concluded with the proprietors of Socotra accompanies this order, which will serve as a model for the one actually to be concluded, which may be more or less altered as circumstances may require.

“As soon as you have completed with the chiefs the purchase of Socotra, you will proceed immediately to that island, and take formal possession in the name of the Honourable East India Company, according to the terms of the treaty.

“Should you deem it expedient, you may take from Kisseen a chief accredited from the others to make over the island to you; but only in the event of such being a case of necessity; and it will be advisable not to allow any of the men who have had authority there, to fix their residence on the island.

“You will probably find the detachment who are to be left in possession of Socotra, already there, and to the commandant, who will be furnished with the necessary instructions, you will without delay make over the charge of the island. Should the troops not have arrived, you will await their coming, employing yourself and officers in collecting such information as may prove useful to the

officer who takes command, or in adding to your knowledge of the sea between Abdul Kuria and Socotra, taking care not to be out of the way when the troops arrive.

“Should you remain any time before the landing of the troops, you will use your best endeavours to conciliate the inhabitants; but as the intentions of government are not known as to the mode in which it will be governed, you will make no promises further than assuring the natives that their happiness will be the first consideration of government; but if the commandant of the troops be arrived, you will in no way interfere when you have made the island over to him.”

This negotiation, however, proved unsuccessful. When Captain Haines was at Kisseen he immediately waited on the old sultan, Omar Ibn Tuaree, and stated to him the wishes of the Bombay government. He appeared, however, to have insuperable objections. In fact, the island did not belong to him, but to his tribe; though he claimed the revenue, when he could get it, as his own. Yet he could not dispose of the island without entailing the vengeance of the other chiefs upon him. This was certain. His own words were that he could not take such a step; for by the act his character would be lost in the estimation of his tribe, as he would be disposing of what was not his own, but their birth-right; the island being the gift of God to the Moharabs, and should remain so, so far as he had anything to do with it, as long as the heavens were above him. He knew the English could take it, but he would neither give nor sell it; money should not obtain it. The arguments respecting the intrinsic value of the island to his government were true, but he would not part with it. This was the old man's determination from the first, and to it he firmly and resolutely adhered to the last. The nephews, Ahmed and Abdulla, might, perhaps, have been prevailed upon, but the uncle's influence and power, in connection with those of the Saïd, were predominant.

In representing the objections of this old chief to government, Captain Haines tacitly pronounced a very high eulogium on him. He said that no amount of money could induce him to part with what he considered his birthright; not that it was of much value to him in a pecuniary sense, but that it secured him the affection and respect of his tribe. In short, riches would not compensate him for the loss of character, and that good name which he hoped to leave behind among his people. Here, then, the love of fame was not an infirmity, but synonymous with the pride of virtue. The fact, moreover, proves that public opinion exercises as powerful a sway among the Moharabs as among the rest of the Arab race, who, more

than any other half-civilized people, covet the privilege of being respected by each other. The Indian government, expecting no difficulties of this kind, had already landed a small force on Socotra, which it earnestly desired to obtain. But finding that it could not do so without committing an act of injustice, it ultimately withdrew the troops, and applied itself to discover some other locality, where its wishes might be opposed by no such moral obstacles. If no other reasons, therefore, existed for believing the grounds to be legitimate upon which we afterwards took possession of Aden, it would be fair to draw the inference from the above fact alone. In both cases the officer employed was Captain Haines, who, so far from being the unscrupulous politician which certain French agents would insinuate, actually ventured in his despatches to government, to overstep the limits of his duty and give political advice. This, of course, was done ably and delicately, though no doubt could be entertained respecting the character of his opinions. It is not, therefore, to be believed, that what he would not recommend, or the government perform, in the case of Socotra, would be perpetrated in the case of Aden.

It should, moreover, be observed, that although there exists, as we have said, a public opinion among the Arabs, it is far from being an enlightened one. Power, with these people, is a sacred thing; and they do not therefore accustom themselves to question its acts. Captain Haines, consequently, was of opinion that though our taking temporary possession of Socotra might make them suspicious of us, they would very soon have been reconciled to our sway; for the philosophic mind of an Arab conforms to everything, under the idea that all is for the best, and that God wills it. Besides, there are so many distinct tribes, each at enmity with its neighbour, that whatever may tend to annoy or disturb the peace of one, would gratify the other, and it is an act they are daily guilty of themselves. Might, with them, is right; and when conversing with many of them on the subject, they spoke of it as an act justified by our strength. 'Why not take it? It belongs to no one. They have no government or laws. Go you, and make them increase trade. Establish a port, and it will tend to promote the general good.'

The African coast, outside the strait of Babelmandeb, is so extremely unhealthy, that during three months of the year, as many of the inhabitants as are able quit it and pass over to Arabia, where they commonly live in hovels, erected about the sub-

urbs of the several towns. From 1000 to 2000 persons have been seen at a time butted in the environs of Mokha. About this period Mohammed Ali evinced a strong disposition to act vexatiously towards the English, in various ways obstructing their trade, and granting a monopoly of coffee to the Americans, in consequence of which, several British ships were forced to quit the port without a cargo. Representations were made to the pasha by Captain Haines, which it may be inferred proved successful, since the American monopoly was not of long duration.

Some idea of the nature of the trade carried on by the southern coast of Arabia may be formed from the following particulars. During the north-east monsoon, the anchorage off Morabat is much visited by boats for shelter and water. In the course of eighteen days, in the November and December of 1837, 121 bugallas and badans arrived and passed, laden with dates. Captain Haines estimated the whole as varying in size from 30 to 150 tons; which, allowing each to contain only thirty tons of dates, will shew 3030 tons, exported from the Persian Gulf to this coast, not more than one-fourth of what is supplied during the season. Some of these, on arrival, barter with the merchants of the villages for gums, frankincense, ghee, and waistbands made by the Bedouin females, called Agghali. In exchange they give dates, which are placed in store-houses, until just before the Ramadhan, when the Bedouins come down from the hills to barter with the inhabitants. On many parts of the coast, Hadramaut, the poorer people subsist chiefly on fish.

In the year 1828, the Laccadive Islands were surveyed by Captain Moresby, but no detailed account of the manner in which the operations were carried on has fallen into our hands. Seven years later was commenced the far more important survey of the Maldives, which was executed in so masterly a manner by Captain Moresby and Lieutenant Powell, that it is now as easy to navigate the intricate channels of that vast group, as it is to thread the streets of London. It had long been a reproach to us, as the great maritime power of the East, that this part of the Indian Ocean should be so little known, particularly as a knowledge of it had once existed, the older navigators seeming to have been pretty familiar at least with many of the Atolls in the Maldivian Archipelago. The islands themselves were noticed, as far back as the ninth century, by the two Mohammedan travellers who visited China, and have left us an extremely interesting account of that country. Again, in the four-

teenth century, they were visited and partially explored by the derwish, Ibn Batuta. They had afterwards, at wide intervals, been touched at by other travellers, none of whom, however, have given a satisfactory account either of the islands or their inhabitants. There is perhaps, however, no part of the world more calculated to excite curiosity, than that prodigious chain of islets, extending for 1500 miles athwart the Indian Ocean, from about the latitude of Mangalore to far beyond the equator, including the Laccadive, Maldivé, and Chagos Archipelagos, and known to the Arabs as the 'Eleven Thousand Islands.'

The appearance they present to the eye of the navigator is very striking. On viewing one of the smaller islets, covered with luxuriant and beautiful vegetation from edge to edge, and surrounded by a band of white foam and spray, Captain Moresby was led involuntarily to compare it to an immense flower-pot rising out of the ocean. In considering the formation of these numerous isles, the most obvious theory is to regard them as so many remnants of an extensive, level continent, which has been invaded, dismembered, and almost destroyed, by the ocean. This explanation seems more probable than that offered by those speculators, who suppose them to be so many recent creations of the sea, of that submarine vegetation which is still so active in various parts of the world.

In our opinion, however, the whole basis of the present archipelago, whether it be regarded as the wreck of an old continent or the nucleus of a new one, consists of an immense chain or succession of submarine volcanoes, which have upheaved the crust of the earth to within a short distance of the ocean's surface. Upon the summits of the cones of this ridge, coral forests have sprung up, and have, in the course of time, had their interstices filled with sand and mud. Then a new growth of coral has succeeded, and being compacted by new deposits of terrene matter, till the summit of the prodigious column has projected itself above water as far as the impulse from below has been able to carry it. At this point a new process has commenced. The seeds of trees and grasses have been borne to the mud-bank by the water or by birds, and a new principle of vegetation has succeeded to that which had been arrested by the influences of upper air. Aquatic fowl in myriads have settled on the newborn isle, and made it their nest and procreant cradle, and supplied the richest of all manures to the rising flora of the place. Many wonderful circumstances are observable in the economy established

by nature in these remote and singular laboratories. A particular species of tree, known, we believe, nowhere else, of exceedingly rapid growth, and of enormous bulk, abounds there. Having speedily reached its maturity, it dies and decomposes in so short a space of time, that it would seem to serve no other purpose than that of enriching the grounds, or while standing, of affording a resting-place to the countless flights of sea-birds, which frequent these isles. That beneath all this part of the sea there is a volcanic principle at work, must be obvious from the vast shoals of pumice-stones, which from time to time come floating to the surface, connected, to all appearance, with the earthquakes that frequently disturb the foundations of the Archipelago, and will probably some day submerge all its lovely green circlets beneath the waves. On various points the work of destruction is visibly proceeding, at least in the Chagos group, where the ocean swell, breaking incessantly against the friable coral cliffs, has eaten away several hundred fathoms of shore, and now rolls triumphantly over the sides of jungles and coconut groves. The structure of what, in the language of the archipelago, is called an *Atoll*, tends strongly to corroborate the opinion we have formed on its volcanic origin. An *Atoll* is a circular group of islands extending around a basin of deep water. The islands indicate the rim, and the basin the hollow of the crater. This view of the matter is strongly supported by the structure of the Peros Banhos Atoll, in the Chagos Archipelago. Captain Moresby informs us that in the centre of the circle of isles the depth of water is forty-two fathoms, soft sand and mud, decreasing gradually towards the contour; small coral knolls with precipitous sides are numerous in the basin: there are none of them bared by the sea: at low water they have generally two, three, and four fathoms on them. The case is quite different with the Maldivé reefs, which are all bare at low water. On the other side of the barrier reef no bottom was found at 200 fathoms.

As many Atolls, therefore, as we find, so many volcanic cones may we infer to exist below. Each island, with its reefs, rests on the summit of a slender coral pillar, so that any great convulsion which should disturb its base in the depths of the ocean would in a moment overthrow the island. All round, the bank which supports the archipelago slopes away at an angle of forty-five degrees into the immeasurable depths of the ocean, so that the little verdant flats, forming, as it were, the outworks of the group, stand tottering perpetually on the edge of an abyss.

At a short distance from the shore no bottom is to be found with any length of line. Some few of these coral nests are inhabited only by sea-birds, and there is one called Danger Island, which, until recently, seems never to have been visited by the foot of man. From afar it presents a prospect of great beauty, being covered at intervals with tufted groves, and matted all over with an undergrowth of bright green, contrasting beautifully with the snow-white surf, which beats everlastingly with a deafening noise around it. There is no creek or opening on any side. The low cliffs rise perpendicularly out of the waves, and therefore our surveying ships, after rounding it several times, relinquished the idea of landing as altogether impracticable. There exists, however, on Eagle Island, a tradition that several years ago, during an extraordinary calm, the surf and breakers subsided, which tempted a man to paddle over in a canoe. He climbed up the coral rocks, and with eager curiosity traversed the whole surface of the isle, which he found to be of surpassing beauty, covered with soft grass and wild flowers, and copses and overhanging trees peopled with aquatic fowl, and strewed in places as thickly with beautiful birds' eggs as the sea-shore is with pebbles. His ear, it will be readily imagined, was eagerly watching for the least indication of a breath of wind, which would at once have put the surge in motion, and rendered returning in his frail bark altogether impossible. After snatching, therefore, a short and fearful pleasure, he made his way beneath a canopy of sea-birds, which almost deafened him by their screams, to the place where he had landed, and descending into his canoe, paddled safely back to Eagle Island, since which time no one has ever beheld the interior of the foam-girt rock.

As this archipelago forms a part, and perhaps one of the least known parts of the British Empire, it may, perhaps, be worth while to enter into a somewhat more detailed description of it. When and by whom it was discovered, or who made the first settlement on it, we have not been able to ascertain. From the name, however, of several of the islands, the honour would seem to be due to the Portuguese. Davis passed through them in 1598, and they have been visited at wide intervals from that day down to the present. The 'Stranger' traversed the group in 1719, and the 'Grantham' in 1728, and many other English vessels in 1740, 1760, and 1780. Previous to the year 1744, the French had explored and surveyed them. They came into the power of the British, together with the Mauritius, in 1810. The whole group of the Chagos

Islands, situated between five and seven degrees of south latitude, lie in a space of 135 miles, north and south, and 80 miles east and west. They are divided into eight estates, some of which comprehend as many as twenty-seven islands, and all belong to individuals of French extraction.

The Chagos abound with cocoa-nut trees, and their produce in oil is about 120,000 gallons a-year, worth about 120,000 rupees. They are capable of producing much more. The oil is made in the common mill such as is used in India, and worked by the negroes, who, when the Archipelago was surveyed by Captain Moreshby, were still apprentices. Their labours are assisted by asses, which animals appear to thrive well on the island, and breed very fast. It appears that the proprietors of the several estates contribute nothing to the revenue for their produce; but are under a contract to supply government at the Mauritius with oil at a certain price, and, in fact, no oil is sold there but by these government contractors; for instance, on the arrival of a vessel at the Mauritius from India laden with this commodity, the contractors immediately lower the price and offer to buy what has been imported by others. As little or no profit is allowed, the importers must either sell it at a loss, or take it to some other port. Small vessels, such as brigs of 150 tons, are sent from the Mauritius by the proprietors of the Chagos Islands. They generally make two trips during the fair season, bringing with them rice and provisions for the settlement; and return full of oil and cocoa-nuts, as also, the refuse of the cocoa-nuts after the oil is extracted, which sells well at the Mauritius for feeding cattle and poultry.

The vegetable productions of these islands are very similar to those of the Maldives, excepting the Solomon Islands, which produce the timber called *guyack* and *tuttamaca*, famous for building, being hard and durable. The Bois Mapous grow to an immense size on these islands and can be seen at a great distance from land; the sea birds generally roost on them; the wood is very soft, fibrous, and spongy; they grow on all parts of the island. Sometimes in the most barren places these trees shoot up very rapidly, decay as rapidly, and are blown down. In a few months they rot into fine black mould, nature apparently intending them to furnish the rich vegetable soil necessary for the growth of other vegetation more useful to man. The Banyan tree is also common here, but does not attain to the same size as in India. Indian corn grows most luxuriantly, but the negroes have neither time nor inclination to plant much. Tobacco

also, flourishes, and a small garden, occasionally looked after, produces all the year round. Cabbages, greens, sweet potatoes, onions, carrots, turnips, leeks, garlic, and all the common vegetables cultivated in India, with limes and citrons, thrive well, but few are planted. Pumpions and plantains grow wild and are of good flavour. Of the bread-fruit tree, when Captain Moresby first visited the islands, they had none; but he brought about thirty young plants from Ceylon, which succeeded well, as also did the Malabar yam. The cotton plant grows on any part of the group, and, when carefully cultivated, produces the finest cotton of a long fibre. There are several grasses on which sheep and cows thrive well. Captain Moresby left a few to breed from on the island of Peros Banhos.

Fresh water is generally on these islands of a good flavour and wholesome quality, and found at the depth of four or five feet. Some wells, dug near the beach, from fifty to 100 yards distant, produce good water, and are subject to a rise and fall according to the tide. It is evident, therefore, that these sources are the immediate offspring of the sea, whose waters deposit their saline particles in percolating through the sand and coral rocks, and spring to life fresh and sweet at a very short distance from their great parent. This explanation is obvious and satisfactory; but on some small volcanic islands there are wells whose origin is involved in extreme obscurity, for though no rain falls, perhaps, for nine months in the year, and though they are found high on the slopes of arid cones, their supply never diminishes or degenerates in quality. This is more particularly the case with a spring in one of the *Æolian Isles* described by Spalanzani.

Pigs and poultry, the only stock to be obtained, exist in abundance, but are not very cheap, because large quantities of them are annually sent to the Mauritius. The coarse cloth known by the name of *punjane* in India, is much prized by the negroes, who will barter their fowls at the price of one yard for a cock or hen: they prefer it when of a blue colour. Pigs are generally sold by weight, at six dollars or twelve rupees the cwt. Fowls and pigs are all fed on the refuse of the cocoa-nuts, after extracting the oil: this they call *punach*. Fish are very plentiful, and at all times easily procured. Green turtles are frequently found, as also the hawk's-bill turtle; the flesh of the latter is sometimes deadly poisonous. They are, however, easily distinguished from the other turtles by the crooked bill, and the tortoise-shell lying in

scales on the back. Strangers should be careful to abstain from the flesh of this animal; the negroes have a curious method of finding out when its flesh is poisonous; they sprinkle a little of the blood on the back of their hands or the skin of their legs; if it cause an itching sensation the flesh is considered poisonous and thrown away. The shell is detached by burying the body in the sand for a few days. A good turtle produces about three pounds of tortoise-shell, value from twelve to fifteen Spanish dollars. The regisseurs or overseers are allowed ten per cent. on all tortoise-shell, and every negro who finds a valuable turtle is presented with a piece of blue cloth, with five or six rupees. The season when hawk's-bill turtles visit the islands for the purpose of depositing their eggs is from December to March; they land in the middle of the day as well as at night: these months over, they are seldom or never seen. The common turtle is to be found at all seasons; sharks are great enemies to these animals. The fish caught among the islands are never poisonous. Seals and walruses used to frequent the neighbouring seas, but of late they have been seldom found. There are no snakes; but rats are numerous, as also cats, which have become wild and exceedingly troublesome. There is a species of land lobster on the islands, called by the French *sepile*; it is very fine eating, but a totally different animal from the ordinary land crab.

Bees (the common brown sort) are very numerous on the southern islands, and, in some cases, are domesticated. Many, however, are still wild, and produce good honey and wax. Wasps are very annoying in the jungle. Both these animals were brought originally from the Mauritius; the wasps for the purpose of destroying the insects which injure the cocoa-nut trees. Of birds, the aquatic are the most numerous; the black frigate birds with a red pouch, the booby, noddy, puffin, white garnet, common gull, several kinds of heron, the white tropical bird, called by sailors the boatswain, all breed on these islands, and are considered good eating; the feathers, too, make excellent bedding. Some few migratory birds are occasionally found, such as snipes, the grey curlew, and the teal; but they are by no means common. Flying foxes, crows, and sparrows, do not exist here, which is remarkable, as these islands are not far distant (260 miles) from the Maldives, where they abound, and are regarded as a nuisance. Of birds of prey, such as hawks, kites, and vultures, there are none; so that sea birds are left in unmolested possession of the whole Archipelago.

In the Chagos group the thermometer ranges between 76 and 82 in June; but when the trade winds commence the weather is cold and the atmosphere more clear; passing clouds or a few light showers are at times observed while the thermometer stands at about 78. There is almost continually a delightful freshness and softness in the atmosphere about these islands; and, though very hot in the sun, the air, where there exists any shade, is cool, and the nights are invariably very pleasant. With a climate so agreeable, it is not surprising to find that the Chagos islands are extremely healthy.

The treatment of the negroes, both male and female, is described by Captain Moresby as, upon the whole, praiseworthy. Occasionally they were hard worked and badly fed; but the contrary was the rule. All the provision supplied them by the proprietors consisted of a pound and a quarter or a pound and a half of rice per day, with a small quantity of spirits from time to time; the rest, such as fowls, pigs, fresh vegetables and fruit, the negroes found for themselves. They worked from sunrise to sunset six days in the week; the Sunday was their own; yet tasks were frequently completed on this day, which had remained unfinished on the Saturday. Turning the cocoa-mills in the heat of the burning sun appears to have been the hardest labour they had to perform. Two men were tasked to grind sufficient cocoa-nuts to make twenty-six or thirty gallons of oil; which they could accomplish between sunrise and noon. Four hours sometimes sufficed for the task, when the sun's rays, being very powerful, caused the oil to flow more freely from the nuts. The negro slaves might easily have been spared this labour, since asses, as we have seen, thrive well on the islands. When not working in the mills, the negroes and negroes were usually engaged in seeking cocoa-nuts in the woods as they fell from the trees; to collect 500 cleaned from the husk being the daily task of each man, and for a woman 300. Others were employed in breaking and exposing them to the sun. There was but a small proportion of women to men. The laws of marriage were unknown, which may account for the scanty number of children; many of whom die young for want of care. According to one of the overseers, it was not an uncommon thing to suspect the women of causing their children's death by neglect, where they were not compelled to perform their maternal duties. There existed no means of instruction among these poor people, either religious or secular; they had scarcely an idea

of a Supreme Being; and the overseers did not trouble themselves about them. Here, then, is a field, however small or obscure, for some missionary, who, without danger or difficulty, might confer very great benefit on humanity. He would, probably, have to begin with instructing the overseers themselves; Frenchmen, when removed from the public eye, having a strong tendency to degenerate into savages, as M. de Tocqueville frequently admits. Of course, the negroes on the Chagos group are not free—that is to say, nominally—though we entertain no doubt, that if their condition were inquired into, very little change would be found to have been effected in it.

Among the occupations of these negroes was the feeding of swine, with which the dwellers on many of the islands lived on terms of considerable intimacy. On one isle of moderate dimensions the droves were exceedingly numerous, amounting, it is reported, to 600 head. The utmost carelessness was exhibited towards these brutes. Nominally, they were said to be fed twice a day; that is, a small quantity of *punch* (the remains of the nut after the oil has been extracted) was thrown into troughs before some 200 or 300 half-famished animals, when a scramble took place, and the strongest of course got the lion's share. The remainder continued constantly scattered about the island, and subsisted on windfall cocoa-nuts, and such herbs or roots as they could find. Although left in that state, however, they never exhibited signs of ferocity. A few of a very superior quality were kept in sties; otherwise these filthy animals were admitted even amongst the dwellings of the inhabitants: several large sows, with their litters, had taken up their quarters under the floors, which were raised about three feet above the ground, whence anything but sweet odours were emitted. The effluvia, combined with those issuing from those of a hundred other pigsties scattered in all directions, produced an intolerable atmosphere. The proprietors occasionally sent pigs to the Isle of France, where they sold well.

On the same small island there was a colony of bees, brought from Diego Garcia. They had exceedingly increased. In addition to those in hives, the island swarmed with them in all directions. They formed their combs on the cocoa-nut trees. The honey was occasionally sent to the Isle of France, rather as a present to friends than as an article of commerce. The hives, if they might be called so, were merely pieces of cocoa-nut trees about four feet long, roughly hollowed out. The remains of a garden

completely burrowed up by pigs, seemed to confirm the opinion of extreme sloth and want of management prevailing. A breed of very fine pointers, amounting, with pups, to about forty, were scattered about, and contributed, in conjunction with about half a dozen starved cats and kittens, to the effluvia before mentioned. They had on this island a species of wild cat, descendants of some tame ones, which had strayed and forgotten their domestic habits; but from constant warfare being made against them, they were not at all numerous. Tatamucca Island being infested with rats, as, indeed, all the others are, a number of fine dogs had been placed there to kill them. These poor creatures were allowed no other subsistence than cocoa-nuts, a negro being kept there to feed them; they, however, managed to prey upon the rats, and were all in capital condition. Occasionally, at low water, during spring tides, some of these forlorn animals find their way over the reef that separates the two islands; but on being discovered, are immediately sent back to their place of banishment.

Diego Garcia, the principal island of the Chagos Archipelago, used to be the place of exile for lepers from Bourbon and the Mauritius, while these islands were held by the French, and continued so for some time after the English obtained possession of them. A few of these unfortunates were then removed to Peros Banhos. Finally, about eight or ten years ago, they were all conveyed to Curieuse, one of the Seychelles Islands, where our government still keeps an establishment for these poor people. They are well fed and well attended. Two English gentlemen, a surgeon in charge of the establishment, and another person as superintendent, regulate this little colony, consisting of negroes, male and female, some Creole mulatto Christians, two Bengal sipahis, and some Indian Lascars, such as hire themselves in trading vessels. The apothecary in the hospital is also a leper of French extraction. There are altogether ninety-six patients, male and female. The establishment is well and most liberally conducted, and reflects great credit on our government. The little island, with its picturesque bays, is covered with plantations and gardens, and groves of the coco de mer, which flourishes most luxuriantly; poultry, fish, vegetables, and fruit are in abundance, and the climate is delightful.

Before the survey of the Chagos Archipelago had been completed, the government of Madras made an application to that of Bombay, for a surveying party to examine the Gulf of Manaar. The idea of this un-

dertaking originated with General Monteith, chief of the Madras engineers, who, having been wrecked on the shores of this gulf, in 1809, had from that time forward felt the strongest possible desire to see its coasts and shoals, and sunken rocks, examined and laid down, in order, as far as possible, to diminish the obstructions to navigation. In consequence, Lieutenant Powell was ordered to detach himself from Captain Moresby, and with Lieutenant Ethersey under his orders, to undertake this service. At the same time a party of Madras engineers was engaged, under the direction of General, then Colonel Monteith, in cutting a navigable channel through two formidable ledges of rock, extending from the island of Ramisseram to the coast of Madura on the continent of India.

The passage through these rocks, while they remained in their natural state, had a depth of at most six or seven feet, while on the great horse-shoe sand bank, a little to the south, there was scarcely a depth of five feet at high water. Notwithstanding these obstacles, however, numerous small craft engaged in the coasting trade had long made use of the channel, though always compelled to land a portion of their cargoes on entering the strait. The object of the Madras government was to widen and deepen the passage, so as to obtain a sufficient depth of water for vessels of moderate burden, and for the steamers from the Red Sea to Calcutta, when they should be established.

In order fully to comprehend the value of the works projected by the Madras government, certain facts, not perhaps generally known, must be borne in mind. Up to the year 1837, when General Monteith commenced his enterprise, all vessels beyond the smallest class were compelled, in passing from one side of the Indian peninsula to the other, to beat round the Island of Ceylon, sometimes in the teeth of heavy and contrary winds, and always against currents more or less powerful. The addition thus made to their voyage, consisted under the most favourable circumstances of at least 2000 miles; but as it was often necessary to run down ten degrees of latitude before they could open the Bay of Bengal, they had to sail full 3500 miles ere they recovered their proper course. The craft exposed to this inconvenience and loss of time were engaged in conveying the produce of Malabar, Travancore, and other fertile provinces, to Madras.

It is easy to perceive how very materially such a state of things tended to enhance prices on the coast of Coromandel. Fewer

persons would engage in the trade because of the dangers to be apprehended in rounding Ceylon; while the mere length of the voyage, by multiplying the wages of crews and the interest of capital, necessarily raised the prices of commodities. Its general effect, however, was to confine the coasting trade chiefly to small vessels, which by the slow and laborious process of lightening themselves, by landing a portion of their cargoes during the passage of the Strait, and afterwards re-shipping it, could reach their point of destination through the Gulf of Manaar and the Paumban passage.

It is well known that the dangers and difficulties of the Faro of Messina have called forth on that point of Sicily the energies of a hardy race of pilots, who subsist by the inhospitable character of their coast. Something similar has taken place in the little island of Ramisseram, where the village of Paumban owes its existence to the intricacy and shallowness of the neighbouring channel. Circumstances, it will readily be perceived, may occur which would render the impracticability of this route a public calamity. Of this, an occurrence which took place in 1839, may be regarded as a proof. The 'Enterprise,' a well-built and powerful steamer, bound, with treasure and arms, for Sindé, during the war in Afghani-stân, was completely beaten back and detained for weeks by the force of the south-west monsoon, while numbers of coasting vessels were passing and repassing daily through the Paumban Channel, completely under the shelter of land. From the detention of the 'Enterprise,' no particular evil, as it happened, arose; but had the fate of India depended on her progress, she could not have overcome the resistance of the weather.

The attention of government was directed to this subject as far back as 1828, when some efforts were made towards removing the principal obstacles to the navigation of the Paumban passage. For reasons which are not stated, these labours were discontinued, and not again resumed till 1837. In the February of that year, Colonel Monteith sailed from Madras with a party of sappers and about fifty convicts. His journal of proceedings, though too voluminous for publication, is, from its very minuteness, highly interesting. He describes, with soldier-like simplicity, the aspect of things at his arrival, which was sufficiently unpromising. An immense congeries of rocks, many of them rising to the surface of the waves, obstructed the channel for 2960 feet; and between these, at high water, the small and venturous craft of the country

steered, as we have seen, their tortuous, if not dangerous course. Through the politeness of General Monteith, a section of the rock is now lying before us, together with a plan of the canal through the reefs.

The geological structure of the strait is curious. First, commencing at the north, we have coral and limestone, to which succeeds shingle, mixed with granite boulders, but not loose. Having passed these, we come upon a breadth of blue soft sand-stone, mixed with lime and madrepore. Then follows the great northern reef, composed of hard red sand-stone, and extending east and west almost in a right line. Having traversed this, we reach a broad belt of broken sand-stone, interspersed with boulders of other substances, and then come upon the southern reef, consisting, like the former, with which it runs parallel, of hard red sand-stone. A bed of the same rock, but less indurated, then stretches southwards to the site of the great sand bank.

It is not very surprising that persons taking only a cursory view of this formidable mass of obstacles, should have pronounced it insurmountable, and been disposed to turn into ridicule the sanguine colonel of engineers who was about to encounter them. Nor ought we, perhaps, to wonder that the Court of Directors at home should, at first, have put little faith in the success of the enterprise, and felt no way disposed to sink a large sum of money among the submerged sand-stone, shingle, and boulders, we have above described. But Colonel Monteith was all along perfectly confident. He maintained that, if the requisite means were placed at his disposal, he could cut through the interposing reefs a channel of fourteen feet at low, and sixteen at high water, and at the same time of sufficient breadth to allow of its being safely navigated at all seasons. He located his gangs of convicts on the Island of Ramisseram, where he likewise erected barracks for the troops. A large diving bell, five tons in weight, was sent him from Ceylon: he purchased or constructed various catamarans, and with the least possible delay commenced operations.

Into the details of these we cannot enter. We may observe, however, that great energy and perseverance were exhibited by all parties, the sappers and convicts working almost continually in the water, diving, boring, and blasting. Perhaps the most laborious work was removing the huge fragments of rock when they had been detached. This was effected by raising and swinging them to the sides of the catamarans, or large boats, by which they were carried away

and dropped into the sea, with the view of forming a sort of breakwater on either side of the channel. Sometimes the explosion under water took place before the men could get out of the way, and on one occasion a large catamaran was overturned with six persons upon it. Another time, when the fuse had been twenty-two minutes without exploding, a diver was sent down to withdraw the powder, but found the fuse burning fiercely, and had scarcely effected his escape before immense fragments of rock were projected above water, and scattered with tremendous force on all sides.

During the whole period in which operations were carried on, however, few casualties occurred, while the deaths from sickness were scarcely greater than they would have been in any ordinary service. This must have been chiefly owing to the excellent system of management pursued by General Monteith, who treated all those under his care with remarkable humanity. At first, many unnecessary difficulties were added to those offered by the nature of the ground; but these were at length removed, and a powerful steam-dredge was sent out from England, which cleared away the loose rock at the rate of about 2000 cubic feet per day. Nevertheless, the channel has not yet been excavated to the depth required having only ten feet at low, and twelve feet at high water, with a breadth varying from ninety to 150 yards. Its edges are carefully marked throughout by buoys. It may, with truth, be said, however, that the undertaking has proved successful, since not only do all the country craft use the channel, but the Calcutta steamers also. The 'Nemesis' and the 'Pluto' on their return from China came this way, and thus in coal, &c., effected a saving of 400*l.* sterling.

But, perhaps, the most striking illustration of the value of the Paumban, or, as we should rather call it, the Monteith Channel, is supplied by the fact that whereas before the works were undertaken, the amount of tonnage that traversed the strait was from 20,000 to 23,000 tons a-year, it has now increased to upwards of 100,000 tons in the same period, or four times the amount of what it was before.

There are several other topics to which we could have wished to allude in the present article, among which are the survey of the Indus by Lieutenants Wood and Carless, and that of the Gulf of Cambay by Lieutenant Ethersey. Lieutenant Wood, as most persons are aware, has distinguished himself as much by his qualities as an enterprising and observing traveller, as for his professional acquirements, and it is much

to be regretted that the services of so able an officer should be lost to the East India Company. Lieutenant Carless, also, in whatever way employed, has commanded respect by his superior abilities and perseverance. The same thing may be said of Lieutenant Ethersey, whose curious examination of the Bore in the Gulf of Cambay is entitled to very high praise. These names we thus mention, because the course of our observations has not permitted us to do full justice to their performances. We must not here pass over in silence the name of Captain Haughton, from whom we have received much valuable information. Of Captain Haines' political services, we may possibly speak on some future occasion, having already described briefly some of the principal points in his professional career. With the names of Moresby, and Elwon, and Powell, the reader must be already familiar. To these we could wish to subjoin that of Captain Lloyd, whose abilities and labours are universally held, we believe, in high esteem by the members of his own profession. We ought here to add, that the charts which have grown out of the above surveys are executed in the most accurate and beautiful manner.

ART. VIII.—1. *Exploration du Territoire de L'Orégon, des Californies, et de la Mer Vermeille, exécutée pendant les Années 1840, 1841, et 1842.* Par M. DUFLOT DE MOPRAS, Attaché à Légation de France à Mexico, &c. 2 Tom. Paris: 1844.

2. *The History of Oregon and California.* By ROBERT GREENHOW, Librarian to the Department of State of the United States. London: 1844.

3. *The Oregon Question, &c.* By THOMAS FALCONER, Esq. London: 1845.

4. *History of the Oregon Territory and British North American Fur Trade.* By JOHN DUNN, late of the Hudson's Bay Company. London. 1844.

RUNNING almost due north and south, at an average distance of about 500 miles from the waters of the Pacific, a ridge of lofty mountains may be traced on the map of the New World. To the north, this savage ridge fades off into the inhospitable plains that skirt the Mackenzie River, to the margin of the Arctic Sea; to the south, it is continued into another climate, to cast its shadows over more luxuriant scenes, by

that chain which is known amongst geographers as the Mexican Alps: the whole line constituting, according to Humboldt, under various denominations, the course of the mighty Andes, which, from one extremity of the continent to another, from Cape Horn to the Arctic Circle, extends over a distance of 10,000 miles.

This ridge is called the Rocky Mountains. Its desolate peaks vary considerably in height, from 10,000 to 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. Its arid steeps and dismal groves present no variety of surface, except where accumulated snow lies frost-locked in its sightless depths, or where a gigantic forest climbs the face of the precipice, or some rare nook in the recesses of the stony hills, instead of being a quarry, as it ought to be, is pranked out by the capricious hand of nature with wild and scanty pasturage. This grim barrier limits the British Canadian possessions on the west, down to nearly the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and then forms the north-western, as it is the natural frontier in that direction of the United States. A desert plain stretches from its base to the south-east, and beyond that plain lies the great world of American settlement—explorers, hunters, squatters, trappers, trappers, Lynchers, and bowie-knife men. With that side of the mountains we have nothing to do. Our present business lies on the other side.

The region between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean—or rather that portion of it which is bounded south and north by California and Russian America—is called the Oregon Territory. A glance at the map will enable the reader to fix its limits at once, for they are so intelligibly indicated by unerring landmarks, as not to be mistaken. With the Rocky Mountains on the east, and the Ocean on the west, a chain of lakes, rivers, and rocks on the north, and the grisly Klamet hills, and the sandy plains and salt springs of California on the south, there is no difficulty in ascertaining the natural outline of the Oregon Territory. Differences of opinion exist as to the political boundaries; the American government is for extending them, the British for contracting them. But these differences are apart from the great question at issue, as to the right of either over any, and what portion of this disputed country, whose political geography is so dubious.

The character of a region thus hemmed in and scarred in every direction by great mountains, traversed by innumerable streams, and dotted all over by lakes and swamps, cannot be supposed to be especially favourable to vegetation. Within a hundred miles

of the sea, and parallel with the Rocky Mountains, rises another enormous chain of mountains, bearing evident marks of volcanic action at a remote period. The Americans have appropriated the cap of nearly every peak of this stupendous range to their own glorification, and christened them after the names of their presidents—so that Tyler has his cap, and Harrison has his cap, and even Van Buren has his cap, without waiting for the settlement of the right by which alone any of these worthies will be suffered to wear their caps in the presence of posterity. No doubt Mr. Polk will come in for a peak of his own in the course of time, and nobody has so good a claim, seeing, that of all the American presidents, he is the only one who has ventured to assert that the region belongs to America, in the teeth of a treaty which, at least, leaves the question open by the common consent of both countries. The name assigned by Humboldt to this range, is that of the Californian Maritime Alps. The space westward to the sea is the most fertile on the whole surface, with the exception of a broad and tolerably rich plain to the south of the Columbia river. All the rest is rank, or barren—vast forlorn steppes, hopeless jungle, marsh, lake, sterile rocks, and aboriginal woods. Here and there may be found patches of practicable soil, but nothing grows in them except by dint of incredible labour; and when wheat and potatoes require to be forced with the care and outlay of the daintiest hot-house fruit, it is not difficult to anticipate the issue of agricultural experiments in such districts. The Hudson's Bay Company have a few small farms on the banks of the rivers, which serve the local purpose for which they were undertaken, sustaining the few settlers who, from one cause or another, have clustered round the fur stations; but agricultural speculations on a large scale can never be undertaken in that major section of the territory which is shut up between the Rocky Mountains and the Maritime Alps.

Indeed, the only places in the interior which present any temptations to the agricultural experimentalist, are those which lie on the banks of the rivers, especially the great Columbia river, the principal stream in Oregon. The Columbia rises in the Rocky Mountains, pursues a vagrant and sinuous course to the sea, is occasionally expanded into a line of lakes, by the accession of numerous tributary waters, and frequently broken in its downward race by rapids, falls, and eddies. In the intervals of these obstructions, it is available only to boats and canoes; but vessels of twelve feet

draught may sail up 120 miles from the embouchure, where they are stopped by rapids. Beyond the rapids there is a still water navigation of about forty miles; above that point, the river is accessible only to the boats or canoes of the country.

But, although the Oregon Territory is not very seductive to the agriculturalist, it has some natural advantages of a commercial kind. It abounds in valuable timber—ash, cedar, arbor-vitæ; its rivers and bays swarm with fish—salmon, sturgeon, cod, herring; whales and sea-otter sport along its coasts; and the interior is inconveniently populated with antelopes, elks, wolves, rats, and buffaloes. Out of all this live stock a brisk trade could be got up in a variety of articles, which in course of time might furnish materials for the establishment of a respectable tariff between Oregon and most parts of the Pacific. But as yet few people seem to consider the speculation a safe one. Not a single independent British settler has struck his spade in the earth, warned off partly, perhaps, by those prudential considerations which always hover round disputed titles, and partly by the exclusive privileges guaranteed by act of parliament to the Hudson Bay Company, who possess complete jurisdiction over the whole of the territory claimed by the British government. The only stray individuals who have ventured into Oregon, with a view to colonize on their own account, are Americans. We hear of caravans of these adventurous people—whose lives seem to be of as little value as their bonds—setting out for the Rocky Mountains, and making their way by the help of canoes, hatchets, and horses, into the savage defiles. But even the American historians who record the exploits, confess that they have never heard what became of their heroic countrymen. Upwards of a thousand emigrants went off in this way from the United States in the years 1842 and 1843, and more have gone since, and more, we believe, are still going, in defiance of all perils by land, water, and treaty; and all that is known about them is, that a few families are squatted somewhere on farms so small and miserable, that the only wonder is that they should still survive as a warning and example to the rest of their compatriots. The American passion for going a-head, and keeping in perpetual motion, so curiously exemplified on quarter-day in the large towns, by waggon-loads of flitting furniture, is exhibited in its last agony by this desperate emigration beyond the Rocky Mountains. The journey itself—which we shall presently take an opportunity of touching upon—is replete with hardships and dangers;

its successful accomplishment is extremely improbable; and its results, when accomplished, are for the most part such as, instead of drawing men from their homesteads, would deter any other human beings except the restless and reckless race that rove about the United States. They have not even the excuse for expatriation which is furnished by over-populated soils; for the population of the United States, replenished as it is every day by drafts from all other parts of the habitable globe, is insufficient for the daily necessities of the country. Nor have they the plausible pretence of bettering their condition; for it requires, in Oregon, the labour of three men to effect the same quantity of profit that is produced in the United States by the labour of one. Nor have they the higher plea of desiring to render available to the commonwealth this immense tract of territory, by carrying into it their arts and their patriotism; for Oregon, to whomsoever it may be ceded in the long run, certainly does not belong to the United States yet, and never may belong to them. So that this daring movement is unsustained by a single prudential consideration, is opposed, on the contrary, to every argument of policy or expediency, and must be referred to that inexplicable love of change and contempt for consequences, by which Brother Jonathan is pre-eminently distinguished in all the affairs, great and small, in which he is engaged.

As we have alluded to the difficulties of the journey over the continent, and across the rocky mountains into the Oregon Territory, it may be as well to show what they are. The expedition of Lewis and Clarke, undertaken at the instance of the American government, in 1804, may be selected as the most favourable illustration, because it was carried out under the sanction of advantages which no private party of emigrants could, under any possible circumstances, be supposed to possess.

The party consisted of forty-four men, who embarked in three boats on the Missouri, in the month of May, well supplied with all resources necessary for the journey. They worked slowly and laboriously against the mighty current until the month of October, when, finding themselves no further advanced than the country of the Mandan Indians, they disembarked to winter on the shore, further progress at that season of the year being impracticable. Here they were compelled to remain until the following April, when they resumed the ascent of the river with thirty men, having sent the others back, for reasons which it is unnecessary to investigate. At the end of three weeks they

reached the junction of the Yellow Stone, and towards the middle of June were arrested by the falls of the Missouri, a series of stupendous cataracts, which extend over a distance of ten miles. At this point their boats became useless to them, and making for the water above the falls, they embarked in canoes hollowed from the trunks of the cotton-wood trees that grow on the banks of the river. On the 19th of July they reached the gates of the Rocky Mountains, where the Missouri narrows itself into a dark and rapid channel between perpendicular rocks, rising 1200 feet above its surface. They had now been out fourteen months, and had only gained the entrance to the mountains, where the most formidable difficulties of the journey really began.

The passage of the Rocky Mountains occupied them three weeks. Their sufferings and privations were of a kind to appal the stoutest nerves. The anguish of a fatiguing and apparently hopeless expedition through the dreary gorges, and over the fearful heights, crossing streams which they dared not venture to navigate, and pursuing tracks which they were constantly obliged to abandon, was enhanced by the extreme severity of the cold and the want of provisions. Before they had entered upon this passage they had buried their goods and canoes in pits, and they must have perished in these frightful solitudes but for some horses and guides which they were lucky enough to procure from a party of Shoshonee Indians. From July to October they were unable to find a stream upon which it was considered safe to intrust themselves, subsisting the whole way upon a scanty and precarious supply of berries, dried fish, and the carcasses of dogs and horses. At last, in the beginning of October, they embarked upon the Kooskooskee river, for which they constructed five canoes, and at last reached the Columbia. The passage down the Columbia was sufficiently dangerous, but having, by an infinite variety of stratagems, and at a cost of toil and endurance which cannot very easily be estimated at a distance, succeeded in evading the perils of the falls and rapids—they finally made the mouth of the river on the 15th of November, 1805. The whole journey consequently occupied eighteen months.

From this bare outline, dropping out all those startling incidents and shuddering details which constitute the actual terrors of such an undertaking, some slight notion may be formed of the risks which the Americans have to encounter, and of the contingencies which render it unlikely in the last degree that they shall ever be able to conduct the stream of emigration in that direction with

the remotest chance of success. Several routes have been subsequently attempted, but with no better results. They differ from each other only in the privations to which the adventurers were exposed; and the difficulties are, in fact, so overwhelming as to justify this conclusion—that no highway can ever be established between the United States and Oregon for the overland conveyance of emigrants. 'None but the wild and free trappers,' says Mr. Dunn, 'who know the country well, can clamber over these precipices, and tread these deserts with security; and even these are quitting them as haunts, and now using them only as unavoidable tracks.' For hundreds of miles the rocks are barren under foot, with scorching heat or piercing cold over head. The country west of the Rocky Mountains is described by the same competent authority as being broken up with towering cliffs, deep ravines, and sunken streams, from which the traveller cannot draw a drop of water to allay his raging thirst; and the soil is either so sandy, that he sinks into it at every step, or formed of such sharp and rugged stones, that it lacerates his feet. Fruit there is none—except berries, which are scarce, penurious, and not always safe. Farnham tells us that his party were at last obliged to kill their favourite dog, and economize his flesh; and that during eight days' journey he did not meet a solitary acre of land capable of producing vegetation of any kind. Townsend, an American traveller, gives even a still more dreadful picture of the miseries of the journey. Intense thirst is one of the inflictions, produced by the naked heat of the sun upon the exposed surface, and the consequent desiccation to which everything is subject. 'The air,' he says, 'feels like the breath of a sirocco; the tongue becomes parched and horny; and the eyes, mouth, and nose, are incessantly assailed by the fine pulverised lava, which rises from the ground with the least breath of air. Bullets, pebbles of chalcedony, and pieces of smooth obsidian, were in great requisition; almost every man was mumbling some of these substances to assuage his burning thirst.' They have recourse to leaden bullets and other substances for the purpose of producing saliva, which they swallow to prevent inflammation and death.

Such are the terrors of the passage from the United States into the Oregon Territory; terrors so repulsive that they seem as if nature had for ever prohibited the two regions from holding free intercourse with each other. On the other hand, if any political or international value can be reasonably attached to proximity of position, and comparative fa-

cility of access, the short and easy transit which we can command from the remotest point of our Canadian possessions to the shores of the Pacific, invests us with geographical advantages, which it would be impolitic, not to say hopeless, to contest. Whatever becomes of Oregon, the English, who hold so vast a stretch of country due east of the mountains, and who have long wielded direct sway over the disputed territory itself, through the numerous locations of the Hudson's Bay Company, must always exercise an inevitable influence over its destinies. If Oregon were ceded to the United States to-morrow, British influence must still predominate from the source of the Columbia to the sea; a state of things which, so far from producing any practical benefits to the Union, would be attended by disastrous consequences sooner or later. Confident as the citizens of the 'model republic' may be of the solidity of their institutions, there is nothing more certain than this, that the moment they embark in any project of aggrandizement likely to create jealousy amongst other powers, or to precipitate serious divisions of opinion at home, they strike a vital blow at their independence. And of all conceivable designs that of embroiling themselves with Canada would be the most unfortunate; for, whatever foolish calculations they may raise upon the discontent of the *habitans*, now rapidly vanishing before the wise measures of a paternal administration, they may be assured that there is no part of the globe where their intrusion or interference would be met with a more determined resistance. There are certain gloomy memories haunting the borders of Maine which it would be a deplorable mistake to revive; nor can that people who invaded Florida with blood-hounds, and banished the aborigines from their hunting-grounds across the Mississippi, expect a much better reception from the Indians of British America. All parties in Canada, however they may differ on other subjects, are unanimous about Uncle Sam.

Lewis and Clark, as we have seen, were eighteen months on their journey. The passage from Montreal to Fort George can be made on ordinary occasions in less than a fourth of that time; and, where expedition is necessary, in less than a sixth. The fact is sufficiently notorious to everybody acquainted with the country; but we prefer stating it explicitly on the authority of M. Mofras, because that gentleman displays such miserable animosity against England in his useless volumes on Oregon and California, that his evidence must be allowed on all hands to be quite unexceptionable when

it can be cited in favour of the accidental superiority of our activity or our position.

"The entire distance," says M. Mofras, "from Montreal to the Pacific Ocean, at the embouchure of the Columbia, is exactly 1800 leagues, and the journey occupies four months and a half. During this period they are obliged to travel on horseback seventy-five leagues, or about thirteen days; the remainder is done by boats. We have not calculated the days necessarily devoted to repose, or business, at the different stations; and the delays are sometimes so long that a party which leaves Montreal in the beginning of May, probably may not reach Fort Vancouver till the following October; they return towards the end of March, and arrive at Montreal about the close of September. But it ought to be remarked that on such occasions the caravan is generally composed of sixty or eighty persons, and ten or twelve canoes, frequently carrying baggage or merchandize. If they travel unencumbered, like Governor Simpson, or the couriers that are despatched from time to time by the company, they can make the distance from the Columbia to the St. Lawrence in less than three months."

There can be no doubt on which side lies the greater facility of access to the mountain-bound territory of Oregon.

The consequence is, that nearly the whole civilized population consists of the servants and settlers of the Hudson's Bay Company. M. Mofras says, that there are about two hundred Americans grouped upon the river Oualamet; he estimates the servants in the immediate employment of the company at 100 more (calculated by Mr. Greenhow at 400), and the French Canadians at 3000. This division of the population is clearly incorrect, if it be intended to imply that these French Canadians are independent settlers; but the actual numbers, on the whole, are probably accurate enough. The remaining population is composed of native Indians, scattered over the face of the country. It is nearly impossible to ascertain their numbers. They were formerly very numerous, but successive visitations of small-pox, fever, and ague, have swept them away so rapidly, that they are now reduced to a mere remnant. Mr. Greenhow says, that the whole of the native tribes, and all other persons inhabiting Oregon, together, do not exceed 20,000. We are inclined to regard this statement as in excess; but we have no means of approximating more closely to the fact. There is no doubt, however, that some of the Indian tribes are extinct, and the rest not likely, under the influence of white civilisation, to bring up their physical statistics to their ancient average.

Two rather important inferences may be drawn from these statements. First, that geographical proximity gives to British

America a complete command over the Oregon Territory. Second, that the Oregon Territory is now, and has been for upwards of a century and a half, since the incorporation of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose power has gone on gradually increasing, and consolidating, and acquiring a more systematized form up to the present hour, under the direct influence of the British. These facts, if they do not enter into the abstract question of right, at issue between England and the United States, form, at least, material elements in the discussion, and add considerable force to the claim on the part of Great Britain.

Let us now examine the question of right set up between the two countries, strictly confining ourselves to the historical points upon which alone it can be adjudicated. But we cannot avoid observing at the outset that the claim to the entire sovereignty over Oregon by the American government is of recent birth. Up to 1814, they were satisfied with asserting a claim to joint occupancy; up to 1827, they never asserted a right of any kind beyond the forty-ninth degree; in 1843, the president announced, to the astonishment of the world, that the whole territory belonged to America; and in 1844, a bill was actually brought into Congress, 'to organize a territorial government in the Oregon Territory, and for other purposes.' This bill, which pledges the government to do that which the government cannot do without violating an existing treaty with England, comes before the Senate in December next. We believe it will be thrown out, because, in the interval, all reasonable people will have time to comprehend the extent of its perfidious impracticability; but whether it will be thrown out or not it must remain for ever in evidence against the United States as an instance of that indecent contempt of all honourable obligations, for which they have been of late years so unhappily conspicuous.

The origin of the American claim to the Oregon Territory cannot be more precisely stated than in the words of Mr. Greenhow, the ablest of the American writers on this subject. We choose his statement, because it relieves us from all suspicion of misrepresentation, and enables us to avoid the possibility of unconsciously colouring the facts by any inadvertent expression of our own feelings and convictions. After having informed his readers that the 'discovery' of the Columbia river by Gray, an American, was not made known until 1798, by the publication of Vancouver's narrative, and that no one then, or for many years afterwards, thought the river, or anything connected with it, could

ever become interesting to the United States, he proceeds to lay down the actual limits of the States at that period.

"The territories of the United States were at that time (1798) all included between the Atlantic Ocean on the east, and the Mississippi river on the west. In the north were the British provinces; in the south lay Florida, belonging to Spain; and beyond the Mississippi the Spaniards also claimed the vast region called Louisiana, stretching from the Gulf of Mexico, northward and north-westward to an indefinite extent. Thus, all communication between the states of the Federal Union and the Pacific was completely cut off by the interposition of countries possessed by foreign and unfriendly nations."

It is obvious, then, that up to 1798 the Oregon Territory never entered into the wildest dreams of the United States, and that whatever real or imaginary claims they may have upon it must have arisen since.

But at this point it will clear the inquiry of any possible perplexity on the score of prior discovery, to observe that, in 1778, before the Federal Union was called into existence, the whole coast of the Pacific was explored by Cooke up to the forty-eighth degree; that, in 1787, Berkeley and Dixon, both English navigators, explored the Straits of Fuca and Queen Charlotte's Island; that, in 1788, Lieutenant Meares surveyed the Straits of Fuca and Nootka Sound, where he established a factory, and took possession of the circumjacent country in the name of his Britannic Majesty; that in 1792, 1793, and 1794, Vancouver, who was sent out expressly by the English government, surveyed and sounded every mile of that intricate coast; that in 1792, Broughton, Vancouver's lieutenant, explored the Columbia river, as far as 100 miles upwards, and took possession of it in the name of his sovereign; and that, in 1793, when most of the north-west continent was unknown, M'Kenzie, an officer in the Hudson's Bay Company, conceived the stupendous project of traversing the whole continent from coast to coast, and executed it with a courage and sagacity unparalleled in the history of discovery. The honour of having originally discovered the Columbia belongs to the Spaniards. Heceta, in 1775, was the first person who gazed upon its waters. All this time the whole region was a *terra incognita* to the people of the United States. They knew nothing about it all the time our navigators were exploring and surveying the coasts, and taking possession of the country. The only other nation that ever possessed a scintilla of a right to possession in those latitudes, or that ever pretended to such a right, was Spain; and the rights of Spain and England

were finally declared and settled in 1790, by a treaty, called the Convention of the Escorial. The American 'discoverer' Gray, who in 1792 got into an inlet, which he presumed to be the Columbia river, was captain of a ship trading along the north-west coast. He neither discovered the river, nor explored it, nor took possession of it. It is more than certain that he never even saw it. He entered the inlet, ascended twelve miles, to a bay where he was weatherbound for ten days—at a distance of sixteen miles from the entrance to the river*—and then departed upon his trading concerns, to dodge about for furs, utterly innocent of all claim to the glory of being handed down to posterity in the pages of history. Indeed, his name would never have been heard of had it not been for the generous allusion made to him by Vancouver, in his narrative published six years afterwards. Disentangling the question, therefore, of all doubts as to discovery, settlement, and possession—seeing that we had taken possession of this territory, and entered into a convention with Spain, the original discoverer, for the recognition and security of our rights, before the United States knew anything about the Oregon Territory, or could have reached it if they had, we reduce the American claim to the simplest possible basis, which we are willing to accept in the very terms put forward by the Americans themselves.

Having shown that in 1798, and for several years afterwards, the United States not only possessed no interest whatever in the Oregon Territory, but had no suspicion that they ever should possess any, Mr. Greenhow goes on to state when it was, and under what circumstances, they acquired the right which they have only lately asserted for the first time in full.

"The position of the United States, and of their government and people," says Mr. Greenhow, "with regard to the north-western portions of the continent, was, however, entirely changed after the 30th of April, 1803, when Louisiana, which had been ceded by Spain to France in 1800, came into their possession by purchase from the latter power. From that moment the route across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific lay open to the Americans; and nothing could be anticipated capable of arresting their progress in the occupation of the whole territory included between these seas."

In this passage there are two very distinct assertions: I. That, in 1803, the United States purchased Louisiana from France; II. That the consequence of this purchase was to throw open to them the whole route to the Pacific. The first is a

matter of fact, upon which we are all agreed; for there is no doubt that the United States purchased Louisiana from France. The second is a deduction from the first, and, like all deductions, must depend for its validity on the soundness of the premises. If the purchase of Louisiana threw open to the Americans the territory west of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, then Louisiana must have extended over the whole of that region. The question is—Did Louisiana occupy that extent—a space on the west of the map nearly equal to the whole of the United States on the east? Upon the answer to this question—upon the actual boundaries of the country known by the name of Louisiana in 1803—the American claim to the Oregon Territory mainly, if not altogether, depends.

If France sold to the United States any territory west of the Rocky Mountains, France must have been in possession of such territory. Now France derived her right solely from a cession previously made to her by Spain. But we have already seen that Spain possessed no such right herself, and therefore, could not cede it to France; consequently, France could not sell any such territory to the United States. She could not sell that which she did not possess.

In order, however, to ascertain clearly and circumstantially what were the original Spanish rights from whence this cession descended, it will be necessary to revert to the discovery of the Oregon Territory, and to trace the foot-prints of adventure and settlement from that time to the moment when the United States first set up this imaginary claim. Having exhausted this branch of the inquiry, we will recall the reader to the point from which we start on this unavoidable excursion in the argument.

It is necessary to observe, for the better understanding of the mere question of discovery, that the whole of the Oregon coast lies between the forty-second and fifty-fourth degrees of latitude.

In 1578, Drake discovered this coast to the forty-eighth degree—about two degrees above the mouth of the Columbia. Mr. Greenhow endeavours to discredit this fact; but his motive is too transparent, and his evasive treatment of the subject too obvious, to demand any exposure at our hands. The fact itself, however, although we hold it to be indisputable, is of no importance whatever. We can afford to make the United States a present of all the advantages we could possibly derive from it. If our right to Oregon rested upon priority, it could be established beyond all cavil. But mere discovery gives no title to possession; and as we made no

* Vancouver, ii.

settlement in Oregon for upwards of two centuries afterwards, the long interval would have been equivalent to an abandonment of the country, if during that period any other government had thought proper to appropriate the soil. But no government did so appropriate the soil; and even waiving our claim on the ground of discovery, we are prepared to assert it on the ground of settlement. We were the first settlers in Oregon—the first to assume the rights of sovereignty over the country;—more than that, we were the *only* settlers there, as we shall show presently, when the federal government purchased Louisiana from France.

Of the Spanish navigators in these waters, the first who is admitted on all hands to a place in the discussion is Juan Perez. He sailed from Mexico in 1774, and the first land he saw was in the 54th parallel of latitude. But he could not land, and sailing to the southward was driven out to sea. He again made land in latitude 47° 47', and coasted home, having literally made no observations whatever. This expedition was considered to be so disgraceful a failure, that the Spanish government suppressed the account of it; and even Mr. Greenhow, in his hesitating way, allows that the discovery of Nootka Sound 'is now, by general consent, assigned to Captain Cook.'

In 1766, another expedition of two vessels was fitted up under the command of Bruno Heceta, and Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, who succeeded to the command of the second vessel after they had put out to sea. It is unnecessary to detail the vicissitudes of a voyage in which the commander, says Mr. Greenhow, 'certainly acquired no laurels.' The highest point made was the fifty-eighth degree of latitude; and having examined the coast now belonging to Russia, they returned to the south, discovering the mouth of the Columbia river on their way—the single incident that gives historical interest to the expedition.

In 1778, Cooke, as we have stated, explored the whole coast of the Pacific, up to the forty-eighth degree, followed at intervals by Berkeley and Dixon, by Mears, Vancouver, and Broughton; Mears, and Broughton, the former at Nootka Sound in the north, the latter on the Columbia river in the south, taking formal possession of the territory in the name of the sovereign of England.

All this time the Spaniards never made any settlement higher than Cape Mendocino, lat. 49° 29' N. Their exploring expeditions, even had they been attended by any important discoveries, were not followed up by any attempts at settlement, or any declaration of sovereignty. They abandoned the

country after the voyages of Perez and Heceta, just as we abandoned it after the voyage of Drake. They neither occupied the country, nor annexed it to their territories, nor took formal possession of it. They left it open to the settlements of other governments—a waste which it was competent for any foreign power to enter and occupy. 'It is a clear and admitted fact,' says Mr. Falconer, in his close and conclusive argument on this point, 'that the government of Spain never made any settlement north of Cape Mendocino. The whole coast for upwards of twenty-five degrees north of this cape was waste, unsettled, and unoccupied. Throughout the whole distance there was no person authorized to execute authority on the part of Spain, or any other power, at any single point.' In the meanwhile, we had taken possession of the country in a formal and legal manner—and we were the *only* power that did take formal and legal possession of Oregon.

So far as any American title is pretended to be founded upon Gray's 'discovery' of the Columbia river, in 1792, it may be well to say a few words. In the first place, Gray did not discover the Columbia. It was discovered by Heceta nearly thirty years before. In the second place, Gray was not invested with any official authority whatever, and could not take possession in the name of his government. In the third place, he did not take, or pretend to take possession. In the fourth place, no title can be founded upon Gray's discovery or possession, without repudiating at once all right on the part of Spain; for if Spain had such right, Gray could not have interfered with it without committing an act of invasion; and it is upon the integrity of the Spanish right that the validity of the French title, purchased by the United States, exclusively reposes. Gray, therefore, in whatever point of view he may be regarded, must be put out of court altogether. The Americans cannot claim through Gray and through Spain at the same time.

The fact of having taken formal and official possession of a country unoccupied and unclaimed by other powers, has always been recognized as a legal title to its sovereignty. Mere discovery gives no such title, unless discovery be followed up by settlement; nor does settlement itself give such title, unless it be carried out under the sanction of government. Private individuals cannot form colonies and set up laws for themselves; they must have the consent and authority of their natural sovereign. 'By the laws of England,' observes Mr. Falconer, 'the crown possesses absolute authority to extend

its sovereignty; it can send its diplomatist to treat for, its soldier to conquer, its sailor to settle new countries. This it can do independently of parliament; and no act of the ordinary legislature is needed to establish English law and authority in such countries.' The same absolute power is vested in all other sovereignties. But in the United States the president has no such authority; there must be a distinct act of legislation to legalize such a proceeding. Such an act is now before congress; but, up to this hour, no act of that nature has ever been legalized by the legislature of the United States in reference to the Oregon Territory. On the other hand, England, upwards of half a century since, complied with all the legal and solemn conditions by which new territories are annexed to the dominions of the crown. An authorized representative of the sovereign entered the Oregon Territory—then unoccupied and free to the whole world—and with the usual ceremonial formality took possession of it in the name of Great Britain. From that moment Oregon was as completely a dependency of the crown as any spot within the girth of our colonial possessions.

The sum of these details may be thus stated, as far as they respect the title of Spain to any rights of sovereignty over Oregon (and it must be borne in mind that Spain and England were the only countries pretending to such a title):—That Spain never made any settlement in the country; never in any way occupied the country above Cape Mendocino; never took legal possession of the country; and never, in short, performed any act by which it could acquire any right to cede to France a single acre of ground within the territory. Let us now see how this state of things was affected by the Convention of the Escorial.

The immediate circumstances which led to the convention were these:—The government of Spain, learning that both the Russians and the English were very busy forming settlements and carrying on traffic on the north-west coast, despatched some vessels on a sort of commission of inquiry to ascertain the facts.* In the course

of the events that followed, certain vessels belonging to Mears, who had previously established himself at Nootka Sound, were entrapped, and seized by the Spaniards, whose conduct throughout these transactions (without touching the question of right one way or the other) is universally admitted to have been base and treacherous. We need not detain the reader by entering upon the details, but will reduce the case at once to the simple point into which this outrage was finally narrowed, in the subsequent negotiations between the two countries.

Mears having brought the affair under the consideration of the British government, restitution and satisfaction were instantly demanded of the Court of Spain, to which demand an answer was given, that the Viceroy of Mexico had already restored the captured vessels and liberated the crews, on the supposition, however, that their owners were ignorant of the exclusive rights of Spain. This answer, accompanied by a direct claim to the sovereignty of the country, was held to be so unwarrantable, that it was at once met by a message to parliament, asking for supplies to enable his majesty to vindicate the rights of his subjects to 'a free and uninterrupted navigation, commerce, and fishery, and to the possession of such establishments as they should form' on the coast. The supplies were granted with enthusiasm, and preparations for war were immediately set on foot; so clearly did the British government comprehend their rights, and so determined were they to enforce them. On the same day a note was addressed to the Spanish ambassador in London, in which his majesty declared that 'he would take the most effectual pacific measures to prevent his subjects from trespassing on the just and acknowledged rights of Spain; but that he could not accede to the *pretensions* of absolute sovereignty, commerce, and navigation, which appeared to be the principal objects of the last note from

has it, even the kingdom of heaven), was one of the foolish frauds which even they who hoped to reap benefit from them were never hardy enough to maintain in the face of other nations. This ground was obviously so absurd, that Spain had too much good sense to put it forward. 2. Granting to Spain her full claim to the merits of discovery, it has been already shown that discovery alone constitutes no title to sovereignty. 3. Contiguity of territory offers about as reasonable a pretext for exercising sovereign rights over a country as the accident of living next door to an empty house would justify a man in taking possession of the premises. We hear that contiguity of territory is one of the arguments employed by the United States in favour of their claims—an argument which, were it worth anything, is altogether on our side as we have shown.

* Spain, it seems, founded her title to exclusive sovereignty over these regions, and, consequently, her right to send out this expedition of inquiry upon these grounds; the specification of which, being all equally invalid, would only needlessly interrupt the historical statement of facts. These grounds were: 1. A papal concession in 1492; 2. The discovery of the coast; 3. The contiguity of the Oregon Territory to the Spanish settlements of New Mexico. 1. The liberality of the pope, in giving away a great number of kingdoms that were not his own (including, as a scoffing writer

the Spanish ambassador.' Nothing could be more explicit on both sides. The Spanish government claimed the right of exclusive sovereignty over the country; the English government denied that they possessed any such right, showing at the same time that they regard their own title to be so clear, that they actually expended 3,000,000*l.* sterling in active preparations to maintain and establish its validity. The English government would certainly never have incurred so enormous an expenditure, if they had not fully recognized the proceedings of Mears in taking possession of the country.

Spain, however, did not see fit to push her claim to extremities. She argued the case with a downward sophistry, abandoning her high position step by step, and gradually begging the question by observing, that 'although Spain may not have establishments or colonies planted on the coasts or in the ports in dispute, it does not follow that such coast or port does not belong to her.' To which the British government contented itself by simply re-asserting the 'indisputable right' of British subjects to free navigation, commerce and fishery, and to the possession of any establishments they might form with the consent of the natives of the country, not previously occupied by any European nation. Spain herself admitted in these negotiations that she had never *occupied* the country, so that, according to every received principle of law and justice, her claim fell to the ground.

The attitude taken by England was not to be misunderstood; and the demands of Spain at last shrunk into a treaty. This was the Convention of the Escorial, which in America goes rather significantly by the name of the Nootka Treaty, seeing that it restored and recognized in full the rights of the English in that quarter. By this convention it was stipulated that all the buildings and tracts of land on the north-west coast, of which British subjects were dispossessed, should be restored; that just reparation should be made for all acts of hostility; that both parties should have free right to navigate in the Pacific Ocean or the South Seas, or to carry on commerce or establish settlements in places not already occupied, and that the subjects of both powers should have access to any settlements subsequently formed by either. This arrangement distinctly reinstated the British settlers in the places they had previously occupied, and threw open to both powers the right of settling in all places then unoccupied. After this convention, Spain had undoubtedly as good a right to form settle-

ments in Oregon as we had. The effect of the convention was distinctly and unequivocally to annul or forego all previous claims to sovereignty over the country on both sides, and to treat the territory as an open waste, upon which either party was at liberty to form any settlements it might think proper, provided they did not interfere with any settlements already formed, there being at the same time but two in existence, those of the English at Nootka Sound, and at Port Cox, about sixteen leagues to the southward, which this very treaty expressly recognized.

What followed upon this convention? The English government immediately proceeded to carry out their intentions, in conformity with that official interpretation of the treaty which was accepted by both governments, and sent out Vancouver, in 1792, to take possession of the restored settlements, and to ascertain what parts of the coast were unoccupied. At Nootka he was formally put in possession of the buildings and lands belonging to the English, and having surveyed the coast from 39° 20' south latitude to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and finding it all unoccupied, he took possession of it in the name of his Britannic Majesty, under the right accorded and guaranteed by the express stipulations of the convention. By this legal and official act, the country was annexed to the British crown for ever. The act was notified to the whole world; it was published under the sanction of government in Vancouver's narrative; everybody knew it; nobody disputed it. If Spain regarded this act or declaration of sovereignty as an infringement of her rights, she would have remonstrated or protested. But she did neither the one nor the other. On the contrary, from that hour she abandoned the shores of the north-western region; and has never appeared upon them since. It seems rather unreasonable then, that if Spain never afterwards asserted any right of territory in Oregon, America should claim any such right as emanating from Spain, by virtue of a subsequent transaction.

Under the Nootka Treaty, Spain, had she been in time, and had she thought proper to do so, might have taken possession of all the unoccupied land; and if she had, we must have allowed the legality of her title. But she not only did not avail herself of the opportunity, but does not appear to have contemplated such a measure. In fact, she never at any period formed a settlement in Oregon, as was frankly admitted in the diplomatic notes which passed between the courts of Madrid and London on the occasion of these negotiations. She had enough to do in New Mexico.

From this review of the actual events which determined in the British crown all rights of sovereignty in the Oregon Territory, it will be seen that the claims of Spain, whatever they might have been before, were now finally set aside. This recalls us to the point which, for the first time, introduces the United States into the discussion—the sale of Louisiana by the French as it was ceded by the Spaniards. As Spain had no possessions in Oregon, she clearly could not have included in her cession to France any part of that region. The question then is, what district of country did she cede to France under the name of Louisiana?

It is much more easy to answer this question in the negative than in the affirmative. We can much more readily decide what was *not* Louisiana than determine what was understood to be included under that designation. The Americans themselves never had any clear notion of that district; they very candidly avow that its boundaries were indefinite from the earliest period; and the Spaniards, who protested against the sale to the United States, as being a violation of subsisting engagements on the part of France, and who were well disposed to dispute the entrance of the Americans, declared that France had no right to a foot of territory west of the Mississippi. In this dilemma we are thrown upon a complicated tissue of treaties, to trace amongst them, as well as we can, what were the real or suppositious limits of Louisiana. One thing alone is certain, that they could not, by any political or geographical stratagem, be strained across the Rocky Mountains into the Oregon Territory.

The confusion respecting these boundaries is perfectly bewildering. Louisiana was originally a French colony. It was settled by a charter of Louis XIV., which charter left its eastern and western frontiers to the imagination of the settlers. The Sieur Crozat, to whom this ambiguous charter was granted in 1712, was glad to give it up in 1717. Probably he was afraid of committing involuntary trespasses on the property of others. The Illinois country was then annexed to it, the Illinois country itself being in a similar condition of doubt. This, of course, only increased the perplexity. Louisiana, thus rendered more difficult of definition than ever, was made over by royal decree to Law's Mississippi Company, who escaped from their vague responsibility in 1732. The onus of this boundless province then reverted to the crown of France, and the said crown, in 1762, got rid of it by cession to the crown of Spain. But Spain

seems to have been as uneasy under the obligation as France, and ceded it back again in 1800. The sly terms of these cessions and retrocessions are distinguished by a spirit of evasive finesse worthy of the palmiest days of the French and Spanish comedy. It would puzzle a conjuror to discover from these documents what country it was that was thus ceded and retroceded. France gave to Spain 'all that country known under the name of Louisiana,' and Spain gave back to France this same Louisiana, taking care to guard against accidents, by adding 'with the same extent that it now has in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it.' The conscientious caution of the Spaniard cannot be too highly commended. In this condition France sold the unmapped Louisiana to the United States for 15,000,000 dollars; and the United States are now trying to make the most of their bargain. Finding that the limits of the country were never laid down, they are endeavouring to persuade the world that it had no limits but the ocean.

The way in which Mr. Greenhow speaks of Louisiana forms a suggestive commentary on this curious dilemma. He says, that from the time Louisiana was ceded to Spain, until it 'came into the possession of the United States, its extent and limits were not defined.' This is tolerably decisive of the difficulty America has yet to encounter in the attempt to prove that it extended to the Pacific, seeing, on the confession of the Americans themselves, that its extent was not defined. But this is nothing in comparison with the admissions made in the following remarkable passage, which, if there be any meaning at all to be wrung from the English language, when it is employed by American historians, sets the question at rest for ever.

"How far Louisiana extended westward, when it was ceded by France to Spain, history offers no means of determining. The charter granted to Crozat, in 1712, included only the territories drained by the Mississippi south of the Illinois country; and, though the Illinois was annexed to Louisiana in 1717, nothing can be found showing what territories were comprehended under that general appellation. In the old French maps, New France is represented as extending across the Continent to the Pacific; in British maps, of the same period, a large portion of the territory thus assigned to New France, appears as New England, or as Virginia; while the Spanish geographers claimed the same portion for their sovereign, under the names of New Mexico and California. While Louisiana remained in the possession of Spain, it was certainly never considered as embracing New Mexico or California; though whether it was so considered or not, is immaterial to the question as to its western limits in 1803, which were, by the

treaty, to be the same as in 1762. In the absence of all light on the subject from history, we are forced to regard the boundaries indicated by nature—namely, *the highlands separating the waters of the Mississippi from those flowing into the Pacific or the Californian Gulf—as the true western boundaries of the Louisiana ceded to the United States by France in 1803.*"

The completeness of this admission—that the western boundary of Louisiana was the chain of the Rocky Mountains, and that, consequently, America acquired no rights by her purchase beyond that boundary—is final. But we must not, therefore, pass over in silence the spirit of subterfuge that runs through this very disingenuous passage. Notwithstanding that Mr. Greenhow is thoroughly convinced that Louisiana never could, in the nature of things, have extended beyond the mountains, and, indeed, does not hesitate, at last, to say so, he tries to insinuate, that in 1762 it *might* have extended to the Pacific. Mr. Greenhow knows perfectly well that New Mexico, or California, never belonged to France, and, therefore, could not have formed a part of the territory called Louisiana, which was ceded by France to Spain, in 1762. The question turns upon what was Louisiana in 1762, for we have seen that Spain returned it back again, precisely as she got it. Now, whatever it was, it is as clear as the sun at noon-day, that New Mexico could have been no portion of it; for this very reason, that in 1762, when the original cession was made, New Mexico belonged to Spain herself. The whole of the territory in that direction, west of the Rocky Mountains, was Spanish ground, adjoining this vague Louisiana, a fact which Mr. Greenhow, only two or three pages before, frankly, but perhaps unconsciously, states in very exact terms. 'That any settlement,' he observes, 'of the western boundaries of Louisiana, should have been made on the conclusion of the treaty of 1762, is not probable. It would have been superfluous, as *Louisiana would certainly have joined the other territories of Spain in that direction!*'

It is impossible, upon the whole of this evidence, to make a loophole for the slightest doubt on this point—that in purchasing Louisiana from France, the United States acquired no rights beyond the base of the Rocky Mountains. President Jefferson explicitly affirms the limits in a letter written at the time of the purchase. 'The boundary,' says Jefferson, 'which I deem not admitting question, are the highlands on the western side of the Mississippi, enclosing all its waters—the Missouri of course—and terminating in the line drawn from the north-

western point, from the Lake of the Woods to the nearest source of the Mississippi, as lately settled between Great Britain and the United States.' And in some negotiations which took place four years afterwards, he desired the omission of a clause which referred to the north-west territory, because it 'could have no other effect, than as an offensive intimation to Spain that the claims of the United States extend to the Pacific Ocean.' We, therefore, dismiss this branch of the subject, by re-stating the only conclusion consonant with the facts of history, at which any human being can arrive, after a sifting investigation of the whole question—namely, that the claim set up by the United States to a right of territory in Oregon, arising from the purchase of Louisiana, in 1803, is utterly fallacious, and totally unfounded.

Recalling the reader, then, to the point from which we started, we ask what is to be thought of the integrity of the writer who, with all these facts and disproofs before him, could be capable of making the sweeping assertion already quoted, that from the moment of the purchase, 'the route across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific lay open to the Americans?' We have been accused of dealing severely with the poets of America (an accusation which in good time we shall notice as it deserves): but we confess we are in some doubt whether they should not be called upon to evacuate the regions of fiction and give place to the historians.

The settlement between the United States and Great Britain alluded to by President Jefferson, took place in 1783. It recognized the independence of the states and fixed their boundaries: but does not in any way affect the Oregon question, which at that time had not come into dispute.

Pursuing the subject in order of time, we shall now proceed to state the steps that were taken by America in consequence of her presumed claim, and the arrangements of every kind that have been entered into since 1803 in reference to that claim; conducting the inquiry chronologically to the present moment, so that the English reader may be put in possession of the exact state of the case as it now stands in litigation between the two countries.

In 1805, Lewis and Clarke were commissioned by President Jefferson to explore the country west of the Rocky Mountains. We have already stated that, according to the constitution of the United States, the president cannot exercise any act of sovereignty,—he cannot annex new territories to the Union. This commission, therefore,

was not invested with an official character, and could not take possession of the country in the name of the American government. No title, consequently, can be raised upon this exploring expedition; nor is any such title asserted. 'Politically,' says Mr. Greenhow, 'the expedition was an announcement to the world of the intention of the American government to occupy and settle the countries explored.' 'But,' rejoins Mr. Falconer, 'such intention had already been announced to the world by the English government in a public, authentic, and legal manner, and its sovereignty over the country declared.'

In 1810, an attempt was made by a Captain Smith to found a post for trade with the Indians on the south bank of the Columbia. He built a house and laid out a garden, but the speculation was a failure, and he abandoned it before the close of the year. Mr. Falconer very properly observes, that this was the act of a private individual, and does not carry any political inference whatever.

In the same year the fur station called Astoria, rendered famous by Washington Irving's romance, was founded by a German merchant of New York, Jacob Astor, near the mouth of the Columbia. This was simply a private trading speculation, and although it has been dragged into the Oregon question with a view to help out the American claim, we need scarcely observe that it has no political character at all. The government of the United States might as well set up pretensions to sovereign authority in England, because some stray ship-broker from New York establishes a packet office in Liverpool, as pretend to any right over Oregon arising out of Mr. Astor's attempt to establish a fur company there. The brief history of the affair is as follows:—

Mr. Astor, whose experience in the commerce of the Pacific pointed out to him some probabilities of success in such an experiment, devised a scheme for the establishment of a Pacific Fur Company. The rivalry he principally apprehended was from the North-west Company of Montreal (which has since been amalgamated with the Hudson's Bay Company); and he was so impressed with the policy of conciliating the English interest that he offered one-third of the project to that company. But they prudently declined the offer. The company, however, was formed, and although it originated with an American merchant, such was the unavoidable ascendancy of British capital and British influence, that even Mr. Greenhow admits that, 'the ma-

jority not only of the inferior servants, but also of the *partners*, were British subjects.' This majority was so decisive that a reasonable doubt arises whether Astoria was not actually an English settlement; and when, in October, 1813, it was found necessary to dissolve the partnership, the whole of the establishment and stock being then sold to the North-West Company, the immediate cause of the dissolution is directly traced by Mr. Greenhow to the fact, that the company was governed by English and not by American directors. He puts this statement into *italics* by way of marking its importance; we adopt his *italics* for the same reason. 'The Pacific Company, nevertheless,' says Mr. Greenhow, 'might, and probably would, have withstood all these difficulties [alluding to the war with England], *if the directing parties on the Columbia had been Americans, instead of being, as the greater part of them were, men unconnected with the United States by birth, citizenship, or previous residence, or family ties.*' This statement is conclusive as to the character of the settlement, and shows unequivocally, that whatever American ingredients may have been mixed up in its formation, it was to all intents and purposes amenable to British influence. It could not have been otherwise, for the Americans had never subjected Oregon to their authority. They had no official servants in the country of any class, judicial, military, or naval. Suppose any civil question had arisen during the brief existence of Astoria, to what authority could it have been referred? If America had any rights in Oregon she must surely have had some machinery of government by which her rights could have been enforced and protected. But she never did establish any such machinery, and if the handful of Americans who were embarked in the Astoria speculation had been at any moment compelled into a civil procedure, they must of necessity have appealed to the English law, under which alone they could derive legal protection.

The failure of Astoria led, as we have stated, to the sale of the whole concern to the North-West Company in 1813, when the name of the establishment was immediately changed to that of Fort George. It was now English by purchase, and it has remained in the hands of the English ever since.

At the termination of the war, in 1814, America claimed the restoration of the post sold by the Pacific Company, as belonging to the United States, and as having been taken during the war. The answer was obvious, that it had been bought, not cap-

tured, that the territory had been taken possession of long before in the name of his Britannic Majesty, and that it had all along been considered as a part of his majesty's dominions. The discussions on this point were drawn to a close by leaving the question of title to be discussed in a future negotiation. While the main question was thus left in abeyance, the fort was restored; and the best proof that can be afforded of the slender faith placed by the Americans in their right of repossession is to be found in the significant fact, that they have never occupied the fort up to the present hour. It is now in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company. It ought to be observed, also, that while we thus consented to restore the fort, we have consistently and invariably protested against the American claim to any territorial rights. Early in 1818, Lord Castlereagh, writing to the British minister at Washington, says, 'In signifying to Mr. Adams the full acquiescence of your government in the re-occupation of the *limited* position which the United States held in the Columbia at the breaking out of the war, you will, at the same time, assert the claim of Great Britain to that territory, upon which the American settlement must be considered as an *encroachment*.' The same language was subsequently employed by Lord Bathurst, and has been persevered in throughout all the negotiations that since have taken place on the subject.

If any claim could possibly arise out of such a settlement as that of Astoria, unauthorized by any act of congress, then we are clearly entitled to set it aside on the score of priority; for, in addition to the former settlement at Nootka Sound and Port Cox, an English party, commissioned by the North-West Company, formed an establishment in 1806, on Fraser's Lake, in the fifty-fourth degree of latitude.* These were all authentic arrangements under the sanction of the British jurisdiction, already formally proclaimed in the Columbia and up the coast many years before. America has no title, in short, on the ground of occupancy; for she has never yet occupied a yard of the country—none on the ground of discovery; for Drake, and Cooke, and Meaceta, were there before her—none on the ground of exploration; for Broughton was

up the Columbia first—and none on the ground of any declaration of annexation, or any act of possession; for up to this hour she has not taken one single legal step towards the assertion of a legal right of any nature whatsoever.

The next point in the progress of the debate, which was now insensibly assuming every day a more tangible shape between the two countries, was a convention ratified between Great Britain and America in 1818, by which the rights of both were submitted to a temporary suspension. A boundary line was agreed upon which should run along the forty-ninth degree of latitude, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains; and the whole of the country west of the Rocky Mountains was pronounced free to both for the term of ten years, without prejudice to the claims of either. The question of title was, consequently, still left open.

And now we arrive at the most material transaction in the history of this prolonged dispute:—a transaction upon the interpretation of which the American claim finally rests, at some cost of consistency in the variegated arguments by which it had been hitherto maintained. The obscurity in which the transfer of Louisiana in 1803 had left the actual boundary lines of that large extent of country, rendered it necessary that some understanding should be entered into on the subject, and a declaratory treaty, known as the Florida Treaty, was accordingly concluded with Spain in 1819. By this treaty the boundaries were fixed, running on the west of the United States in an irregular line from the Sabine river to the forty-second degree of latitude, and then along that parallel west to the Pacific. A clause was inserted in the treaty by which the United States renounced all pretension to the territories west and south of this boundary, and Spain ceded to the United States all rights, claims, and pretensions to the territories on its north and east. Upon this clause, America mainly relies for the proof of her Oregon claim.

We need not re-argue the incompetency of Spain to cede to America territories over which she possessed no rights herself. This clause, to be of any value at all, must depend upon the power of the donor to bestow, not on the willingness of the receiver to accept. America is willing enough to accept Oregon at the hands of Spain; but the real question at issue is, has Spain the power of bestowing Oregon on America? We answer, No. Spain never was in possession of Oregon; and, whatever debatable title she might have previously had, she distinctly and irre-

* Mr. Greenhow's book contains so many errors that we are compelled to abandon the intention with which we set out of exposing them in detail. But we cannot suffer this assertion, that 'this was the first settlement or post of any kind made by British subjects west of the Rocky Mountains,' to pass uncorrected. His own book contains the refutation of this strange historical mistake.

vocably resigned it by the stringent conditions of the Nootka Convention in 1790. From that moment Spain relinquished her claims for ever; Great Britain immediately afterwards took possession of the country, and the Spanish flag has never, from that day to this, appeared off the Oregon coast. It is impossible to imagine a clearer case. The Spanish title is not merely defective but non-existent. Spain had no title after 1790.

Even M. Mofras, in his work on Oregon and California, which betrays all throughout a spirit of malignant hostility against England, is reluctantly compelled to admit that the Florida Treaty gave the United States no rights whatever in Oregon. He says that it could not be construed to invalidate the Convention of 1790, that it constitutes a simple renunciation, and that the Americans ought to respect the rights which were previously recognized by Spain as existing in the English. 'If we had now,' he adds, 'to give an opinion upon this important question, we should, in spite of our sympathies for the United States, and our aversion against the aggressive system of the English, be compelled to acknowledge that reason and right are this time on their side. We are even astonished that, foregoing their habitual tenacity, they should have made, in the course of their negotiations, such large sacrifices to the Americans.' Every impartial and honourable mind must feel the reluctant justice of these observations, and acknowledge, as frankly as M. Mofras, that no title can be sustained, through the Treaty of Florida.

Conscious, no doubt, of this insuperable difficulty, America endeavours to make out her claim upon other grounds, as well as upon the Florida treaty—grounds which are so signally contradictory of each other, as to annihilate her claim altogether. For, if her claim be rightful on any one of these grounds, it is untenable on the others, and *vice versa*; and, as it is needless to insist upon an adherence to some clear principle in the conduct of such negotiations, we are content to submit these grounds, without a syllable of commentary, to the common sense of the world.

She claims, first, through Gray's discovery of the Columbia. If that claim be good, it vitiates at once all claim through the purchase of Louisiana from France, and through treaty with Spain; for neither France nor Spain could confer upon America that which already belonged to America.

She claims, next, through the purchase of Louisiana from France, which purchase rested on a cession from Spain to France.

If that claim be good, Spain must have ceded the Oregon territory to France, which she not only declared she had not done, but which she could not have done if America had previously acquired that territory through Gray's discovery.

She next claims by virtue of occupancy in 1814, although that occupancy was chiefly carried out by an English company, and was relinquished by a regular deed of sale.

And she finally claims under the Florida treaty of 1819, by cession from Spain. This is the title that stultifies all the rest. For if the treaty of 1819 be alleged as conferring any title, then the pretensions to a title arising from occupancy in 1814 must have been wholly without foundation. If, on the other hand, America relies upon her title of 1814, she cannot go to Spain for a title in 1819. She is in this dilemma—either that her pretensions in 1814 were false, and that, consequently, the 'occupation' of the Columbia by Great Britain was rightful, as against her; or that, claiming under the treaty of 1819, her title is limited to the territory lying south of the British settlements on the Columbia, over which Spain could have had no shadow of a right.

We leave America to extricate herself from this dilemma as creditably as she can. But it is sufficiently apparent that she must relinquish her claim altogether, or rest it upon some intelligible basis. She has hitherto resisted every approach to a candid and equitable adjustment with England. Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson proposed that a boundary line should be drawn westward along the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, from the Rocky Mountains to the north-easternmost branch of the Columbia river, and thence down the centre of the stream to the sea. This proposition was rejected. All negotiation, with a view to a moderate and amicable adjudication of the respective claims of England and the United States having failed, the Convention of 1818 was renewed in 1827, and the provisions, instead of being limited to ten years, were extended to an indefinite period, either party having the right, upon a year's notice, to withdraw from the agreement. In this condition the question remains.

The violent and unstatesmanlike declaration of Mr. Polk, in his inaugural address, has not been serviceable to America in the public opinion of Europe. He thought proper to launch upon the furious tide of the democratic passions which carried him into office a wilful mis-statement, couched in the most offensive language. The bad taste and worse policy of that very foolish proceeding must recoil upon himself. But we earnestly

hope, for the sake of the paramount interests of peace and civilisation, that the calmer judgment of the ministers by whom he is surrounded may avert the consequences from his country. He will have time to reflect in the interval before the next meeting of congress, and it is gratifying to observe that nearly the whole press of America, in the meanwhile, protests against his conduct. The bill for the occupation of Oregon comes before congress in December. We venture to predict that it will be thrown out; simply because it cannot be carried without involving the United States in a war with England; and there are three sound reasons why America cannot go to war—she has neither men, money, nor credit. No—America will not go to war.

The true policy of America is peace. Washington declared that the moment she committed herself to schemes of aggression and aggrandizement, her power was at an end. She cannot extend her territory without risk of weakening it. She has not enough of population, as it is, to defend the shores of the Atlantic in the event of hostilities: by what process of conjuration then can she undertake to occupy and defend territories remote from her own states, and difficult of access? If she got possession of Oregon to-morrow she could not maintain it.

Her sovereignty in that distant region could be preserved only by the presence of an imposing force, and by a chain of strong military outposts from the Missouri across the continent to the sea. How is she to organize this force? How is she to supply this enormous machinery of defence? Even if she could succeed in laying down such a plan of warlike preparations, she must still fail in securing a permanent occupation of the north-western coast, which, it is notorious, can only be reached and commanded from the ocean. She must, therefore, cover her land force by a powerful naval armament.

Where is she to get the means? Overwhelmed with debts, and dragging her reputation, as she is, at a discount through the exchanges of the world, is she prepared to incur still greater odium and an impossible outlay? We believe there is not a sensible man in America who does not denounce the Quixotic project which points at the hopeless occupation of Oregon.

The British minister has solemnly announced that he is not only resolved but prepared to assert the rights of the British Crown in the Oregon Territory. This is not an idle threat; and it has been echoed back by the universal conviction of a country too well instructed in its own power, too confident in the integrity of its cause, and too well assured of the advantages of peace, to embark hastily in an expensive war. We have the means of vindicating our rights, and we will employ them should it become necessary. The mere addition to our naval estimates this year amounts to 1,000,000 sterling—a sum nearly equal to the total naval estimates of the United States—and our squadron in the Pacific under Admiral Seymour is a sufficient pledge of the sincerity of our intentions in that quarter.

But we do not believe America will submit the Oregon question to solution in the field of battle. She is not in a condition for such dangerous experiments, and, if she were, a dispassionate investigation of the case must finally satisfy her that the claim she sets up could be settled much more speedily, to her own honour and ultimate advantage, by peaceful arbitration. It is the interest of both countries to settle their claims amicably; but it is chiefly the interest of America, for the experience of all history concurs in this warning—that when a subject in litigation between two powers is removed from the cabinet to the camp, it must be at the cost of the weaker party.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

German University Education; or, the Professors and Students of Germany. By WALTER C. PERRY, Philosophical Doctor of the University of Göttingen. London: Longman. 1845.

THE extreme ignorance, shallowness, and prejudice, with which many otherwise intelligent Englishmen allow themselves to talk on the subject of the German Universities, would be surprising did not the general tone of English character combine with the narrowness of our academical education to produce such a result. An Englishman in the main distinction of his nature, as a practical and a political creature, is the direct antagonist of the contemplative and speculative German; and an Oxonian, with his few narrow notions about classical literature, bishops, and lords' sons, is a creature whom no optical machinery of any kind can enable to discern, with understanding, such a large, portentous, moving world of thought as the wide field of the German Universities exhibits. In general, the whole system of English education is based upon the idea not of enlarging the comprehension and the sympathies of British youth, but of drilling and training them into a due reverence for Greek, bishops, and aristocracy; and in this state of things, prejudice and misrepresentation with regard to all foreign excellences is not so much the natural as the necessary and systematically calculated result.

But Oxford is not England; and to those who, not having been educated in that metropolis of erudite superficiality and conceit, possess an open eye and heart, the present little volume will be highly acceptable; not indeed as, in all respects, a worthy treatment of so worthy a theme, but as comprehending within a small space much useful information on a subject, which the educational measures of government with regard to Ireland invest, at the present moment, with a peculiar interest.

In our own opinion, the excellences of the German Universities, above all other institutions of a similar kind, required no display of logic to prove it, other than may be found in that very significant text of Scripture, "By THEIR WORKS YE SHALL KNOW THEM." Impartial men will be very slow to admit the superior merits of the Oxonian system, even within its own narrow domain, when they see every notable scholar now known in England, if not breathing altogether in a German atmosphere, at least fighting mainly with German weapons, and engaged in intellectual battles of the most important results, which but for German genius had never been stirred. Throwing overboard the whole army of Kants, Schellings, Fichtes, Hegels, and Herbart, as so much metaphysical lumber which the German Universities were much better without

(though it were difficult to say that they are worse than Puseyism), there remains behind such a mass of solid erudition, such a glow of literary enthusiasm, such an energy of scientific and philosophic research in these institutions, that the fair conclusion is, such a luxuriant vegetation and beneficent crop can come from no barren and sandy soil. The man who, in the face of this real intellectual prosperity, can talk seriously about students' brawls, pipes, beer, whiskers, and the point of honor (*Du bist ein dummer Junge*), is incapable of forming any manly judgment. Let our academical men rather go to Berlin and Bonn, and fall regularly in love with the German Universities, in the way of contrast, as Huber did with ours. For a prejudiced judgment of this kind—a prejudice in favour of foreign things, begotten of an intense admiration of their peculiar excellence—one might feel even respect. But the vulgar English fashion of seeing no excellence except in England, is pitiful, and unworthy of a people that otherwise possess all the elements of intellectual greatness, as richly as God has yet bestowed them on any race of mortals.

The fact being admitted, the main instruction for us is to be derived from an investigation into the causes of the superior excellence of the German Universities. They are shortly as follows:—

1. Their fidelity to the original character and type of such institutions; in that they afford instruction of the highest order, on the widest range of subjects. The elevation of their work distinguishes them from the Scotch; the comprehensiveness of their domain, from the English institutions of the same name.

2. Their giving the fullest scope and play to the professional system, as distinguished from the tutorial. In this point they agree with the Scotch, but are diametrically opposed to the English universities. A German university is an arena in which men of the highest intellectual gladiators publicly exhibit, the students being principally (though not altogether) spectators. An English university is a collection of intellectual drill-horses, where a set of young men are trained to perform a certain monotonous routine of movements under the direction, not of experienced generals, but mere scholastic corporals, according to certain recognised manuals.

3. Their admitting to the fullest extent the principle of free trade and competition in the work of public instruction. A professor may be sure of his small salary; but he is never sure of his students and his fees, unless he be a clever fellow and work hard. A lecturer immediately starts up at his side, and carries away, without remorse, popularity and pence in the first place, and afterwards place. In Scotland, on the other hand, a professor has a com-

plete monopoly, and can, in general, as little increase the number of his students by talent and diligence, as he can diminish them by stupidity and laziness.

4. Their being built upon the sure foundation of well-organized intermediate schools. In this point, again, they stand favourably contrasted with the Scottish universities, which have long been little better than upper schools, and schools of a very rambling and irregular kind. The professors, of course, sink down generally into mere school-masters.

5. Their being quite free from tests and ecclesiastical control of any kind. In this country the only universities that can compare with them in this respect are the London University, and the University at Edinburgh. All the other Scotch universities are more or less under the influence of the church—a church, by the way, not remarkable in the history of Europe, either for learning or for philosophy, and calculated for anything rather than exercising a beneficial control over the highest seats of science and philosophy. As for Oxford, its character as a mere episcopal and aristocratic college is too well known to require mention.

6. Their being liberally encouraged, honoured, and patronized by the government of the country. Germany is proud of its universities; Scotland starves hers: and the English universities do not belong to the nation, but to a party. In Germany, mere learning and talent are a passport to the best society; in England, rank, money, connections, and political influence, are preferred.

7. Their being less distracted by political disputes and secular interests than an English or Scottish university can afford to be. This is one of the good results of a thing in itself bad—the absolute, monarchical, and bureaucratic system of the German governments. The Germans have no parliaments; their universities are their parliaments.—The Germans have no freedom of speech in the king's face, or in the face of his ministers; but in an academical book (though they cannot say everything even there) much will be tolerated. The universities are, in fact, the last stronghold of freedom and public spirit in despot-ridden Germany; and all free and Promethean souls flock thither as to a common asylum of liberty, and an arena of truth.

We shall be glad, if an opportunity offers, to take up this subject soon at a greater length. Meanwhile, in this educational age, every sensible man will deem the matter deserving of serious consideration. To think of re-fashioning English and Scotch academical institutions altogether after the German model, is the dream of a boy: but that no useful hint may be borrowed from them for the improvement of our very imperfect native institutions, is the crotchet of a stiff pedant, or the fancy of a vain fool. We hope some intelligent Englishman of status may soon begin to build upon this good foundation laid by Dr. Perry, and come forward with such a loud advocacy of the German universities as will force the most dull to hear, and the most quarried to bend.

Was Ich erlebte, aus der Erinnerung niedergeschrieben von HENRY STEFFENS. 9ter und 10ter Band. (Memoirs of Henry Steffens.) Breslau: 1844.

WE have here the two concluding volumes of the personal memoirs of Professor Steffens, already twice noticed in this Review. In our first notice of the early volumes (No. LXI.) we gave a few sketches of literary character, and a specimen or two of literary opinion, belonging to the end of the past and the beginning of the present century in Germany. In our next notice (No. LXVII.) we strung together a few extracts belonging to the period of our author's participation in the great Liberation War of 1812. After patiently reading through eight volumes, we thought, innocently enough, that the end had come; but we had yet to learn how far the patience of Germany will go in tolerating that biggest of all evils, a big book, and to what excess a redolent intelligent old academical discourses will permit himself to abuse that toleration. The amorphous conglomeration of reminiscences, however, is now completed, and with the help of the copious index at the end, will prove not the least edifying of those multifarious collections of memoirs, reminiscences, letters, and what not, which the Germans have lately been stitching together in all quarters, to commemorate their great literary doings in the past, and political achievements in the present century. Professor Steffens is a man who has moved about much more in his day, and come in contract with a greater variety of remarkable characters, than most men of his time and place. He seems, indeed, to have had a peculiar instinct of taking fire, so to speak, with every blaze of inspiration that might happen to be in the atmosphere for the day; whether it was the *Naturphilosophie* of Schelling, or the Anti-Gallic war-cry of Marshal Blücher, or the gymnastic prophecies of bearded old Jahn, or the old Lutheran Shibboleth of pious Scheibel and the persecuted Silesians, Steffens was always in the fray; if he did not publish a pamphlet, you might be sure there was no danger—the storm would not burst the tea-kettle. In the ten-volumed memoirs of such a man, he who cannot hook out a few not unimportant secrets of German doings, must blame the fisherman and not the fish.

The present volumes touch, among 'all subjects and a few others,' particularly on the famous State prosecutions in Germany, which threw such a prosaic and almost Tartarean gloom over the bright epic coruscations of the Liberation War. We have no space here to enter at any length into the details of these transactions, as little creditable to the wisdom as to the honesty of German bureaucrats; it is of vast importance, however, for the sake of historic truth, to register the testimony of such a man as Steffens, on the matter—Steffens, a philosophical loyalist and anti-constitutionalist of the first water. In the year 1819, when Germany was turned into one gigantic police-office, Steffens was rector of the university at Breslau, and there employed by the Government to make an inquiry in his official capacity into a nefarious political conspiracy, alleged to exist amongst the students, connected with an association called the 'Arminia.' The mountains were in labour, and out came not even a mouse. Behold!

"As rector of the university, almost the whole weight of the inquisition fell upon me. The papers of the 'Arminia,' its statutes, and the names of all its members, came into my hands. Those who, in the books of the society, were named as the heads and leaders, belonged to the best class of students, and conducted themselves during the whole investigation in the most honourable and gentlemanly manner. I was delighted to find, in their whole tone and language in reference to the university authorities, something very different from what I had known to prevail among the clanships and clubs of former times. I read through a great number of letters written by the most active members of the 'Arminia;' but though in these I found some extravagant expressions, and traces of political fanaticism, often absurd enough, there was nothing in them that indicated any definite purpose, or seriously planned scheme. On the contrary, there was much of that false pathos which characterizes an insulated and passing enthusiasm, rather than a deep and solid conviction. No doubt a political fanaticism of this kind was pernicious, and might prove specially hindering to students in the quiet prosecution of scientific research; but there was nothing in it, after all, that was not quite natural, and might have been safely overlooked. Dangerous as many of the expressions sounded in the pen of these young men, I could see nothing in them that could reasonably be made to fall upon the category of crime. '*Gedanken sind tollfrei*—Thoughts pay no toll,' says the proverb—and a few exaggerated expressions, vented in the careless confidence of epistolary communication, are of the nature of soliloquies; to call which to account before a court of law seemed to me altogether monstrous. I was no inquisitor by profession, and must confess, that while engaged in the duty now imposed on me by my office, I felt a secret sense of shame, somewhat as if I had opened a private letter to serve a selfish end. Accordingly, after accomplishing the task, I was by no means prepared to give in such a report as the instigators of the inquiry expected. I saw some foolish excitement among the students, which it was my business, as professor, in every possible way to endeavour to soothe, but nothing in the shape of treason against the state. I accordingly considered it my duty to write directly to the chancellor in the following terms: 'When I consider the great political fermentation which at present prevails in Germany, I cannot but express myself astonished at the slight traces of it which exist here in the university of Breslau. Silesia, indeed, is the very last province where anything like a German revolution was to be apprehended. The memory of the recent condition of this province, as part of the empire, is yet too fresh to allow of the uprising of any newfangled ideas of a universal German unity, that exist only in the brains of idle speculators. If we were assuming the language of liberalism here, we would talk of ancient Silesian, not of modern German, liberties. In fact, when I compare the traces of political excitement, that a strictly inquisitorial system has discovered among the students here, with the feelings that stirred the bosoms of all the youth of Germany at the time of the French revolution, when I myself was a student, there is really nothing to speak of. I have still among my own papers some relics of those times; and I must say honestly, that were they to be submitted to an inquisitorial process by the police, they would afford evidence of a much more dangerous state of temporary excitement on my own part than, than I have been able to establish against any of the Breslau students now.

"Whether this report of mine made any impression I cannot say: I rather fear not. The govern-

ment had by this time taken too decided and too violent steps to retreat. That there were, at that time, in Germany, not a few wild opinions afloat, and, worse than opinions, actual plots and conspiracies, if you prefer to use a strong phrase, there can be no doubt; but whether this was sufficient ground for adopting a general system of severe legal proceedings against the best students in all the German universities, may well be questioned. Certain I am, that the wide sweep given to the criminating inquisition, was mainly instrumental in enabling the real instigators of the evil to effect their escape; and I might almost say, that the ringleaders, whoever they might be, were never discovered; that the symptoms only, and not the source of the malady, were attacked; and, accordingly, we see the same malady, from time to time, breaking out from its hidden depths, attended with new and different symptoms."

Another interesting topic on which the present volumes expatiate, is the affair of Scheibel and the old Lutherans, or what may most intelligibly to British ears be denominated the FREE CHURCH, in Silesia, arising out of the opposition made by a pious clergyman of the name of SCHEIBEL, to the forcible union of the Calvinistic and the Lutheran Church, devised by the Prussian monarch.

"The Union, so much apprehended by the small congregation, was introduced into Silesia in a somewhat stormy way. Though its introduction had been matter of common talk for a considerable time, no person knew anything definite. It was intimated from the pulpit on a Sunday (24th June, 1830), that the Union would be celebrated by public worship next day in all the churches of the city; and that in the principal Lutheran Church the sacrament would be dispensed according to the form of the united Evangelical Church. Two Lutheran preachers having first received the bread from a reformed (Calvinistic) preacher, gave it to the people, while a reformed preacher delivered the cup. This great step was taken without any preparation, except the circulating a few days before a short declamatory address on the subject, composed by one of the principal preachers in Breslau. The stir created in the town by it was considerable, but quite superficial; there was none of that deep, serious moral feeling that accompanies great religious changes, as we know them from the report of history.

"To what did the government owe this easy, and, as at first seemed, complete victory over the religion of the country? Not to the weight of mere monarchic and bureaucratic influence certainly, but much more and substantially to the state of public feeling on the subject, prepared by other causes. The city preachers, both through their catechetical instruction, and by their sermons, had so managed matters, that almost every trace of the distinctive tenets of the two churches, had vanished from the minds of the people, and Scheibel was held up by them to public contempt, as an ignorant, narrow-minded, and prejudiced man, a dark brooder over dogmas, to which a polemical age had attached a false importance, but which the enlightened piety of modern times had with one consent agreed to forget. In point of fact, the greater number of the congregations in Breslau had only from Saturday evening to Sunday morning to deliberate about this important matter, and the two denominations were literally taken by storm in the matter. No wonder, for the garrison had been already gained and disarmed.

"We are not to imagine, however, that Scheibel and his friends had been all this time idle. They

had negotiated again and again, in various forms, with the consistory and with the government; but a deaf ear was turned to their complaints. Scheibel, with a decision and resolution, in Prussia truly heroic, stood forward on this occasion, the alone champion of his pious little flock. He attempted to obtain an audience of the monarch, but was denied."

Steffens says, and we have no doubt he is correct, that Frederick William III., the late king, never intended that the Union should be forced upon the people of Germany at the point of the bayonet, in the manner that afterwards took place. But whoever was the instigator, the ten years' persecution that followed, will remain for ever as a most significant monument of the true nature of that 'paternal despotism,' of which we have lately heard so much. Whether he intended it or not, the late king actually did play Charles I. over again; and at another time, and among other people, might have lost his head for the offence. Steffens for one considered the 'Erastianism' of the government so gross, that when representation had been tried in vain, he gave in his resignation, and requested to be allowed to retire to some country, whose people talked less about toleration, but allowed an old-fashioned Christian to worship God according to his conscience, undisturbed. His resignation, however, was not accepted; and to remove him from the centre of ecclesiastical disaffection, he was translated from Breslau to Berlin, where he now is. Fortunately, he was not made of such tough Lutheran materials as his friend, the pious parson; otherwise, Berlin also might have proved too hot for him. Scheibel went to Dresden, and wrote an 'Actenmässige Darstellung' (Leipzig, 1834) of the whole affair; a work which we have not read, but which, on Steffens' authority, we can confidently recommend to the careful study of "Mr. Thomas Carlyle, of the Scottish bar," and other British admirers of the 'PATERNAL DESPOTISM.'

Didot's Bibliotheca Græca. Aristophanes, ed. Dindorf. Scholia of Aristophanes, ed. Dindorf and Dübner. Xenophon, ed. Dindorf. Plutarch Moralia, ed. Dübner. London. Firmin Didot.

THESE are specimens of Messrs. Didot's gigantic undertaking of giving a complete library of Greek authors, in sixty volumes. In such a scheme we look for more than typographical compactness. It is little to say that these sixty volumes will contain the matter of about four hundred ordinary volumes; for such a saving of space, though immense, would be of very slight importance, if it were the main feature of the undertaking. We feel bound to inform our readers of the fact, that the compactness is only one of the great advantages of this publication; cheapness is a second; correct reproduction of the very best text is a third; a fourth is new or newly revised Latin translations side by side with the original; and a very copious *Indices Nominum et Rerum* is a fifth.

There can be no comparison between Didot's publication and that of Tauchnitz; for except that the Tauchnitz Classics have the advantage of being pocket volumes, in no respect are they equal to the goodly octavos of Messrs. Didot. The Tauch-

nitz Classics are cheap, but inferior; badly edited, often not edited at all, incorrectly printed, and without either indices or translations. The works before us are, as far as we have examined them, very correctly printed from the best editions. The volume of 'Aristophanes' contains, also, the fragments of 'Menander and Philemon,' published by Dübner: together with several new fragments discovered recently in the MSS. of the Royal Library of Paris. The volume containing the Scholia to Aristophanes we heartily recommend to every reader of the poet; especially directing his attention to the copious index. Plutarch's 'Moralia,' of which two volumes have appeared (a third, containing the Pseudo Plutarch and Index, is to come), is founded on Wytenbach's magnificent edition, which has been carefully revised by M. Dübner, who has availed himself of the collection of MSS. made by the Greek assent, Kontos, in the Royal Library of Paris. The works, though forming a complete library, may be had separately, and it is worth adding that the Index to the Scholia of Aristophanes may also be had separately for four francs. The price of the volumes varies from sixteen shillings to a guinea each: about a fourth of the ordinary price.

For those who do not need editions crowded with foot notes of conjectural emendations and editorial squabbling—who are sensible of the value of good indices, and a Latin version contrasting the original—for those, in short, who want good, serviceable books, there are none equal to Messrs. Didot's.

The Life of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, compiled from various sources; together with the Autobiography. Translated from the German—London. Chapman. 1845.

A REPRINT from an American publication, which has before made its appearance in England, it comes now in an authorized form, in accordance with arrangements made with the author. The materials have been furnished by 'Wahrheit aus Jean Paul's Leben' (Truth from the Life of Jean Paul,) by the poet's nephew; by Spazier's biographical commentary; and Richter's correspondence with his friends; and, as these are by no means the only sources extant in German, we can readily believe that the principal difficulty of the compiler arose from the abundance of his riches. The selection is judicious, but it is, perhaps, not fortunate for the effect of the whole, that the first sixty pages consist of the beautiful autobiographical fragment, in which 'Jean Paul der Elmsinger' has painted, in resolute colors, the dawn of his life. We pass from the idyllic scenes in the little village among the 'Pine Mountains,' on which he has thrown the rich and many-coloured hues of his imagination, into the plain prose of his biography, with a sensation like that of leaving the aisle of a cathedral illuminated by a gorgeous stained window, into the cold, grey light of a rather dull day.

The interest of the life itself, also, it must be confessed, rather declines, after we have passed the period of his youthful struggles with the 'grim spectre of poverty,' to which he cast so valiant a

defiance, and the difficulties of his first introduction to literature. With a great part of the story of his early years, the English public have already been made acquainted, in the writings of Carlyle; and, upon the succeeding sentimental, or 'Werther period,' they will have little inclination to linger. His first literary efforts were prompted neither by ambition, nor by the irresistible impulse of which we sometimes hear, but by sharp hunger, and the desire to procure the necessities of life for his poor widowed mother; and, for many years, he mistook his genius so much, as to labour only in the vinegar-manufactory, as he calls it, of his satires. The first of these, for which he could obtain a publisher, was a collection of sketches of life, under the titles of 'Literature,' 'Theology,' 'Family Pride,' 'Women and Fops.' With this last subject, Richter had, it would seem, as yet had but little opportunity of becoming acquainted; but, for his essay thereon, he obtained the sum of fifteen louis; and, in the praises it brought, the joyful hope of the 'All hail hereafter.' The fifteen louis, however, were soon exhausted, and, before another of these treasure-ships arrived—being again steeped to the lips in actual want—he took refuge in the school-room. His first experiment was unfortunate, his pupil being of a cold ungrateful character, and the father a man of narrow mind and rough manners; but he patiently endured all the 'stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' till the only friend he had in the family died in his arms; and he then returned once more to his mother's desolate department at Hof, richer only by two years of bitter experience. He was afterwards invited by many persons of high rank to enter their families as private tutor, but was wise enough to decline all such overtures, and to prefer the more independent position of a village school-master in Schwarzenbach, where, if the parents had little artificial culture, they had, at all events, intellect and heart enough to look with reverence and love upon the teacher. At his entrance on this office, he says, his 'allodial and feudal estate might have been transported in a child's go-cart; he made an inventory, as usual, of boots, shirts, stockings, and handkerchiefs, and a couple of *kreutzers*' (about fivepence-halfpenny), of which only Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, were wanting; but, whoever, says one of his biographers, 'had seen him, with his worldly possession in one hand, his grey green woollen coat, and that noble tender countenance, in which fate, with all its blows, had left no scar, had looked into his beaming eyes, and said, 'Steer on, courageous Columbus, only a few more heavy years, and thou shalt hear and see the land. Above the blooming hills of the New World, the sun shall rise for thee, and a beam will penetrate the narrow dark chamber of thy poor mother, and will be to her the light-beam of an eternal blessedness.' The 'light-beam' was shed by the success of the 'Invisible Lodge,' from the publication of which we may date the third epoch of his life. On the high spring-tide of fame and fashion, which followed the rising of his 'Hesperus,' he was floated into the seventh heaven of Weimar, to which he had long looked as to a paradise of high-minded men, and 'tender and accomplished women, of love and glory, and all a poet's golden dream.' From the Duchess Amelia, and her circle, including Herder and Wieland, he met with

the most kind and cordial reception; but Goethe and Schiller met his respectful enthusiasm with a formal coolness, for which the latter only had the excuse of ill health, and domestic trouble. These deficiencies were, however, amply compensated by the boundless admiration of the women, who fairly overwhelmed him by the lavish profusion with which they bestowed on him a certain nondescript ware, labelled 'friendship,' but which turned out to be of a far more combustible and dangerous quality. There is something very comic in the fierce and determined pursuit of two of these high-born dames, a Madame von Kalb, and an Emilie von Baileph, who

'Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game.'

and of the manner in which Jean Paul, in spite of his endeavours to be grateful, and of all the fine things which he says of them accordingly, involuntarily claps his wings, and crows for joy, when he has got rid of them.

Among the interesting portions of the present work, we may name the account, in the appendix, of the 'Campaner Thal,' which, as well as a fragment, called 'Selina,' left unfinished at his death, contains his views on the immortality of the soul—a subject to which he often refers, but only in those bright glimpses of thought, which in his writings everywhere glitter beneath the most uncouth disguises, like the fairy splendours of Harlequin and Columbine before their transformation.

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Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces; or, the Life and Death of the Advocate of the Poor, Farmian Stanislaus Siebenkäs. By J. P. RICHTER. Translated from the German by EDWARD H. NOEL. London. Smith. 1845.

ANOTHER, and a very successful, attempt to introduce a writer, who would, we believe, be warmly appreciated by a majority of English readers, if they would only have patience with the grotesque masks, and fantastic wrappings, which must be taken off and unrolled, before they will reach, not a dry mummy, but a warm, true, and most tender heart. Living at a time when it was the fashion, in Germany, for people to parade their tears, and 'paw about every sentiment till it was dirty,' it was natural for really acute feeling to hide itself in a kind of comic masquerade attire. In the character of Siebenkäs, Jean Paul certainly intended to present a sort of ideal portrait of himself; and, in that of Lenette, 'a noble but limited and uneducated nature, in contention with all the little downpressing circumstances of real life,' it is said, are some traits of that of his mother. Notwithstanding the clumsy extravagance of construction in the story, the delicate and truthful painting of this ill-assorted pair, of their gradual estrangement from each other, and of the manner in which the enchanted wall of darkness grew up between them, carries the reader, with unabated interest, through two volumes, containing many long, and some tiresome digressions. The Germans, it is said, give, besides, a more poetical and philosophical interpretation to the story, than that of the suffer-

ings produced by an unmitable marriage. They represent the pretended death of Siebenkas as symbolical of the renunciation of the actual and everyday life of man, and the rise of the soul to a higher—an ideal state of being.

The Bokhara Victims. By Captain GROVER, Unatt. F. R. S. London. Chapman and Hall. 1845.

THE murder of two accredited agents of the British government in Bokhara, and the indifference to their fate evinced by the Foreign Office, having been already discussed at some length in this Review (No. LXVII.) we have only now to bespeak the earnest attention of our readers to the clear, cogent, and deeply interesting statement before us. Most heartily do we recommend it to the perusal of all to whom our national honour and welfare are dear. Englishmen must have changed their nature if ever their ears grow deaf and their hearts dead to the cry of their murdered countrymen's blood, or if ever they forget the deep disgrace which the sequel of that dark tragedy has entailed on the Peel cabinet, or the gratitude due to the generous man who has striven so hard to repair the delinquencies and fulfil the derelict functions of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It is notorious that for nearly two years, Captain Grover acted in the Stoddart and Conolly business, as a zealous and meritorious, but unpaid

and extra-official public servant; it may not, however, be as generally known that, for so acting, the official servants of the crown have had the unparalleled meanness to mulct him in the sum of 400*l*. The facts are briefly these: The government having taken care to protect itself by a guarantee from Captain Grover, allowed its agent, Colonel Shiel, to advance the amount we have named as the price of Dr. Wolff's release from captivity and impending death at Bokhara. The guarantee was not suffered to become a dead letter; the Foreign Office, which can be wonderfully sharp when it has got hold of a piece of work to its mind, came down on Captain Grover with a demand for Dr. Wolff's ransom money, and the claim was instantly and cheerfully liquidated by that gentleman out of his own pocket. One plain inference from these facts is, that but for the pecuniary aid afforded it by a private individual, the government would have tamely allowed a British subject to suffer imprisonment and death in violation of the law of nations. Its conduct with regard to Stoddart and Conolly was bad enough without this additional ignominy; but Lord Aberdeen is reported to have declared himself covetous of opprobrium. Another obvious inference is, that the British nation is equitably indebted to Captain Grover in the sum of 400*l*. He may be content, but we cannot, that we should remain his debtor; the nation must not, will not acquiesce under such a stigma on its credit; not a whole millennium of the demoralizing Peel cabinet could bring down the proud spirit of England to such a low state.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

BERLIN, June 5, 1845.

There is a great deal 'going on' here, Mr Editor, much of which is enough to make one tremble for Prussia; but of literary gossip there is little to communicate. The 'Juif Errant' and Thiers' 'Consulat' are on every counter, on every drawing-room table, in every journal. In French and in German—in Belgian reprints and in Leipzig reprints—in endless and execrable translations, in all shapes, all sizes, and all prices—these two books meet you wherever you turn. The young *fat* of an officer, laced, padded, and bearded, swallowing his pastry at *Kranzlers*, will wipe the cream from his moustache to discourse to you on the profound social meaning of this everlasting, ever-wandering Jew. The elderly 'æsthetic' lady will suspend her *strickerei* for an instant, and while elegantly scratching her head with the knitting needle, fervently applaud Eugène Sue for his exposure of the Jesuits. Everybody reads, everybody discusses this 'monster' novel. One young Frenchman has made *furors* here by being lucky enough to have a face that bears some resemblance to the portraits of the great author. The *History of the Consu-*

late, of course, does not compete with such success as this; but still the amount of copies exposed for sale is perfectly overwhelming.

The only book that makes any noise beside the infinite talk of these two works, is one of a far other character: the 'Kosmos' of Humboldt. The success is prodigious and complete: I say complete, because it has already undergone the necessary fate of all philosophical works of great pretensions and genuine power, viz., it has roused the venomous fury of fanatics. It would be strange that such a work, in such an age, and in the land whose peculiar boast it is to be the *foyer* of philosophy, should be subject to the frivolous but trifling calumnies of fanatics, did not the history of science but too often furnish us with parallels. Mr. Crose could not make experiments upon the production of insects, by means of electricity, without the cry going forth: 'It leads to Atheism!' So that noble specimen of intellectual energy and attainment, Alexander von Humboldt, whose long life has been a triumph, cannot publish his calm, and in spirit eminently religious book, without being accused of Voltarianism and republicanism. His work, it

appears, is meant to subvert all Religion, Morality, and—good Prussian Government! Nor is this accusation confined to a few petty scribblers—to an obscure sectarian journal or so; it has been brought forward and laid at the very feet of the throne. The king—the religious and very conservative king—is energetically informed that his old friend, the uncle of his minister, and the respected ornament of his country, is nothing better than the Heinzen, Herweghs, Heines, Prützes, Freiligraths, and other republican writers, whose object is the destruction of Church and State!

Those who know Prussia can conceive the weight of such a charge. But to the honour of the king be it said, that as yet such a charge has not influenced him; how long he may continue to maintain his own opinion, defies all calculation. At present, however, he is decidedly on Humboldt's side, and I have seen a letter wherein Humboldt gratefully acknowledges the really elegant and kingly compliment which his majesty bestowed on the work; and as this does honour to all parties, I think I am committing no indelicacy in communicating it to you. On receiving the work (which is dedicated to him) the king said, in the words of Alphonzo, when Tasso presents him with the 'Jerusalem Delivered':

„Du überraschest mich mit deiner Gabe,
Und machst mir diesen schönen Tag zum Fest.
So halt' ich's endlich denn in meinen Händen,
Und nenn' es in gewissem Sinne mein!"

This is one of those charming flatteries which reflects honour on the *esprit* of the flatterer. It is seldom that a German has the readiness and delicacy to pay such a compliment, worthy of that accomplished flatterer, Louis XIV. Certainly no one can deny that the king wants either intelligence or good nature, whatever else he may want.

The last novel by Ida Countess Hahn-Hahn, 'Zwei Frauen,' is also on the *tapis*, and is received with the same favour as her other novels. It is the story of two marriages, and touched with a magic pencil. By the way, as the countess is talking of coming to England, I may as well prepare you to receive a most charming creature, not in the least *blue*; with no ink on her thumb; with no eccentricities. She is simply a much-experienced woman, with earnest convictions, great talents, and *les belles manières*.

Schelling is still lecturing on Mythology—or what he calls Mythology; but Tieck continues to give readings; which, in spite of his wonderful talent, in interpreting dramatically the great masterpieces, people are pretty unanimous in voting excessively wearisome. They are wearisome because of the frivolous *etiquette* which reigns in the *salon*; wearisome, because Shakspeare himself, if he were to read for three hours, without a minute's pause, would in the end be fatigued. But Tieck is surrounded by a set of persons who take a pride in the infliction. They sit and listen with religious silence, if not with religious fervour. They languish in *ecceci*; and would not move a leg, or cough, or turn in their chairs, for any small consideration.

The only books that can be said to excite attention beyond those before mentioned, are those 'prohibited,' which are, of course, to be had everywhere, and are read with infinite gusto. Among

these I must specify Prütze's 'Politische Wochenstube,' and Heinzen's 'Steckbrief.' . . . Heinzen's 'Steckbrief' is also very severe, and not a little amusing; but a great deal of it is overdone, and seems merely splenetic. His characterizing Prussia as the Priest in a soldier's uniform, is a masterly hit. You can have no notion how fanaticism rages in this land of self-styled philosophers; it has become the cloak to all political intrigue, it is the ladder by which almost every one hopes to climb into the highest places.

Side by side with this is the 'movement' of the German Catholic Church, which, as I suppose, you know is separated from Rome, and is agitating a fierce war of pamphlets. The Holy Coat of Trèves has given rise to a new reformation, of which Johannes Ronge is the Martin Luther: so say his partizans. It was time, indeed, that the gross mummery of the pilgrimage to Trèves should cease; for what are we to think of thousands upon thousands of people, amongst them bishops, professors, and other doctors, thronging to pay homage to a coat, avowed to have been the very coat worn by our Saviour, the authenticity of which rests principally on the miraculous construction of that coat; it has no *seam*! So far was the absurdity carried, that the fervent exclaimed: 'Holy coat! Holy coat! pray for us! pray for us!' It was time that this should cease. But the cessation was not to be whispered 'to ears polite.' A religious strife began in consequence, as fierce as a religious strife can be in our days. Booksellers' shops are swarming with books and pamphlets on the subject. Wherever you do not see a copy of the 'Wandering Jew,' or the 'History of the Consulate,' you are certain to find something about Ronge and the Holy Coat. This makes the windows and counters of booksellers not a little monotonous. It is all very well for a worthy Ronge to raise up his voice against an imposture and a mummery; but one really gets quite sick of the subject from the excessive importance given to it, and the prodigious fecundity of the pamphlets. The Germans, who write about everything, are little likely to let so promising a subject drop.

There is a ludicrous side to everything. Strauss, whose 'Life of Christ' made such a noise through Europe, has ended by marrying an actress, Ronge, who is now the great 'Lion,' has not yet reached such an anti-climax, but *en attendant*, his portrait is painted on pipe-bowls and cigar-cases; and I have purchased a very pretty cigar-case, with his portrait on one side, and a copy of the Holy Coat at Trèves on the other. Is not this German? One might almost call it symbolical. Renown finds its way to the pipes and cigar-cases, as a symbol of the renowned thing ending in smoke.

Félicien David is here, and has produced his symphony, 'Le Desert.' But the success was only partial. It was tried first at Potsdam, before the Court, as in olden times pieces were tried at Versailles, before being ventured at Paris. However, neither Potsdam nor Berlin are in any enthusiasm about it. Not that a Berlin enthusiasm is generally worth much.

This makes me remember that the public enthusiasm for the moment is expended on what is called

* We have already noticed the first of these two books in Art. VI. of this number.]

the *corso*. This is simply an afternoon drive and promenade in the Thiergarten, where two military bands play, as in our Kensington gardens, on Wednesdays and Fridays. The princes and princesses, together with the diplomatic corps, and all the nobility, mingle with the crowd of carriages and droschkes in an unaffected manner; and you may often see a royal carriage stopped on the way, because a droschke is in front, with students or some tradesmen. The vehicles all move in a line, and no one makes way for the other. The police are there in great numbers, of course; where are they not, in Prussia? The whole affair is very orderly, somewhat ugly, and inordinately dull. A drive in Hyde Park from five to six, is ten times as splendid a spectacle; yet how many go there to see it? In Berlin, everybody—not everybody in a figure of speech, but numerically—who can, hastens to the *corso*, talks of the *corso*, anticipates the *corso*, as a fête. I have been to three, and found them tedious beyond description. In the first place, the German *belles* are anything but pretty. You may drive for two hours without meeting with a face which in England would attract attention. In the second place, the equipages are poor, and the horses indifferent. And with these deficiencies, I am at a loss to see how a *corso* is to be worth going to. They do not think so in Berlin.

I will conclude my letter with an anecdote, which is amazingly illustrative of the way in which stories arise and spread abroad about public persons. Jenny Lind is an idol here. A young actress, singer, or dancer, is sure to have plenty of young men in love with her. Accordingly, no one was surprised to read in the papers that Lord ***'s son was desperately enamoured of the enchantress, Jenny Lind. One paper after another copied the rumour. It passed into the French papers, and from thence to some of the London papers. A rolling stone, as we know, increases considerably, and the following is a brief account of the story, as it assumed its final shape:—Mr. F. desperate: Lord ***, distracted at seeing the intensity of his son's passion, and willing to waive the prejudice of birth and station, visited the fair Jenny, and proposed for his son, declaring to her that he and Lady *** were ready to receive her as a daughter. But Jenny was not to be tempted, was not to be dazzled; she declined. Surprised at such a refusal, his lordship again and again reiterated his most encouraging assurances. But no; the Swedish siren had lost her heart to a poor young advocate at Stockholm; to him she was faithful, for him she refused rank and splendour. The disconsolate father returned to his disconsolate son, and both were unhappy together.

It is a pretty story; romantic and touching. It gave rise to very eloquent comments. Some praised Lord *** for his paternal generosity. Others praised Jenny Lind for her romantic constancy; the poor advocate! the friend of her youth! her lover, in poverty and obscurity! The whole story was universally accredited. No one ever thought of doubting it; why should he? It was a capital story; not a very unlikely one. But the truth is, that, as I know, Mr. F. never spoke to Jenny Lind! He was not even so great an admirer of her as many of the other frequenters of the opera. He admired her, of course, but without enthusiasm; and, as I say, never spoke a word to her in his life!

Bologna, May 29, 1845.

Under the judicious management of Signor Veggotti, who replaced the celebrated Mezzofanti in the university library here, that institution has made remarkable progress. A vast quantity of long-neglected MSS. have been rescued from destruction, and gathered from various quarters, and a complete catalogue of them is now in progress. Their number is about 9000, and that of the printed volumes is stated at 140,000.

The Roman public have at length been gratified with a sight of the portrait-statue of Queen Victoria, upon which Mr. Gibson, R. A., has been engaged since his return from England in January. Those best qualified to appreciate the work, regard it not only as the artist's *chef-d'œuvre*, but as a great triumph of art over the difficulties of the subject. The statue is intended as a companion to that of Prince Albert, executed two years ago by Wolff, in the character of a Grecian warrior, and both are to be placed in Buckingham Palace.

The best pictures of the Fesch Gallery have been disposed of with a rapidity by no means anticipated, from the dilatory proceedings of former seasons; above 1800, including all of any pretensions to excellence, having been cleared off in thirty-six days' public sale. This has been occasioned by the death of Joseph Bonaparte, Count de Survilliers, upon which the powers of residuary legatee devolved upon his son-in-law, the Prince of Canino. The sales have been conducted by M. George, and, as the former ones, showed a disregard to the convenience of purchasers, and generally an appearance of bad faith, which, beyond a doubt, materially checked competition. Several leading dealers from Paris and London attended the auction, but generally made few acquisitions, the inferior pictures falling mostly into the hands of Roman dealers, whilst the gems were forced up far beyond trade prices, by commissions from a distance. The most important of these sales were sent by the King of Württemberg, the Marquis of Hartford, and Baron Rothschild, of Paris; and, in several instances, their competition brought a golden harvest to the estate. Among the principal English amateur purchasers, were the Earl of Northesk, Mr. Davenport Bromley, Mr. C. Tarnal, Mr. Williams, Mr. Preston, and Mr. Warren. Several of the best Flemish and French pictures (such as the Wouvermans and Greues), brought prices with reference more to fashion than artistic value; whilst numerous Italian works of high merit and interest were picked up at comparatively trifling sums. It was lamentable to see such rare specimens of exactly the class of art which is most wanted in our National Gallery, such as the Giorgione, Mantegna, Massaccio, Sebastian del Piombo, Palmeggiani, &c., pass into private collections, for a few hundred pounds in all, and this at the moment when our trustees are loudly asking 'where any Italian pictures are now to be got?' It is satisfactory, on the other hand, to notice that these, and many other fine productions of the same class, were purchased by Mr. Bromley, Mr. Tarnal, and other Englishmen. Of a more popular class, it is enough to notice, that a Spanish picture, attributed to Alonzo Cano, and a large Roman *Marcus*, both magnificent specimens of colour, sold together under 25*l*. A large proportion of the highest priced Dutch, Flemish, and French pictures, have

ing been brought by the Cardinal from France, were not liable to the export duty of twenty per cent. The only picture which it was understood would not be allowed to leave Rome, was the Beato Angelico, which was, on that account, bought in, far below its value, but which, it is believed, might now be had. The following list of prices includes a charge of five per cent., to cover expenses:—

No.	£.
106. Hobbema, Landscape (finer than Mr. Holford's, which cost \$6000.)	1825
297. Nicola Poussin, the Hours; this and 106 bought by the Marquis of Hartford	1320
54. Albert Cuyp, a Sea Town	390
512. Luini, Madonna, Child, and St. John; bought by the Marquis of Hartford	920
227. Jean Stean, the Siesta, small size; bought by Rothschild	440
356. Greuze, the Broken Looking-glass, ditto; bought by the Marquis of Hartford	770
554-5. Albano, the Repose in Egypt, and the Three Maries, large size	500
191. Rembrandt, Portrait of Justus Lipsius	330
192. Ditto, Ditto of Lipsius' Wife	780
208. Ruysdael, The Torrent, 250l., and The Cascade, 240l.	490
377. Lesueur, Martha and Mary, an altarpiece	630

660. Beato Angelico da Fiesole, The Last Judgment	730
Frantagna, Christ in the Garden	275
229. Terburg, An Interior	630
111. Karl du Jardin, The Charlatan	680
874. Giorgione, The Epiphany	400
254. Wewerhans, Return from the chase; bought by the King of Wistemberg	2890
382. Claude Lorrain, A Port at Sunrise, small size	1140
109. Van Huysum, A Flower Vase	400
110. Ditto. Companion	195
190. Rembrandt, Portrait of a Young Man	685
S. del Piombo, A Mural Painting in oil, three large pieces	300
3. Backhuysen, Ships at Anchor	630
125. Metz, The Hunter Asleep, small size	2800
812. Pordenone a Moretto, The Doctors of the Church*	2800
325. Greuze, The Little Orphans	2500

The republication of Muratori's '*Scriptores Rerum Italicarum*' has been decided upon by a society of gentlemen in Rome, in the event of a subscription list being obtained, within the next year, such as to guarantee a considerable portion of the necessary expenses. The edition will be rectified by a careful collation with all the best MSS., some of them unknown to Muratori.

* Bought for the Steidl Gallery at Frankfurt.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE Russian Ministerial Journal for November, announces a work on Bosnia and the neighbouring countries, written in the Servian language, and containing 180 documents, extending from the twelfth to the sixth centuries, peculiarly interesting since the previously existing sources of information concerning the early history of Bosnia were very scanty.

Professor Hornschuch of Greifswald has, since the commencement of the present year, been issuing a periodical under the title of '*Scandinavian Contributions to Natural History*,' and containing all the best compositions on the subject to be found in the Scandinavian languages.

Historical literature has, it is said, been lately '*looking up*' in Spain. Albola Galiano's '*History of Spain from the Earliest Times to the Majority of Isabella II.*' has already advanced as far as the ninth number of the second volume. A Spanish translation has appeared of the French work of Weiss, '*The History of Spain, from Phillip II. to the time of the Bourbons*,' as well as a very handsome though cheap edition of Mariana's '*Historia de Espana*.' In the department of more recent history may be mentioned Madrozo's '*Military Narrative of the Campaigns of Zumalacarragui*,' illustrated by many plans and engravings, and the commencement of the '*History of the Reformed Cortes*,' with portraits of some of the deputies.

The traveller Linden, who, in the year 1841, accompanied a scientific mission to South America, has recently returned to Brussels, after having travelled through Venezuela and New Granada, as well as Jamaica and Cuba. His inquiries, it is said, have yielded an ample harvest of new discoveries of especial interest to botanists.

The city of Paris has voted the sum of 41,600 francs for paintings on glass for the churches of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, St. Gervais, St. Eustache, and St. Laurent.

M. le Gerard has returned to Paris from China, bringing with him a considerable collection of objects of art. Most of them date from the reign of Siu-nen-Fé, of the Ming dynasty—therefore from the year 1426, 1436. On one of the vessels is an inscription which has been translated: '*In the fifth year of the reign of the Emperor Siu-nen-Fé, have I, U-pang, Superintendent and Member of the Tribunal of Public Works, assisted in the preparation of this vessel.*' The most remarkable in appearance, however, which has been placed in the king's library, has neither a date nor an inscription which it has been found possible to decypher.

Dr. Drouet at Rome, has lately made a very successful attempt to apply the Daguerrotypes to the copying of ancient manuscripts and palimpsests. In less than eleven minutes he produced a most perfect copy of forty-two folio lines of a half-

obliterated Greek manuscript of the twelfth century.

Dr. Comarmond, superintendent of the Archaeological Collection of the city of Lyon, has lately published a very interesting notice of a discovery made in June, 1841, on land belonging to the Christian Brothers, in Fouviers, on the heights of Lyon, about four metres from the eastern façade of the new buildings recently added to their establishment. It consists of four pairs of gold bracelets, of which two are decorated with coins of Commodus, and one with a head of Crispina; a single bracelet enriched with emeralds, and another with the inscription 'Veneri et Tutela votum.' There are also several necklaces, rings, and ear-rings, several hundred silver coins, from the time of Vespasian to that of Septimius Severus, two of Nero, and a gold quinarius of Commodus.

In a field belonging to the village of Nestomiz, in the Circle of Leeternitz, in Bohemia, the retiring of the water after an inundation, has recently brought to light a great antique cemetery, the soil deposited upon it by the river having been washed away. In the middle is a high round paved place, supposed to have been used for burning the bodies, and by the extent of the surface, within which urns, lacrymatories, &c., have been found, it would appear there must have existed at one time a considerable population in the neighbourhood.

The botanist Dr. Rabenhorst, of Dresden, has lately received from the King of Prussia the gold medal, as an acknowledgement of the merit of his work on the cryptogamia of Germany; Spontini and Mandelssohn Bartholdy have received the Belgian Order of Leopold, and F. David, in Paris, a diamond ring worth 10,000 francs, from King Louis Philippe, on the performance at court of his new symphony.

The town of Monthard is about to erect a bronze statue to Buffon.

The well-known Arabic scholar, Baron de Slane, is about to undertake a journey, under the auspices of the French Ministry of Public Instruction, to Algiers, Morocco, and Constantinople, to purchase manuscripts for the King's Library at Paris, and to have copied such as are not to be obtained in the original. One of the special objects of his search will be the historical works of the Arabian writers.

According to the last census of the population of Russia, the serfs amounted to 42,000,000, of whom 15,000,000 belonged to the crown, and 27,000,000 to private individuals. The entire population of the empire exceeded 53,000,000 of souls.

The thirteenth session of the Scientific Congress of France will open at Rheims on the 1st of September next.

We have heard a great deal lately about the 'alarming spread of popery,' some predicting with joy and boastfulness that the Church of Rome is about to resume her ancient catholic sway over Christendom and others in real or feigned terror calling on their protestant brethren to take note of the progress already made in that direction. An inkling of what the pope himself thinks of the state and prospects of his own cause, may tend to moderate the vanities of the one party and the fears of the other. If the head be sick and the heart faint, what matters it how convulsively life displays itself in the extremities? Now his heli-

ness, so far from feeling strong enough to cope with the spirit of the age, sees no safety for himself but in keeping the said spirit and its works as far as possible from his own doors. He is no longer content with prohibiting such obvious vehicles of thought as books and manuscripts, or anathematizing the truths of physical science like his predecessor, who condemned Galileo, but he furthermore sets his face against all the efforts of commercial and manufacturing industry. Wielding the thunders of the Vatican, he is afraid of steam. Railways are the objects of his particular aversion. The King of Naples, and the sovereigns of Northern Italy, are actively encouraging the spread of railway communication through their respective dominions, but all their most strenuous endeavours have failed to overcome the pope's obstinate resistance to the system. It is probable that ere long all Italy, except the States of the Church, will be covered by a net-work of railways, but not one line is to be allowed to cross the hallowed frontier. This is pitiable enough, but what will the reader say to Lord Peter's last freak? He has forbidden an interdict against that diabolical invention of these latter evil days, the art of gilding by electricity!

M. Vincenzo Devit, a distinguished professor of the college of Padua, has recently discovered some hitherto unknown sentences of Varro, the celebrated friend of Cicero. The fragments are found in an old manuscript belonging to the college library.

Meteorological observations made in Belgium seem to indicate a continual yearly augmentation in the quantity of the spring rains. There fell in May, 1842, 49.52 millimètres; in May, 1843, 52.89m.; in May 1844, 81.04m.; and from the 1st to the 29th of May, 1845, 106.09m. The rains in the latter part of the month were particularly copious, amounting to 69m. between the 21st and the 29th, and of this quantity 28m. fell in the space of twenty-four hours, from noon to noon of the 28th and 29th.

The Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg is preparing an edition of the works of Euler, more complete than any hitherto published, for it will contain several tracts by that celebrated mathematician, which are deposited in MS. in the library of the university of Dorpat, and have never yet been printed, besides others which are to be found in various libraries of Germany. The edition will form about thirty volumes.

The 'Revue de Paris' announces (April 24th, 1845) that the new attempts to sink artesian wells in Algeria have been highly successful. The engineer, M. Fournel, it appears, has proved by a very accurate survey, that the nature of the ground at the foot of the mountains and near the sea-coast offers great facilities for extracting large supplies of water from an inconsiderable depth below the surface. It is expected that these artesian wells will greatly alter the face of the country, and that, by means of them vegetation may be made gradually to encroach on the limits of the desert. A jet of fresh water suddenly issuing from its subterraneous haunts in the heart of the Sahara, would certainly gather an oasis around it. Whether it will ever be possible to produce such a jet remains to be seen.

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